

# 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"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

OF all forms of religion, probably Sun Worship is the most universal, and this for very obvious reasons. The fact that the Sun is the visible source of light and life must inevitably suggest itself to the most primitive types of humanity, while at a later stage of its development the human race will not fail to see in it a symbol of a Divinity in whom it recognizes the source of all created life. Humanity will then read for Life the vital spirit of man, and for Light the source of all knowledge and wisdom, and will accept accordingly a higher interpretation of the primitive belief. Indeed, in every religion of the world light is taken as the symbol of Wisdom or of Truth; while darkness typifies its opposite, the evil that inevitably takes its birth in ignorance of the Divine Way. Thus Jesus Christ told his disciples, "I am the Light of the world," and the author of St. John's Gospel declared that "in the beginning was the Word"; that "in Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men"; that the "Light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." The Christ of whom John spoke was "The true

Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." When in the narrative of Genesis we are told that God created the heaven and the earth, it is stated that "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep." The first divine fiat after the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters was expressed in the words "Let there be Light," and it is further added that "God saw the Light that it was good." In the same connection we may recall that the last words of Goethe, after a life spent in the pursuit of wisdom and knowledge, were a cry for "Light, more Light."

This parallelism between light and good, darkness and evil, runs like a mystic thread through all the religious beliefs of all the nations of the world. Through this symbolic figure we realize the essentially negative character of evil, inasmuch as darkness has no real existence in itself, but is merely an expression indicating absence of light. Thus those nations which were not avowedly Sun-worshippers, par excellence, still recognized by type and by figure the spiritual significance of the solar orb; so much so, in fact, that the Roman philosopher Seneca actually says: "You may call the creator of all things by different names, Bacchus, Hercules, Mercury, etc., but these are only different expressions for the same Divine Being, the Sun."

Even at the present day the Christian Church has identified the greatest of its festivals with the celebration of the worship of the Sun God, Mithra, whose feast day was December 25, when the Sun once more begins to increase in light after the darkness of the winter solstice, and has adopted the dark-  
 CHRIS-  
 TIANITY as its sacred day of the week the day of the Sun God.  
 AND SUN This Christmas festival itself in one of its names  
 WORSHIP. perpetuates the fact of its origin. The feast of Yuletide is the feast of Haiul or Huul, a word which, says the author of *Sun Lore of all Ages*, still signifies in some languages the Sun, and is doubtless allied to our own modern English word "wheel"—a word symbolical of the Sun, the spokes of the wheel representing the solar rays.

A further significant fact in relation to the connection between Christianity and Sun-worship is the eastward position which Christians assume when reciting the Creed, a clear survival from the rites of the Sun-worshippers. The followers of Mithra invariably turned towards the East in worshipping their divinity. The ancient Egyptians worshipped the God Serapis, and Serapis was identified with the Sun. Mr. King states in his *Gnostics and their Remains* that "There can be no doubt that the head of Serapis,

marked as the face is by grave and pensive majesty, supplied the first idea for the conventional portraits of the Saviour." Mr. King adds that the Imperial Russian Collection boasts of a head of Jesus which is stated to be very ancient. It is a fine intaglio on emerald. "And this," our author observes, "is in reality a head of Serapis seen in front, and crowned in Persian boughs, easily mistaken for thorns, though the bushel on the head leaves no doubt as to the real personage intended."

ORIGIN OF  
TRADI-  
TIONAL  
LIKENESS  
OF JESUS.

It is well known that there is no authentic record of a portrait of Jesus, and it is freely stated that the Christians took the paintings and statues of the Sun-gods Serapis and Apollo as their models, to supply this deficiency. It seems indeed strange that not one of the gospels gives an inkling or a hint of Jesus' personal appearance, or facial characteristics—not even the disciple whom Jesus loved breathes a word on the matter. We have to wait till the days of Justin Martyr (circa 150–160) for the first observation on the subject. This Father of the Church is far from complimentary, and speaks of his Master as "without beauty or attractiveness and of mean appearance." Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 200) goes even further, describing him as "of uninviting appearance and almost repulsive." It is, however, not improbable that there was no authentic tradition on the subject even then, and that these unfavourable observations owed their origin to the prophet's description of the "servant of the Lord" regarded in the light of a prophecy of the Messiah, as described in Isaiah liii. 14, in the words, "Like as many were astonished at thee, his visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men."

Early Roman emperors, when the faith of the ancient gods of Rome was falling into discredit, and when fresh gods were being introduced from the East, from Egypt, from Persia, and from Syria, and were taking their place among the divinities of the Roman Pantheon, cultivated in especial the worship of the Sun God—whether as the representative of the Syrian Sun God Baal, the Persian Mithras or the Egyptian Amen-Ra, mattered not. The idea of the Sun as the symbol of divinity was adopted alike by the Emperor Aurelian and the Emperor Julian, and was, in fact, favoured in preference to Christianity by the great Constantine, who, however, sacrificed his personal religious predilections on the altar of political expediency, in favour of the Christian Deity. Almost, it seemed at one time, that this mystical conception of the Sun, symbolical of the Great

Central Sun, the source of all life and all human consciousness, would not only completely supersede the early pagan faiths, but would also carry the day in opposition to St. Paul's blend of Gnostic Christianity and the personal worship of the Christ incarnated as Jesus of Nazareth.

Events, however, were destined to favour a more anthropomorphic conception of the divine nature, and Julian's premature death removed such obstacles as the arbitrary power of the ruler of the Roman world might place in the way of the evolution of religious beliefs in this direction. The higher conceptions of Divine Perfection have always been combated by the stronger counter-fascination of a God who could respond to, because he understood and sympathized with, human needs. Man has ever looked for a God to whom he might pray. The Greek and Roman gods, slight though their sympathies with humanity might be, were sufficiently anthropomorphic to be susceptible to the influence of the appeal of humanity. The Greek and Roman philo-

THE NEED  
FOR AN  
ANTHROPO-  
MORPHIC  
DEITY.

sopher recognized that behind all the gods to whom temples were erected stood One greater and higher than all, One who was as far, nay, farther removed from the gods themselves than these gods were from human ken, One who expressed in Himself that unity of conception and design which the discordant ambitions alike of gods and of men were impotent to impair. But this God, if such there were, was, they felt, inaccessible to the human cry. Earth and its inhabitants equally with the countless hosts of heaven might bear his impress, but He would ever remain to them like the inexorable wheel of fate, like the laws of Nature themselves, unalterable by human effort, immovable by human petition. Thus man has ever looked for a God made after his own image. He has ever sought to worship his own "giant shadow hailed divine." The Sun perhaps above all other visible phenomena symbolizes these inexorable laws of Nature, this changeless course of human fate, which man was powerless to stem. The great Central Sun, Source and Father of all creation, of which our own Sun was but a symbol, might indeed be recognized by the intellect, but the supplication of his votaries could touch Him not at all. Is this perhaps the reason why the nations who have been first and foremost worshippers of the Sun are the exception and not the rule? And why, when nations have learned to worship the Sun they have generally worshipped him under some human personification, as Amen-Ra, or Phœbus Apollo, or the Baal of the Phœnicians, or even as

Hercules of the many labours, and have lost sight of the Sun itself, the symbol of divine unity, in the human heroes of their own history, whose doughty exploits have led to their lives being identified with the solar cycle?

We may thus trace two different trends in the human race, in their attitude towards the divine—the one part looking for a God who expresses to them the entire cosmic conception, and the most unattainable ideals of power and perfection, a God, in short, to worship from afar; the other and far larger part looking for one who can understand and be moved by human emotions and human need for sympathy. It is obvious that the latter of these will awaken most readily, if not indeed alone, the response of the human heart. The force behind the latter conception led accordingly more than any isolated historical event, such as the death of Julian, to the triumph of Christianity. For, after all, a religion which contains that spiritual potency which alone can wield the vast masses of mankind, must demand something more from its votaries than a mere intellectual admission, than the acceptance of any cosmic fact, however stupendous. Man indeed may become a sun-worshipper in days to come, as man has been in the history of the past, but the sun-worshipper will never die for his divinity.

And yet for all this it has never been possible to eliminate the idea of Sun-worship from any of the religions. The Christian invokes the "Sun of Righteousness," and the Christian poet apostrophizes Him in the lines—

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near.  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

Nor does he fail to see in the daily rising of the Sun a symbol and allegory of the Resurrection of the soul after death, and a guarantee of the truth of his faith in immortality. The mystical interpretation of Christianity endorses the same conception and maintains that God is the Sun of the Soul whereof the physical Sun is

UNIVER-  
SALITY  
OF THE  
SOLAR  
MYTH.

the hieroglyph, as the physical man is of the true eternal spiritual man. The solar myth has been offered as an explanation of countless mythological stories and semi-historical legends. The lives and deeds of Hercules, Samson, King Arthur, Jesus Christ himself, have been interpreted in terms of solar allegory. The mystic has seen in the phenomena of its course a correspondence with the actual history of the perfected

soul, and has averred that "It is because the soul's history is one and this a history corresponding with the Sun's that all those who have earned of their fellows the supreme title of Saviour of men have been invested with it and been represented as having exhibited the same phenomena in their own lives." The cross itself has been described as a solar symbol. This idea is adopted by the authors of *The Perfect Way*, in the following passage—

For, as says the Master, expounding the secret of Messiahship, "Ought not the Christ to suffer these things, and so to enter into his glory?" Yes, for this Cross of Christ—the spiritual Phoibos—is made by the Sun's equinoctial passage across the line of the Ecliptic—a passage which points on the one hand to the descent into Hades, and on the other to the ascent into the kingdom of Zeus the Father. It is the Tree of Life; the Mystery of the Dual Nature, male and female; the Symbol of Humanity perfected and of the Apotheosis of Suffering. It is traced by "Our Lord the Sun" on the plane of the heavens; it is represented by the magnetic and diamagnetic forces of the earth; it is seen in the ice crystal and in the snowflake; the human form itself is modelled upon its pattern; and all nature bears throughout her manifold spheres the impress of this sign, at once the prophecy and the instrument of her redemption.

Writing on this subject in *Esoteric Christianity*, Mrs. Annie Besant observes that the "Solar myth is a story which primarily represents the activity of the Logos in the Cosmos, and secondarily embodies the life of one who is an incarnation of the Logos or is one of His ambassadors." "Born at the winter solstice after the shortest day in the year, when the sign Virgo is rising above the horizon, he is thus 'born of a virgin.'"

Weak, feeble, as an infant is he, born when the days are shortest and the nights are longest, surrounded with perils in his infancy—but he lives through all the threatening dangers and the day lengthens towards the spring equinox till the time comes for the crossing over, the Crucifixion, the date varying with each year. The Sun God is sometimes found sculptured within the circle of the horizon with the head and feet touching the circle at North and South and the outstretched hands at East and West—He was crucified. After this he rises triumphantly and ascends into heaven, and ripens the corn and the crops, giving his very life to them to make their substance, and through them to his worshippers.

It may be noted that the Sun God is crucified when the Sun enters the sign Aries, the sign of the Ram or Lamb, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," i.e., not merely slain on Calvary two thousand years ago.

The relation of Sun-worship to astronomy was naturally very close, and the evidence of this is seen in what remains to us of the ancient temples dedicated to Sun-gods. Thus in the case of the celebrated temple of Amen-Ra, at Karnak, Egypt, which is the most magnificent specimen of a solar temple extant, every

part is, as Sir Norman Lockyer observes,\* "built to subserve one special object, that is, to limit the light which fell on the front of the temple into a narrow beam, and to carry it to the other extremity of the temple into the sanctuary, so that once a year, when the Sun sets at the solstice, the light is passed



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THE TEMPLE OF AMEN-RA, KARNAK, EGYPT.

without interruption along the whole length of the temple, finally illuminating the sanctuary in most resplendent fashion, and striking the sanctuary wall." "The ray of light," says the

\* Cited by Mr. W. T. Olcott in *Sun Lore of All Ages* (Putnam's, London and New York).

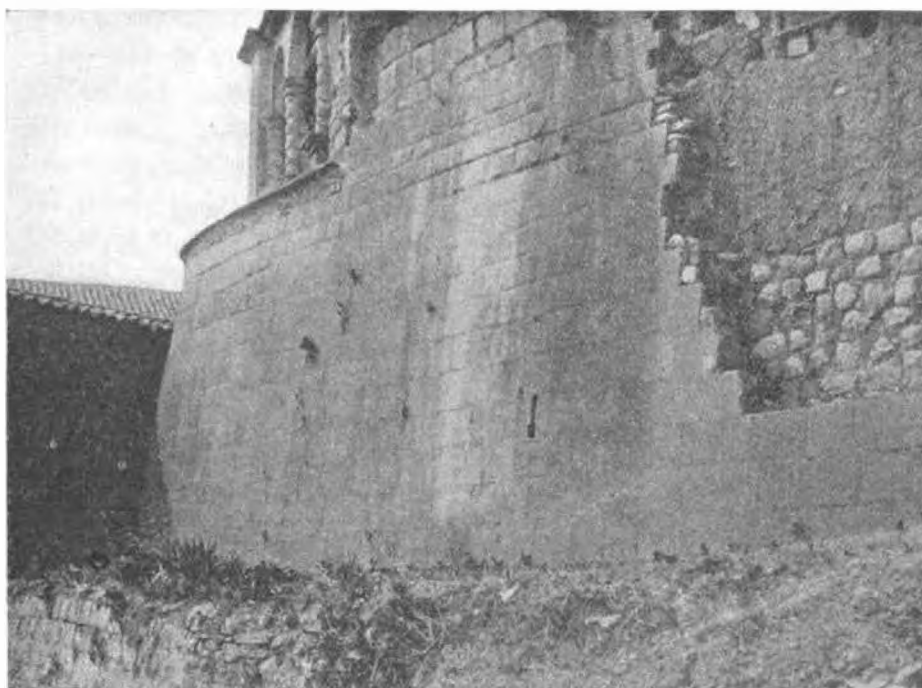
professor, " was narrowed as it progressed inward from the opening towards the sanctuary by a series of doors ingeniously arranged that acted as the diaphragms of the telescope tube in concentrating the light rays. The reason for this was that the temple was virtually the astronomical observatory, and the idea was to obtain exactly the precise time of the solstice. The longer the beam of light used the greater is the accuracy that can be obtained." The subjoined illustration, which appears in *Sun Lore of all Ages*, gives a few of the columns of the temple, which covers about twice the area occupied by St. Peter's, Rome, the whole structure being immensely greater than that of any modern cathedral. Another celebrated temple of the Sun in the Western Hemisphere was that at Cuzco in Peru, the remains of which are still to be seen at the present day. Of this it is said that the roof was formed of timber works of precious woods plated with gold, and the precious metal was so prodigally lavished on the interior that the temple bore the name of the Place of Gold. " The doors opened to the East, and at the far end, above the altar, was a golden disc with human countenance, shaped to represent the Sun, and studded with precious stones. It was so placed as to reflect at certain seasons the first rays of the rising Sun on its brilliant surface, and as it were to reproduce the likeness of the great luminary."\* In the times of the Incas Sun-worship was the state religion of Peru, and remained so until Pizarro overthrew the temples and crushed the national religion. Sun-worship was also the essential feature of the early religion of Mexico, and it is stated that even to this day the inhabitants of the interior, as they go to Mass, perpetuate their ancient faith by throwing a kiss to the Sun before entering the Church.

In connection with my monthly contribution to the long list of prophecies relative to the present war, I think I ought to draw attention to a prediction cited in the OCCULT REVIEW, June, 1913, in reference to the anticipated capture of Constantinople. The prophecy is attributed to a Russian monk, whose name, I believe, was Thosmas, and whose birth date is given as 1778. After visiting Constantinople he published for the benefit of the Greeks the following prediction: " When," he said, " you see a thousand ships round and near the islands,

\* *Sun Lore of All Ages.*



then let the young and old fly to the mountains from the sword of Antichrist, and when the allied kings are marching on Constantinople, then sufficient blood will flow for a lamb to swim. Happy will be those who survive these events. The Turks will be divided into three parts:—The first will perish in the war; the second will retire to Asia; and the third will be converted to Christianity and remain in Europe. No one who hears me now will see this, but their children may." The prediction in question is specially noteworthy on account of its



THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, CUZCO, PERU.

allusion to the "sword of Antichrist." This is, as far as I am aware, the only other prediction with the exception of the celebrated one of Brother Johannes, about which there is so much dispute, wherein the leadership of Antichrist is specifically alluded to.

From the ever-lengthening list of the prophets of the present war I ought not to omit the name of Professor Cheslav Chinsky, a Russian astrologer whose forecasts appeared in the *Birzhevyya Viedomosti* (*Stock Exchange Messenger*) on New Year's day, in 1910, 1911, and 1913. In the first number referred to the Professor drew attention to the threatened danger to Russia in

Austria's aggressive aims, but maintained that with the aid of France and England and with Italy remaining neutral victory would crown the Russian arms. The warning was repeated in 1911, Professor Chinsky observing that "there is danger for us from Germany and Austria. Germany besides is a danger to the entire world. The Prussians will attempt to conquer Great Britain and destroy Russia, but the alliance of Russia, France, England and Japan will bring Germany to her knees on a mountain of dead bodies." In 1913 he stated again: "The stars indicate that Austria will start a terrible European conflagration. Austria will become dismembered eventually, although she be but a marionette in the hands of an able manipulator. The year 1915 will mark the commencement of great events. Berlin will give the signal for the beginning of a dreadful war. There will be enormous slaughter of human beings, but the slaughter will mark the last attempt of Prussia to dominate the world, for after the war the German Empire will cease to exist as such. I see new and mighty coalitions come into existence. On the one hand Great Britain, Russia, France, and the Balkan Union, on the other Austria, Germany and Turkey. Rumania and Italy will remain neutral for a long time and will not join in the struggle unless they are assured that they are on the side of the victors. I see the sign of the cross placed on St. Sophia, as well as the end of the Turkish Empire. Greece, having remained outside the Balkan Union, will occupy many islands that were formerly under the Turkish dominion." I am indebted to the *Evening Standard* (March 8) for the reproduction of these extracts, which certainly show shrewd foresight on the part of the Russian astrologer, who, it may be mentioned, has since the beginning of the war made a further series of predictions, but the special interest of the forecasts given lies in the fact that they had all appeared in print by New Year's Day (old style), 1913.

In various quarters it has been maintained that the verses from *The Queen's Wake*, by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, published in 1813, and entitled "The Vision of Bonny Kilmeny," are to be interpreted as a prediction of the great war. I think while I am once more on the subject of prophecy it may be well to reproduce them in the original Scotch. With a little trouble my readers will probably be able to transliterate this into modern English. They are certainly not a little curious.

SCHO saw arunde her, fayir unfurlit  
Ane haff of all the glowing world

Quhair oceanis rowit, and ryveris ran  
 To bunde the aymis of sinful man.  
 Scho saw ane pepil ferse and fell,  
 Burst fra their bundis like feindis of hell ;  
 The lilye grew, and the egil flew,  
 And scho herkit on her revening crew.  
 The wedois wailed and the reid bluid ran,  
 And scho threitened ane end to the race of man ;  
 Scho never lenit not stodee in awe,  
 Quhill claught by the lyonis deadly paw.  
 Oh ! then the egil swinkit for life  
 And brainzelled up ane mortyl strife ;  
 But flew scho north or flew scho suthe.  
 Scho met with the goul of the lyonis muthe.  
 With ane mootit wing and wefu mene,  
 The egil sochte her eiry again ;  
 But lang may scho cour in her bloody neste,  
 And lang, lang sleik her ounded breste,  
 Afore scho sey ane ither flychte,  
 To play with the norlan lyonis mychte.

I published last month a list of rebirths communicated to me by a valued correspondent, among which figured that of the German Kaiser as the Roman Emperor Nero. This identification seems generally to have been accepted, but it is not a little remarkable that the resemblance between the Kaiser and another Roman Emperor, whose date is not a generation before Nero's, is far closer and more exact. Only six years after the Kaiser came to the throne attention was drawn to the extraordinary parallel between the Emperor William and the Roman Emperor Caligula, by the publication of a pamphlet by Professor Ludwig Quidde, entitled, *Caligula: A Study in Imperial Insanity*. Professor Quidde's pamphlet claimed merely to be an historical treatise, but so exact was the parallel between Caligula and the Kaiser that the pamphlet created an immense sensation and enjoyed a quite phenomenal sale. So widespread was the discussion which it aroused that the Imperial authorities at last took the extreme step of prosecuting the learned Professor for *lèse-majesté*. The Professor's defence was complete. He was able to cite the Latin authorities, Suetonius, Tacitus, and others, in justification of the historical accuracy of the statements made, as applied to the Emperor Caligula, however applicable they

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might also be to the tenant of the German throne. Foreseeing inevitable defeat, the Public Prosecutor was reluctantly compelled to withdraw the charge, but no one was left in any doubt as to the person against whose shortcomings and eccentricities the daring treatise had been directed. The incidents of the last few months having inevitably drawn attention to the glaring defects of the Kaiser's character and temperament and to the dangers resulting from his ill-balanced mental equilibrium, my publishers have thought the moment opportune to issue an English translation of this celebrated pamphlet, under the title of *The Kaiser's Double*. This curiosity will be published immediately at the price of one penny (post free 1½d.).

With reference to the purchases for the Auxiliary Hospital at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, I shall be dispatching these in a very few days' time. The items, as far as they are at present settled, will be as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
1 Surgical Dressing Table . . . . .	3	18	6
1 Adjustable Leg Rest . . . . .	1	9	6
1 Ordinary Leg Rest . . . . .	0	6	6
1 Invalid Adjustable Chair . . . . .	1	19	6 (probably).

It seemed to me advisable to abandon the idea of dispatching a case of surgical instruments, owing to the expensiveness of these, and to the fact that the money supplied is not sufficient for the purpose.

I am asked to draw attention to Mr. James McKenzie's Thursday evening lectures on the "Theory and Practice of Spirit Intercourse" at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, London, W., an announcement of which appears in the advertisement pages. Mr. McKenzie is a business man who has pursued these studies for fourteen years, observing every phase of mediumship and materialization, spirit photography, automatic writing, etc. He has also made an extensive study of the literature dealing with the subject. The interest in spiritistic phenomena has naturally been stimulated by the critical times in the midst of which we are living, and the titles of Mr. McKenzie's lectures—*Scientific Facts Regarding Man's Soul*, *Life of Man After Death*, *What the Dead Teach Us*, and *Laws of Intercourse*—will convey some idea of the nature and scope of the matters to be dealt with by the lecturer.

# PSYCHIC PHENOMENA AMIDST THE WARRING NATIONS

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION,  
AS CONDUCTED BY THE NATIONS OF EUROPE  
NOW AT WAR

BY HERWARD CARRINGTON

EACH nation has its own special and particular method of investigation of things psychic—just as it has a distinct school in art, in literature and in orthodox science. Each one approaches these problems from an entirely different angle, and studies the facts from varied points of view. The present war will doubtless put a stop, for the time being, to all such research; men who would ordinarily be engaged in investigations of this character are now at the front, fighting for their country and their flag. The grim realities of life and the horrors of war have eclipsed all else; speculative and theoretical work must be put aside for the time being; metaphysics finds no place on a battlefield.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the present war will come to an end at some future date; and the occupations of life—even the most dilettante ones—will again find their adherents. A résumé of what the various nations have accomplished in this little-known field may serve to bring the facts “up to date,” therefore, and place before the student the evidence as it stands to-day. One other factor must not be lost sight of, however, and that is that psychic research is the only science which attempts to answer the question: What is man’s future? Evolution studies his past; the more orthodox sciences study his present—man himself and his environment; psychic research attempts to investigate his future. And to many of us there is no reason why this inquiry cannot be conducted in precisely the same scientific spirit as pertains in all other branches of knowledge. It is no more “superstitious” than are they—rightly understood.

FRANCE.—French investigators seem to specialize, for the most part, in the phenomena of so-called “magnetism.” I do not mean by this physical magnetism—related to electricity—but “human magnetism”—thought to be present in the human

body, and capable of being radiated from it, into space, upon occasion. This is the "Magnetic School," finding its centre in the "Magnetic Society" of France. It does not proceed along the lines or employ the psychological methods of either the English or American Societies; nor the physical and physiological methods employed by the Italian investigators (to be detailed later). Its method of approach is somewhat as follows:—

These investigators believe that the majority of these so-called "psychic phenomena" can be explained by means of powers hidden in man—the supernormal use of the Will, and the existence and use of this magnetic "fluid," resembling life or vitality. A combination of these two explains the facts. (It is interesting, and also curious, to note that these were the two factors employed by the mediæval magicians, and also by witches, and said to lie at the basis of their manifestations.) But the modern school has established its belief upon strictly scientific principles. Thus instruments have been devised which automatically check the externalization of this force, when directed by the will; experiments have been conducted in the "externalization of sensitivity," as it is called—in which the power of feeling is projected beyond the normal limits of the body, etc. Healing is also accomplished by these means. Photographic plates have been impressed by these psychic emanations; sensitive chemical and electrical instruments have been constructed to catch and detect them, etc. In fact, all the methods of modern science have been brought to bear upon the problem, in the attempt to prove scientifically the real existence of this "fluid," and its power to affect material objects. This—and the application of delicate instruments—is the chief distinctive work of note of the French investigators.

Upon the psychological side, they have specialized in the study of the "collective mind"—the mentality which is (apparently) formed and manifested at séances. The majority of the French observers do not believe that the intelligence which manifests at the ordinary spiritistic séance is the spirit of a departed person. They believe, on the contrary, that it is a sort of collective composite mentality, formed from the minds of those present, and consolidated into a single Unit, which represents a Mind of its own. It is well known that there is a special "mind of the crowd." They believe that this is a real thing, and that, on a lesser scale, the same Thing is created at séances. The study of how this mind is generated, in what it consists, how it mani-

feats itself, etc.—points too technical for discussion here—have occupied the French observers for some years.

GERMANY.—Psychic investigation is less general in Germany than in France, owing doubtless to the naturally orthodox or materialistic trend of the people. Still, there is much to interest in various fields. The famous "thinking horses" of Elberfeld are, of course, German, Elberfeld being quite close to the Belgian border. These horses—which are able to read, write and calculate complicated mathematical problems—are so well known that I shall not do more than mention them here. Even more extraordinary is the famous educated dog Rolf, of Mannheim, Bavaria, capable of figuring, receiving lessons in geography, of writing letters on his own initiative, and performing other actions which appear even more incredible! I shall not dwell upon the facts in this case here, since they are so remarkable they cannot call for belief, unless the facts are given in detail. I have mentioned them only to show that in Germany "animal experimentation" of this character occupies a large share of the psychic student's attention.

Then, too, "dowsing," or the finding of underground water by means of a twig held in the hand of the water-finder, has been studied at great length by various scientific committees, and the conclusion arrived at that the main facts are undoubted. Water can be located in this way when every other means has failed. The committee, when last heard from, was concentrating its attention upon the actual underlying causes involved, in the hope of discovering them. Whether the explanation be physical, physiological or psychological remains to be seen. Opinions differ!

But the most dramatic and extraordinary evidence that has come before psychic students for many a long day hails from Munich. Here Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, who is also a physician—well known for his writings on hypnotism and abnormal psychology—has brought forward evidence of the most extraordinary and striking character. For four years past he has carried on a systematic investigation of so-called "materialization" phenomena. He has published an enormous work on the subject, which has created a stir throughout the length and breadth of the land. His "medium" has apparently succeeded in producing, under the most stringent conditions, forms, or parts of forms, which have been photographed, and even moving pictures taken of their gradual development and disappearance! Cameras were placed inside and outside the cabinet; the light

was good; the séances were held in Dr. Schrenck-Notzing's own house or laboratory; the medium was medically searched and examined before and after each séance. Occasionally the medium gave the séance completely nude—as a test—to prove that nothing was concealed about her. Nevertheless complete forms issued from the cabinet, and a peculiar slimy, cold substance, which Dr. Schrenck termed "teleplasma," issued from the medium's body, and was seen and felt by him. Naturally, the publication of such facts lead to a bitter controversy; and this was still going on when the war broke out, and effectually ended it for the time being!

AUSTRIA.—Southern Austria and the North Balkan States constitute, of course, the home of the "Vampire." The peasants of these countries still implicitly believe in the reality of such gruesome beings, which leave their newly-made graves, to come and suck the life-blood of those still living. Terrible stories are told of these creatures—as also of werwolves, black magicians, etc. It is earnestly to be hoped that, some day, a committee of psychic investigators may be appointed, which will thoroughly investigate these stories, and ascertain what truth—if any—there be in such narratives.

The real *scientific* work in this field, which Austria has contributed, has been the interpretation of dreams, and the exploration of the subconscious mind, as elaborated by Sigmund Freud, of Vienna. He argued, in his remarkable work, that most dreams represent a suppressed wish, and that many of them have a sexual significance. He has also contributed much to the systematic symbolic interpretation of dreams. While much of his work is disputed and suggests an attempt to prove a particular hypothesis rather than to ascertain the true bearing of the evidence, some of it is doubtless sound.

RUSSIA.—In certain educated circles in Russia, "spiritualistic phenomena" have been very carefully and scientifically studied. Count Alexander Aksakof spent practically his whole life on this subject, and has published an enormous work in two volumes, *Animism and Spiritism*, which may well be considered a classic. Count Solovovo—hon. secretary of the English Society for Russia—has also contributed a number of careful studies, and in particular carried out some very curious experiments with a medium (now dead) named Sambour, who had the power (apparently) of passing "matter through matter" in a mysterious way! For instance, the sitter and the medium would take one another's hands; they would not let go for a



second. In the dark, the medium would then succeed in "threading" a chair on to the arms of the sitter—that is, in passing the chair on to the extended arm—as one would normally hang it on a peg. The hole in the chair was too small for the medium's body to pass through; the hands were never released; the lights were only turned down *after* the hands were so held. Short of the actual miracle, one can only assume some exceedingly clever trick, plus much cleverness of deception; but though this medium was worked with for a number of consecutive weeks, his secret was never discovered.

Far and away the most important work in the field of psychic investigation, however, has come to us from Russian Poland, where Dr. Ochorowicz has been experimenting for a number of years with a young medium, named Mlle Tomczyk, who passes into trance, and in that state has the power, apparently, of moving solid objects without contact; of impressing photographic plates merely by placing her hands upon them; of causing her thoughts to be photographed; of projecting her "etheric body," so that it can be photographed, and even more marvellous things. These phenomena, many of them, seem well established—as Dr. Ochorowicz is known not only as a careful and cautious student, but one who has a thorough knowledge of the difficulties involved, and has spent a number of years experimenting with the same subject. Two committees of Polish scientists investigated and endorsed his facts. (Some of these I have reviewed and explained in an article in the *New York Times*, July 28, 1912.)

GREAT BRITAIN.—The work of the English Society for Psychical Research is well known the world over. Its members include as many eminent scientists as are to be found in any learned body in the world; its investigations are always made with extreme caution; its treatment of the subject-matter is eminently sane. The chief interest of this Society, for a number of years past, has been the detailed psychological study of the automatic writing of certain mediums—such as Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Forbes, etc.—who have apparently produced striking evidence of the influence of "spirits" of the departed. Direct personal evidence is studied; also what has come to be known as "cross-correspondences"—that is, the experimental verification of the same facts through two or more mediums; independent receipt of information through several mediums, unknown to one another; securing of literary and scientific material beyond the conscious powers of the medium; obtaining

of the contents of sealed letters, written by members before death, and only opened after their contents has been given through the automatic writing, etc. It will be seen at once that their work has been almost entirely along the psychological—rather than the physiological or physical—lines; they have dealt mainly with the *mental* problems, and chiefly with the evidence for survival. This has received very adequate, yet cautious treatment. In addition, dreams, apparitions, haunted houses, premonitions and similar phenomena are constantly being examined. The English Society has been unfortunate in its investigations of the “physical phenomena”; and recent experiments have again proved inconclusive. Those who are interested in the mental manifestations—and particularly in what evidence there may be of a scientific character for the persistence of the human soul after bodily death—will find this problem treated more fully by the British Society than anywhere else. The evidence is, of course, far too lengthy and prolix to even summarize here.

ITALY.—Italy, on the other hand, seems to breed physical mediums; they appear indigenous to the soil! The famous Eusapia Palladino comes from Naples; Sordi, Carancici, Politi, and other “physical” mediums all hail from Italian shores. The work in this country has naturally turned very largely upon the detailed study of these mediums—mainly from the physical and clinical point of view. Thus, Lombroso and Morselli, the eminent psychiatrist of Genoa, both studied mediumship from its physiological and pathological sides. After establishing the fact that certain persons can produce what appear to be physical miracles, they studied the psychic medically, during, before and after the production of these phenomena. In this way, many remarkably interesting facts have been brought to light. Thus, we have learned (what we should have guessed already) that practically all mediums suffer from mental dissociation; many of them are hystericals; some present remarkable pathological symptoms. All this, of course, does not affect their mediumship—save that it shows the connection between abnormal and supernormal phenomena (a point which I personally have always contended for very strongly). Outside of Lombroso, practically none of the Italian group of observers are spiritists; they believe, rather, in the supernormal powers of the subconscious, plus the ability of the medium to “externalize” a semi-fluid substance from the body, and mould this in space, to resemble a human figure. In this way they attempt to account for the “materializations.” Psychical research, in Italy, is almost entirely devoted to the *physical* phenomena.

**BELGIUM.**—Belgium has produced few scientific investigators. A remarkable series of experiments was made some years ago, in a private family, and the results published. They dealt with the phenomena of so called "materialization," or the creation of phantom forms. The sitters were not professional mediums in any sense of the word. Professor Delbœuf, of Liège, devoted many years to this subject, and studied induced hallucinations, hypnotic phenomena, the cure of warts by suggestion, the appreciation of time by somnambulists, etc. Maurice Maeterlinck is also a student of these questions, as his recent book on *Death* will show.

**HOLLAND.**—Dr. Frederick van Elden, founder of the first hypnotic clinic in that country, is an active worker in these problems, and has made the name of Holland famous by his original work. For fifteen years he has experimented with his own dreams, and apparently succeeded, finally, in freeing his "dream-body" from his physical body, during sleep, and projecting it—causing it to take journeys in space on its own account, and see and hear things actually transpiring at a distance. His paper, published in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, is extremely interesting and profoundly suggestive. He believes that he has now gained such power of control over this body that it can affect other people, move material objects, etc. If this be true, it will, of course, cause a profound change not only in our belief as to the inseparable tie between body and mind, but also as to the causes of dreams.

In Holland, too, Drs. Matla and Zaalberg van Zelst, two Dutch physicists, have contrived several delicate instruments by whose aid, they believe, they are able to get into direct communication with the spirits of the departed without the aid of a "medium" at all; that is, the instrument itself will act as a medium—an intermediary—and render direct instrumental communication possible. They are well known as careful physicists, and their arguments are certainly plausible.

It is unfortunate, to say the least, that the present war will put an effective stop to this investigation—at least for the time being—just when conclusions were being reached and facts of far-reaching significance obtained. As Sherman said: "War is Hell!" At its conclusion, let us hope that we shall be a little nearer "Heaven" than before—both by reason of a lasting peace, which will thereby be enforced; and by reason of the spiritual advance which mankind will then have obtained—largely owing to these very despised and ridiculed "psychic phenomena."

# TO TWILIGHT GREY

By GERALD ARUNDEL

ONE morn—a golden morn in spring—  
I sat beneath that ancient yew.  
He came—'twas not imagining—  
I speak of Shelley whom we knew.

'Twas this same heath—'twas that same tree,  
And such a golden morn as now.  
I sat and dimly mused on thee,  
Beneath that green, bird-haunted bough.

I saw him first with mental eye,  
And then with eyes of flesh I saw—  
Clear, radiant, bold, serenely high—  
Sublimely free from earthly flaw.

'Twas Shelley's self—I felt and knew—  
The bright, the beautifully brave—  
Bard, thinker, wand'rer, rebel, who  
At last went down in Spezzia's wave.

'Twas Shelley's self, whose sweetest song  
Was snatched from loftier spheres above—  
The harpist in Thought's mighty throng,  
True child of Freedom and of Love!

'Twas Shelley's self—I saw his hair,  
Dark-bright, half-curling o'er his head;  
I saw his stag-like eyes, and there,  
Such dreams as ne'er were sung or said.

I looked awake into his face;  
Awake I spoke to him; and he,  
In soundless words of mystic grace,  
A heaven of knowledge gave to me.

I heard, but not with ears of clay,  
A song of things no words may tell—  
To thee more clear than clearest day,  
Now free from Time's far-reaching spell.

We knew him well in ages gone.  
Perchance thou knowest him now. Then, say,  
Since that wild hour he left our sun,  
What life is his, O Twilight Grey?

# THE RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM OF THE SWORD

By G. M. HORT

IN the Apocalyptic vision of the Opening of the Seals, the Rider on the red horse—the mystic Representative of the Spirit of War—was given power to take peace from the earth, and received, as the emblem of his authority and office, a great sword.

Modern realists, in describing modern warfare, might have to substitute for this emblem a siege-gun or a bomb-laden Zeppelin, but the paths of realism and symbolism are sufficiently far apart; and, in popular parlance no less than mystical thought, the sword remains the symbol, *par excellence*, of war and war-like deeds.

It is the fate of all such symbols to cast, as it were, a supernatural shadow. Their very simplicity invests them with a strange terror, from which no effort of thought can separate them. The sword has played a curious and significant part in Religion and Magic; and its history (or, at any rate, that part of its history with which this paper is concerned) belongs to the Borderland between the two worlds.

The primitive sword must have owed its existence to a primitive dreamer of dreams. In other words, it must have revealed itself to the man who had sufficient clairvoyance to recognize it, where it lay, dormant, in its bed of stone, like a warrior in an enchanted slumber. It took shape under the hand of the man who was capable of realizing that stones had *souls* of their own; and that the *soul* of a weapon-shaped flint was, in all probability, a weapon. Animism, the faith of the early world, taught, of course, that there was a living principle in everything; but the first sword-maker needed to be an animist who put his faith into practice. Instead of merely accepting the dogma of the dormant living principle, he sought a means of freeing it from its bonds, and attaching it to his own service.

The sword once made, decoration and elaboration of it followed as a matter of course, and as part of the ritual of appropriation.\* A weapon which bore the impress of its owner's

\* The gradual evolution of the perfect sword of tempered steel must here be taken for granted, as belonging to its more technical history.

individuality was the weapon which was most likely to identify itself with him and to strike its best in his quarrels. A mystic sympathy existed between the sword and its wearer; and the weapon lived, and moved, and had a being. We speak of "magic swords," as if they were exceptions to a rule; but, strictly speaking, though traditions have clustered round a few particularly famous swords, a magical significance and importance belonged to the sword *quod* sword. It had an influence of its own, as definitely malignant or beneficent as a planet's.

The manner in which the weapon was treated was even thought to decide the fate of the person whom it had wounded. For instance, to cleanse the sword carefully and promptly, and to anoint it with oil, tended to heal the wound, or, at least, to give some chance of recovery.

The capture of an enemy's weapon excited a peculiar joy. It also excited the desire to win the dangerous weapon over to its captor's service by placing it under the influence of the captor's own gods, and within the charmed circle of their sanctuaries.

It was with this aim in view that those much miscalled people, the Philistines, hung up the armour of the dead King Saul in the temple of Ashtaroth. Bywords though they are for inartistic common sense, this action of theirs was, really, very mystical.

The Israelites, on their part, consecrated weapons in the House of Jehovah, and gave them into the keeping of the Chief Priest.

This comes out with sufficient clearness in an incident in the history of David, who, fleeing from the wrath of Saul, asked the priest Ahimelech to give him a weapon. The narrative suggests that he expected a choice of many; but the Chief Priest had, as it happened, only one just then in his keeping. This one was, however, of peculiarly happy omen for the suppliant, being no other than the sword of the famous Goliath of Gath, which had brought its possessor to his end in the Valley of Elah, when he fell by David's hand.

"Behold, it is here, wrapped in a cloth behind the Ephod. If thou wilt take that, take it. . . . And David said: There is none like that. Give it me" (1 Sam. xxi. 9).

Perhaps it is possible to trace in this a faint foreshadowing of the chivalric investiture, which was so much concerned with the presentation to the new knight of a consecrated weapon. And again we seem to have a Christian mediæval variant of it

in the story of that mysterious sword, hidden so long in the little church of Fierbois, behind the altar of St. Catherine, but not hidden from "the grand melancholy eyes" of another virgin-saint, whose fate it would be one day to gird it on.

In the haunted woods of Domrémy, under the fairy oaks, the Voices that spoke with Joan the Maid spoke often of this sword. The sworded Archangel himself came to her in dream after dream, and set it in her reluctant hand.

And, at last, when her fate is upon her, when the Voices will no longer be denied, she sends a messenger back to her old home to fetch the weapon, describing the place where he will find it. That and no other shall hang by her side. So long consecrated to God, her instinct tells her that it will not betray His quarrel now, whatever may have been its previous history.

One reason for the anxiety displayed by the Christian Church to dedicate the sword to God is, of course, to be found in the early pretensions of the sword to be itself a divinity.

Gibbon has given us an impressive word-picture of the ceremonial worship of the weapon among the Scythians, of the great altar of faggots, surmounted by the upright naked blade; the prayers and prostrations; and the animal and human sacrifices, which bathed the altar in blood.

In the first instance, this worship was undoubtedly paid to the War-God or Spirit of War; but, in the time of Attila, it seems to have become a kind of King-worship, and to have associated itself not only with the person of Attila, but with the supernatural origin of his sword.

According to one story, this weapon had fallen from heaven; but it is in a less crudely miraculous version that we get the real mystic touch.

A herdsman of the Huns, afield with his beasts, observes that one of the heifers is wounded in the leg, and follows the track of her blood through the long grass, till he sees, where the track ends, a point as of a weapon protruding from the earth.

He digs out the blood-stained blade and carries it to Attila, who accepts it as a sign from heaven, and of his divinely appointed, though sufficiently revolting, task.

But, as we have said, the worship of the sword was, primarily, the worship of a War-God; or, as some of us will prefer to think, a War-Demon.

In later times, when Christian warriors showed such passionate and personal love for their swords, the old pagan deification

of the weapon was ominously remembered ; and it was declared that the familiar spirits which now haunted the swords, and had become the close comrades of the warriors, had been conjured up by the evil incantations of that unlawful worship.

In any case, no doubt was felt about the demons' presence.

It was because he believed so firmly in the indwelling genius of his weapon that the chieftain could be trusted not to violate any oath he had sworn upon it. He was constrained by fear of the vengeance of the insulted spirit.

Significant in this connection is the folk-tale of the young Irish Chief, Cormac, who wishing to capture some badgers, went to their warren and adjured them to come out. The prudent badgers—(who, like all the animals of the folk-tale, had the intelligence of humans !)—suspected his real intentions, and were deaf to all solicitations, until the young man swore by the weapon he held in his hand that he would do them no hurt. That he should violate the weapon-oath was unthinkable for the badgers, who came out accordingly, and were all slaughtered by the faithless Cormac.

This offence so scandalized the community that Cormac was banished by his father, and acquired a shameful nickname—"the dishonourer of the spear."

Shakespeare remembers and makes use of the sword-oath,—in *Richard II*, where the king demands that the banished nobles, Norfolk and Bolingbroke, should "lay on his royal sword their banished hands" and swear not to meet and plot treason in their exile ; and in *Hamlet*, where the Prince will not be content with the many promises of Horatio and Marcellus to say nothing about the Ghost, until they have sworn secrecy by his sword.

But, of course, by Shakespeare's time the sword had become a Christianized symbol, and also very often bore on its pommel the ancestral arms of its owner, which gave it a practical importance in his eyes, as a pledge of good faith.

We return to the primitive warrior and his weapon. The devotion he felt for it was accentuated by an inevitable awe, which made him (in accordance with the well-known law of Magic that to give a thing a name is to acquire a certain authority over it, and deprive it of some of its independent power ! ) careful to bestow on it a title of his own choosing. Plutarch says that the heroes of the Cimbri inscribed their swords with mysterious characters, and gave them names to inspire terror in their opponents. But this is so true as to come short of the truth !

The heroes also desired to strike a certain terror into the



indwelling genius of the sword—the spirit which might otherwise have proved stronger than the hand of the sword-wielder.

It was the destiny of the early heroes to possess, each, an heroic sword—to control, that is, a more powerful spirit. So the tales of the making of a hero's weapon link themselves, particularly, with the other world, and the processes of what the Irish call "strong magic." The famous "Volsung" or "Bal-mung" which Siegfried won from the Nibelungs, was forged by Wieland, the divine smith of Scandinavian legend, a supernatural person who submitted all the weapons of his making to occult tests, and endowed them with gifts according to his will.

The sword of Ogier the Dane was a secret gift from the Fay Morgana, and is said to have struck wonder into the heart of the Emperor Charlemagne, when he made Ogier a knight, and girded the sword upon him.

As for the renowned Excalibur, we all remember that it was wrought by the powerful water-spirit, popularly known as the Lady of the Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps,  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.

We may note, in passing, the mystical significance of the time mentioned—thrice those three years which, in the ordinary case, sufficed such wizards as Wieland for the making of a magic sword.

Again, the sword of Archibald Douglas—we do not know its name—is described as having been forged for him by fairy-lore. To judge by the Earl's nickname—Tyneman, or the Man of Loss—it was not part of the magic virtues of this sword to bestow success in battle. But it gave eerie warning of the approach of any enemy by drawing itself from its scabbard of its own accord.

Thy father's battle-brand of yore  
For Tyneman forged by fairy-lore  
Did, self-unsabbarded, foreshow  
The footstep of a secret foe. \*

In connection with the unsabbarding of a sword, there existed an early belief that this, if ceremonially done, would give the weapon power to relate its own history.

Thus it happened in the story of a chieftain of ancient Ireland, Ogma by name, who, after a victory, found on the field of battle

\* *The Lady of the Lake.*

the sword of Tethra, a chief who had fallen in the fight, and unsheathed and cleaned it.

Then the sword, whose name was Orna, told all the great deeds that had been done by it. "For it was the custom of swords of that time, when unsheathed, to set forth the deeds that had been done by them." \*

We can readily understand with what difficulty the warrior-converts to Christianity were persuaded to give up their reliance on such magic weapons. As a matter of fact, they were not, in the majority of cases, to be persuaded at all, and the pagan weapons had to be converted along with them, laid on Christian altars, and sanctified by special prayers. Christian mottoes and charms were also, in many cases, engraved on the hilts; and, by a still happier device, the hilt itself was made cruciform, so that the persistent custom among Irish warriors of sticking the blade into the earth and addressing some prayer or incantation to it before going into battle, was rendered not only harmless but meritorious,

Lecky has pointed out the natural association that exists between Religion and War; how victory in battle woke feelings of gratitude in the conqueror, and, under favourable circumstances, might lead to his conversion. In the case of Constantine, indeed, we know that the Cross itself was used as the instrument of victory, and appeared as the sword from heaven. But popular tradition preserved the truth which the teachings of Christian priests had impressed so deeply on the simple people—the natural antagonism, that is, between Christianity and bloodshed. Among the Irish there long lingered the baptismal custom of leaving the right arm of a male child untouched by the holy water, that being unchristened—and so, obviously, more in union with the pagan spirit that lived in the sword!—it might be able in battle to strike a more deadly blow. Again, the custom of burying the chieftain's sword in the tomb with him clearly belongs to the older faith, and symbolizes the awakening of the sword's soul along with that of its owner—not for the golden calm of a life in Paradise, but for more combats and conquests on earth.

Thus it is with Arthur—the place of whose enchanted sleep is, indeed, variously given, but on whose condition after death the traditions are unanimous.

In their sepulchral cavern he and his knights sit by a table of stone, whereon lies a horn, and the sword Excalibur. When that horn sounds, and that sword is drawn from its scabbard,

\* Joyce, P. W.: *Social History of Ancient Ireland*.

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all will wake. More than once, some bold adventurer, wandering into the vault and laying hands upon the sword, has heard around him the clang of armour and the stir of half-roused sleepers, before, thrusting the sword back into its sheath, he has fled in terror to the upper air again. But the hour of the hero's waking is not yet; and we may remember, for our comfort, that that hour is traditionally associated with the end of all wars. The mission of Excalibur, therefore, is to be one of peace!

The same belief, so far as the enchanted sleep and future waking go, attaches itself to all dead warriors, whose fame was great enough—to Charlemagne, and Roland, and Amadis. Also the Serbian hero, Kraljevitch Marko (with whom some of us have recently made acquaintance in Monsieur Petrovitch's charming volume, "*Hero-Tales and Legends of the Serbians*") is, like the rest, "not dead, but sleeping with his great sword plunged to the hilt in the rock beside him."

He is waiting for the appointed hour to rise and re-establish the mediæval empire of his nation; and is, indeed, reported to have appeared in the late war with the Turks, at the head of Serbian troops whom he led to victory.

(Aye! And, if we may be allowed the opinion, even more recently than that!)

With this deep-rooted world-wide belief in the return of heroic warriors is probably to be associated the emotion excited by comets and other celestial portents. In all the tales that have been handed down to us of these appearances we find that to our forefathers they presented one inevitable form and likeness—that of an unsheathed weapon.

It was "a blazing sword" that hung over besieged Jerusalem; over doomed Constantinople; over the Eternal City herself, before the coming of Alaric the Goth.

And in A.D. 1527, we hear of a terrible blood-coloured comet, wherein was the representation of an arm holding a sword.

For the devout, such portents symbolized the sword of God; and Pope Callixtus III, at war with the Saracens in A.D. 1456, was able to hail the appearance of a cruciform comet as a happy and appropriate omen. But in popular speech these starry swords had one significant name. The people called them "the souls of heroes," and, either consciously or unconsciously, saw in them the eternal identification of the warrior with the weapon which had done his great deeds and into which his spirit had passed.

# ORKNEY SUPERSTITIONS

BY ALEXANDER KENNEDY

IN the North, among the rural classes, superstition dies hard. Caithness, Sutherland, and the Highlands in general, still contain a very considerable percentage of individuals who implicitly believe that there are in almost every community one or two members who are capable of exercising diabolical powers so malign and uncanny that their existence is derogatory of the highest interests of the district wherein they reside—that, in short, they are persons to be shunned, talked of in whispers, and looked at askance. Even sedate Orkney, with its hard-headed wide-awake islanders, is not yet quite free from the taint of this strange superstition, and around the peat-fires of an evening, one may still hear up-to-date stories of the uncanny “ploys” of modern “witch-wives” recounted by men and women who as firmly believe in the reality of these things as they believe in their own earthly existence. This is not overdrawn statement, but positive fact, which any unbiassed observer could easily verify by experience.

Of all the untoward happenings laid to the credit of the present-day “witch,” perhaps none is better known or more widely bruited than that which results from the iniquitous process popularly termed “fruit-takin’.” According to common account, this process of “fruit-takin’” is rather peculiar. Its operations, of course, are confined to the humble but indispensable cow! As soon as ever an animal is “fore-spoken” by the malignant witch, its daily yield of milk is found to mysteriously fall off in quantity, or, in the event of the supply remaining unaffected in this regard, the quality will be found to have undergone a change, with the painful result that when churning-day comes, churn as one likes, the butter absolutely refuses to put in an appearance. A sad pass, yet not irremediable, as the local “wise woman” would be prepared to vouch!

In this connection we lately heard recounted a rather odd story. The yarn will doubtless be considered by some to be a trifle “tall,” but it is just a sample of scores of others that go the rounds, the details of which are freely accepted by many: a douce Orkney body as positive articles of faith. In this case the

owner of the "fore-spoken" animal was a canny crofter's wife, whose belief in witchcraft was established on the strength of the experience, and is as implicit to-day as ever it was. Having churned one morning for the greater part of an hour, and still perceiving no sign of butter, she naturally found herself at a sad pass for an explanation, never having experienced, in all her pretty extended career as a crofter's wife, the unsatisfactory dénouement that was the result of this particular morning's strenuous churning. As luck would have it, just when she was in the midst of her rueful cogitations, an old woman having the reputation of being a "wise body" came in, and to this aged worthy the much-perturbed crofter's wife laid bare the burden of her woes. Thereat the "wise body" went to the churn and carefully surveyed the contents. Her pronouncement somewhat startled the good-wife of the house: the "fruit" had been evilly filched from the milk! Did she suspect any one? Was anybody ill-disposed towards her? Well, the crofter's wife admitted that she had quarrelled recently with a reputed "witch-wife," but it hadn't struck her that that had anything to do with the "stickit" condition of the unchurnable milk. But the wise body immediately assured her that the whole thing was as clear as day, and that, in short, her malign enemy the "witch-wife" was at the bottom of the entire matter. Nevertheless, a remedy could be afforded. And the douce old body went on to explain that if a bit of one of the offending "witch's" nether garments could be obtained on the sly, and thereafter burnt under the "fore-spoken" cow's nose, the "fruit" would be regained in full, while all that then remained to be done to effect a complete "cure" in the contents of the churn, was to draw a little new milk from the cow and mix it therewith. Only half-persuaded, but nevertheless determined to give the method a trial, the mistress of the croft ultimately got hold of the required bit of garment whereon to base her operations, and, strange though it may appear to the "uninitiated," these were carried out with the exact result indicated by the old woman!

Of course, the methods used to regain stolen "fruit" were legion once upon a day, and many of these, though now considered impracticable, are still preserved in the folk-lore of the islands. A favourite way of restoring the "virtue" to the milk of a "fore-spoken" animal lay in securing a small quantity from a cow belonging to the witch and mingling it with that of the bewitched or enchanted beast, and it is certainly not time out of memory yet since farmers' wives have been known to

sneak surreptitiously to the suspected person's byre with a view to covertly "getting back their own" in the shape of a half-bottle of "healthy" milk. Indeed, this is still considered to be, in the bulk of cases, the best and most satisfactory method, and is perhaps to-day held in higher esteem as a "workable" process than any of the more absurd and complicated forms of remedial agency.

In most of the islands there are to be found individuals credited by the more superstitious with the gift of "overlooking" hens, ducks, crows, and, in fact, land- and sea-gear of every description. This peculiar species of belief seems to have as its hypothetical basis the old doctrine enunciated in the theory of "the evil eye," and, indeed, appears to have much in common with the "fruit-takin'" process dealt with above. But there is this great difference, that while the "fruit" is supposed to be spirited away by a more or less lengthy series of incantations and spells, the circumstances attendant on "over-looking" are more casual in nature, and the process seems to depend for its success on some curious, inherent power in the "over-looker." Indeed, there are to-day a good many crofters and farmers in the more outlying islands who, when completing, say, the purchase of a cow from certain so-called "over-lookers" or witches, sedulously make it a point never to take full and final charge of the animal until they have cut the tether or leading-rope and left the unlucky end with the seller, thus securing surety of perfect freedom for themselves and their purchase from the evil influence of the reputed agent of his Satanic Majesty! Instances of this sort are not nearly so isolated as one would casually think. Perhaps we are not putting the estimate too high when we affirm that fifteen per cent. of the Orkney peasantry still have a more than hankering belief in the all too terrible possibilities of witchcraft as a mercenary means of wiping out old scores; in the opinion of two or three, "touch cauld iron" is still a serviceable utterance, and one which on occasion ought not to be neglected, if the highest welfare and proper felicity of the community is to be thoroughly safeguarded!

A great many fishermen in the North, all along the coast from Banffshire to Shetland, are confirmed believers in the power of "witches" to regulate the "catches" under certain circumstances. In truth, it is not stretching the point too far when we affirm that many hardy followers in the trail of "King Herring" make it a studied duty to judiciously propitiate the votaries of the Black Art with seasonable presents of meal, potatoes, money,

etc., prior to initiating the season's labours on the briny! Similarly, a goodly number still appear to be obsessed by the idea, although it is doubtful if they would admit it, that it is possible to "purchase a wind" from certain so-called witches, and thereby secure a speedy and pleasant passage to the scene of operations. Of course, such a thing as point-blank "purchase" is to-day unknown, but that the bargain is often made tacitly, and under the cloak of a spurious benevolence, there is now and then no lack of confirmatory evidence.

It is quite clear, then, even to the knowledge of the most inobservant, that to-day the belief in witchcraft as a dangerous social reactionary force is almost as strong in certain quarters as it was in the more sanguinary days when mutilation and fire was the final goal of every poor suspect, no matter how blameless and innocent of communication with the Prince of Darkness she may in reality have been. Such lingering beliefs seem to be the natural concomitants of the evolution of society all the world over; and they have not, so far, at least, as Orkney is concerned, been entirely swept away before the cleansing flood of advancement.

# A STRANGE TALE FROM SUSSEX

## SHORT STORY

By SYDNEY H. KENWOOD (B.A. Cantab. et Londin.).

THE following story was told by an ignorant Sussex labourer, whom I knew well, and who had, as far as I know, never been more than a few miles from the remote village in which he was born. The tale is so startling that few will think it true; but it is incredible to anyone who knew him to suppose that the hero invented it. He was, as I have said, an ignorant labourer; he might even have been called extremely ignorant; and imagination is not one of the gifts common among the Sussex peasantry. I have set down the facts as told to me, the name being the only fiction as far as I am concerned.

Henry Hogbin was a cowman on a farm in Sussex. He was a man of excellent character and well known as a sober, industrious and efficient hand. Having been associated with cow-keeping all his life, he was well acquainted with the peculiarities and perversities of cattle, and well able to deal with such difficulties as they arose. No one was more convinced of his competency than Hogbin himself, and it was a rude shock to the honest fellow when he found himself powerless to remedy the refusal of his best cow to give milk.

Naturally, he was at first full of hope, and even of assurance, that his rustic science would soon put matters right; but he tried in vain all the remedies known to him. Then Hogbin stooped to ask advice—not of neighbours, for he had his own peasant pride; but of distant farmers and their cowmen. Whatever they recommended he duly tried, and to no good effect.

Despair began to invade the heart of Henry Hogbin. Men of his breed and training do not easily give in: some of us would as soon have Sussex men by in the hour of danger as the most reliable and canny Scots ever sung of by gushing poets. But here he was up against the most unyielding thing in nature, a fact: and the fact was that he was beaten, and with the proverbial slowness of his race he was beginning to know it.

He was going rather sullenly about his work one day when a quavering voice hailed him. It was the oldest inhabitant,



a person of extreme debility and questionable reputation, who was leaning on the yard gate.

"Mornin'," piped the old man; "how's dat dere cow?"

"Oo told *you* about the cow?" said Henry ungraciously. "No business of yourn, I rackon."

"'Taint none o' yourn nuther, seems so!" retorted the village elder, "seein' as you can't do 'er no good."

Hogbin was silent, crushed by truth and the lack of suitable repartee.

"If you bain't a fool you're purty bly of one, not to come an' ax *me*," continued the old man; "an' it's only because yer grandad and me was friends, like, that I've come to you. Now you do what I say. You go into dat dere cow-shed with dat cow and stay dere all night, an' *whatever you see*" (this with tremendous emphasis) "pick it up an' stick it in the maxin. Mind you, *whatever you see*."

The "maxin" is the Sussex manure-heap. So much, of course, Hogbin fully understood; but the rest of the old man's meaning was Greek to him. He ran after his aged adviser and begged, even humbly, for further light; but he could extract nothing more.

Hogbin walked slowly back to his work, reflecting on his failure and its probable effect on his reputation. After all, he thought, he had exhausted all orthodox resources, and nothing remained but to try the strange advice of a doddering old man. Strange advice it was, indeed; but though plenty of people could be found to call the oldest inhabitant a "bad lot," none had ever been heard to suggest that he was a fool. The prevalent idea was, in fact, that he was "leery"—which term suggests a rogue, but a clever one.

When night fell Hogbin fell also—to the temptation of following the apparently absurd counsel and putting it to the test of experience. He made his way to the shed in which was the rebellious cow, and took his seat on a milking-stool. As yet the night was dark, and in the gloomy byre he could see nothing; but presently the moon rose, and he was able to make out the dim shape of the animal, the window, and some few other objects. This seemed to be all he was likely to see. The old man had said "whatever you see." Did he mean him to pick up the cow, the shed, and any other articles lying to hand, and stick them in the maxin? Hogbin laughed rather bitterly at his own joke. At any rate, it would do to twit old "grandfer" with on the morrow. He got up stiff, disgusted and sleepy. He would have no more

of this nonsense. How could he have been such a fool? What would——

*Ting-ting-ting!*

What on earth was that? An unaccountable sound, evidently out in the yard. It was continuing, too, and coming nearer. Hogbin stole to the door and looked out.

The moon was shining brightly now, and but for the mysterious *ting-ting*, the yard looked normal. There was nothing to account for the noise, which, however, did not cease.

Ah! what was that?—something moving, certainly, in the shadow, moving towards him and the cow-shed. Soon, if it came nearer, it would be in the moonlight, and he would see.

*Ting-ting-ting!*

It *was* nearing; it *was* coming into the light; now it was there!

*It was a manure-fork walking!*

Hogbin would have run if he could, but terror held him spellbound for a while. Then he acted, impelled probably as much by a dim feeling that this marvel had some connection with his trouble as by personal bravery. He ran forward, seized the fork, which struggled like a live thing in his grasp, and stuck it deep into the "maxin." Then he turned and ran to his home, some distance away.

Next morning he went to the yard with a deep conviction that he had fallen asleep in the cow-shed and dreamt the whole thing.

Not so. Waist-deep in the maxin was an old woman. Hogbin recognized her as an inhabitant of his village.

The cow, he said, thenceforward gave milk as usual.

# DRUIDISM AND MAGIC

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT

THERE is practically no authentic information as to the character of the studies of a Druidical initiate during his long novitiate, a period of twenty years, which was spent in the depth of the forest, but it may safely be assumed from the reliable evidence available of Druidical practices, that instruction in magic formed the principal item in the curriculum. The word "Druid" in Celtic signifies "a wizard," and the translators of the New Testament into that language have accordingly rendered "Simon Magus" as "Simon the Druid." In Ireland also the art of magic is called Druidity, and the magician's wand is known as the Rod of Druidism. The Irish Druids are declared to have been a kind of sorcerers and to have been in league with the demons of paganism, and able, through their agency, to do good to their friends and work mischief upon their enemies. They were credited by the people with the power of transforming men into stone pillars by magic, and this credulous belief in their powers made the Druids as great as, if not greater than, any other priesthood in either ancient or modern history. They were held in such veneration by all classes that no public affairs were transacted without their approbation.

According to legendary lore the Druids could, by their magical powers, create clouds and mists and bring down showers of fire and blood. St. Patrick, on his way to Tara one Easter Sunday morning, chanted a hymn beseeching God to protect him against the spells of women, smiths and Druids. The invention of this wish is credited to a Leinster Druid, named Fullon, who lived some centuries before the Christian era. In a contest which the Druids had at Tara with the celebrated Irish apostle they are said to have caused snow to descend by means of their magical incantations. In the life of Senán mention is made of the use of charms and spells by the Druids. Coel, brother of Senán, was ordered by King MacTail of Húi Figente to command his brother to leave his territory. Coel met with his death on the way to perform his errand. When MacTail heard the news he was angry, but his Druid said to him: "Thou needest not be anxious about this, for I will take a charm to

him and he shall either die or leave thy land in possession." The victory, however, did not come to the Druid. In the story of *The Retreat of the Sons of Mile* we read: "The sons of Mile submitted to the judgment of Amairgen. They returned by the way they had come, and, going on board their ships, withdrew from the shore to the mysterious distance of nine waves, in accordance with the judgment of Amairgen. As soon as the Tuatha De Danann found them launched upon the sea, their Druids and the people began to chant magic poems, which caused a furious tempest to arise, so that the fleet of the sons of Mile was driven far out to sea and dispersed." St. Patrick could, however, meet charm with charm. It is stated that when the Druids sought to poison him he wrote over the liquor in which the poison had been placed—

Tubu fis fri ibu, fis ibu anfis  
Fris bru natha, ibu lithu, Christi Jesus,

and declared that whoever pronounced these words over poisoned liquor would receive no injury. Among other things the Druids have been credited with the power to drive a man insane simply by flicking a wisp of straw, known as *Dlui fulla*, in his face.

Belief in witchcraft can be traced back to Druidism, and some of the practices attributed to witches, after all traces of Druidical worship and practice had died out, are exact reproductions of the practices attributed to the Druids by earlier writers. Many authorities have, indeed, asserted that the Scottish witch is the direct successor of the Druidess. According to Pomponius Mela, the Druidesses of the island of Sena could grant fair winds or raise tempests, and, in 1792, the author of the *Statistical Account of the Hebrides* stated that in the island of Gigha it was believed that by performing certain ceremonies at a fountain there persons thus initiated into its mysteries could cause the wind to blow from whatever quarter they desired.

Every Druid wore around his neck, encased in gold, what was known as "the Druid's egg." Pliny in his *Natural History* gives the following account of it: "There is besides a kind of egg held in high esteem by the inhabitants of Gaul, unnoticed by the Greek writers. It is called 'the serpents' egg'; and, in order to produce it, an immense number of serpents, twisted together in summer, are rolled up in an artificial folding by the saliva of their mouths and the slime of their bodies. The Druids say that this egg is tossed on high with hissings and that it must be intercepted in a cloak before it reaches the ground. The person who seizes it flies on horseback, for the serpents

pursue him till they are stopped by the intervention of some river. The proof of this egg is that though bound in gold it will swim against the stream. And, as the magi are very artful and cunning in concealing their frauds, they pretend that this egg can only be obtained at a certain time of the moon, as if this operation of the serpents could be rendered congruous to human determination. I have indeed seen that egg, of the size of an ordinary round apple, worn by the Druids, in a chequered cover resembling the enormous calculi in the arms of a polypus. Its virtue is highly extolled for gaining lawsuits and procuring access to kings ; and it is worn with so great ostentation that I knew a Roman knight, by birth a Vocontian, who was slain by the Emperor Claudius for no cause whatever except wearing one of these eggs on his breast during the dependence of a lawsuit."

In Scotland the Druids' egg was known as an adder stone, and it was in great reputation for the foretelling of events, the working of miracles, the curing of diseases, and the gaining of lawsuits. In reality this wondrous egg was nothing more than a bead or ring of glass, such as have been frequently found in the Isle of Anglesey.

The potent adder stone  
 Gender'd 'fore th' autumnal moon :  
 When in undulating twine  
 The foaming snakes prolific join ;  
 When they hiss and when they bear  
 Their wondrous egg aloft in air,  
 Thence, before to earth it fall,  
 The Druid, in his hallow'd pall,  
 Receives the prize,  
 And instant flies,  
 Follow'd by th' envenom'd brood,  
 Till he cross the crystal flood.

*Mason's " Caractacus."*

Every Druid also carried a wand. The wand of the British Druids was taken from the oak, but that of the Irish Druids from the yew. At the present day in Rome it is a common practice, when Catholics approach the confessional, for them to receive a touch on the head from a wand which the priest holds in his hand. In this way also the priests of Isis blessed and exorcised.

The gift of prophecy was also believed to be a power in the possession of the Druids. Several instances are related in the ancient Irish manuscripts of the exercise of this power, and they are similar to the many recorded instances of modern clairvoyant predictions. Before St. Patrick went to Ireland his advent was

foretold by the Druids Lucait Mael and Luccra (or Lochru) in the following words—

Adzheads (tonsured heads) will come over a furious sea :  
 Their mantles (cowls) hole-headed :  
 Their staves (croziers) crook-headed :  
 Their tables (altars) in the east of their houses :  
 All will answer " Amen."

The birth of Ciarán of Clonmacois, an Irish saint, was foretold by Lugbrann, the Druid attached to the court of King Crimthann, who predicted concerning Ciarán—

He healed CÆngus' steed  
 When he lay swaddled in a cradle,  
 From God that miracle to Ciarán  
 Was given.

The narrative continues : " On a certain day the horse of CÆngus, son of Cremthann, died, and he felt great sorrow. Now when CÆngus slept, an angel of God appeared to him in a vision, and said this to him : ' Ciarán, the son of the wright, will come and bring thy horse for thee to life.' And this was fulfilled ; for, at the angel's word, Ciarán came and blessed water, which was put over the horse, and the horse at once arose out of death."

This power of prophecy was also shared by the Druidesses. There were certain sisterhoods, the members of which did not perform priestly functions. These Druidesses divided themselves into three classes. The first took vows of perpetual virginity, and lived together in communities separate from the world. The second married, but spent the greater part of their time in religious work. The third became servants in the temples and to the Druids. It was a Druidess that foretold to Diocletian, when he was a soldier in Gallia, that he would be emperor of Rome. Diocletian was amusing himself one day in casting up his accounts when his hostess, a well-known Druidess, thus addressed him : " In truth, sir, you are too covetous." " Well," replied Diocletian, " I shall be liberal when I come to be emperor." " You shall be so," answered his hostess, " when you have slain a boar." Diocletian, struck with this answer, applied himself from that time principally to the slaughter of boars, without, however, reaching the empire ; but, at last, bethinking that the equivalent Latin word for boar, *aper*, might refer to Aper, Numerian's father-in-law, he put him to death, and was chosen emperor in his stead. It was also a Druidess who said to Alexander Severus as he was setting out on his last campaign, the

expedition in which he was assassinated by his own soldiers: "Go on, my lord, but beware of your soldiers." Before setting out on the great expedition against Ulster, Medb, queen of Connaught, went to consult her Druid, and just before the famous heroine Derdriu (Deirdre) was born, Caithbu prophesied what sort of a woman she would be.

The Druids would also appear to have been practisers of the art of psycho-therapy. According to Lady Wilde: "The priests and magi of the ancient Druids possessed a wonderful faculty of healing. They were able to hypnotize the patients by the waving of the wand and, while under the spell of this procedure, the latter could tell what was happening afar off, being vested with the power of clairvoyance. They also effected cures by stroking with the hand, and this method was thought to be of special efficacy in rheumatic affections. They also employed other remedies which appealed to the imagination, such as various mesmeric charms and incantations." Many of these charms were retained even after the introduction and adoption of the Christian religion. The professors of medicine held a high and influential position in the order, and occupied a distinguished place at royal tables, next to nobles, and above the armourers, smiths and workers in metals. They were also entitled to wear a special robe of honour at the courts of kings, and were always attended by a large staff of pupils, who assisted the master in the diagnosis and treatment of disease and the preparations necessary for the curative potions.

The Druids were inordinately attached to augury and divination, one of their methods being the custom of casting stones into water and counting the number of circular ripples formed. Other methods were the Druid's wheel, sneezing, examination of tree roots, the howling of dogs, and the singing of birds, particularly the croaking of the raven and the chirping of the wren. When St. Kellach, bishop of Kellala, was about to be murdered, the raven croaked and the wise little wren twittered. After the deed was perpetrated the birds of prey came scrambling for their share, but every one that ate the least morsel of the saint's flesh dropped dead. Both Pliny and Cicero bear testimony to the Druidical practice of sortilege or divination.

Belief in fairies was also known to the Druids. The hero Cuchulinn, on his return from the land of fairies, was unable to forget the fairywoman, Fand, who had enticed him thither. He was given a potion by some Druids which not only banished all memory of his adventures, but rid his wife, Emer, of the

pangs of jealousy. Another story runs that Etain, the wife of Eochaid Airem, high king of Ireland, was, in a former existence, beloved of the god Mider, who again sought her love and carried her off. The king had recourse to the Druid Datan, who asked for a year in which to discover and hunt up the couple. By means of four yew wands engraved in Ogham characters he was successful in his mission.

With regard to the future life the Druidical belief was akin to the modern spiritualistic belief. The Druids asserted the progressive life of the spirit in its march through the worlds, but they added to this doctrine a belief in re-incarnation. They looked upon the body after the spirit had left it as a "torn envelope," a name which they applied to the remains of a warrior. Of hell they had no notion, and they were ignorant apparently of the orthodox heaven. Lucian in *Pharsalia* sums up their belief in the following words: "To your minds, the shades bury themselves not in Erebus' sombre regions; but the spirit hies straight-way to other worlds, there to animate other bodies. Death is but the midway of a long life. They are happy, these men that know not the supreme fear of the grave: hence their heroism in bloody battle and their scorn of death."

Trial by ordeal was known to and practised by them. O'Curry in his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish* gives one example of this practice: "A woman to clear her character had to rub her tongue on a red-hot adze of bronze, which had been heated in a fire of blackthorn or rowan-tree." Walking on red-hot coals was a frequent practice at their annual festivals, and we are told by Marcus Verro, a Roman author, that the Druids had an ointment with which they besmeared their feet when they walked through the fire. It was customary for the lord of the place, or his son, or some other person of distinction, to carry the entrails of the sacrificed animal in his hands and, walking barefoot over the coals three times after the flames had ceased, to carry them straight to the Druid who waited close by the altar. If the nobleman escaped harmless it was accounted a good omen, but if he received any hurt it was deemed unlucky, both to the community and himself.

St. Patrick is said to have destroyed all these magical sciences, which were aggregated under the generic term of *eladain druidechta*, but they seem to have flourished long after his time, and in the life of St. Columba there is mention of an argument maintained by that saint against a Druid.



# HAUNTINGS IN BELGIUM

BY ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

IF Belgium contains many battlefields, she also contains many haunted localities, which is not a matter of surprise, seeing that ghosts hover in the wake of bloodshed and violence, to which they are generally a sequence; but there are other phantasms in Belgium in addition to, and apart from, those of soldiers and their victims, phantasms that re-enact cruel deeds done at all times—done in the black era of the Unholy Inquisition, and done in ages far less remote.

All Belgium's tragedies have not been in the broad view of the world, as in the present great war. Many have been enacted in secrecy, and in such secrecy that were it not for the grim visitants from the other world, they would never be suspected of having taken place.

Belgium for its size can testify to having seen more homicides—more deeds of cruelty and rapine—than any other country in Europe, and on that account it can point to many more hauntings.

Prior to the war I was engaged in collecting accounts of ghostly happenings on the Continent, and have now selected a few of these that have come from Belgium. As Bruges appears to be the most haunted town in Belgium, I will refer to it first.

The moment one leaves the clean, well-lighted thoroughfares of the new part of Bruges, and enters the cobble-paved, narrow precincts of the older portion, there is a something in the atmosphere, in the hush and solitude, that whispers in the ears of even the least imaginative among us, "All is not of the material, of the physical **HERE.**"

Some years ago Mrs. Vertue, a friend of mine, whilst on a lengthy annual visit to the Continent, decided to spend a few days in the town, and arriving there about the second week in September—the time of year when spontaneous psychic phenomena are, in all probability, of most frequent occurrence—put up at a small hotel, not far from Van Schellen's celebrated old Dutch café. What happened during her stay there can best, perhaps, be related in her own words.

"I felt," so she remarked in her first letter to me, written

on September 11, but not apparently posted till the 13th, " that there was something queer about the place the moment I crossed the threshold. One may, of course, attribute the sensation solely to the antiquity of the place—to the low ceilings, with their huge, ponderous cross-beams; to the narrow diamond-paned glass windows, through which the light struggled with difficulty, to the black oak of the broad staircase, and of the floors and wainscoting, to the dark, massive furniture. Had it been part of the scheme of the architect to preclude air and light he certainly could not have succeeded better, for the gloom, especially in the remote angles and passages, was intense, and the closeness of the atmosphere such as to make me want to throw all the doors and windows open. And yet it was something over and above all this that attracted and repelled me; a feeling not easy to analyse, a feeling that I had never experienced before, and which for that very reason was all the more striking.

" It became less noticeable, however, after I had been in the house for awhile, and I soon forgot all about it in the interest generated by the novelty of my surroundings. My bedroom overlooked the street. It was a long, low, rectangular room with dormer windows, the walls were draped with imitation tapestry of a very startling design, the bed was a huge four-poster. I never was afraid of being alone at night, and in spite of the strangeness of the room, I got into bed quite unconcernedly and fully prepared to sleep soundly until the morning.

" I awoke with a start to hear a cuckoo clock in the house strike one. The room was full of moonlight, and every object as clearly discernible as if it had been day. A feeling of intense exhilaration seizing me, I got up, and going to the window, threw it wide open and leaned out. My eyes immediately encountered the gaze of some one peering up at me from immediately beneath the window sill. The face I looked into was long, narrow and swarthy. It had a pointed beard and a long moustache, very much bewaxed at the ends. The eyes were dark, and as they met mine they smiled sardonically. I have never seen such an evil smile. I drew in my head sharply, and when I looked again the man had disappeared. I got back into bed, but I could not sleep, and on seeing the proprietress of the hotel in the morning, I mentioned the incident to her, adding that I hoped there were plenty of police about.

" ' You need have no alarm, madam,' she said, ' the man you saw is quite harmless, merely a poor half-witted fellow who occasionally wanders abroad at night.'

" She said this in the presence of one or two other guests, and I caught them exchanging glances.

" That night I again got out of bed, and on going to the window saw the same figure. This time I endeavoured to take a snapshot of it, but it disappeared the moment I got the camera fixed on it, and I obtained no result.

" The following night I went to supper with some friends at the *Hotel St. Antoine*, and did not leave till close on one o'clock. A Mr. Kirkwood saw me home, and whilst we were walking along, I told him of my experience on the preceding nights.

" 'It's about now that the queer man appears,' I observed, and my heart gave one or two thumps when, on turning a corner, we arrived within sight of the hotel. The moonlight was just as much in evidence as on the former occasions, but there was no sign of any figure. Mr. Kirkwood escorted me up to the door and was saying good-night when a hand suddenly gripped hold of my shoulder, so sharply that I gave a little cry of pain.

" 'Whatever's the matter?' Mr. Kirkwood ejaculated. 'I hope you're not ill?'

" 'Who is that behind me?' I demanded.

" 'Behind you?' Mr. Kirkwood repeated, in astonishment. 'Why, no one! What do you mean?'

" 'Nothing,' I said faintly. 'Only—just for a moment I fancied some one caught hold of me.' I then bade him good-night and entered the hotel.

" In the morning I looked at my shoulder. There was a bruise, such a mark as would have been caused by fingers.

" I left the hotel at noon that day and put up at a boarding house in the new part of the town. On my telling one of the visitors where I had been staying, she exclaimed—

" 'Did you see the ghost?'

" 'The ghost!' I cried, pretending to laugh. 'Don't tell me the place is haunted.'

" 'Why, didn't you know?' she said. 'At the time of the Spanish occupation of the town, one of the Spanish inquisitors lived in the house, and had dungeons excavated, where he condemned countless poor wretches to hideous tortures. Some of these dungeons are still in existence, and are used as cellars for the storage of anthracite, wood and other articles. They are generally reputed to be badly haunted—haunted by many phenomena, but chiefly by the phantom of a very sinister-looking man, supposed by some to be the Grand Inquisitor himself. This apparition is usually encountered on the steps leading to

the cellars, but has been seen standing in the doorway of the house, and several people who have stayed at the hotel declare they have felt him grip them by the shoulders, just as his material counterpart might have gripped the unfortunate Flemish Protestants three hundred and twenty years ago, when he arrested them and hissed in their ears, "The Holy Mother has need of you."

"And these stories are really current?" I observed.

"Yes," she said, "they are known to every one in the town, nor have I heard them merely from strangers, for several of my friends have stayed at the hotel and have experienced one or other of the manifestations."

"I then told her what had happened to me."

One of the favourite punishments inflicted by the Inquisition was the "walling up" of the victim after he, or she, had been subjected to the tortures of the rack, fire, or something equally painful. Sometimes a steep hole was dug in the floor of the dungeon, the prisoner put in it in a standing position; and the hole then carefully roofed over with a big slab of stone, securely cemented down. Sometimes a hole was knocked in some obscure corner, and the victim placed in it, and bricked up. Of places that have witnessed such tragedies there must be scores in Bruges. They are invariably haunted, and the hauntings are of the most unpleasant description.

Two ladies, who were staying in an hotel in Bruges some months before the war, described to me their experience there on the night of their arrival.

"We awoke about two o'clock almost simultaneously," they said, "to hear the door, which we remembered was locked, suddenly open. We nudged each other nervously, and lay and listened, whilst some heavy body crawled over the floor past our bed and made a great clattering in the corner of the room near the window. The movement was accompanied by the most unpleasant smell—smell, perhaps, is too mild an expression, we should say stench—which ceased the moment the noises ceased. One of us then struck a light, and we both sat up and gazed around. Nothing was to be seen. The furniture was quite undisturbed, and on trying the door we found it locked. The same thing happening the following night, we left the hotel, but not before two of the servants confessed to us that the room was haunted, presumably by the phantasm of some one who had once been interred alive in the wall."

In an old church in the same town, away down in the crypts,

hauntings are stated to occur every night and to be of the most varied description. One of the phenomena is a hand—the very beautiful hand of a woman—that comes out of one of the stone supports of the crypt on the stroke of one, and after clenching its long fingers as if in great agony, disappears. Another phenomenon seen there is a hooded head that rises through the floor, and after remaining stationary for some seconds, sinks out of sight again.

Those who have had the courage to approach close and peer under the hood declare the countenance to be most diabolical and to belong to nothing human—but rather to some frightful caricature of a human being.

Then again, the figure of an intensely evil-looking old woman, dressed in the costume of the seventeenth century, and carrying a large moving bundle in her arms, is seen scurrying across the floor of one of the vaults, and is heard to give a loud malevolent laugh as she vanishes under an archway. On certain nights in the year the most nauseating stench is always noticeable in the near proximity of two or three pillars, from whence apparently proceed cries, groans and gurgles.

I tried to obtain permission to spend a night in these crypts, but was courteously refused on the plea that the last person who stayed there had been very badly frightened, and that, in consequence, much annoyance had been caused by the publicity given to the affair and the number of inquiries.

The woods outside Dinant are reputed to be haunted by a phantom rider, in the form of a girl, in an old-fashioned green riding-habit, mounted on a white horse. A gentleman staying in the neighbourhood a year or two ago was cycling in the wood one fine summer evening, when, hearing the sound of horses' hoofs behind him, he turned round, and beheld a very beautiful girl in green, mounted on a white horse, dashing along the road at breakneck speed. He at once perceived that she had lost control of the animal, and springing off his machine he determined to make an effort to save her. The horse drew speedily nearer, and as it came up to him, he sprang forward and made a wild clutch at the reins. To his utter amazement his hands encountered nothing; he fell forward, right—so it seemed to him—through the horse, and the next moment he found himself seated on the road. He peered around him, and there was the horse, with its trim, elegant rider, tearing madly on, and making direct for a heavy, white wooden gate which barred the way.

“I wonder what will happen now,” he said to himself, “the

brute must either burst its way through that gate, or jump over it, and in either case the girl can hardly escape without being badly hurt."

He got up and ran expectantly forward. But the horse did no such thing. It simply raced at the gate, and although the gate remained firmly closed, horse and rider went right through it.

The gentleman watched them out of sight, indeed, he was too fascinated to do otherwise, and then turning round, ran to the spot where he had left his machine, and, hastily mounting it, rode rapidly home. He did not visit the spot again at night—alone.

I asked him whether there was anything about the girl to denote that she was not of flesh and blood. And he said: "No, nothing, excepting, perhaps, her extraordinary pallor, which I attributed at the time to fear, but which, on after thought, I think was too pronounced to have been due to any emotion, however strong. Apart from that she appeared perfectly natural, and her hair, eyes and features were the loveliest I have ever seen."

There are a variety of explanations of this haunting, but the one that appears to me the most probable is that the phantom is that of a Mlle. Carpentier who, about a hundred years ago, committed suicide by riding headlong into a very deep stone quarry.

On the road from Louvain to Malines—now teeming with grey-coated Germans and groaning beneath the eternal passage of their transports—is, or was, a pond lying under the shadow of three or four firs. It is a spot long reputed haunted, and one which inspires peculiar terror in dogs and horses. Two artists informed me that they were once walking along the road in the direction of the pond one afternoon, when their dog—a big retriever—suddenly stood still and shivered violently. They tried in vain to make him move on, and at last, leaving him in the road, went ahead to see if they could ascertain the cause of his alarm. On arriving at the pond they were simultaneously seized with a feeling of the most intense horror, and perceived what they took to be a large sack, lying half in and half out of the water. As they stared, something bulky in the sack moved violently, and they saw a white face scowling diabolically at them from between the trees opposite.

This so frightened them that they took to their heels, and never ceased running till they arrived within sight of the village where they were staying. When they mentioned the matter to their landlady, she said—

" Ah, ladies, it is a good thing that you did not stay longer, or you would have seen something far worse. No one ever goes near that pond after dusk."

They made inquiries as to the cause of the hauntings, and learned that a house had once stood close to the pond, and that all its inmates had been found murdered one morning—the assassin never being caught.

This they were told might, perhaps, explain some of the ghostly happenings, though it did not explain others, which were certainly due to nothing that had ever been human, but rather to evil spirits that had, in all probability, haunted the locality for indefinite centuries.

The road between Fort Boucelles, Liège, and Fort Marchoulette, Namur, used to be haunted by a soldier, locally known as "headless Pierre." He wore the uniform of the French army of the Waterloo period, and was generally seen standing under a sign-post. Unlike the phantom drummer in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, however, he did not carry his head under his arm; that most important portion of his body was never seen. This sounds flippant, but I am quite in earnest about the haunting, and am fully satisfied that such a phenomenon was actually seen, and not infrequently, and until, at all events, a few years ago. A farmer and his wife assured me that they had seen it several times, and that they never could overcome their feelings of intense horror and repulsion at it. It gave them the impression of being able to see them, although apparently without a head, and of being something "wholly evil and antagonistic."

I asked them if there had ever been any attempts made to exorcise it, and they said, "Yes. Several priests had addressed it, but without result. Prayers had no effect on it, and the priests had always returned terrified."

It would be odd, indeed, if so *triste* and, in places, doleful a river as the Dyle were not haunted. I have seen few weirder spots than the banks of the Dyle, where the river winds its way through the woods not a dozen miles from Waire. The shadows thrown by the big, gaunt trees on the surface of the glimmering water at sunset are most suggestive, and as I have dallied there late on an autumn evening I have experienced many subtly strange sensations; and this before I had been informed that the woods were badly haunted. The hauntings are complex. One of the phenomena is ordinary enough: a phantom female figure that is seen about midnight leaning against the trunk of a tree weeping bitterly. She is dressed all in black and never raises her face

from her hands. Those who have seen her tell me she vanishes the moment anyone approaches the tree or utters a sound.

In another part of the wood the haunting takes the form of screams—a series of shrill, agonizing screams, as if some unfortunate woman was being murdered. They cease the moment anyone tries to ascertain their origin, and move hither and thither along the banks of the river, invariably stopping altogether at two o'clock in the morning.

Another phenomenon that occasionally visits the woods is that of a figure resembling an abnormally tall, thin man with very long arms and legs, a small rotund head and intensely malevolent eyes.

It is the most alarming of any of the apparitions that haunt the river, and has been known to follow people until they have got well out of the wood. It is accredited with the deaths of several people whose bodies have been found in the wood. Possibly they died from the shock of seeing it, or possibly it imparted to them such sensations of strangulation\* as proved too strong for the condition of their hearts. I have known several such cases in haunted houses in England.

Quaint old Malines, bombarded by the Germans on August 30, 1914, boasts of at least two cases of haunting, both in houses close to the Cathedral.

In the one case the top flat is haunted by the phantasm of a deformed child which is constantly seen peeping through half-open doorways. A woman's voice is heard calling "Henry! Henry!" down one of the chimneys, and a phantom clock is heard striking thirteen, very slowly, on certain nights, every September.

There is no history attached to the flat—at least none that I can ascertain—and nothing in any way to account for the hauntings. They are simply those inexplicable and, apparently, purposeless somethings with which every one who takes upon himself to investigate ghostly phenomena becomes at length familiar.

In the other instance the staircase on the ground and second floors are haunted by what sounds like a gigantic cask being rolled down—bump, bump, bump! and a tall figure swathed all over in black that ascends the stairs in violent haste and never allows its face to be seen. In this house the body of a

\* People often ask me if ghosts can commit deeds of violence. My experience is that ghosts can kill, or injure, by sensations, rather than by actual physical force.



woman is said to have been discovered hidden in a cask in a cellar, so that there are some tangible grounds for the haunting.

My last case of haunting in Belgium comes from the trenches at Mons. Two wounded soldiers assured me that during the battle they kept seeing the figure of an old woman in a queer poke bonnet and bright blue skirt, who repeatedly got in their line of fire.

"At first we thought she was a Belgian farm woman," they said, "but when she continued to move about under a constant hail of bullets, some of which must have hit her, we realized she was nothing human. We commented on her presence, and a sergeant who overheard us exclaimed, 'So you see her, too, boys. It's my old mother, who died twelve years ago, in her eighty-second year. I believe she's come for me.' And he spoke the truth," my informants added, "for directly he had finished speaking a shrapnel burst almost on the top of us, and literally blew him to pieces. We lay wounded there for some hours, but the old woman did not appear again."

## 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.*]

### A DREAM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The following was dreamed or seen in vision by a lad of eleven years and written down at the request of his mother in his own words shortly afterwards. Can any reader say if there is any meaning to be got out of it?

“The scene before me was a calm night—the moon far over in the west; all the stars shone out very brightly—every one, even to the very smallest, being visible. I gazed at the sky, where everything was quiet and peaceful, when with a sudden quick movement all the stars darted towards the west, all in the direction of the moon; the smaller ones, as if lighter, seemed to outstrip the larger ones in the race, and all the stars shooting and leaving long trailers after them, and some crossing each other here and there. After the stars had somewhat settled down and heaped themselves, as it were, in the west, with the moon in the centre, I took my eyes off them for a glance to see if anything new was visible. I was surprised to see one solitary star remain in the centre of the sky. To my horror I observed that it was moving towards me. I kept my eyes on it because I could not take them off; it came moving on straight, increasing its pace every minute; now it was 100 yards away, now fifty, and I should certainly be crushed through the earth and buried without a funeral, when just as it was upon me it swerved away to the right—the hot air nearly sickened me. There was a loud bang—a huge hole—the shutting of a pit which closed after the fearful phantom had gone through. A minute afterwards a cross pushed itself out of the hole, and out of nowhere came an Egyptian eagle and settled itself on the cross. A voice said—Get up or you will be late for school.”

Yours faithfully,

A. Z.

### THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT OF DIET.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I shall be glad of an opportunity of expressing thanks to the correspondents who have written in appreciation of my endeavours, and, if you will kindly permit me, will also make a few remarks relative to the subject especially referred to by “Student”—a subject upon which I might readily write a large volume.

Many of the cases successfully treated by me have failed in other

hands because the physical side of the mischief has been either ignored or improperly treated. Certain physical conditions preclude the possibility of suggestion making the requisite effect upon the mind, and one duty of the operator in such cases is to *allow* the brain to become more receptive. For instance, plethora is a common cause of irritability, despondency, and even suicide. Certain dietetic precautions, combined with suitable exercises, are essential to the proper treatment of plethora. Again, many neurasthenics are suffering from an excess of proteid in the diet, and so long as that impediment remains, cure is impracticable. Similarly, for the cure of morphinism, inebriety, etc., I have found dietetic and other hygienic artifices of great value.

Except in a few instances I do not make the dietetic directions so stringent as I formerly did. "Preserving the health by too strict a regimen," wrote the Duc de la Rochefoucault, "is a wearisome malady." Recognizing that to prescribe a remedy that will not be employed, somewhat approximates to not having one, I have invented preparations of *organic* "salts" suitable for various states of the system. These preparations are not drugs, but highly concentrated foods extremely rich in just those constituents which my researches have told me are, or have been, deficient in the ordinary food of the patient.

In treating absent patients (and I am consulted by persons in almost every corner of the globe) I ask for particulars as to weight, certain measurements, and dietetic and other customs. These particulars give me the cue as to the systemic condition of the patient—indeed, I can almost invariably judge of the character of one half of the particulars on the consultation form by reading the other half. To ensure success of the psychological treatment, I give such other hints as I think advisable. In almost every instance a complete and permanent cure is effected.

Yours faithfully,

52 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON, W.C.,

J. LOUIS ORTON.

#### "WHAT LED ME TO OCCULTISM."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Having read with much interest in your February number the above article by Count Miyatovich, may I be allowed to ask a few questions and make some comments thereon? If so, I should be very grateful.

With regard to the stories of *Magic* told us, these involve such terrible tragedies as consequences, that I imagine most people will feel it wise to give "magicians" a wide berth in future! I would like to know whether those who have studied the subject of *Magic* can offer any satisfactory or instructive explanations of the examples put forward by Count Miyatovich, and so help others to understand these? Personally I consider the causes evil at any rate!

With regard to "Clairvoyance," I should like to know if this

is a synonymic term for fortune-telling, prophecy, and spirit-seeing and all the phenomena in connection ; also diagnoses of illnesses and delineations of character? Or does it signify a spiritual and a higher gift than is involved in any of these things? If so, may I beg for instances which prove " clairvoyance " *helpful* to people and productive of *lasting good*?

In most cases one reads and hears of, no benefit seems to accrue unless, perhaps, to the " clairvoyant " !

Also is it expedient and right for people to be continually going to cards, clairvoyants and mediums to find out what is going to happen to them or to other people?

Is not such a proceeding calculated to foster selfishness in every form and faults of all kinds? Is not the continual excitement engendered by it apt to fasten as firmly on people as the love of dice and the " luck " forms of gambling so deteriorating to the intellect and morals?

These are questions which—not intended as personal in the slightest degree to the writer of a most interesting paper—come, I hope, well within the scope of the OCCULT REVIEW. With regard to the instances of spirit-apparitions recorded:—

Unless Count Miyatovich gives these as merely personal proofs of the truth of Spiritualism, it would, also, be interesting to know the *conditions* under which the events occurred. For instance, were the rooms on each occasion in darkness or in light? Were the mediums held or bound; or were they free to move about? Were they accompanied to the séances by any friends of their own? Were they searched after the manner of the Customs House before the séances began?

These are points that need elucidating if Count Miyatovich's narrative is to carry much weight with men who reject the Bible as incredible!

Personally, and as a believer in the Bible, I am not a sceptic where " super-normal phenomena " are concerned, having had experiences of my own which lead me to understand, to some extent, those recorded in simple, straightforward fashion by Count Miyatovich.

Referring to these again, many of us would like to know the result of the letter with regard to the Emperor Dooshan written by the four séance-holders at Carlovitz? As far as I can see nothing was achieved? This is a matter of importance, surely, as bearing on the truth or falsity of spiritualistic communications? With regard to the haunted house, is this in occupation at present, may I ask?

I see that Count Miyatovich dreams of an Occult world in the future governed by " powerful magicians " !

I am afraid this will hardly appeal to the class of men who call themselves " scientists " ; for if such a state of things ever came about they would be reduced to a state of beggary—and serve them right!

Yours faithfully,

MARIE LE F. SHEPHERD.

## THE KAISER AND ANTICHRIST.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Some interesting points arise in the consideration of your article on "The Kaiser and Antichrist."

It seems to me that if we are to accept the theory that would identify the one with the other, we shall have to reconstruct our present popular notions regarding the Kaiser himself, and even be required, possibly, to accept him at something near to his own valuation.

For, seen in the light of this idea, he becomes, not the incarnation of evil or insanity, as portrayed in lurid colours in our daily press, but the Arch-typal World-reformer, seeking to reform the world *from the outside*, and to that end justifying the suppression by force of its every attempt to kick against the process.

The last struggle of man is not against evil, so called, but against super-imposed good, the most insidiously dangerous enemy to the higher evolution of humanity.

In the Christ principle we have the direct individual relation between man and God, the "Father Who is in Heaven," the "Heaven which is within." His reformation comes only through his union with God, through his outer self becoming thus the perfect manifestation of the higher self within, which seeks to find outlet. In this manner alone can social order be attained and God's "Kingdom come on Earth as in Heaven."

In the Antichrist principle, on the contrary, we have the *Deus ex machina*, the external Power operating upon the individual from without, seeking to effect his salvation by means of direction and instruction, by outward discipline and restriction; the orderly Society to be built upon foundations of obedience to external authority, a system of laws, regulations and commandments maintained in operation by force.

This is the principle followed by the Kaiser in his dealings with his own people, and these having met with an apparent measure of outward success, he seeks to extend that principle to other nations, who, for their own good, must, he believes, be brought into line with Germany. Like other fanatical reformers, he is convinced of his "divine mission" to this end—and indeed, if we accept him now as the typical "Antichrist," we shall see that his divine mission is an actual fact, and one of immense importance to the whole human race, correlated to that of the Christ, because showing clearly and conclusively where the rejection of the Christ inevitably leads. Only in the acceptance of the Christ principle is there any hope for the future of the world. There is no such thing as a "war to end war." Peace is not, and never can be, suppressed war.

Let us be careful, if we look upon the Kaiser as Antichrist, that we do not fall into the error of seeing our own side as that of the Christ. All wars are wars of Antichrists. We cannot destroy force by force.

There can be no *war* of Christ against Antichrist. The end of the Antichrist can only come by "the vows and prayers of the whole people of the nations," at last awakened to see that until the Christ spirit replaces in themselves that spirit which has led them to dominate each other there can be no abiding peace on earth.

I. D. PEARCE.

### ELECTRIC SPARKS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I should like to thank "E. E." and "Theosophist" for kindly answering my inquiry regarding the "electric sparks." I referred to Mrs. Besant's book, *The Changing World*, pages 64–65. She describes lights, which can be seen in a very pure atmosphere, such as the deck of a ship; also she says it is possible to control the movements of those sparks by the power of the will. But the sparks I see come quite unexpectedly, and quite without any effort on my part, also it would be impossible to control them, there is no time to, as they come and then disappear so rapidly.

Yours truly,

ARGENTINA.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested in the query of, and replies to, your correspondent "Argentina" in the February issue of the OCCULT REVIEW.

His was a question upon which I desired enlightenment, but as I manifest other "symptoms" also, I shall feel very grateful if any who read this can explain their meaning. I have a feeling occasionally as though a diaphanous, filmy head (or other *upper* part) slid into mine.

Sometimes the feeling is as though it entered from one or other side, or back—but not from the front. It invariably causes my eyes to water. (This always occurs if the feeling is very strong.) I have a sense of a "presence"—but no other impression—whilst my flesh feels "creepy" (like starved flesh).

I may add that I have been interested in Occultism and Mysticism, etc., for some few years, and often when on the borderland of sleep, a white cloudy substance appears (my eyes being closed), and clears away again, leaving a vision when clear, which, however, is obscured by the white cloud before I have time to "grip" it properly. This continues until I fall asleep.

In my case, *re* the electric sparks, I have observed them falling like rain upon my book when reading, or upon my paper when writing, with—as it seems to me—a crackling sound. I had also (on one occasion only) the peculiar experience of feeling on waking as though I were creeping stealthily into my body after having been away from it.

Yours, with anticipatory thanks,

"STUDENT."

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT is now long ago that Alfred Tennyson proffered for our agreement a so-called higher pantheism, personally conceived in verses that are at once very beautiful and exceedingly unsatisfying. We have neither elucidated nor uplifted any old thesis concerning the identity of God and the universe by suggesting that manifest things are a "Vision of Him Who reigns" or that the Vision is He, while it is only the imperfection of our faculties which hinders realization of the oneness, our egoism only that divides God and the cosmos, making two where essentially there is one. But the intimation—whatever its value—was expressed by a great poet. Since 1852, when Tennyson wrote his lines, we have travelled many years and many intellectual spaces, and here in these riotous days of popular transcendentalism and amateur mysticism the pantheistic forms of expression are with us on every side; but they wear now no vestures of verbal beauty. With the hypothesis itself and its claims we have no concern in these pages, but it is useful to note the recrudescence as a feature of thought in our time. It enables us to say that the characteristic is often enough one of looseness in thought. The people who use such terminology are not expressly, nor perhaps consciously, pantheists, and one would like therefore to put forward a tentative plea for a more orderly habit of words. In the last issue of *The Seeker*, there is a further instalment of certain anonymous aphorisms, some of which are, on the whole, negligible, but some are pregnant. They begin in the present instance by affirming that God is the Father of all, but they end in a dogma concerning one mind, one will and one "entire," all-containing consciousness. Here is more higher pantheism, and the point about it is that it belongs not to the region of ordered thought but to the flux of casual intimation. It is the expression not so much of a clear conviction as of something "coming through" at the moment, and down it goes in the jottings, whether fitted or not to the context. It seems to follow that much of our neo-mysticism is of temper and atmosphere, as Mr. Claude Williamson says elsewhere in the issue, though he appears to regard the fact as a title to consideration rather than a note of waywardness and sentimentality. He also is at variance with himself, for he adds forthwith that mysti-

cism is "an immediate inner experience of Reality," which is of course what it is actually, as Professor Rufus Jones knows and has said in his own lucid and arresting way. Mr. Williamson's estimate of mysticism is indeed discouragingly among the ups and downs of thinking. He sees at one moment that his subject is concerned with a "direct communication between God and the soul," and as to this, all true mystics have told us that it is an experience apart from images. But Mr. Williamson tells us presently that it is an effort to get behind the scenes and "see more than what is seen by your fellow-man who is not a mystic." And yet a little later he is among the morasses of psychic powers, the mysteries of "exercising an influence on your fellow-man without reasoning with him." Taking all things together, we have fallen upon strange ways in this number of *The Seeker*.

Our good friend the late Rev. G. W. Allen discovers that religion is a "general term for that which gives man the power to refuse to be led by his immediate impulses." Religion, like mysticism, has been badly defined a thousand and one times, but surely never so far from the purpose. It is worse than Mr. Williamson's suggestion that mysticism begins with something called "common sense." One is reminded irresistibly of M. Jollivet Castelot, who laid down that the modern alchemist should be a royalist and legitimist in his political persuasion. It remains to add that Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst, writing further on the war, again tells us that it is in heaven as well as on earth, the manifestation of a cosmic war. The hypothesis is that our good and evil thoughts become consolidated in the great reservoirs of space, that they enter into conflict on their own plane and are reflected into the physical world. So has occultism said that Israel created its tribal God, and that the general gods of our creation are filled with life and power while we believe and worship, but they become attenuated and die when our faith is diminished or ends.

An experiment of considerable interest has been begun in a little "quarterly Sufi message," entitled *The Sufi*. Its editor is Inayat Khan, and his assistant is our contributor Miss R. M. Bloch. It is the organ of a Sufi Order which the Indian musician and mystic has established in America, with branch groups in France, in his own country, and—most recently of all—in England. Inayat Khan is a highly gifted exponent of Indian music, son of a great musician, as Tagore is son of a poet. He is said also to have been initiated into Sufism and sent abroad by his master to spread the secret knowledge and to "harmonize the East and



West" with music. The first issue can be judged only by its intention; we offer it a cordial welcome on that understanding, and it is to be hoped that it will expand in interest as well as in dimensions. There is a most important field lying almost untouched before it, supposing that it is seriously prepared to extend our knowledge of ancient Sufi literature by the translation of the palmary texts and by commentary thereupon. It is to be hoped devoutly that the missionary work will loom more largely than any personality connected with it, and that it will not be paralysed from the beginning by a multiplicity of undertakings. This looks by no means impossible. The funds of the Order are said to be "gifts, subscriptions and receipts in general," but we hear already of a publication society, a home for study and meditation, an orphanage, and so forth.

A third issue of *The Builder* confirms our previous opinion as to the importance of this new periodical in the world of Masonic research. A paper on the "Master's Word" and the Royal Arch contains—whether we can accept it or not—a serious and indeed remarkable study of the contrasting symbolism peculiar to the grades of the Craft Lodge and the Chapter. Broadly speaking, they are regarded as mysteries of this life and of the life to come. Here is a subject which can be approached from various points of view, for real symbolism is many-sided and catholic, so that no individual understanding need exclude others. The interpretation offered in *The Builder* was first outlined by Mackey, but it is practically unknown in England, and as now developed is certainly an instructive light upon Arch Masonry. Another paper on Dr. George Oliver is a matter for gratitude, though he represents in certain respects the dream-state of Masonic archæology. Accounts of this famous English Mason may be buried in old Craft periodicals, but, though his numerous works still command a ready sale in the second-hand market, his personality has been unknown among us. . . . There are some interesting things also in *The New Age*, especially an account of embroilments between the Latin Church and Freemasonry in the Republic of Mexico. It is written by a former commander of the Scottish Rite in that country, and is characterized not only by first-hand knowledge but considerable restraint. . . . *The Freemason*, which is the chief English organ of the Brotherhood, is also in these days an occasional witness to activities of Masonic study and scholarship. We have noted in recent issues the substance of several interesting papers read at lodge-meetings, on the origin and evolution of the Third Degree,

the renaissance of Freemasonry in the seventeenth century, and even a very curious consideration of consciousness in its relation to the ideas of space and time, geometrically regarded.

*Healthward Ho* and *The Vegetarian Messenger* continue to fulfil their particular mission of service in a manner which deserves well of those to whom they appeal. It is difficult to see how the vegetarian household in London can dispense with *Healthward Ho*, which is, moreover, not only bright in external appearance but bright and pleasant in its contents. *The Vegetarian Messenger* appears at Manchester, and is published by the Vegetarian Society of that city. The question of food in war-time and its cost makes the reform principles advocated by these periodicals of increasing importance. . . . *The Health Record* belongs to another department, and is more especially a psycho-therapeutic journal. In the last issue there is a paper on the failure of medicine, which embodies a plea for the re-direction of mental attitude as a substitute for the use of drugs. Dr. F. Gilbert is contributing a series of studies on treatment by hypnotism and suggestion.

*Theosophy in Scotland* has an article on teachings of Paracelsus concerning the Healing Art. He recognized that there were mental healers and healers who performed apparent miracles by the power of true faith. . . . *The Kalpaka* prints a highly fantastic thesis on aerial navigation, which is good within its own measures, good especially for the West and its tireless external activities. Howsoever, the only true means of conquering ether is spiritual illumination attained by the practice of Yoga. *The Kalpaka* is "a magazine of knowledge." . . . From an introduction to a commentary on the Rig-Veda, in *The Vedic Magazine*, we learn that after all the phantoms of learning have dissolved there shines forth the saving truth that—*pace* Max Müller and other Western scholars—the notion that the Vedas are human compositions is "rooted in error." They were revealed by God alone to the four elements, namely, fire, air, sun and light. But these at the beginning of creation were human beings in human bodies. God gave them the knowledge and with that knowledge they composed the Vedas. We understand that our contemporary is a magazine of "Divine knowledge." . . . We have received the first issue of *Man*, which is devoted to physiognomy, graphology, cheirosophy, and the kindred arts which seek to explain humanity by the study of his external characteristics.

## REVIEWS

THE BOOK OF LOVE. By Elsa Barker. New York : Duffield & Co.  
London : Gay & Hancock. Price 5s. net.

IN an introductory sonnet to these exquisite poems, the author writes of herself :

This woman lived and wore life as a sword  
To conquer wisdom ; this dead woman read  
In the sealed Book of Love and underscored  
The meanings. Then the sails of faith she spread,  
And faring out for regions unexplored,  
Went singing down the River of the Dead.

The last three lines indicate that the bitter-sweet secret of these sun-smitten, passion-laden songs is the dissolution of self in the Abyss of Love—love human and divine. I am not surprised to hear that Mrs. Barker has been a life-long student of the Holy Qabalah. She writes now as a *mænad* maddened by the wine of Iacchus, clamouring for the Sun-god, and now as a veiled vestal whose spiritual ecstasy transfigures her till her form is a blaze of beauty and her head as a glittering crown of woven gold, glorious with the overshadowing of the Shekinah. She is "a passionate pilgrim of eternity" inhaling "the cool delirious fragrance of the night," and by day exulting in the burning kisses of her Lover, the Sun. And ever and anon she bursts into song :

O Love ineffable ! When fused we lie,  
Life piercing life, through flesh and breath and eye,  
I know not if this fiery, luminous form—  
This river of lyric flame be thou or I !  
Oh ! I have bought in lonely endless nights  
My fill of thee who art all strange delights—  
The thrill of roses and the viol's cry,  
The pang of the earth-passion's awful rites.

And so on. Line after line of song that elevates the soul to ecstasy. There are stanzas that rival Sappho, verses that can give points to Swinburne, lines which Omar would not have disdained. I think, however, the lyrics much finer than the sonnets. For sheer soul-force these lines (from "The Violin") will be found hard to equal :

Out of the silence of your soul  
To smite the rhythmic flame  
Of pain and rapture, and achieve  
The indomitable aim,  
Sounding through all infinity,  
The demiurgic Name !

MEREDITH STARR.

TELEPATHY ; OR, THE POWER OF THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE. By  
J. C. F. Grumbine. London : L. N. Fowler & Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

MR. GRUMBINE is already well known in certain circles as a writer on several of those subjects which, in the present stage of human development, are

properly termed occult. This, his new work, deserves at least as much attention as any of his other productions. Unlike numerous books on the deep and far-reaching subject of telepathy, it is not a mere compendium, but an original treatise containing many fresh observations and suggesting something of the outlines of an entire philosophy.

In this work, Mr. Grumbine analyses the principal parts of his great theme with not a little success. He describes telepathy as a function of thought, explains thought as an outcome and expression of spirit, and gives to the ordinary psychologist much food for reflection by elaborating the theory that mind is a mode of consciousness, and that the supernormal mind, which is what may be called the highest form of consciousness, is at once impeller and tool of evolution. According to him, all thought originates in this supernormal mind, which governs the normal mind with its multitudinous experiences; and this doctrine can be sustained by a clear and minute observation of the facts of individual life.

The observations on the corollaries set down in the chapter on Psychic Unfoldment and Human Destiny must be carefully studied by the student. The explanation of the first corollary, however, will not be altogether convincing to the average reader, though the greater part of it may be perfectly satisfying to the thinker. It is not difficult to support the thesis that "an absolute order exists which each human life follows or obeys." But the subject involves the ancient crux of that phase of necessity called evil. The author tells us that "an action appears moral or immoral because of consequences," that "these consequences are unavoidable under present conditions of human nature," that "the law or the order or the plan is involved in the development or the action of the life itself and cannot be separated from it." I do not agree with the first statement. I believe that the morality or immorality of an act depends on the intention behind it, quite apart from consequences; it depends on feeling, on thought; it depends on mind—on consciousness itself. But if all the statements were correct, would they explain away the evil of evil, or throw new light on the necessity for a painful necessity? Mr. Grumbine assures us elsewhere that "error is no part of the Divine order." How is it, then, that error exists? Nevertheless, considering the nature of the subject and the limitations of language, we must admit that Mr. Grumbine deserves praise even when he is not altogether successful. His book is at once a useful guide and a profound treatise on the possibilities and the meanings of telepathy.

G. A.

THE SIXTH SENSE. By Stephen McKenna. London: Chapman & Hall. Pp. viii + 308. Price 6s.

I REMEMBER meeting in a train some years ago a lady who told me that she had the sixth sense. She had only to step inside a house to know if the broker's man was there too; but like the nervous young hero of Mr. McKenna's novel, she did not say what the sixth sense was. But how fascinating is a mystery alive, percipient, victorious, as we find it in Mr. McKenna's excellent pages!

He tells a tale of our own day, with a prime minister, a judge, and an ardent suffragette among the characters. Fair children of those who oppose feminine franchise are kidnapped, and one lover has to guard his sweetheart from the police, and another lover to

quest for his, with the sixth sense for sole guide. It is creditable to Mr. McKenna's powers of construction and characterization that his story, fantastic though it be, and hampered as it is by being told in the first person, goes with an easy gait, keeping the reader attentive and eager till the words "The End" afflict him like a closed door. Mr. McKenna draws young men with remarkable humour and realism; he knows how to create a pleasant natural atmosphere for indulgent uncles and unaffected girls; and the reader who fails to derive pleasure from his work must have a taste refined by rarer literary delicacies than English novelists afford.

W. H. CHESSON.

LETTERS TO A NIECE ON NEW-CHURCH SUBJECTS. By Uncle Herbert (H. N. Morris). 7½ in. × 4¾ in. pp. 136. London: The New Church Press, Ltd., 1 Bloomsbury Street, W.C. Price 1s. 6d.

THIS contains a well and simply written statement of some of the salient features of Swedenborg's theology, their bearing on certain tendencies in modern thought, and the light they throw on some of the problems of the religious life. The book is intended primarily for members of the New Church, and especially for the younger members of that body, the letters having been originally commenced with a view to the needs of the author's own niece, then a girl of eighteen. But it will probably find a wider circle of readers amongst those who need an elementary introduction to the study of Swedenborg.

Some of the letters are especially good, such as those on "Prayer," "How to Think of God," "Religion and Life," and a particularly delightful one on "Beauty." Readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, moreover, will no doubt be interested in Mr. Morris' criticisms of Spiritism and Christian Science. The last four letters are from India, and contain an appreciative critique of the Brahmo Somaj movement, and some particulars of the recent formation of a Swedenborg Society in India, for publishing the seer's works in the native tongues, with which the author was concerned. What must strike the reader of the book hitherto unacquainted with the doctrines of the New Church is their practical character; and Mr. Morris does well in emphasizing the central doctrine of that Church, namely that "all religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good."

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE MENACE OF GERMAN CULTURE. By John Cowper Powys. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

THIS is a brilliant reply to the diatribes of Professor Münsterberg on German superiority, culture and intellect, whose force is only increased by its simple and dispassionate manner of treatment. Mr. Cowper Powys is also peculiarly fitted for his present task as he was Staff Lecturer for the Education Department of Hamburg and to the Union of Philology at Dresden and Leipzig.

Mr. Powys calmly and deliberately confutes every argument of the Münsterberg type, and like the discus which Apollo cast of old, the statements the Professor hurls forth return to smite his own face. Mr. Powys voices his convictions regarding this disciple of the Delbrück-Treitschke-

Bernhardi school with the utmost lucidity, and in his chapter on "German r. Russian Culture" reveals his realization of the occult significances of the present struggle and the effect it will have on the evolution of the Slavonic peoples. The author vindicates the name of Nietzsche brilliantly, but still, one cannot overlook the Nietzsche view of woman. However, all great philosophers have had their limitations, from Socrates unto Swedenborg.

The cleverest chapter in this unusually interesting book, which does so much by its calm and clarity to counteract the shilling shockers and scares this war has brought forth, is undoubtedly the one entitled "A War of Ideas," in which Kaiser and Tsar are contrasted. "From all this it will be seen how much more complex the Idea of the Allies must necessarily be than the Idea of the Germans. The Idea of the Germans is the Idea of one race set resolutely upon forcing it on the rest of the world by means of military and scientific efficiency and by means of the State Machine. The Idea of the Allies is compounded of many elements, each race among them furnishing its own, and only the common opposition of Germany and the accumulative pressure of the situation having the power to fuse these variables into one inspirational whole.

"The triumph of Germany, for instance, over France would mean a disastrous blow to Latin civilization; and, in the present writer's opinion, between German civilization and Latin civilization, as far as the future of humanity is concerned, there can only be one choice—Latin civilization is classical civilization. The greatest writers among the Germans themselves have always recognized this. Goethe and Schopenhauer, Heine and Nietzsche, all looked to France rather than to the Fatherland as the spiritual hope of humanity, as the country of true distinction and true culture."

Mr. Ralph Shirley, our own invaluable editor, contributes a striking preface to this altogether distinctive volume.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

WHENCE HAVE I COME? By Richard A. Bush. Letchworth: Garden City Press, Ltd. Price 2s. 8d.

THIS, as its title implies, is a treatise on the origin of individual being or soul. The author, who presents his case with considerable clearness and brevity, differs from most Western thinkers in that he holds the belief that the spirit of man, that divine spark we are accustomed to call "soul," derives its origin from Man—the parent—who in his turn derived it from his forbears. For as the physical body of the mother produces the flesh and blood of the child, so her "spirit body" supplies the soul element. An interesting and suggestive theory that at once establishes the great and far-reaching responsibilities of parentage.

There is no new creation, Mr. Bush affirms, for each individual unit, all spirit being derived through successive generations from our common ancestor Adam, who received the breath of life direct from the Creator Himself.

The author expresses as his opinion that Reincarnation is a much rarer event than is generally believed by those holding that doctrine, and while admitting its possibility he declares it to be as yet not proven, and necessarily destructive to family ties and affections.

There is much food for thought in this little volume and we can confidently recommend it to all earnest thinkers.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.