

# 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

IS the human race more credulous or more sceptical? Most people will reply, "More credulous," and they are probably right. But the point really is that whereas in some cases people are utterly sceptical with regard to facts which can be fully substantiated, on the other hand they are childishly credulous with regard to beliefs which have no foundation in fact whatever. In short, the opinions of the majority of mankind are not based on evidence at all, but on prejudice or tradition. It is not the manifest falsehood of an hypothesis which makes them disbelieve it, but the fact that it is outside the category of their accepted opinions. Thus also it is not the evidence supporting some hypothesis that makes them accept it, but the fact that they have been brought up to regard this specific hypothesis as sound or possibly in keeping with the scientific traditions of their day. We have seen recently how Professor Freud of Vienna has got himself taken seriously even when advancing the most preposterous hypothesis, simply because he has adopted a scientific style and pseudo-scientific terms. But let the astrological hypothesis be advanced, and substantiated with the most overwhelming proofs, and the very same person who readily gulps down the most glaring

absurdities of Professor Freud will repudiate belief in astrology with the utmost contempt. The opinions of the person in question are obviously utterly valueless, both in one instance and in the other, but he nevertheless very fairly represents the ordinary man-in-the-street. That Professor Freud is frequently writing with his tongue in his cheek I have personally not the slightest doubt. "If," he says, in his book on *The Interpretation of Dreams*, "I make the assertion that wish-fulfilment is the meaning of every dream, that, accordingly, there can be no dreams except wish dreams, I am sure at the outset to meet with the most emphatic contradiction."

And yet perhaps by the very fact of challenging the credulity of his readers in this manner he has been successful in building up a Freudian cult which accepts the most grotesque hypotheses and boldly ignores the most overwhelming evidence. He himself cites in this very book numerous dreams which have no relation whatever to wish fulfilment, and which he makes no attempt to explain in this sense. But as a trick for self-advertisement he has learnt that the contention that all doors are unlocked by one key is a very telling one, and Professor Freud is obviously out for self-advertisement. In many respects he represents the

magician—new style. Like the modern patent-medicine man, as I have just intimated, he has his panacea. He has his one solution for all dream phenomena. We know this class of individual too well. He has been prominent enough in all conscience, where psychical research is concerned. He belongs to the Thompson Jay Hudson class of thinker. Such people will explain to us that telepathy is the key to unlock all doors where psychical phenomena are concerned. The facts that tell against their theory are conveniently ignored. It is, after all, so simple to have one solution of all our difficulties. The only trouble is that this is not nature's way. If it had been, nature would not have kept her secrets so successfully as she has done for so many thousand years. Nature, indeed, is, as it happens, not simple; she is infinitely complex, and no simple solutions ever avail to unlock her hidden mysteries. And here once more we find ourselves confronted with the ingenious audacity of Professor Freud. For this modern magician with his tongue in his cheek has actually adopted as his "word of power" this very word "complex" which gives the lie to the whole basis of his teaching. He has used it as a means wherewith to hypnotize his followers and to give a pseudo-scientific ring to his incredible dream

QUACK  
METHODS  
AND PSEUDO-  
SCIENCE

FREUD'S  
"WORD OF  
POWER."

interpretations. Every dream, he tells us, is the fulfilment of a wish. These dreams are, moreover, symbolical and therefore fulfil this wish symbolically. This, by the way, is a direct crib, unacknowledged, from the ordinary dream-book, the basis of which of course is that all dreams are symbolical.\*

But Professor Freud is not content with this. The self-advertiser must add something of a spicy character to popularize his theory. Accordingly the Austrian professor tells us not only that all dreams are fulfilments of wishes, and also symbolical, but that they are also almost all symbolical from a sexual standpoint. Any one who wishes to realize the manner in which the Professor drags in this last hypothesis in open defiance of all sanity and all reason, has only to refer to *The Interpretation of Dreams* (his own work) for this purpose. Those who think it worth while to consult this, as it seems to me, very repulsive work, are referred to the record on page 196,† than which I conceive nothing more absurd or preposterous has ever been penned. Personally I have not the slightest doubt that the audacious Professor is deliberately "pulling the legs" of his readers in the record in question. Unless one assumed this, one would be forced to doubt the Professor's sanity.

Mr. Julian Ralph tells us that if we follow Professor Freud's advice in the matter of our dreams we shall be able, as he phrases it, to "get rid of the trouble." Thus by psycho-analysis one will be able to get rid of the dream of swimming. As, however, the most reliable authorities are agreed that we dream continuously throughout the night, this will obviously only involve our substituting for it some other form of dream equally obnoxious, as, for instance, the dream of flying, which Professor Freud will be shocked to learn Mrs. Arnold-Foster, author of *Studies in Dreams*, has been deliberately cultivating. We shall therefore have to start afresh and once more get rid of this substituted trouble. This, however, will obviously involve us in a vicious—I might say a very vicious—circle; as, whatever dream we substituted for swimming or flying, we should find in turning over Professor Freud's pages, was just as objectionable as the other two. If, therefore, we would logically follow out Freud's theories to their own conclusion, we should find ourselves forced to abandon all thought of sleeping at all. How far this necessary consequence of accepting the advice of the Austrian doctor is

\* See a letter from my correspondent, P. H. Palmer, in last issue.

† English translation; Jan. 1920; Allen & Unwin.

likely to cure us of our nervous ills I will leave readers of the OCCULT REVIEW to determine for themselves. I cannot gather that Professor Freud is consistent according to his own teaching, for he actually admits in his work (*The Interpretation of Dreams*) that he himself is a very good sleeper. To one who has mastered the Freudian philosophy I cannot conceive any admission that could be more damning. Professor Freud has spread his net so wide that no fish can escape from it. But in so spreading it his first catch must assuredly include the fisher himself and all his disciples.

One of my correspondents quotes Pfister, the Swiss pastor, who very profanely compares Freud to Jesus Christ. "Exactly," he says, "as Freud heals the passionate neurotic individual by, winning back the love and offering it an appropriate realization, so did Jesus. He taught to love, and thereby destroyed the religious passionate neurosis." The latter part of the sentence may be true enough, but one looks in vain in the writings of Freud for anything that tends towards healthy-mindedness and

FREUDISM  
A QUASI-  
RELIGIOUS  
CULT.

natural love. The quotation, however, serves to show how Freudian psycho-analysis has become a sort of religious cult. And in taking this form it naturally attracts votaries of the type of Julian Ralph, who are only too ready to substitute dogma for scientific evidence. Apart, however, from such evidence, we might, as it seems to me, just as well be back in the Dark Ages. There is at least something respectable in tradition, even when it is wrong, but modern dogma with no evidence to support it, advanced in the guise of a twentieth-century cult, with all the draperies of modern science, and none of that love of truth for which modern science has made itself conspicuous, seems to me of all things the most detestable.

It is, as already intimated, precisely by this touchstone of evidence that all scientific investigation must be judged to-day.

THE  
TOUCHSTONE  
OF  
SCIENTIFIC  
TRUTH.

It is because, tested by this touchstone, Freudism is found wanting, that we are bound to reject it as a false science. Those who adopt such hypotheses will find themselves wandering in a wilderness of illusions and lose their way in trackless by-paths of superstition. There are other tracks discredited in modern days, where the sceptic has refused to walk, but which will yet lead us eventually towards the light—paths from which modern science has ignorantly turned away, but which will prove her salvation in the long run. Such a one is the "astrologia sana"

of Francis Bacon. In the issue of *The Throne* for January 3, 1912, I wrote an article on this subject which by permission of the then editor I am venturing to reproduce,\* principally because it shows the necessary relation of astrology to the science of the present day, and the fact that without the resuscitation of the sane side of astrological research science will inevitably find its progress barred. I attach the more importance to the reproduction of this article here, as it is in the nature of a statement complementary to my observations in connection with Dr. Geley's recent monumental work, *From the Unconscious to the Conscious*, in showing the method by which evolution is carried out and whereby the dynamic urge which is at the back of all creation builds up the manifested universe. Dr. Geley did well to lay stress on the dynamic urge, but he did not show, and I do not think he has ever suspected, by what means this same dynamic urge fulfils its stupendous task. It is at this point that astrology steps in and provides the clue to the problem of evolution, thus completing the work which science has begun.

REPRINTED FROM *THE THRONE* OF JAN. 3, 1912.

ASTROLOGY is now a tabooed science, but it has numbered among its votaries some of the most scientific minds and some of the soundest heads in Europe. Bacon wrote in defence of what he termed *Astrologia sana*. Kepler, brought up as a sceptic on the subject, was convinced against his will, as he himself admits, of the truth of astrology. Lord Napier of Murchiston, the mathematical genius and inventor of logarithms, was a convinced astrologer. The idea appealed to the practical genius of Goethe, and he wrote, in answer to Schiller's criticisms, defending, if tentatively, the astrological hypothesis. The astrologer of more recent times has been shy of admitting his faith to the world. Dr. Richard Garnett, the well-known author and Keeper of the Books at the British Museum, was careful never to write on astrological subjects except under the anagram of "A. G. Trent." But his belief in astrology was undoubted.

Sir William Huggins, the eminent astronomer of Tulse Hill and ex-President of the Royal Society, was suspected of a belief in this tabooed science. Professor Alfred Russel Wallace has dabbled in it. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, late Persian Ambassador, and erstwhile member of the celebrated Fourth Party, was an ardent astrologer, and so are to-day not a few men of marked ability, if of less note.

I think the first point to emphasize, in writing for the general reader, is the fact that no idea can be more precisely the reverse of

\* Only omitting the last paragraphs, which are not germane to the present purpose.

the truth than that astrology is an outworn superstition. Whether astrology is a superstition or not is a question for the answer to which the astrologer will appeal with every confidence to mathematical evidence. But the phrase "outworn," suggesting that science has now outgrown it, and, so to speak, gone off on another track, can be shown to be equally wide of the mark. The fact is, science to-day is rapidly coming to a point at which she will overtake astrology. Astrology at the moment is ahead of her and—if I may so phrase it—blocking her path. This point was well brought out by the late Dr. Garnett. It has been the boast of science to substitute a belief in the reign of law for the earlier and now discredited theory of the reign of caprice in mundane affairs. This universality of the reign of law, unbroken and unvarying throughout all nature, is the one great truth which each fresh advance of science has tended to emphasize more and more strongly. There is, then, no room for caprice in the universe so far as science has been able to observe it, no room, that is, for caprice, except it be in the actions of mankind. But for all science knows to the contrary, the history of mankind may be the result of a series of accidents uncontrolled by any law whatever. Science has no theory to advance which can explain the rise and fall of nations. Still less can she explain the rise and fall of individual men. The scientist is an agnostic in the matter, and seems to echo the verses of the agnostic poet—

We, in some unknown power's employ,  
Move on a rigorous line ;  
Can neither, when we will, enjoy,  
Nor when we will, resign."

Here, then, astrology steps in. Accepting the position of science, it calls upon science to carry this theory to its logical conclusion. It demands of her—and there has never yet been a reply to the demand—why this reign of law, universal everywhere else, is inoperative in the case of man ; why all Nature responds to this great scientific principle while man refuses to respond. Astrology, taking a broader and more scientific view than modern science, points out that it is logically impossible to stop short at this or any other point ; in other words, that caprice is either everywhere or nowhere.

Man, says astrology, born as he is into a world where natural law holds universal sway, must, if science has any meaning, himself be subject to this law. He cannot hold himself apart, an isolated single instance, to disprove the harmonious ordering of the universe. He must needs, sooner or later, admit himself no exception but only another and more marvellous instance still of that law of universal sympathy whereby—

MAN  
AND THE  
UNIVERSE.

The whole round world is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Astrology, then, accepts the standpoint of science, but calls upon science to admit the implications inherent in this standpoint. It does more than this; it accepts the most rigid scientific tests, but claims from science that, in applying these tests, it shall apply them universally. If evidence is good, if the value of evidence is as great as the modern scientist would have us suppose—and the astrologer maintains that it is far greater—astrology has as good a right to be judged by these tests as any other phenomena in the universe. Astrology claims, in short, to stand or fall by the proof mathematical, and calls upon science not to limit its tests merely to the investigation of facts which will uphold its present standpoint.

In another direction, also, astrology steps in and amplifies the scientific outlook. We have been taught by science to accept the theories of evolution enunciated by Darwin; but science has never found herself on stable ground in attempting to explain the methods by which the scheme of evolution works itself out in practice. Here again astrology intervenes, and shows under what influence and by what means the offspring of parents are made to vary from the parent stock. It shows that these variations take place in correspondence with an astrological law, and that once this law is known, these variations may be predicted with a very fair measure of scientific accuracy.

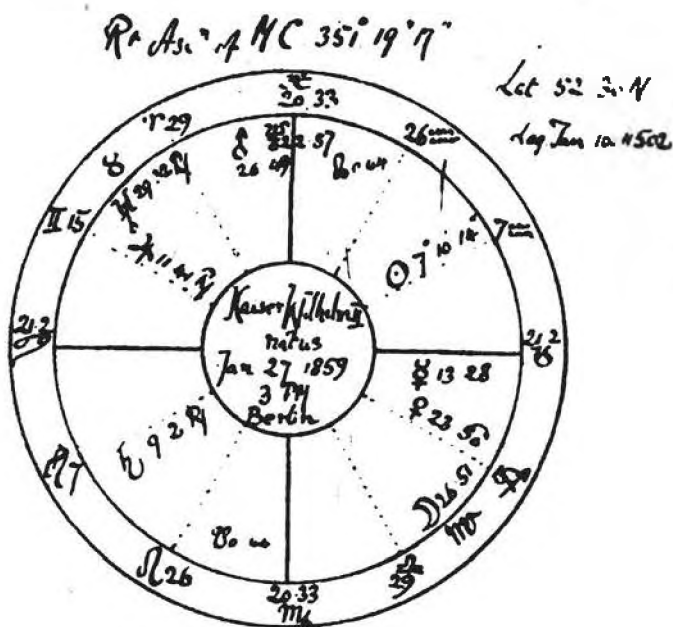
The ordinary critic of astrology has been too ignorant of what astrology really is for his criticisms even to come within range of the subjects alleged to be criticized; but there are two criticisms which demand more serious attention than most of the others. The first of these objections has been raised comparatively recently by Mr. Andrew Lang, who expressed his opinion that it was fatal to the truth of astrology. The gist of Mr. Lang's criticism is that it cannot be true that the person born under Mars is martial, or under Jupiter jovial; or that the child of Venus is fond of pleasure. No, says Mr. Lang, these attributes were evidently taken from the traditional characteristics of the gods and credited to the children born under the dominant influence of the corresponding planets. There can, therefore, he argues, be no real correspondence. It might be retorted to Mr. Lang that the evidence of fact, the evidence of mathematics, against what he says, is crushing and overwhelming. He has only to study the astronomical positions in the case of any chance batch of horoscopes to give his own theory its absolute and final *coup de grâce*. But Mr. Lang, and those who argue with him, have raised a point in putting forward their theory which is of no little interest.

This is the fact that the phenomena of astrology are proof positive that the religions of Greece and Rome were astrological in their origin, that the gods were not originally gods at all, but *planets*, and that the early votaries of these religions worshipped the planets as their gods, as they worshipped also the Sun and Moon. The explanation of the deification of heavenly bodies was the sufficiently plausible one that they

GREEKS  
AND  
ROMANS.

were able to observe in the lives of men the evidence of their potent influence. It was but a step from this to erect on earth symbols of their deities and transfer the name of the planet to the symbol they had made. The characteristics, then, of the Greek and Roman gods, were the actual attributes which the planets bearing their names were observed to confer on those born under their influence.

In the preceding paragraphs I have endeavoured to show that,



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♀	5 2 N	18.17 S	263.39.77	92.20.01	116.31	19263
♂	0 28 S	1.43 S	357.16.21	5.57.4	87.46	31194
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so far from astrology being a backward step intellectually, and essentially unscientific in character, as has been popularly supposed, it is in reality neither one nor the other. But a further objection has very widely been raised against astrology. It has been stated with every confidence, over and over again, that the discovery of the fact that the earth went round the sun and not the sun round the earth was fatal to the basis of the astrological hypothesis. It is, of course, true that early astrologers did not realize any more than the world



at large that the earth was other than the centre of the universe. The criticism, however, in spite of this has no weight. It has no more destroyed the credibility of astrology than it has destroyed the credibility of astronomy. Astrology has, in fact, nothing whatever to do with the actual positions of the planets and the sun and moon. All its concern is with their relative apparent positions with regard to the earth. Even the astronomer will talk to us of a conjunction of two planets when in reality they are many millions of miles apart, and perhaps no nearer than when they had no apparent relation with each other from the point of view of the terrestrial spectator. In other words the term "conjunction" used either astronomically or astrologically has no reference to *actual*, but only to *apparent* facts. It is well known that the earlier history of astronomy and astrology were bound up together, but it is not equally well known that what is contemptuously termed "the astrologer's jargon" is neither more nor less than the scientific phraseology of the astronomer of an earlier day, which the astrologer has retained, while the astronomer has adopted a more up-to-date terminology.

If, then, astrology is not what it is popularly supposed to be, what in fact is it? I am afraid the reply to this question would require more space than is at my disposal on the present occasion; but it may perhaps help a definition if I subjoin a horoscope of one on

WHAT  
ASTROLOGY  
IS.

whom the eyes of Europe will, I venture to suggest, very shortly be turned. I allude to the German Emperor. The circular figure in the diagram is symbolical of the heavens above and below the earth, and gives the planetary positions in their degrees and minutes of longitude, in the signs of the zodiac which they occupied at the moment of his birth. The lower table gives the latitudes, declinations, right ascensions, and distances from the meridian of these planets. It also supplies the "semi-arcs" of the planets, or, in the language of modern astronomy, the "hour angles," and the proportional logarithms of these "semi-arcs" or "hour angles" for convenience of calculating "directional influences." The extreme left hand of the diagonal line crossing the figure gives the point in the heavens which was rising at the Kaiser's birth, and which coincided with the twenty-second degree of Cancer, the sign of the zodiac which was then ascending. At the mid-heaven we see conjoined the two planets Neptune and Mars, the rulers of this horoscope, and in this connection it may be noted that some time ago, in an open letter addressed to the Kaiser, in the pages of *Punch*, this versatile monarch was addressed by the appellation of Mars-Neptune—a letter, if penned, as presumably it was, by one ignorant of astrology, in itself a noteworthy tribute to the basis of truth underlying this hypothesis. We may observe in this horoscope that both the sun and moon are opposed by malefic planets, the one being in opposition to Saturn and the other to Uranus, while the malefic conjunction, as already indicated (that of Mars and Nep-

tune); dominates the whole figure. Although, therefore, the planet Mars is befriended by a favourable aspect of the moon, which is lord\* of the Kaiser's ascendant, the sign Cancer (according to old astrological theory), the horoscope is one that portends eventual overthrow and disaster from which there will be no recovery.

The above article will, I think, show readers who have not been accustomed to look at astrology from a scientific view-point, the true manner in which this study is related to the scientific position as it stands to-day, when new fields of research are being opened up in connection with nature's finer forces. Astrology, if the investigation of its laws presents serious difficulties, has in one way a decided advantage over psychical research owing to the fact that the laws under which it operates can be tested and proved mathematically, and the evidence which they afford does not consequently leave so many loopholes of escape for the carping critic as do the frequently elusive phenomena of spiritualism. The obvious, and now fulfilled, indications in the ex-Kaiser's horoscope serve to point as moral. As regards these it is only necessary to say that no bona-fide astrologer could possibly have missed them.

While on the subject of Astrology, I may mention that Messrs. Foulsham & Co., Ltd., of 61 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, have just published an excellent selection of Tables of Houses for Northern Latitudes from the Equator to 50 degrees N., in addition to a Table for Petrograd. These tables are complementary to their previously published Tables of Houses for Great Britain, and together cover all degrees of latitude from the Equator to 60 degrees N. They will undoubtedly prove a great boon to astrological students. The tables can be used by a simple method of transposition for the corresponding degrees of South latitude. I frequently have inquiries for Ephemerides, and would take this opportunity of mentioning that these are supplied for upwards of a century back from the present time, by the same publishers.

\* This should read "lady," but as it is a verbatim reprint I have left it unaltered in the text.—ED.

# THE SUN OF ALCHEMY\*

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

PARACELSUS was born on November 26, 1493, and his strange, stormy career closed at the early age of forty-eight years, or in 1541. Among his brilliant contemporaries was Cornelius Agrippa, whom I mention because the instructor of both was Johannes Trithemius, of Spanheim and Würzburg, an occult philosopher, who is cited as of great importance at his epoch, as an alchemist, magician and authority on secret writing, though he seems for the most part unread, even by those who praise him. There is a sense in which both pupils outgrew their master, for Agrippa lived to discover the vanity of most arts—at least as then practised—which passed as occult science, while Paracelsus travelled remote untrodden roads in medicine, alchemy and philosophy, leaving Trithemius far behind him—if we can judge by the remains of the latter. There is a story that the German Hermes and beloved Trismegistus—as his ardent disciples called Paracelsus—had another and much more obscure master, in the person of a certain Solomon Trismosin, of whom very little seems to be known, apart from his autobiographical account of adventures and wanderings in search of the Philosopher's Stone. The authority for this fable is a German alchemical treatise by or ascribed to Trismosin under the title of *THE GOLDEN FLEECE*, first printed in 1598.† It is comparable to that other myth reported by J. B. Van Helmont, according to which the Philosopher's Stone was given to Paracelsus—or its secret communicated—by an unknown adept at Constantinople in 1521.‡ Trismosin himself, by tradition as well as by claim, is accredited with the possession of the Catholic Tincture and Medicine. It is said also (1) that his true

\* *SPLENDOR SOLIS: Alchemical Treatises of Solomon Trismosin. . . . Including 22 Allegorical Pictures from the Original Paintings. . . . With Introduction and Explanatory Notes by J. K.* 4to, pp. 104. London: Kegan Paul. Price 21s. net.

† *SALOMONIS TRISMONI AUREUM VELLUS.* Rorschach, five parts, 1598-1604. I give only the bare heads of the title, which is exceedingly long, as usual with German books of the period.

‡ See the third section of the tract entitled *TARTARI HISTORIA.* The "unknown adept" is identified with Trismosin in a later version of the fable.

name was Pfeiffer and (2) that, according to a French traveller, he was seen alive at the end of the seventeenth century.\*

So far as alchemy is concerned Paracelsus served his apprenticeship at Schwatz, in the laboratory of Sigismund Fugger. On the other hand, Trismosin eschewed the individual practitioners and went direct to the mines. There he encountered Flocker, who was alchemist as well as miner, and in Trismosin's opinion he had attained the secret of the art. The evidence was that—apparently in his presence—Flocker took prepared lead and unalloyed silver, put them in flux together and then extracted the silver, half of which proved to be gold when “cast in an ingot.” The miner, however, refused to disclose his secret, and therefore in 1473 Trismosin went further, seeking an artist in alchemy; but he encountered sophisticators only, till he entered the service of a Venetian noble, where he saw all kinds of operations and was entrusted with a translation of some Greek MS., on which he was set to experiment. By closely following its instructions, he affirms that he “tinged three metals into fine gold.” Later on he quitted Venice, proceeding to a place which served his purpose better, but it is not named in his story. By means of Kabalistic and magical books which he caused to be translated from Egyptian into Greek and thence into Latin, he says that he “captured the treasure,” learning the subject of the art—otherwise the First Matter—with the mode of extracting the Tincture, one part of which transmuted fifteen hundred parts of silver into gold.

Such in brief summary was the adventurous quest of Trismosin in search of the Art and its Masters; but according to his testimony the Mastery was found in books. It happens, however, that at the end of the seventeenth century there was no scholar in Europe who could render the “Egyptian language” into Greek or any other tongue. The claim of Trismosin falls to pieces in this manner, and the fiction of his attainment is like the instruction which he gave to Paracelsus or the testimony of that unspecified Frenchman who saw him two hundred years later, possibly “somewhere in France,” more probably at a castle in Spain. We may suppose that in reality he was gathered into the Paradise of Hermetists at the more ordinary allotted time, and that as nothing was heard of him in his life, so also there was silence concerning him for something approaching a century, i.e., till THE GOLDEN FLEECE appeared, as we have seen, at that magical period of Germany when Simon Studion was testifying at Luneberg and

\* Dr. Franz Hartmann is responsible for both these statements, but offers no authority for either. See his LIFE OF PARACELUS, 2nd edition, p. 5.

elsewhere as the precursor of the Rosy Cross. The autobiographical fragment is found in this treatise, but whether the rest of it is referable to the same hand is a question which Hermetic



MALE AND FEMALE.



bibliography is not likely to determine. In 1602 a portion of the German work was translated into French and was reprinted or reissued in 1612. \* Partial versions of the French text in an English vesture are available at the British Museum in the Sloane collection of manuscripts.† There is also a priceless volume called *SPLENDOR SOLIS* in the Harleian collection, with very beautiful painted pictures.‡ Notwithstanding the distinctive title it should be understood that this text forms part of the original German and is therefore extant in three languages, several printed editions and three manuscripts—not to speak of what Oxford possesses.§ Under the good auspices of Messrs. Kegan Paul there has just been added to these an English printed text, for which the original coloured designs of the Harleian *SPLENDOR SOLIS* have been reproduced with much care in black and white. It must be said that the decorations and adornments exceed anything else in the pictorial symbols of alchemy, the nearest approach, and yet at a far distance, being some of the illustrations which appeared in *THE HERMETIC MUSEUM* under my own editorship, a good many years ago. Our thanks are due to the publishers for the enterprise of such an undertaking and above all for their courtesy in furnishing three of the designs for reproduction with this article. A word of recognition may be extended also to the Editor J. K., even if some of his methods—including his English—are not a little curious and if he has read his proofs so badly that there are serious misprints passed over within the compass of comparatively few pages. He has given us the account of Trismosin's "Alchemical Wanderings," which is not in the Sloane or Harleian MSS., and has brought together various points of scattered information on matters arising from the text at large. Most important of all, to the best of his ability he has atoned for the enforced absence of colouring by describing the original plates. It must be remembered that alchemical symbolism is largely a colour symbolism, in the present case especially, which recalls those other coloured

\* *LA TOYSON D'OR, on la Fleur des Trésors, en laquelle est traité de la Pierre des Philosophes, etc. Enrichi de figures et des propres couleurs représentées au vif, etc. Traduit de l'Allemagne de Solomon Trimosin.* Paris. Lenglet du Fresnoy says that the work was disesteemed by Borrichius.

† Sloane 2639, consisting of 22 numbered leaves. Sloane 3613, comprising 100 leaves, a much fuller version, but mutilated, leaves 5 to 45 of the original pagination being missing.

‡ Harleian 3469. The text is in German.

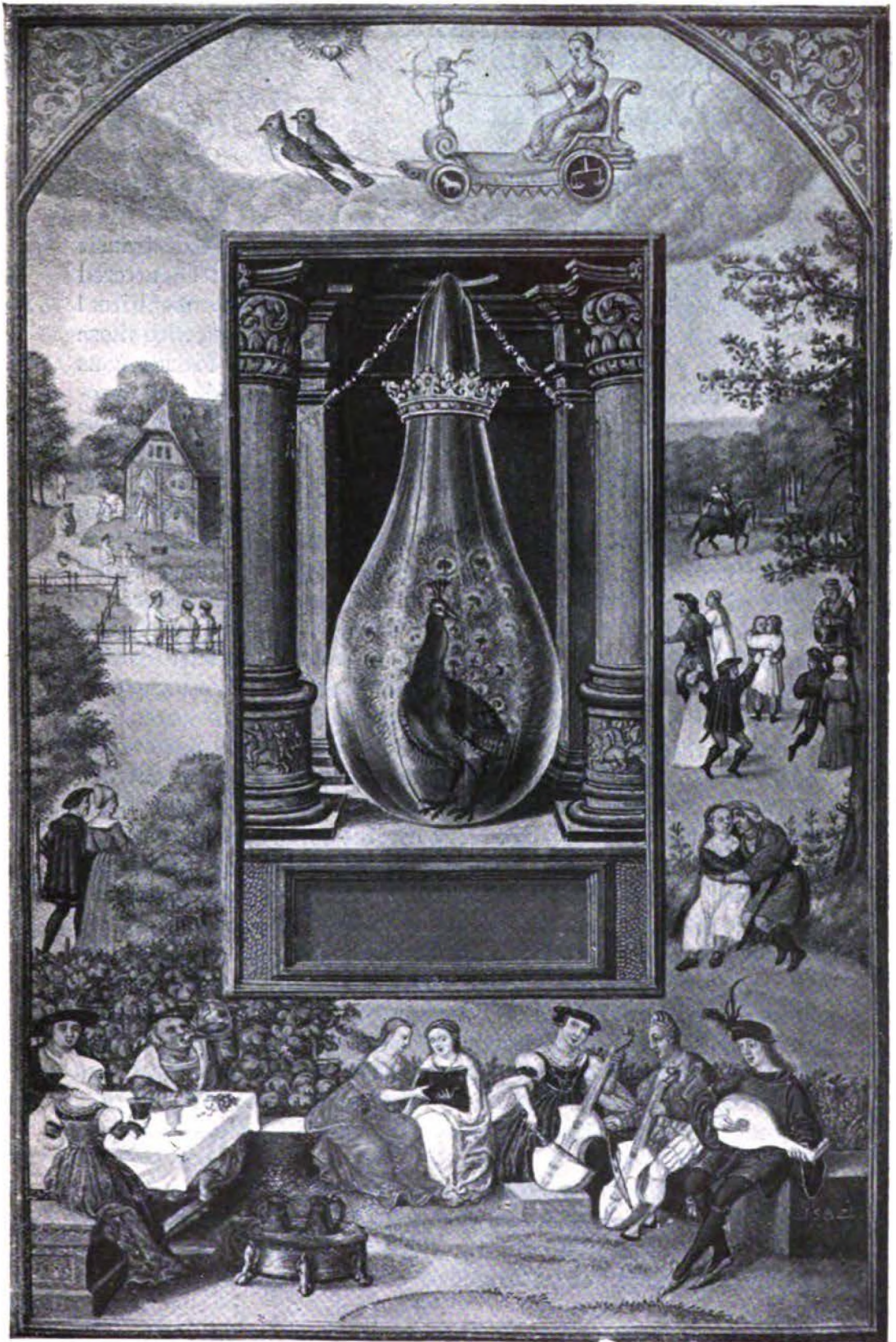
§ The Ashmolean and Bodleian both possess MSS., that in the former being a translation of William Backhouse.



designs, less decorative but not less extraordinary, in the *SECRET SYMBOLS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS*, published at Altona towards the end of the eighteenth century. It would appear that the symbolical message of *SPLENDOR SOLIS*—whatever it may be held to be—is about equally divided between the very individual designs and the colours referred to these. The supplementary descriptions of J. K. are of consequence in this connection; they have been done accurately, and there is no attempt at explanation, which would have confused the issues. In certain prefatory remarks a suggestion is hazarded (1) that the mystic meanings seem identical with those of the Tarot Trumps Major and (2) that they observe the same order. They do nothing of the sort, and J. K. has been misled by the fact that there happen to be 22 plates, as Eliphas Lévi was misled in the same connection by the 22 chapters into which the *APOCALYPSE* is divided in late MSS. and by the 22 sections of Saint Martin's *TABLEAU NATUREL*. The plates of *SPLENDOR SOLIS* seem purely and typically alchemical, in the physical sense. The three examples which illustrate the present notice have not been selected on account of their comparative importance; but the first represents the male and female principles in alchemy, called otherwise heaven and earth, the fixed and fluidic qualities, the state of fixation in the male resulting from immersion in the female moisture. The second represents the separation of gross and subtle, while the third exhibits allegorically the soul in alchemy, the rainbow colours of the work at various successive stages, leading up to that beautiful red state, "such as no scarlet can compare with," which constitutes an ineffable treasure, as Trismosin affirms in his "adventures," following the consensus of adepts.

It seems curious in conclusion that J. K. presents his text as if it appeared in print for the first time. On the contrary, *SPLENDOR SOLIS* formed Part III of the original *AUREUM VELLUS* of 1598, and of course of the French translation *LA TOYSON D'OR* of 1602 and 1612. Kopp, whose authority is considerable, regards the whole collection as spurious and Trismosin as a fictitious personality, in which case the adventures given in the prefatory part of *AUREUM VELLUS* were a publisher's device to introduce the tracts that follow. It should be added that the hand-coloured designs of the German and French editions are exceedingly rough and crude. The artist of the Harleian MS. performed upon them a veritable work of transmutation, adding also the elaborate borders.





COLOURS OF THE GREAT WORK.

# THE OPEN DOOR

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

THOUGH the "Bridge of Light" affords a means of transit between the two worlds, a note of warning should be uttered against keeping an *open door* to all sorts and conditions of spiritual beings, as is so often the case when seeking intercourse with those who have passed beyond the bourne of Death. Promiscuous séances for spirit communication should be avoided, and professional mediums are not always to be relied on. The communicating entities are not in every case what they profess to be, and one is liable not only to be misled by mischievous spirits, but to come under the influence of beings of a low grade in the world of Spirits. Close around this Earth Sphere there is a region called the Fourth Dimension, which is inhabited by all sorts of unseen creatures who have not reached the Spheres of Light. Many of these are "earth bound" human spirits of an undeveloped nature or criminal tendencies, still irresistibly drawn to the vices, passions and crimes of Earth, and are ever seeking an opportunity of gratifying their vicious tastes and passions through human beings. If you keep an open door, these creatures will at once enter, unless the portals are guarded by prayer, religious faith and the presence of angels of light, and even then one must be very careful and watchful, as there are still greater dangers to be encountered in the "undiscovered country," in the form of elementals, and powers of darkness who are distinctly inimical to human beings, and are exceedingly subtle, cunning, and malignant. Many terrible cases of obsession, or "demoniacal possession," are due to these creatures (which are the "powers of darkness" we are warned against in the Bible). I have personally come in contact with some of these terrible beings, so can speak from experience. I also know the experiences of others,—and once witnessed a horrible instance of demoniacal possession, not unlike those recorded in the New Testament.

The late Mr. W. T. Stead, who spent many years investigating psychic phenomena, and carrying on a series of explorations in the "undiscovered country," and who probably knew more about the Unseen than any man of his day, was emphatic in

his warnings against the dangers to be encountered with undesirable entities. In the "dark ages" open intercourse was carried on with the Invisible World, and the result was witchcraft, sorcery, necromancy, and the evil practices of Black Magic, and eventually so widespread and powerful did the evil influences from the Unseen become, that no one was safe, and thus ensued the terrible persecution of "witches," and other innocent people alleged to be such,—as no discrimination was used, and people possessing spiritual powers of a beneficent and divine nature were put to death with those who held intercourse with devils.

The Spiritualism, so much in vogue to-day, is no new thing, as in one form or another it has existed in all ages of the world's history. The Ancient Egyptians, for instance, carried on communication with the Unseen in very much the same way as Spiritualists do to-day. Though it has the advantage of absolutely proving the existence of another world in close proximity to this one, and the life after death, it is by no means an unmixed blessing, and this open door to the spiritual world should be approached warily, as there are dangers of a subtle kind awaiting the incautious investigator. In my experiences with the Unseen I have found the name of Christ and the sign of the Cross to be a powerful shield against dark and evil influences. No evil spirit could stand in the presence of Christ, and if *His* spiritual power is invoked by faith and prayer, we shall find protection in the hour of danger. I had on one occasion very good reason to be thankful that I believed in Christ and His power to save, as I unexpectedly found myself in great peril from "powers of darkness," whom I could distinctly see around me, and whose horrible influence was only too manifest. Never before or since have I experienced such a sensation of terror,—a fear which nothing earthly could have produced. That was many years ago when I first commenced to explore the Unseen, and kept an unguarded open door, being unsuspecting of danger.

The time may come when communication between the worlds of Spirit and Matter will be carried on by some mechanical apparatus, on somewhat similar lines to Marconi's wireless telegraphy, and this will obviate the necessity for employing the psychic powers of mediums which are apt to fail with much use, and are never very reliable. It often happens that *genuine* mediums, who have exhibited powers of a remarkable kind from time to time, have been detected in fraudulent practices at séances, and they are at once branded as complete frauds and

all their previous psychic work discounted, and supposed also to be due to trickery; and investigators jump to the conclusion that there is "nothing in Spiritualism" and give up further research. This of course is a mistaken way of looking at it. The reason why some mediums ("unprincipled," if you will) resort at times to fraud is because through excessive use their psychic powers have failed them, or are for the time being in abeyance. They are obliged to fulfil engagements, and not having the psychic power available at the moment, in desperation they have recourse to fraud.

I have had private séances with well-known mediums of undoubted powers who had been before the public for many years and triumphantly passed every test which the most sceptical could impose on them, and gained a high reputation, but I soon discovered that, though they exhibited genuine power, and gave me proof that spirits were speaking through them, there was, nevertheless, a certain amount of "fraud" mixed with it, and that the medium's own inventive faculties were at times called into requisition. I suppose they thought they ought to lengthen the séance out and give me my money's worth! without unduly depleting themselves of magnetism,—as the exercise of psychic powers invariably causes loss of vitality.

The famous medium, Daniel Dunglas Home (the greatest wonder-worker of modern times), was generally greatly exhausted after his séances, and it took him a considerable time to recover from the drain on his vitality. Sir William Crookes, the famous scientist who closely investigated Home's mediumship, stated that he found him in a pitiable state of collapse after these séances. A professional medium, who had entirely given up mediumship, once wrote to me and said: "If you value health have nothing whatever to do with mediumship or séances." Magnetism is often drawn as much from the sitters, for the production of psychic phenomena, as from the medium, and personally I have always been sensible of a loss of vitality after a séance, and so for the sake of my health I now never attend them.

I was long ago *convinced*, by psychic phenomena, of the existence of the Spiritual World and the Life beyond death, when I was very sceptical of the existence of either,—and have obtained knowledge of inestimable value through Spiritualism, but now that I am thoroughly convinced, I see no reason for further investigation along those lines. Occasionally I practise my own powers of clairvoyance and automatic writing, but always entirely by myself and in a normal condition,—taking



every precaution against undesirable entities. Spiritualism, as the open door to the unseen world, is a subject of much discussion to-day in theological circles, and has proved of great interest to the public generally. It is very likely that important developments will occur in the near future with regard to our means of communicating with the Unseen, which will obviate the danger of the present methods.

In the November issue of the OCCULT REVIEW there is a letter from a correspondent (A. G. Witherby) calling attention to the dangers of Spiritualism, and stating "that those who are making a boom in Spiritualism should put both sides of the question before the public, for the matter is very serious, and is recognized to be so by those who have good reason to know how careful investigators should be." There is no doubt that great caution is necessary in one's dealing with Unseen intelligences, and a note of warning at the present time is desirable when so many all over the world are seeking intercourse with those who have passed beyond, quite ignorant of possible dangers, and heedlessly opening a door which may lead to most undesirable results. It is a well-known fact amongst those who have carefully investigated the subject, that dark influences "on the other side" prompt those human beings over whom they gain control, to commit suicide, often "possess" people, and drive them mad, and are directly responsible for all sorts of crime. Many of these victims of evil spirits may know nothing of Spiritualism, but in various ways may have placed themselves in a position to be easily "controlled."

The late W. T. Stead related an instance of a young man he knew who had too heedlessly opened the door to the Unseen by a low kind of Spiritualism, and who became "haunted" by an entity which constantly strove to make him commit suicide,—entirely against the young man's desire or will, as he had no reason for, or inclination to, self-destruction. He was obliged to give up shaving, as whenever he held a razor to his face he felt an uncontrollable impulse to cut his own throat. He was eventually "saved" by a form of exorcism, in which prayer was the principal factor.

Cases of "haunting" by undesirable entities from the world of spirits are by no means rare, and in nearly every instance meddling with spiritualistic practices is the reason and cause;—constantly attending promiscuous séances without any good purpose, or the protecting influence of the Divine, and thus attracting spirits of a low and mischievous order, and often of

a distinctly malicious and malignant nature. These spirits, for purposes of their own, seek to gain control over any one of a weak nature, especially those who have a tendency to any vice, and then gratify their evil passions through the organisms of their victims. Sometimes they content themselves with constantly annoying their victims by disturbing them at night. I knew of cases where people after attending séances were obliged to keep lights burning all night in their rooms, on account of the unwelcome attentions of visitants from the Unseen. One lady in America told me that unseen hands used to pinch her arms, pull her hair, pat her face, and play various pranks on her when in bed at nights, even to pulling the clothes off her bed—and all her remonstrances and appeals for quietude were in vain.

Even the investigation of phenomena in haunted houses has proved fatal to some. The well-known house in Berkeley Square, London, is a case in point, when a young officer met his death in the "haunted room," where previously a servant girl had been driven mad from the same inexplicable and weird cause. There is an old country house about twenty miles from London which is haunted by an "influence" which causes death,—and on this account the place has long been shut up, and no one is permitted to enter. For some inexplicable reason, best known to the owner, the house remains furnished and intact, and nothing is allowed to be touched or disturbed. Some years ago this rule was broken, and two young men who were friends of the owner (who resided two miles from his haunted property) were given permission to enter and "have a look round" on condition that they did not touch certain objects which were kept under a glass case in the library. The young men promised faithfully they would fulfil this condition, and obtaining the keys went off to the house together. In the evening one of them, who was a guest of the owner, returned in time for dinner and was asked by his host for his experiences or impressions in the uncanny building—and noticing that the young fellow was looking "rather queer," he added: "Of course you didn't touch the articles I asked you not to?" "Well, no, I did not," was the slow reply; "in fact I couldn't, as they were under a glass case, but Jack moved the case a little so as to see the contents more clearly." "He shouldn't have done that," said the host gravely, "nor should either of you have gone near the table. I fear some ill will come of this." That night the young man was seized with fits, and a doctor

was sent for, who considered it doubtful if he would live. For three days he remained at death's door, but eventually recovered—though he was never quite the same again. His friend, who lived in a house near by, was taken ill at the same time, and died the following day.

The house had been the scene of several tragedies—firstly, in some remote period, there were murders of a revolting kind—which were really the cause of the “hauntings”—and later mysterious deaths occurred which were directly attributed to the sinister influence which had taken possession of the building. After that it became untenanted and shunned.

It would be interesting to learn how many houses there are in Great Britain and Ireland which are uninhabitable for human beings on account of their occupancy by weird and evil “influences” from the Unseen. There are probably several thousand in various parts of the country, and quite a large number in London and Dublin. Some of the visitants from the Unseen which take possession of houses are not spirits of the dead, nor indeed of human origin, but the much dreaded elementals or “powers of darkness,” which have been attracted by human crimes in the first place, and then obtained a foothold in the scene of these crimes, where they are able to partly materialize by drawing vitality from their surroundings, and from those human beings who may chance to come within the radius of their power. In keeping an open door to the Spirit World one must be very careful that beings of this kind do not come in. Personally, I have been quite satisfied as to the identity of *some* of those who have given me messages, and I believe that in the majority of cases they really are my relations and friends who communicate—but, there *are* exceptions. It is no uncommon thing for people to be systematically deceived by “lying spirits” masquerading as deceased relatives, which eventually gain control over their dupes for their own evil ends and purposes. This is the seamy side of Spiritualism, one of the objections to the open door.

In dealing with these subjects it is best to be perfectly candid and straightforward. If there *are* dangers, let us know all about them, let us know the worst that can be said, for are we not seeking for the Truth,—without fear or favour, without prejudice, or bias to any preconceived ideas, theories, or beliefs.

# THE NINTH CHILD

## A TRUE RECORD

By G. STRANG STEEL

IT was a bad case. A lamp overturned near the bed, and the sheet set on fire: the woman who lay there awaiting the birth of her child, unable to summon assistance, was rescued too late to save her life. She was carried to the hospital, where she lingered a few hours.

She was conscious, and suffered agony. But worse than the pain of her burns, and worse than her cruel birth-pangs, was the fear of what would happen to her children.

There were eight of them, all dependent upon her, for her husband had died six months earlier. There was Daisy, named from the flowers in the country where she was born before the little household moved to the grim city. Bob and Bill, the twins, whom she had always spoiled; and Nell, who was a cripple, and needed more care than all of them.

None of the children were old enough to work, and now the ninth child was approaching.

The woman died after giving birth to a girl. She held her new-born infant to her tortured breast to the last, whilst her mind throbbed in a fever of dread and anxiety. The children, poor lambs, what would become of them? Her last fluttering breath was a passionate prayer for the welfare of her little brood.

The local paper got up a subscription. A neighbour offered shelter to the eldest girl and the youngest boy. A lady, who loved children and had none of her own, adopted the baby. The world ground on like a car of Juggernaut, blindly indifferent to all these events.

As to the lady who had adopted the baby, her life was completely transformed. She had slowly grown middle-aged in solitude, she suddenly grew young again in the company of the child. Her days had been patches of dull monotony, but they suddenly exhibited a pattern of thrilling novelty. She experienced a foolish delight in the tyranny of the child.

The baby was a tiny little creature, but finely formed. She



rarely smiled, but her serious face was illumined by two great brown eyes. She was called Dolores.

When she grew into childhood she developed a bewildering personality. As a rule she was bright and merry, but there were days when she was strangely sober, when her eyes were wistful, and her tiny figure bent as though she bore a burden on her back. Strangely enough at those times she would choose to dance, and in front of the long mirror in her own room, with her little face puckered into a tragic mask, she would sing an air and dance in perfect measure with her songs. Her adopted mother often watched her, and wondered what the future would hold for this odd child. She decided to allow Dolores to cultivate her talent, and for this purpose took her to a great artist.

Dolores was an apt pupil. Her hands and feet were docile to her will, and soon her nerves and muscles grew equally submissive. She became an expert in the intricate art of harmonious movement.

In her ninth year two events occurred. She knew nothing of the mother who had died at her birth, nor had anyone ever spoken to her of her brothers and sisters. Yet on her ninth birthday Dolores climbed on to the lap of her adopted mother, and laying her head on her shoulder whispered :

“ I should like to see the others.”

“ What others ? ”

“ Daisy, Bob and Bill, and Nell, who is a cripple, and needs more care than all of them.”

Her adopted mother sought to conceal her surprise. How did the child know of her brothers and sisters ?

It seemed best to accept the strange occurrence as a natural event, and Dolores was allowed to see her eldest sister. Daisy came with Jim, the youngest boy. They seemed made of coarser clay than Dolores. Daisy was a strong girl in her teens, coarsened by hard work, with red, raw hands, a good-natured face, and the common accent of her class.

Jim was a pale and sickly boy, with slow, heavy movements, but his eyes were bright and intelligent, although they were reddened round the lids with crying. Dolores at once noticed this.

“ What made you cry ? ” she asked, when she had settled the boy and the girl beside her at the tea table in her school-room.

“ ‘Twere the cold,” Daisy explained. “ We’ve only got the kitchen fire, and the others don’t let him come near that.”

"What others?" asked Dolores, involuntarily looking across the room at the fire blazing on the hearth.

"Lord, the missus 'as got four kids of her own. There ain't much room for Jim."

"Why does she have him, then?" questioned Dolores.

"'Coz she knows I wouldn't stay without 'im, an' then oo'd do all the work in the 'ouse?"

Dolores said nothing, and the three began their tea. Daisy and Jim ate silently, the absorption of unaccustomed buns and cakes commanding all their attention. When Dolores watched them her eyes, always so grave, grew tragic. She looked white and intent, and her face had a strained expression, as though she were trying to hear some one speak, yet there was perfect silence in the room.

It was also in her ninth year that Dolores was taken by her dancing teacher to a theatre, where she danced before the actor-manager who was producing a new piece. She was engaged as a star dancer, at a high price.

Her adopted mother protested at first, saying that she would always provide for Dolores, and that there was no need for her to dance. But Dolores pleaded so earnestly that at last she yielded.

One engagement led to another, each more remunerative than the last. The genius of movement burned like a flame in those twinkling feet and in the rounded hands up-held like a votive cup, and Dolores in her silken draperies was like a young goddess with pinions at her heels. But she was always grave.

Dolores danced for nine years before the public.

On her eighteenth birthday she came to her adopted mother, and her sombre mood had fled, her eyes were bright and laughing.

"I've done with dancing," she said.

"Done with it? But I thought you liked it!"

Dolores looked puzzled. "I had to do it," she said slowly.

"Had to do it? But you insisted upon doing it!"

"I had to!" Dolores repeated. "And now Nell is well, and Bob and Bill are flourishing, and so are the others." Dolores' golden feet had provided her family with everything that fate had denied them. The sisters had a farm in the country bought by Dolores, the twins were settled in California on a ranch of their own, and the boy Jim, whose eyes once bore the stain of tears, was at Cambridge, and was the crown of Dolores' labours.

"You couldn't have done more for them, but nothing compelled you to do anything."

" Oh yes, something compelled me," Dolores asserted.

" Did you hear anything ? " inquired her adopted mother.

" No," said Dolores.

" Did you see anything ? "

" No, but I just knew what I had to do," Dolores answered vaguely.

In spite of her natural curiosity her adopted mother refrained from further questioning. Dolores had followed her destiny blindly, as other people obey their instincts, without questioning the power that guided her. Now she was as glad as a child released from school.

" It's my birthday," she exclaimed, pressing her small dark head to her adopted mother's shoulder. " As I am so happy, couldn't you re-christen me to-day ? Wouldn't it be lovely to be called Joy instead of Dolores ? "

A few months after this Dolores made a brilliant marriage that lifted her completely out of the sphere of her brothers and sisters. She was passionately in love, and the present obliterated the past. Dolores at the altar was nothing but a happy bride absorbed in her bridegroom.

Her adopted mother, standing at her side afterwards when she signed her name, smiled as she saw the breezy flourish of the pen under Joy !

# THE DREAM

BY KATHARINE COXHEAD

THE writer of the following has all her life been—from time to time—a dreamer of realistic dreams.

In nearly all cases the "plot" of the dream appears to be suggested by occurrences in real life. On the other hand the dreams themselves seem to bear no relation to the grotesque and inconsequent experiences usually associated with the Sleeping State.

1. In these dreams she is conscious always of greatly intensified vitality, both physical and mental.

2. A "click" in the brain invariably precedes awakening, —which is indeed no "awakening" properly speaking. It can be described as being *flung* from one room into another.

3. The events in the dreams are *never out of sequence*.

## I

I dreamed that I was in a room with a long cheval glass at one end and a toilet table very much gilded at the other. Before the glass a girl in a white crinolined dress was having a wreath of pink roses arranged on her hair, which was in corkscrew ringlets. She was a very pretty girl with blue eyes and chestnut hair. Three elderly women seemed to be putting finishing touches to her dress, and they were evidently greatly pleased with her appearance. I saw *them* rather indistinctly; except that they wore crinolines and chignons, they made no impression on me. I then seemed to be *drawn into* the girl, and for a second was conscious of great exaltation and exhilaration. I was then switched off into—

## II

A ball-room very brilliantly lighted, where men in peg-top trousers and mutton-chop whiskers were dancing with much be-flounced and be-furbelowed women. The girl in white was having the time of her life. She was surrounded by men. Again, for a second or so, I from a spectator became *her* herself, and I felt intoxicated with my success at my first ball. But only for a moment. I then was *flung* into a dingy room where there was a red glare.

## III

I was horrified to see my dream double many years older with a disordered chignon, and with her face distorted with rage and passion.

Again I was drawn into her, and in the flash of a second realized that I had done something incredibly awful, though I was unable to grasp what it was. But I was stricken with horror at myself, and conscious of an agonized feeling of hopeless despair, and at the same time of frenzied anger.

This scene was a glimpse only. I could take in no details. In the previous ones I had time to notice trifles—in the way of furniture and dress; but all I remember of her appearance in this third scene is, that she was in dingy clothes and very dishevelled. I was then once more in—

## IV

A ball-room, not the same as the first. I myself was in a red crinoline, and I went up and spoke to a woman who was being escorted across the ball-room by her partner. The woman looked me up and down disdainfully, drew back her voluminous skirts from me and turned her back. I was furious at such an affront, and said something (I could hear no sound) to her partner. He answered and leered in a very offensive way. I can't describe the humiliation of it. I realized that *I was socially dead*. Of all the scenes this was the most distinct. The room was brilliantly lighted. There were crimson curtains with heavy gold tassels, there was a silver and white striped paper on the walls and many mirrors and gilded candelabra. The disdainful woman was dark with crimson roses in her hair. The next scene was—

## V

A dark and ill-lighted room with heavy or molufurniture; a *dusty veil* made it indistinct. I saw the woman I knew to be myself kneeling before a younger girl, and it flashed across me that she was a younger sister. I heard no voices, but I knew that the kneeling figure was begging to be taken back. At first the younger girl refused to listen, but after a time she appeared to relent, and went into an inner room from which she returned with a rather forbidding looking female in a myrtle green silk dress, cut square in front with ruchings and filled in with lace. At first she refused to consent to her younger daughter's entreaties; but eventually gave way, and two unpleasing looking men came in—brothers I knew them to be. One of them seemed very

angry ; and he remained with my dream-self after the others had left the room. They sat on a couch together. *I never saw her face* in this scene or the following ones. Vaguely I realized that she and I were one ; but I was no longer drawn into her. I remained a spectator only.

## VI

I saw her take her brother's hand, and I knew she was telling him the story of her life. He was very unsympathetic, and then suddenly he buried his face in his hands. After that there was great confusion. People rushed to and fro. They were packing, and I knew that they had to leave their old home on my account.

Then for the first time I heard voices. My dream-self said, " Well, anyhow, I still have a pretty face left," and I saw one of the men look up in horror as he said " Good God ! She must be blind ! " And it came to me that my dream-self was terribly disfigured.

## VII

It was the middle of the night, we were outside the house ; a great barouche was before the door. It was a grim-looking house, very large and barrack-like, and I suddenly realized that it was in the south of Germany and that we were German. This scene was a flash only, and I was conscious of a rushing through air.

## VIII

I was in a house very dark and only lighted by candles. I saw my dream-self in a narrow slip of a room. There was a couch covered with tapestry. It was very stuffy and I could hardly breathe. My dream-self (with her back turned to me always) was told it was her room, and that she was to sleep there. Her mother, two brothers and sister were in the doorway leading to a large bedroom, with a four-poster in the background.

My dream-self begged them not to leave her alone. She entreated each in turn to stay with her. They answered her very roughly. I saw my dream-self kneel and implore pity from them. I, the spectator, suddenly realized that the wretched woman was mad with terror at the thought of being left alone. I felt outraged by their lack of common compassion and understanding. I went up to them and tried to work upon their feelings ; but they seemed unaware of my presence. I told them that she would lose her sanity if left alone. I grew heated. I called them brutes, I screamed at them : " You don't know what anguish of mind she is in." On the instant they all vanished and

I was left in my ordinary clothes staring at my reflection in a long glass, with my face disfigured in the left side, and there was a "click" in my brain, and I awoke with no sense of a change of state, with my own words ringing in my ears.

Now this is surely a rather remarkable dream. But each *scene* might have been suggested by something that had happened the previous day.

1. I had been asked to help a South German girl in great distress.

2. I had noticed in the High Street a man in mutton-chop whiskers, and a recollection of Doris Kean in "Romance" flashed across my mind. The scene where she was *sighted*, and when she wore a red crinoline.

3. I was suffering from an abscess in a tooth, and had been warned to have it attended to lest I should be disfigured.

Now was this an astral experience or just an ordinary dream?

## THE GARDEN

BY MAY KENDALL

IT seemed to hold the spring's deep bliss,  
The wondrous garden where they met.  
The hour had come: the feast was set.  
They murmured: "Only one we miss!"

As though the word had been a call,  
Swiftly into their midst he came,  
Joy kindling in his eyes like flame—  
Where all were dear, most dear of all!

And they had done with pain, and stress,  
With care, and longing. All was well.  
Upon the tranquil garden fell  
A deeper glow of happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

In London town, a bitter wind  
Incessant drove the angry sleet;  
And, in a God-forsaken street,  
Some one drew down a dingy blind.

# A WEST HIGHLAND BARD AND SEERESS

THE TRUE STORY OF "MACCRIMMON'S LAMENT"

BY J. W. BRODIE-INNES

MANY have been the legends told of this celebrated and beautiful piece of Highland music. That which follows is I think peculiarly interesting, because it is as nearly as possible first hand, and also as giving a very characteristic example of Highland second sight, and illustrative also of the Soul of the Celt, so well and sympathetically treated by Dr. Davies in a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW. It is a soul that the Teuton and the Saxon fail wholly to understand, and in this failure is the root of all the mistakes and all the tragedies of the government of Ireland. So long as we try to govern the Celt as though he were a Saxon, so long as we assume that he will value material prosperity, comfort, and so-called progress, above his memories, his ideals, his visions, and his enthusiasms—so long will there be trouble and tragedy, and the Saxon will denounce the Celt as an impractical fool, and the Celt will revile the Teuton as a tyrant, seeking only to make every one like unto himself, and they will never agree because both are right. It was under the walls of Dunvegan Castle, long ago in my boyhood, that I met with an old old woman, Marsaly MacDonald by name, who had heard the story of the famous Lament from the lips of her who had composed the words that have ever been wedded to the tune. The tune is familiar wherever Celtic music is known and played, and much has been written about it; Sir Walter Scott himself tried his hand at a version often quoted—

"McLeod's wizard flag on the western wind sallies."

But it's all wrong. MacLeod's fairy flag is in the long drawing-room at Dunvegan, and its legend is a strange and wonderful one, uniting the traditions of the Western Isles with those of the Saracens, but that is another story; and the fairy flag never went with that ill-omened adventure. Also a western wind would carry them on to the rocks below Dunvegan; moreover, the words have no connection with the original Gaelic and will not go to the tune.

Under the walls of Dunvegan, said to be the oldest inhabited



house in Great Britain, and held by the MacLeods for over a thousand years, looking across the Loch to the lands of MacCrimmons, once the home and school of the MacCrimmons, the hereditary pipers of the MacLeods, whose fame will endure as long as the pipes are played and loved by Scotsmen, did old Marsaly tell me the story as she had heard it from her grand-aunt Sheila MacLeod, who in youth had been a bard of the clan and betrothed to Donald Ban MacCrimmon, the composer of the Lament. It was in the closing years of the eighteenth century that Marsaly, then a slip of a Highland girl, had nursed and tended her grand-aunt in her extreme old age, till on one lovely winter's day at sunset in January, 1788, she sat at the door of her cottage, and the second sight and the memory was on her, and she saw no more, the things of earth, and then she told the story of how the Lament was composed. I have written it down continuously, and tried to reproduce old Marsaly's words, but as a fact it was not so told, but with many breaks, and hesitations, and repetitions, and occasional lapses into the Gaelic. "I was chief of the bards," said Sheila, "and my sweetheart was Donald Ban MacCrimmon, the finest piper in all the Western Islands, whose fathers had been for generations the pipers of the MacLeods, but he was the best of them all.

"Ah! how we both rejoiced when tidings came from Moidart that our Prince had landed, and down in the sea cave Donald played to me the opening of the great pibroch that was to hail Charles Stuart king, with none but me and the waves and the gulls to hear. To be sure it was only the Urlar, the first statement of the grand theme, that he was to develop later. But he tried over a passage or two with those beautiful warbling notes that he could play so well. Ah me! Only in heaven will that pibroch be heard now. Our hearts were light; till, like a black cloud from Sguir na Gillian, news came that our Chief was mustering, not for the right, but for the Hanoverian usurper. Alas! that such a thing should ever be said of a MacLeod, that he should side with the Germans against our own people, and our royal house.

"There were hard words said, and my boy was wilder than any, for his heart was all for the Prince; for a moment he thought he would desert his Chief and join the Prince's standard—but, of course, that could not be; through honour and dishonour, in good and ill, life or death, the first duty of a clansman is to his Chief—and if the piper breaks faith, to whom shall his Chief look?

"'We sail to-morrow, lass,' he said, 'and I must play a pi-

broch, but not *ours*, Sheila, for that is all our own ; but I pray that I may die, for I cannot wish our Chief defeat, and I dare not wish him success, for his cause is evil. And I must play his march, but I shall die before either my Chief or my King gain the victory. But cherish the memory of my pibroch ; some day, perhaps, it will sound in your ears again.'

"So, early next morning, I heard great commotion, and saw the clansmen embarking, and I heard the rattle of chains as the galleys were unmoored, and I saw the Chief standing on the prow of the foremost boat, a noble figure, his eagle feather in his bonnet, and his plaid blown out behind him.' And beside the Chief was my lover, with the great pipes under his arm, the sun glinting on his brooch. I could see how he sent a full man's wind into his bag and started bravely into MacLeod's war march, but as he played the time and the notes changed in spite of himself, and the glorious fighting tune wailed away into a low lament. I saw how the Chief leaned on the bulwark, his head on his hand ; he seemed not to notice, as though shame had come over him.

"And I stood on the battlements with my harp, and caught the notes of that Lament as they sailed away, and then the spirit came over me, and I sang the words, just as they came to my heart ; I never composed them, and I never forgot them."

Then Marsaly in her quavering old voice sang the old Lament :

' Dh'iadh ceò nan stuc mu eudann Chuilinn,'

Which may be roughly Englished thus :

' On Coolin's face the mist is creeping ;  
The Banshee's wail is round us sweeping ;  
Blue eyes in Dun are dim with weeping ;  
Since thou art gone no more returning.  
No more ! No more ! No more returning !  
In peace or war, is he returning.  
Till dawns the great day—doom and burning,  
MacCrimmon is no more returning.'

"Never," so she continued Sheila's story—"Never was such a strange starting from Dunvegan—a Chief, depressed and gloomy, leading an unwilling clan to fight in the cause of a foreigner they loathed, against the Prince they loved better than life.

"Over the waters floated that weird Lament, as the galleys lessened in the distance, and ever I sang the burden that came with a prophetic note—

'MacLeod shall return, but MacCrimmon shall never.'"

"Dreary," said Sheila, "was the life at Dunvegan then, when all our men were gone, and never a skirl of the pipes nor the lilt

of a dance in the Hall or on the hillside broke the monotony for us women left behind, and weary were the days while we waited for news."

And here old Marsaly broke off with a promise to continue the next day. And on the following day, when I met her again, she resumed the story:—

"At last," said Sheila, "there came a boy, a cousin of my own, from Inverness, tired and half starved, with his brogues burst, and the plaid of him in holes, and he told us how our men marched into Inverness, where Lord Loudoun was in command, and MacCrimmon played them in, but ever the war march sounded like a coronach, and the Chief was heavy and despondent.

"And the boy told us how his sweetheart was the daughter of an innkeeper, and how among the tavern gossip she had heard tell that our Prince was at that moment alone and unguarded at Moy Hall, and Lord Loudoun was planning a midnight raid to surround the house and take him captive. Moreover, he ordered that the gates of Inverness should be closed, and none allowed to go out, lest warning should be carried to the Prince. But the girl, like a true Highland lass, loved the Prince, and she hated the redcoats and all their German friends. For, as you know, it was the Germans who were over-running all the country then, and wanting to make us subject to them. And so she bade my cousin (Rory MacLean was his name, from Mull) to get forth somehow and win to Moy, and warn them there of the intended raid. How he did it I know not—love teaches a boy many stratagems—but get forth he did, and fled as fast as his legs would carry him over the hills to Moy, and he told us how he beat on the door when all were abed, and Lady MacIntosh, who in her lord's absence had but a few serving men to guard the house, called to her Simon Fraser the blacksmith, and Simon said 'True hearts are the truest strength, my lady! and half a score of loyal Highlandmen on the moor on a dark night are worth more than an army of George's redcoats, and all their German friends into the bargain; confound all those who want to bring Germans into this country.'

"And with that he gathered all the men about the place, and my cousin Rory among them, and posted one here and one there, some two or three hundred yards apart, giving each a musket, and several rounds of powder and shot.

"It was a fearful night of rain and thunder, and as they watched, far far away down the Inverness road they heard the skirl of the pipes, and Rory knew it was MacCrimmon's playing,

for indeed no piper in the land could match him. He thought for a moment it was the loyal clans gathering to fight for our cause, for he knew not the madness that had seized our Chief. Yet he wondered, for ever and anon among the notes came the wail of the Lament—Cha till ! Cha till ! MacLeod shall return, but Mac-Crimmon shall never. And even as he wondered Simon Fraser discharged his musket, and shouted aloud 'Ho ! Camerons advance on the right !' and one of his comrades a hundred yards off fired and shouted 'MacDonnell of Keppoch, Forward !' Then several fired at once, and there were shouts of 'Stuarts of Appin, Take them on the flank ; Ho ! Lochiel, Lochiel !' and Rory fired his musket and shouted 'On, on, the MacLeans'—and our Chief was heading the company that stumbled blindly along the sodden road, and I shall always think that at that moment remorse seized him for the black baseness and treachery that was in his heart, for the men he had promised to the Prince, and whom he was now leading to an infamous betrayal of his faith and his honour. Or maybe for a moment his mind cleared and he saw plainly. But anyhow the panic caught him, and he cried out 'God save us ! The whole Highland army are on us,' and those near him caught the infection of fear, and turned to flee, and those behind took their fleeing comrades for the loyal clans, and they grappled with each other in the rain and the dark, while lightning flashes scarce showed them each other's faces and the pipes now wailed the weird Lament with no pretence of a war march, till they ended in a sudden skirl, for my boy, my lover, was shot through the lungs. Yet gathered he all his last strength, and blew all that remained of his breath into the bag, and out over the struggling frightened host of the faithless Whigs, and over the great burst of laughter of Simon Fraser and his comrades, there pealed a great pibroch. Only the opening bars of the Urlar, and Rory whistled it to me, and I knew it was *our* pibroch, and that my boy as he died had played the welcome of the royal race. Mad with the joy of seeing the Hanoverian army discomfited and defeated by half a score of Highlandmen standing firm for God and the right.

"And when the morning broke there lay he who was the light of my life, with his dear handsome face upturned to the morning sky, and his life-blood dyeing the heather to a deeper red—died as he prayed that he might die—and so Rory came to tell me, and the shadows fell on my life."

Here old Marsaly paused and sat for a moment deep in memory and meditation. "Over there," she said, "just where

that pine tree stands, was the cottage where we lived. There's not a stone of it left now. The Chief gave it rent free to my grand-aunt, and she had a comfortable provision for all her life. But she was the last of the bards of Dunvegan. And even the memory of them is lost now. But well I mind, even when she was in extreme old age, and blind, she would sometimes string her old harp again, and play the old tunes."

I queried if Sheila told any more of the life after all their hopes were perished.

"Aye, that she did. I mind well how she said to me: 'Since that time, Marsaly, I have been as you have known me—a broken old woman, living here in this whitewashed but and ben, watching the sun rise over the Coolins, watching the green water swirl and surge over the white stones far down below, and the green and red seaweed float upwards, or the dark, angry lashing of the waves in winter, and from time to time strange stories have come to me.

" 'I heard how Culloden was lost, how all the loyal clans were broken at dark Drum Mossie—and that there were traitors among us, and how our Prince was hunted like a fox through the glens with a price on his head. But though our men were often starving, yet, God be thanked! not one of all the Highlanders was base enough to betray him. We leave baseness and treachery to the Whig nobles, and cruelty and oppression to the Butcher Cumberland and his German hordes. But for all the wealth of mighty England I would not be with their souls.

" 'And then I heard how our Prince became a broken and degraded man—I know not—perhaps it was so—though God grant it were otherwise; but whatever befell the poor earthly shell that for a while held captive that noble royal spirit, to me and to all the loyal and true of the Highland race he was and ever will be our Prince, and our King, and I know that so sure as the Coolin hills stand unshaken by the blast the old race shall come again.' "

And after this, so Marsaly said, she was silent for a long time, lying back in her chair with the light of the sunset on her face, and her old blind eyes turned to the west across the sea, as if she were looking to Tir-nan-Oge, and then suddenly a great happiness seemed to come over her, and she spoke, almost as if chanting the words.

"Cha till! Cha till! I hear it again. Marsaly, what is this I see? I feel the light, and now I see it, as I have not seen it these many years. Child, where are you? I hear you, but I

cannot see you. It is not Dunvegan, nor the sea, nor the sunset. It is a bare room, a girl and a priest in Cardinal's robes. One lies dying. Ah, God! it is our Prince, our King, King Charles himself. Squalor and desolation. Forsaken by his friends. Only those two dear ones, faithful to the last, watching by the death-bed of the Lord's anointed.

"Cha till! Cha till! I hear the Lament wailing through the mean, narrow room, as it wailed from the pipes on that fatal day when the galleys sailed from Dunvegan.

"Now the room melts away; up in the sky I catch the gleam of the MacCrimmon tartan. Ah! There! there at last I see him, my boy beautiful and brave as when I saw him last, and now on my ears come swelling the grand cadence of *our* pibroch, as he played it in the cave by the sea, played now to welcome the soul of our Prince, as it rises in glory from the meanness and the squalor of earth.

"And from the great white light that issues from the Eternal Throne, there falls a beam of consecration upon the Lord's anointed, lighting up the endless serried ranks of the loyal clans, who wait to welcome him, and to breathe down on Scotland the eternal gracious promise, 'The night shall pass, and the shadows flee away, and our royal race shall yet return.'"

These were her last words. She died there, looking with sightless eyes away to the far-off land of Tir-nan-Oge, where she should join her lover again after the lapse of over forty years, and maybe realize her vision of her beloved Prince received into glory.

After Sheila died, Marsaly had married a Glasgow man, and had left the Islands, to which she only returned for a farewell visit in her old age, when I met her. Shortly after this she left for good, nor have I been able to find a trace of her since. But her story was well known at that time in the west, and I found one or two old men who remembered the fast of the bards of Dunvegan, living in the little whitewashed cottage looking over the loch towards Borreraig, and who could recall the story of her last vision.

I was staying at the time with my grand-uncle, Vice-Chancellor Stuart, and I showed him my pencil notes of old Marsaly's story. He told me that the tale had been well known about Ballachulish and the Stuart country in his own boyhood.

"Sheila was dead before I was born," he said. "I went to the High School in the year 1800. I think she died two years before I was born. But the old people at Ballachulish used to

talk of her, and many a time I have heard the story of her last vision. There is no doubt that she died almost to an hour at the same time with Prince Charles. She could not have known anything about the Prince, or his condition and surroundings, but she described them quite accurately. The account of the Lament is new to me. It must be true, for Sheila unquestionably composed the words. You should keep it carefully, and get it published some day. These old traditions should be preserved before we who know them have all passed away."

I inquired of him about the diction of the story as Marsaly had told it to me. Was it natural, considering the class of Sheila?

"Why not?" he said. "Sheila was a bard, a poet—I would almost have expected something even more flowery, and old Marsaly would cherish the words, and repeat them over and over to herself, till she knew them as well as she knows the paraphrase. Maybe she touched them up a little, but she wouldn't alter the sense. Nor, indeed, would she alter a word consciously. The words would be sacred. That is our Highland way."

I asked as to the account of the origin of the Lament, when the piper meant to compose a war march.

"Likely enough," was the answer. "Our great pipers don't compose. The emotion of the moment comes over them like an inspiration. Music to them is a language in which they tell their thoughts and feelings, or the thoughts and feelings that are put through them. That is the way that the so-called fairy music comes. It is never composed. The pipers say that when they sleep on the fairy knowes they hear the music, and when they wake they are able to remember and put it on the pipes, and so it is handed down from piper to piper, that is, the Urlar, the groundwork of the tune, the announcement of the theme; for the subsequent movements, the variations, are usually made according to rule, doubling and tripling the notes, and adding grace notes, and warble notes—these are the development which show the piper's technical skill, but not his inspiration."

"But he was composing a march——"

"He was composing nothing. He was just letting his emotions express themselves through the pipes. When he thought they were going out to fight for the Prince he was enthusiastic, and he heard the martial music. They would call it clairaudience now, I suppose—there's no word for it in the Highlands. But then he got the foreboding of disaster. This belongs to the 'sight,' and it could only be expressed in a Lament. Sheila caught it, too, and being a bard expressed it in words. There's nothing very

wonderful in this, or in her vision at the end, when you consider the devotion of the Highlanders to the cause of their old royal race, and their bitter hatred of the Germans. The knowledge of a death at the moment when it occurs is quite common in the Highlands, and, indeed, among all Celtic people. The idea of a future life in which all wrongs will be righted, would express itself as the final triumph of their royal race, and this would naturally colour the vision."

The old Vice-Chancellor, Celt of the Celts, and himself a member of the royal race, understood the psychology of the Celtic people in a way that the Teuton never can.

The death of Prince Charles, and the accuracy of Sheila's vision, is well known. The girl with him was his daughter by Clementina Walkinshaw, who remained with him to the end, and soothed his last days in Rome. His last act in his royal character was to create her Duchess of Albany, and pass an act for her legitimization, which was afterwards registered in the Chancellerie du Roi in Paris. The Cardinal, of course, was his brother, Cardinal York.

It seems strange that the compass of two lives can thus bridge the interval between our own day and the '45. But another example was furnished by Sir John Stuart himself, when he took me, then a boy, to see the graves of the clans at Culloeden, bidding me always to remember where our own people, the Stuarts of Appin, were laid. Naturally enough, I inquired how this was known, for there was nothing then to mark the place. He replied—

"The man told me who helped to put them in."

It was literally true. A lad of about fifteen, who had helped to bury the dead after Calloden, had, as an old man past seventy, told the story over again to my grand-uncle, then a school-boy, and had pointed out to him where each of the clansmen lay; they were identified by their tartans. And many other stories he told him of what he called the German occupation, and the brutality of the invaders—an old story now, and wellnigh forgotten, but the accounts of eye-witnesses read now almost as though they were written of Belgium six years ago, and remain a witness to the unchanging character of the Hun, and indicate what we might have experienced had the result of the late war been otherwise.

The Highlanders had not forgotten, and the men who went out to France rejoiced to get a bit of their own back. They knew they were fighting the same foe in the same cause as in the '45,



and some of my own people from Appin said to me before they went : " Perhaps if only Drummoissie had gone the other way, we might not have had to fight now."

In conclusion, the thought comes strongly that students would often do well to give some careful attention to the occultism of the Celtic West. They will find there a type of clairvoyance and clairaudience, somewhat narrow in range perhaps, but very marked, and frequently capable of the strictest verification ; powers of prediction, and powers of finding lost articles. Also a knowledge of the elemental kingdoms which is exceptional and exact. And all this strangely mixed and interwoven with the music of the race.

But the occultism of the Celt must be studied on his own conditions. Not for money, or to order, will the gifts be exercised. It were vain to try to impose test conditions. The Celt cares not a snap of the fingers whether you believe or not, neither will he be exploited. As well might you try to impose conditions on the throstle's song. If you want to hear it you must go to the wild bird's haunts, and wait in patience for the song. So, if you wish to know of the occult powers of the Celt, you must go and live beside him, and wait and watch for the manifestation that will surely come if you be in earnest, and a genuine seeker, and will come in a way that will leave no possible loophole for doubt. It is not his wish or interest to deceive you.

And here, it may be noted, that what is popularly known as spiritism has little to say in the Celtic West. True the spirits of the dead are all round, and are often seen, and sometimes they give warnings to the living, but they do not rap on tables, nor move ( uija and planchette toys, nor do they play poltergeist tricks with furniture. They are not constantly seeking to communicate banalities for a fee to a circle gathered round a table. But often the second-sighted seer in his lonely hut in the glen will receive a message of profound importance to the living, and given, or so he implicitly believes, by the spirit of some dead ancestor. But to know this you must live among the Celtic peoples, and gain their love and confidence. And I may personally record my conviction that it is well worth while.

# ASSOCIATION AND THE MYSTIC SENSE

By L. GRANT

MOST people at some time or other have been drawn back into the past by a particular scent. There is a subtle association between scents and various happenings, places or experiences. It is probable that nothing is quite so potent as the sense of smell in the recalling of the past.

The scent of white flowers for instance—the lily of the valley, the annunciation lily, seringa. How often has not a sudden stab at the heart been the consequence of the scent of these flowers. It is intimately connected with funerals.

You walk down your garden path on a summer's morning and bury your face in a rose. Instantly the mind is switched off to the memory of a certain dance, long ago, before a European war was even dreamt of. A particular queer damp mildewed smell whenever encountered has a mysterious connection with youthful games of hide and seek, and a delightful cellar where, strangely enough, no one ever thought of searching for you.

Does not the scent of mimosa caught perhaps in a dull London street call up a vision of sunshine? Will it not bring back the memory of a certain oasis upon the edge of the desert and trees weighed down with gold?

Upon a day in January, amid the roar of traffic, quite suddenly, one is transported to a wood. Kneeling amongst the flowers, with eager childish hands one is gathering blue bells. The sun is flickering through the branches; the birds are shouting joyously.

The subtle reason of this is, that a man has just passed along the road wheeling a barrow full of white and pink pot hyacinths.

Thus, by the association of scent, memories are charmed back from the past.

The association of memory and sound is perhaps less generally known; when experienced, it is equally powerful.

A place of residence may be changed; now the tramline passes your window, up and down the London street the car is going ceaselessly; all day and even for part of the night.

A tiresome sound it is. A disturbing one. Hopes fill your mind that one day you may grow accustomed to it. Yet there

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is something that is haunting in the sound ; something too that is not altogether unpleasant. Vague memories come and go of another street, a narrower one.

Suddenly comes light. Rome. The Via Babuino. The street which is so narrow that it is necessary to draw aside upon the pavement, in order to avoid being hit by the car as it passes. The bell clangs. There are the steps of the Piazza d'Espagna. Great baskets piled up with flowers. The house where Shelley lived.

Milan too. This sound of the London tram-bell will transport you suddenly to Milan. The car twists itself along, within sight of the Public Gardens, past the Colonnade. The sight bursts upon you of the glorious spires of the Cathedral piercing up into the blue.

So upon the darkest, foggiest, frostiest day, the spirit may be carried away to those sunny towns lying under an Italian sky. Not merely is it that you remember them—you are there !

There is a certain plaintive screeching made by the tram which will transport one to the sea. To a little Cornish seaport town, perhaps, and a holiday spent in a house almost overhanging the harbour, where the sea-gulls fly round and round close up to the windows uttering their strange cry—the cry which so resembles that peculiar noise sometimes made by the tram-car.

The more subtle the association the more haunting and pregnant when once it is captured.

The memories may be happy ones ; poignant indeed they are very likely to prove. It is true, a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things ! But nothing can rob us of the joy we have once had.

Is not this a greater truth ? A truth that goes farther and has a deeper significance than we can at present understand, for surely memory persists and continues.

Here and there a few already are in possession of a mystic and spiritual sense which in these days is rapidly being attained to, or perhaps recovered.

Those who have it are conscious of something which, for lack of a better word to describe it, may be called atmosphere. A spiritual atmosphere composed doubtless of vibrations unimaginably fine and delicate. Vibrations which may be caught only by those capable of responding to them.

This atmosphere surrounds and invests events and places and happenings. Each has its own peculiar atmosphere. An atmosphere no doubt peculiar also, though there is not at present any

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possibility of proving this to each separate person conscious of it.

It is not a question of detail. Detail with those persons who possess this spiritual sense rather tends to fade away and become lost.

May not this atmosphere be something which persists from one birth to another, from one life to another? May it not be the essence of life, even life itself? Is it not conceivably the secret of an indelible memory, giving that sensation familiar to some people of having known a person before, of having visited a place previously?

Rossetti as a poet had this mystic sense greatly developed. He was profoundly conscious of it and of what it meant. This it was which caused him to feel and exclaim:

I have been here before  
But when or how I cannot tell;  
I know the grass beyond the door  
The sweet keen smell  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

Scent and sound were both present with their subtle association.

Then later came sudden light, and memory was brought into consciousness.

You have been mine before,  
How long ago I may not know;  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

Is not this a mystical continuity of consciousness? Does not human personality persist? "Has this been thus before?" Is there not every reason for an assurance that thus it will happen again; and once more "time's eddying flight will still with our lives our love restore in death's despite"?

## 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 CHILD'S VISION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In these days following on the "Great Sorrow," when many long to know their loved ones live after the death of the body, the testimony of a little child, who knows nothing of occult things, may be a help. She, aged five, went, with her father, mother and brother, to see the flowers on the newly-made grave of her grandmother's devoted maid, and lingering a moment after they had left, troubled her parents on joining them by remaining silent and distraught, till late in the evening, when being asked what was the matter, refused to give any reason, and unlike herself cried hysterically. Later, when saying good-night to her mother, she said, "Mummie, I must tell you, when I was looking at the dillies [flowers] this afternoon, I saw Mitchell [the maid], but another Mitchell. She was all in white, and had no hat on, and she said, 'Tell Grannie I am coming to-night to speak to her.'"

The child's grandmother has been an automatic writer for some years, a fact well known to her departed maid, and she had been told she was being cared for and helped in the new life, but had had no direct message from her up to that time. On hearing of the child's experience, she tried and succeeded in getting into touch with her maid, and was comforted to learn from her of her continued love and devotion to her mistress, and her gratitude for all the care and attention she received during her illness, adding, "I showed myself to the child in the place where you had me laid."

Children are often clairvoyant and clairaudient, till so-called education blots out these powers, and I have no doubt my little niece did see the astral body of one who all her life had been devoted to children, and wished her mistress to know she was alive and happy, and had not forgotten the thirty-two years of close intercourse between mistress and maid.

Yours faithfully,  
"MEDLOCK."

### WATER FINDING.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In the OCCULT REVIEW for October I read with interest the article on Rhabdomancy by Mrs. Pogson and her explana-

tion of the cause of water-finding by certain people. A number of years ago a well was located on land belonging to my sister, and a friend being with me at the time, I mentioned it to her, and as she was well versed in the esoteric side of life, I asked her for the explanation—why a certain man, having no education, should be able to find water, when many men with high attainments failed to do so? And she answered me in few words—that this native belonged to the *watery triplicity*. By this she meant that he was born under a watery sign, and attracted it. This may be called superstition by some people; but it is highly scientific; following the law of vibration—and Like attracts Like.

Of course one must be sensitive, and water people are sensitive. The watery signs are Pisces, Cancer and Scorpio, and these people are often psychic without in the least understanding the fact.

Yours truly,

M. B. W.

DETROIT.

### THE SCIENCE OF DREAMS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—With reference to your very appropriate leading article drawing attention to the absurdities of psycho-analysis, which may easily mislead the lay-mind, I would like to say that to understand exactly how we “dream” one must first understand the construction or make-up of the human personality—i.e. the human form which the ego (very commonly and somewhat loosely called the soul) uses in order to “live” in the physical, emotional and mental states of consciousness. The personality is triune—the physical form which we all know of, its counterpart in finer matter, sometimes called the astral body, through and by which we express our desires and emotions, and a third sheath or body of finer matter still, through which the consciousness expresses itself as mind. Now when the physical body is asleep the ego, or human consciousness, leaves it, and still having the human form, very often spends its time according to its desires and current emotions, though in very many cases it simply loiters about in the immediate neighbourhood of its sleeping physical form. In certain instances the physical brain is sufficiently evolved, or even trained to record or “bring through” quite correctly what the person does while “out of the body,” and hence we sometimes get quite clear, sensible or adventurous dreams. Generally, however, the physical form is surrounded by what are technically termed “thought forms” either of the sleeper himself, or of those with whom he is associated, so that a confused and perhaps ridiculous physical recollection of the dream alone survives in the waking consciousness. Thirdly, in the case of those who have no particularly brilliant consciousness apart from the physical body, confused and absurd memories alone result.

Lastly, the psychologists seem a little mixed as to the states of consciousness. With regard to the human personality, there are three

main states: (1) the conscious (i.e. physical consciousness); (2) the subconscious, and (3) the superconscious. The first does NOT mean a conscious MENTAL life, but includes among moderately evolved people ordinary physical, emotional and mental awareness, as reflected through the physical body. The subconsciousness ("soul" or mind, it has been rather confusedly termed) is aware of all transitory things, past, present and future, while the superconsciousness relates solely to the experiences of mystics.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

### ST. PAUL AND SEXUAL RELATIONS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In the "Notes of the Month" for January—always most interesting—I venture to suggest a variation from your view as to St. Paul and sexual relations.

In St. Paul's time there was very general expectation of the early coming of Christ. As His Coming would introduce spiritual life it would render unnecessary all *human appetite*. Especially, sexual connection would no longer be necessary, as acts on the part of humanity to keep the race in existence would be unnecessary. This was why St. Paul gave such high place to chastity. But even as to chastity he compromised: he justified marriage.

I think most of us will agree with all you have written as to Freud. Great as is the debt due to him from science, he libels humanity in giving such importance to sexual desire. Amongst barbarians the sexual is no stronger than the other normal appetites. It is civilization, misdirected by dogmatic forms of religion, which has made the sexual appetite so strong and of such *social* importance. There is always action and reaction. By false repression the *reaction* of the appetite has increased, till it is now abnormally great. Even as things are, the great majority of our people live morally as married men and women and so are untroubled by sexual passion. The curse of prostitution results from a demand on the part of men because the social state is such that they cannot afford to marry; it is the *res angusta domi* which stands in their way. Prostitution is unknown amongst barbarians. Perhaps the strangest vagary of dogmatic forms of religion is that they treat women, *not men*, as guilty of the sin of prostitution—ignore the demand, damn the supply.

Walk the streets of any great town at night: enter any place of amusement: visit even a dance of the "hupper sukkles"; read any story in any magazine. What god is worshipped, flagrantly or under camouflage? The god of sexuality. I deny that this worship is natural to man or woman; it results from unnatural repression. In a sound state of society we might approach, if we could not quite attain, the chastity of barbarians.

Even if we introduced "that natural unfettered relationship and companionship between the two sexes which, of all things, is most essential and most conducive to a rational and healthy life," could things be worse? When we bear in mind, as Westermarck has told us, that man is naturally a monogamist, might they not even be better?

Yours faithfully,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

### THE POWER OF A CURSE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—As several of your readers are asking how to evade the power of a curse, a few words relating to its sway may not come amiss.

The power of the curse, as in all powers of the spirit, lies within ourselves. It is to this "within" we must look, rather than to the inner power of the operator.

To put the matter more clearly, the operator of the curse can only curse by using some disintegrating power already in the person to be cursed, and hastening its work upon him. A fair simile is that of a whirlpool. No person can ever create a whirlpool within another; but if the possibility of a whirlpool be there, the owner can be pushed into his own vortex.

Certain elements in ourselves make for disintegration and can be hastened into a whirlpool. The nourishing of any such force opens gates to the enemy without, who otherwise could not possibly enter. "Let not the sun go down on your wrath." Too long these and other wise words have been looked upon as a kind of sentimental advice, instead of being the key to health and life. The swiftest way to render void the power of a curse is to bless the one who is cursing. To say to the object upon which unpleasant power is concentrated: "'Cleanse thou me of my secret faults.' Expose them to myself." Happily such is the power of good that an earnest endeavour towards it, allied with evening uplift of soul to its Maker and Source, suffices to secure our steps in the way of Peace. Evil spirits lose dominion over us.

Strange new power wells up within the "strong man, keeping his own house." He can help and save those erring spirits, who in darkness and suffering pit their feeble strength against him.

Yours faithfully,

HELEN M. BOULNOIS.

### FREUDIAN FANTASIES.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—May I say that I have read your criticism in "Notes of the Month," on the Freudian system of psycho-analysis with much interest and entirely agree with your view of it. I had Freud's book



to review, and thought it morbid and unwholesome. As a medical man here with whom I discussed it said: "Only the German mind could have formulated such a theory." It is, too, as you say, entirely opposed to the gospel needed for the future, that of freedom and fuller expression of life. What is so much wanted is a purer, higher ideal and more wholesome outlook on life as *it is*, to prepare the way for the next step in the spiral way, and few seem to see this, or to realize that there is "no way to reach the King's Chamber save by the way of the outer rooms and galleries," and that it is *through* the lowly usages and channels of our common life that the way of approach must be cleansed and prepared.

Yours faithfully,

L. A. ADAMS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—As an amateur student of psychology I have read with interest the letter of a Mr. Julian Ralph in the OCCULT REVIEW for February. I have been impressed by its air of studied reticence and gentlemanly modesty. Its writer is evidently a person of vast erudition, for if, very properly, he does not say so, one cannot but feel it, and I am sure he will excuse me if in all humility I address a couple of questions to him, trusting that the unnamed friend of his who keeps him *au fait* with matters in magazines otherwise (I presume) beneath his notice, will again exercise his kindly function.

First: having waded through the wonderful terminology, I eventually ask myself, and him—*what is a dream?* What exactly *is* it? I do not ask for mere suppositions, for evidently Mr. Ralph soars intellectually far above that low ground. It is true that the wisdom of the ancient world affords us (or professes to do so) much real information on the matter, and that it appears to disagree to a singular extent with most of Mr. Ralph's remarks. But what of that? Here, evidently is the Sun of Knowledge willing, even anxious, to lighten our darkness. Shine, we beseech thee!

Secondly: what precisely are Dr. Freud's qualifications for instructing the world in that aspect of psychology which, notoriously, has attracted the attention of the acutest minds from the time of Joseph (and before even him) to this moment—*viz.*, the dreaming of dreams? I can understand a medical man in his spare time modestly speculating on this fascinating subject—or how to grow onions successfully, as the case may be. But in view of the contents of Mr. Ralph's letter, the case is manifestly otherwise. This is no shy German medico propounding hypotheses: far from it. What Yoga-training has the man gone through? How many years has his Guru instructed him? What evidence is there that he is better qualified than other men to *instruct* on the matter? What is his relation to his prede-

cessors of the ancient world? These be fair and reasonable questions in view of the light in which Mr. Ralph has thought fit to show us Dr. Freud. I trust Mr. Ralph will meet them; his replies—if adequate—should prove of surpassing interest.

Faithfully yours,  
C. H. COLLINGS.

“SOME THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—*Re* the above simple, good and logical article on “Prayer,” to which, although very comprehensive and wonderfully instructive, nevertheless I am of the opinion, something further explanatory could have been added. Dr. Power, after giving a lengthy exposition as to “what is meant by prayer,” surprisingly does not give that wonderful definition of Emerson’s—*a going out of the undersoul to the great Oversoul*—which conveys more meaning than volumes of erudite commentary on the thing. I do not think that there is a better explanation of prayer anywhere, than that which is contained in these few simple words of the eminent American.

The occult school maintain that, in the repetition of “The Lord’s Prayer,” one prays for everything: from the praising of God, to the earnest desire for the health and well-being of the spirit, soul and body. An able exposition of this is made in a book, *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, to which I recommend the attention of those that are interested. Like many prayers and mantras, it has been constructed by the power of the spiritual adept: the words producing harmonious vibrations which are conducive to the good and benefit of the theme of the petition. And it is thus ancient rituals and prayers have survived, owing to the efficacy they have in the *Astral Light*; and setting up peaceful and soothing conditions in the soul of the supplicant: each word having been weighed in the spiritual balance of the seer and mystic who has constructed them. Hunekar tells in one of his essays, *re* the Symbolist-school of fiction in France, that many of the members conned over and repeated words before selecting them in writing; and that they believed in the colour of words. Flaubert said the colour of the word “Salaambo” was deep purple. This statement may help the further understanding of the ancient form of prayer being preserved through the ages; words being powers in the doctrine of the spiritual brotherhoods: for every society of this cult had their “signs of power” and “words of power,” a fact which is familiar to the exoteric world through the making of the “Sign of the Cross,” and the pronouncing of the words, “In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.” And so in prayer, real and efficacious, the kneeling is the “sign,” and the prayer the “word.” I am sure Dr. Power knows all this, or ought

to know ; and it is not in the spirit of a Gamaliel that I write these remarks, but merely to further establish the truth of "Some Thoughts on Prayer" to those who "stand without the gates," and to bring home the reality of the beauty of the article which has given thousands, I believe, as well as myself, pleasure to read.

I remain, yours sincerely,

JAMES HARVEY, F.T.S.

### WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Miss Dallas's very interesting articles make me wish for a new and better understanding in the public mind of what the word "Spiritualism" means. Much of what Miss Dallas says seems to me to be pure occultism and to have no connection with the word spiritualism, which is now a dictionary word defined as meaning the practice of table turning and raps. These movements and noises being believed by those who are interested in them to be caused by disembodied human spirits, they claim the beautiful word spiritualism, which must be surrendered to them. No proof exists that such noises and movements are caused by the spirits of friends who have left this life ; the teaching of occultism from the far-past, from Sanskrit and Persian sources, is that they are caused by non-human invisible beings. These beings dwell on the earth and would nowadays probably be considered four-dimensional. In four dimensions it is easy to read thoughts, to look into the past and the future and to pass through matter or manipulate matter. All the phenomena of a dark séance, all the most wonderful "tests" given to bereaved friends, can be accounted for by the powers and actions of these "spooks."

The knowledge that life, memory and individuality are indestructible is a part of occultism, the consciousness that those who have gone on to other states of existence watch the development of those left behind is so also. That consciousness means an awakening of the higher nature hidden within man ; the contact between the two who are separated can only be on a plane on which the one gone before is conscious, and certainly that is not in the physical. Thus is death the great teacher, as grief leads men into the higher states where they can meet those they have lost.

"Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost." What I wish is, that Miss Dallas would call herself an occultist, for that is what she is.

Faithfully yours,

MABEL COLLINS.

["Mabel Collins" seems to me to take a very narrow view of the meaning of the word Spiritualism.—Ed.]

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

WE have received an official communication of exceptional interest from the Grand Master and President of the Supreme Council ruling the Order of Martinism—otherwise *L'Ordre Martiniste*—the headquarters of which are now at Lyons. We are enabled by its mediation to clear up a number of points which have been doubtful heretofore and to correct one inference drawn from various reports which have appeared in the occult press of Paris. The letter, in the autograph of the Grand Master, is accompanied by official printed documents, and the facts furnished may be summarized in a succinct form as follows. (1) The Order of Martinism did not suffer actual dissolution or complete suspension during the Great War. (2) The International Supreme Council continued to function in the persons of the Sovereign Delegates and Delegates in the *Entente* and neutral Countries, all communication being suspended, however, with the Central Empires and their allies. (3) On the death of the Grand Master, Dr. Gérard Encausse—i.e., Dr. Papus—M. Charles Jean Détré, who is well known in French occult literature under the pen-name of Teder, was elected in succession, the same being ratified subsequently by the Sovereign Delegates of England, Italy, America and other Allied Countries. (4) On September 25, 1918, M. Détré died in his turn, having designated M. Jean Bricaud as his successor. (5) After the armistice the Sovereign Delegates and Delegates-General of the Central Empires, Poland, Russia, etc., were advised of the events which had taken place between 1914 and 1918; relations were resumed; the "Universal Supreme Council" of the Order was re-established, and M. Bricaud was recognized as Grand Master General. (6) In January, 1920, the official Bulletin of the Order, under the title of *Annales Initiatiques*, was established at Lyons and has appeared quarterly from that date, being now in its fifth number.

So far as regards the communication received from M. Bricaud, and in respect of the printed documents which accompany it, they include (1) under date of November 28, 1916, an account of the circumstances connected with the lamented death of Gérard Encausse, "a victim of duty and devotion" as a doctor at the front with the French army; (2) particulars concerning the election of M. Détré; (3) under date of January 11, 1917, the formal announcement of a concordat renewed between the Supreme Council of the Martinist Order, then resident at Paris, and "the High Synod" of the Universal Gnostic Church, having its headquarters at Lyons; (4) according to which—and by desire of Gérard Encausse—the latter was proclaimed as the official Church of Martinism; (5) under date of September 29, 1918, a circular reporting the decease of M. Détré, with a memorial of his life in brief and a note on the succession of M. Bricaud, who is now, as already indicated, the Supreme Head—duly nominated, elected and proclaimed by the whole Order. Like M. Détré himself,

Jean Bricaud is a writer on several occult subjects, on Mysticism at the Court of Russia, on Huysmans as an occultist and magician, and on prophecies in connection with the War. It must be added that he is the "Sovereign Patriarch" of the Gnostic Church, so that the two institutions are now bound together, not only by the alliance of a concordat but in virtue of unity of headship. As regards the Church in question, very little is known concerning it in England or of the circumstances under which it arose. It was in evidence at the time of the Leo Taxil scandals, in connection with the name of Jules Doinel, so that it has been in existence for over thirty years and was once counted among *les petits religions de Paris*. It possesses an occult hierarchy, and so also does Martinism on its own part, for in the official document of November 28, 1916, it is said that M. Détré was the *dépositaire providentiel* of "the Martinist secret, communicated by the Invisible" to the deceased Gérard Encausse. He passed it on no doubt to his successor, M. Jean Bricaud, who would thus obtain his title antecedent to the fact of election.

The information before us throws some light on the question of rival obediences, though not on the relations—if any—between the Martinistic Order at Lyons and that Association of the Friends of Saint-Martin, to which we referred in our January issue—on the authority of *Eon*—and which is said to hold some of the archives. It is silent also as to the Martinistic status of the Friends of St. Yves and Papus, mentioned some time since in the pages of *Le Voile d'Isis*. The *dossier* before us includes the issues of *Les Annales Initiatiques*, of which a single example was noticed in our February number. It is stated in one of them that former Presidents of Lodges are seeking to establish new organizations claiming to incorporate or reform Martinism, and are constituting themselves Grand Masters. We have to thank our independent and impartial friend *Le Voile d'Isis* for particulars of one body of the kind, namely, *L'Ordre Martiniste et Synarchique*, the Sovereign Grand Master of which is M. Victor Blanchard. In the same issue M. Bricaud states that the sole Martinistic Lodge recognized as regular by the Supreme Council at Lyons is called Jerusalem of the Egyptian Valleys. On the other hand, M. Blanchard holds precisely the same ill-starred Masonic titles—deriving from Memphis, Mizraim, Cerneauism and other disallowed sources—to which we have adverted on one previous occasion as included in Martinistic activities and represented by *Annales Initiatiques*. Wherever these things have appeared they have sown seeds of contention, disunion and rivalry: it would seem that they are following the same course on the present occasion, added to which we should have thought that the removal of headquarters from Paris to Lyons was a removal from the centre in chief of French occult activities and interests.

*The Psychological Research Quarterly* has several notable papers, the most striking of which is that of Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove on Mathe-

matics and Psychical Research. It affirms that while some facts "brought to light by psychical research may be adequately explained in terms of the already-known forces of Nature *plus* human credulity and human deceptiveness, and many more in terms of the theory of subconsciousness, the spiritualistic hypothesis alone is capable of embracing the whole." That is a view which seems to represent a moderate and reasonable conclusion from an unbiassed survey of the subject and its ever expanding field of evidence. Dr. J. Paterson-Smith—who carries certain valid warrants because he is a man of imagination—proposes to place Spiritism in its proper subordinate position in respect of "that higher 'Spiritualism' which Christianity reveals and which ought to be known and is not known as it should be by the people of a Christian land." It is concluded that Christianity has a Spiritualism worth the teaching, namely, "that high Spiritualism to which the best efforts" of the later cult are comparable to those of a child who is learning his alphabet. Mr. J. Arthur Hill offers some further evidence of discarnate agency, and in a short study of vital energy and psychical phenomena Mr. Hereward Carrington extends the William James "transmission theory of consciousness" to "the whole of our life and energies."

*The Harbinger of Light* continues to report the almost triumphal progress of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle through the great cities of Australasia. We have heard already of his meetings at Melbourne, and the last issues describe others at Sydney. Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin have been visited since, but the particulars are not yet to hand. . . . *Papyrus* has a good article on prehistoric buildings in the New World—that is to say, in Peru and Mexico. It is said that wherever the traveller may journey in Northern, Central or Southern America he is impressed with "the magnitude of architectural relics" belonging to bygone ages. As regards those of Peru we are told that no greater mistake can be made than to suppose that they belong to the times of the Incas, a certain Temple of the Sun at Cuzco being perhaps the only exception among important structures. The origin of the others was unknown to Peruvians at the time of the Spanish conquest. We note with regret that this interesting magazine may suspend publication with the present issue, owing to want of support. It is the official organ of the Theosophical Society in Egypt and appears at Cairo. . . . The leading article of *Ultra*, in the last issue to hand, gives an extended account of the Quest Society under the auspices of Mr. G. R. S. Mead, of its vice-presidents and its important lecture-work. . . . In *Theosophy*, of Los Angeles, the section concerning the early history of the movement begins an account of the circumstances under which Miss Mabel Collins retired from the co-editorship of *Lucifer* in 1889. There is also much commentary on the personality and proceedings of Professor Elliott Coues. It is possible that the author of *Light on the Path*, who—as appears from *The Messenger* of Chicago—is living in

retirement in Gloucestershire, may have something to say on the subject when the story comes to an end. Meanwhile the motto of *Theosophy* should be *Aut Judex, aut nihil*; it has one pontiff and only one saint, on the American side of its hierarchy. . . . We should have imagined that a magazine under the title of *New Thought* would have appeared long since and done well across the Atlantic, but such an enterprise has been deferred till the close of last year, and the place of birth is Chicago. The contents are at present somewhat slight and scrappy, for it is pre-eminently on the popular side, as evidenced by its monthly cartoons. But it has treated us to one piece of amazing candour which should be registered in its favour—namely, that in the opinion of its editor, Mr. Sydney B. Flower, "there is not a word, or a thought, or a sentiment . . . in all the *New Thought* literature . . . which was not first and better said by Ralph Waldo Emerson." That is a clear issue, but in the three numbers before us there is otherwise no word on the great American Seer.

The February issue of *The Builder* is one of the most interesting which we remember in recent times. Mr. Dudley Wright's paper on Woman and Freemasonry introduces us to several initiated ladies, real and alleged, belonging to the historical past, outside those which are known by name to every one. There is also a scholarly study of Mormonism in connection with Masonry, *circa* 1840. We learn in fine from the correspondence columns that the French Grand Orient and Grand Lodge of France have combined to contradict a report which has been circulated widely through the English press and elsewhere, and to which we adverted at the time, namely, that one or other of these Bodies had decided—by a majority in council—to propose the admission of women at a forthcoming international conference. The question is affirmed to be still a matter for deliberation, meaning that it is all in the clouds. . . . *The Quarterly Bulletin* of the Grand Lodge of Iowa gives account of work accomplished within the jurisdiction and of many activities beyond it, together, with some excellent articles of a general kind on the Masonic subject. . . . *The New Age* discusses Freemasonry in its relation to law and business, the Brethren of the Rosy Cross in connection with the Speculative Order, and the True Temple, understood in the true sense, or as the vehicle of soul and spirit, in its contrast to Hiramite and Solomonic myths, as these are understood commonly within the bonds of the Brotherhood. . . . *The Freemason* draws attention to a lecture given recently by a priest of the Latin Church, to the Catholic Society of Liverpool University, on the Catholic Church and Freemasonry. Among other manifest inventions it was affirmed that Royal Freemasons—"who are merely figure-heads"—do not pass through the ceremonies of initiation. This is specifically and notoriously untrue; but why is it that Roman apologists, who are neither ridiculous nor ill-informed on other subjects, make fools of themselves and their audience when they discuss the greatest of the Secret Orders?



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- PSYCHIC STRUCTURES AT THE GOLIGHER CIRCLE. By Dr. J. Crawford. Demy 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. net.  
THE TWO CREATION STORIES IN GENESIS. By J. S. Forrester-Brown. Demy 8vo. Price 12s. 6d. net.

## REVIEWS

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BEHAVIOUR. By Dr. Elizabeth Severn. London: Stanley Paul & Co., 31 Essex Street, Strand, W.C. Price 8s. 6d. net.

DR. ELIZABETH SEVERN, who is well known as one of the most successful exponents and practitioners of Psycho-therapy, presents in her new work, *The Psychology of Behaviour*, a systematized, practical psychology for actual use in daily life. She emphasizes the discovery of modern Psychology that character and mentality are plastic things capable of an indefinite modification.

Dr. Severn rightly points out that thought is an etheric mode of motion, possessing definite and concrete attributes and effects. There is in truth but one consciousness though there are many degrees of realization. In an illuminating passage, the writer describes feeling as unconscious thought. The feelings are rooted in our unconscious life and form much the most vital part of our mental organism. "As soon as one becomes really conscious of feeling, it rises into the realm of the Intellect and is there recognized and linked with the Will." Similarly, the intuition is regarded as emanating from a realm of unconscious perception. Genius is described as "an uprush of the greatly extended powers of the subconsciousness"; the greatness of great men lies in their ability to open the doors and to function freely from the depths of their being. But Dr. Severn warns the ignorant that these powers lurking in the recesses of our subconscious life are so great as to make the man their servant rather than their master, "since few of us are strong enough to even dare peer over the edges into these magnificent abysses within, to say nothing of allowing them to sweep us on and up to great achievements." In an important chapter Dr. Severn asserts that the will must be *positive, concentrated and unified*. There is also a valuable chapter on Sex. The author considers that a free interchange of social pleasures is essential to any degree of emotional balance, and that the alleged dangers lying in these associations are little enough in comparison to the richness to be gained through the added variety and freedom. For this reason, the hedge drawn round married life is inimical to the welfare of society. When true comradeship between the sexes is reached, "men will cease their *patronage* of women, and women will cease their machinations for the enmeshing of men." At the base of all love-attractions and attachment, as Dr. Severn shows, lies the unconscious *search for an ideal*, the quest of each soul for its fulfilment and completion in life. And we long so much to personalize our ideal that "we forget that no human being can be perfect enough to fulfil it."

*The Psychology of Behaviour* is a very stimulating and suggestive work, and contains much valuable advice for the benefit of all those whose motto is *Superna Sequor*.

MEREDITH STARR.

NATURE-SPIRITS AND THE SPIRITS OF THE ELEMENTS. By D. N. Dunlop. 7¼ ins. × 4¾ ins., pp. 36. London: Theosophical Publishing House, 9 St. Martin's Street, W.C.2. Price (paper cover) 1s. net.

THIS little book contains the Blavatsky lecture, No. 3, delivered at the Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales this year. Mr. Dunlop has chosen a fascinating theme, but the task of putting new wine into old bottles is by no means easy to achieve satisfactorily, and particularly does it seem difficult to justify the old-time belief in nature-spirits and elementals to modern thought. Moreover, Mr. Dunlop is surely in error when he writes of gold as being "the blending in right proportion of silver, copper, tin, iron, lead and mercury." This is neither true in fact, nor was it the view held by the alchemists. On the other hand, it has to be admitted that science as such is entirely indifferent as to the ultimate nature of the forces with which she deals. We may—if we so please—regard them as being in a manner spiritual entities, or we may not. The battle between the materialist and the spiritualist must be fought out in the metaphysical realm. For an adequate and interesting summary of the Blavatskian view of nature, a synthesis of old-time occultism, the student must be grateful to Mr. Dunlop.

H. S. REDGROVE.

YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS AND HOW TO DEVELOP THEM. By Hereward Carrington, Ph.D. 7¾ in. × 5¼ in., pp. xx + 358. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C.4. Price 12s. 6d. net.

IN the preface to this book Dr. Carrington writes: "The present work does not necessarily represent *my own views* in all respects, but rather the *teachings* which are generally accepted regarding the facts. That is to say, I have merely endeavoured to state the traditional and accepted theories, without in all cases endorsing these views myself." This statement does not lighten the critic's task, and, in view of it, it is somewhat difficult to put the right value upon the book. Dr. Carrington's researches in the realm of spiritualism have gained for him the position of one whose words are worthy of the respect of all serious students. But concerning the value of traditional teachings I do not feel so certain. Traditional views, in other departments of inquiry, have so often proved fallacious that one is inclined to be somewhat sceptical of their truth, and I for one should have valued the present work far more highly had Dr. Carrington developed it solely on the basis of his own researches rather than that of tradition. But at the same time, of course, a work such as this, which covers the whole range of psychic phenomena, is of considerable utility to the student, and naturally Dr. Carrington has embodied in it the fruits of his own researches, though unfortunately it does not seem possible from the book itself to tell when he is writing from experience and when merely from tradition. The fact that it is essentially a *sober* book must be recorded as one of its outstanding good points. The student is cordially invited to undertake the task of developing mediumistic and other psychic potentialities, but he is frankly warned of the dangers and advised how to avoid them. He is warned, too, against the folly of rushing to the spiritistic hypothesis for the explanation of the least seemingly abnormal

phenomenon that may occur to him. In this connection the chapter dealing with the subconscious appears to me to be particularly valuable. There is also a very interesting chapter pointing out the possible difficulties of communication that may be met with by those on the other side. There appears to be some contradiction between the statements on pages 29 and 125 concerning the possibility of one person influencing another against the latter's will, but otherwise the book has the merit of self-consistency, and is less dogmatic in tone than one might fear it would be from Dr. Carrington's preface.

H. S. REDGROVE.

A HOUSE OF WORDS. By Clifford Bax. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.  
Pp. 55. Price 5s. net.

It is to be feared that Mr. Bax's new book will prove disappointing to many of his readers, who, having happy recollections of his earlier poems, will look for a further flowering of the same style and spirit in these pages—and look in vain. Phases of barrenness and disillusionment have to be endured by all poetic natures, but it is a wise instinct which counsels them, as a rule, to refrain from publishing the results of such experience. Mr. Bax's muse seems, if not to have actually deserted him, at any rate to have descended to a lower level than that reached in his *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical*. He is, apparently, trying to be "modern," and though he attains some measure of success in a bizarre style now and then, we feel regretfully that there are many—too many—others who can do this kind of thing effectively, and that Mr. Bax's true line of expression lies in quite a different direction. In "Retrospect" he seems to suggest that all his early work was a failure, but, if a well-worn quotation may be forgiven, we are impelled to remind him "how oft high failure overleaps the pound of low success," and to express a hope that his future work will hold more of that enduring beauty, that mystic depth, which we feel justified in expecting from the poet who wrote "The School of Plato," "The Blue Sea," and other things of equal loveliness.

E. M. M.

AMETHYSTS. By David Boardman Jones. London: Elkin Mathews.  
Pp. xx + 223. Price 7s. 6d. net.

"ONE might as well rant against Lister as against Mrs. Grundy." This sentence is indicative of the shrewdness of an essayist who is heartily in favour of ideality in sex-relationships. The typical "Scorpio" man, a long way from the "regeneration" which Alan Leo considered to be the inner meaning of that sign, will certainly not like this book. Mr. Jones, however, is a polished writer with a hard military experience as a soldier in East Africa behind him; and when we hear him saying, "Lust is light, though it be 'hell's own blue tint,'" we realize that his thoughts do not come out of a head like a cherub's which has no communication with the seat of the appetite ruled by Scorpio. No, he is a man, and appeals to one's virile intelligence. "On the Holy Grail," "On Spirals," "On Articulation," "On Illumination": these are the titles of a few of his twenty-five essays. He believes in the efficacy of Christian Science; but it is proper to regard his book as just a series of dulcet efforts to fix the attention of the reader on goodness or to lure him into good moods. Such a book as this might be very useful as a present to an adolescent not yet spellbound by any Circe.

W. H. CHESSON.

AN EASTERN TRILOGY. *Persian Tales*. Translated by D. L. R. Lorimer and E. O. Lorimer. London: Macmillan. Price 20s. net.

A COLLECTION of folk-tales is always valuable to the student of the occult. The present collection will appeal both to children and scholars by reason of its great simplicity of diction and its dainty illustrations by Miss Hilda Roberts. The elements of occultism underlie many of the stories. There is the usual metamorphosis into bird or beast shape beloved of Greece, Egypt and India. There is the magic serpent and the marriage of a mortal to a spirit-being, familiarized to us by Wales and the Undine legend. Perhaps the Div in his bottle alone is a peculiarly Persian feature. Nini Tanak, the half-boy who was born from half an apple, however, belongs to the school of universalized mystery and magic. He is that soul-transmigratory being who lives in the Egyptian papyrus of "The Brothers," wherein one brother dwelt in "the topmost blossom of a chestnut tree." He is Momotaro or Little Peachling in Japan, the red fruit which foreran the birth of the Chinese Confucius, and the Thumbling of the Norse. "The House that Jack Built," which is also of remote origin and has its version in a Hebrew festival prayer, is here represented by "The Sad Tale of the Mouse's Tail." The Egyptians were right in regarding children as oracles and mouthpieces of the wisdom of Isis, for verily truth was born in the childhood and dawn of our world.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SOUL. By the Author of "The Golden Fountain." London: John Watkins. Pp. 125. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THERE is much true wisdom, the outcome of genuine experience, in the pages of this little book, whose aim is to provide an answer to the question: "By what means shall the ordinary man and woman, living the usual everyday life, whether of work or of leisure, find God?" The writer himself (or herself?) has undoubtedly found the answer to that question, and very beautiful are many of the thoughts, very wise much of the advice, offered here to those who are still seeking without having found. One is conscious of a close affinity with the spirit of St. Thomas à Kempis, whose *Imitation* must surely have played a part in the life-history of this modern mystic. Says the one, speaking of "holy love"—

"It rides upon great wings, it burns like a devouring fire, it makes nothing of Space and comes before Him like the lightnings, saying, 'Here am I,' and gathering all things, all loves into itself, pours them out at the feet of God."

And the other:—

"Though wearied, it is not tired; though pressed, it is not straitened; though alarmed, it is not confounded; but as a lively flame and burning torch it forceth its way upwards, and securely passeth through all."

Many other parallels might be quoted, but they are parallels, not imitations; for the author of this book writes from the heart, and his knowledge is not the knowledge gained from reading the written experiences of others. The section headed "Of Blessing God" contains an interesting and beautiful dialogue between the soul and the creature, and those on Church ceremonials and the three stages of God-consciousness are full of thoughts that are inspiring and suggestive, though, of course not every reader will be in complete agreement with them.

The writer distinguishes between the Personal and the Universal Christ, and holds the knowledge of the latter to be only a stage on the journey towards "that divine garden of the soul in which God seems to slip His hand under our restless anxious heart, and lift it high into a place of safety and repose."

E. M. M.

**THE FABRIC OF DREAMS.** Dream Lore and Dream Interpretation, Ancient and Modern. By Katherine Taylor Craig. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. Pp. 380. Price 10s. 6d. net.

GREAT is the fascination of dreams, and from the earliest ages man has concerned himself with the endeavour to interpret them. Even to-day it would be hard to find a human being who does not take some interest in his own dreams and their possible meaning; consequently Mrs. Craig's new book is sure to attract large numbers of readers. She does not uphold any special theory, ancient or modern, psychic or scientific, but rather attempts to give an impartial survey of all alike, having gathered together a mass of information which, if somewhat "scrappy" in effect, undoubtedly presents many interesting features and affords considerable food for thought. Beginning with a fairly comprehensive study of historical, Biblical and legendary dreams, Mrs. Craig leads up to famous dreamers of modern times, such as, for instance, Schleyer, the inventor of Volapük, who, when almost in despair over the apparent impossibility of his scheme, saw one night the whole plan of his "universal language" presented to him in a dream; and Elias Howe, who likewise solved the problem of threading the needle in a sewing-machine, while dreaming. Many remarkable instances of prophetic dreams are given, and to these no doubt every reader will be able to add more from his own personal experience.

The theories of Freud, Jung and other psycho-analysts receive due consideration, though it is remarked with some truth that "undesirable standards and dubious symbols have been established in good faith by scientific dream interpreters, who seem in many cases to lack discrimination in judging the character of the dreamers. Under these conditions a dream conceived without guile and related in all innocence may become translated into a veritable Frankenstein of unsuspected and unknown desires." No wonder it is found that many people shrink from undergoing the process of psycho-analysis!—but at the same time it is interesting to note that the interpretations of the moderns not infrequently agree with those given by gypsies and other ancient diviners.

A notable chapter is devoted to the dreams induced by various drugs, Dr. Weir Mitchell's experiences, quoted from an article in the *British Medical Journal*, being particularly striking. The book closes with an alphabetical list of dream-symbols and a complete table for the interpretation of dreams by means of the art of Geomancy—a table that will no doubt be put to the test by every reader, whether he agree or not with the author in believing that there are dreams of the "higher soul," where the analyst "must pause and may not follow," dreams that cannot be explained by any material or physiological interpretation.

E. M. M.