OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

Price ONE SHILLING NET; post free, ONE SHILLING AND TWOPENCE. Annual Subscription, TWELVE SHILLINGS (Three Dollars).

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News* Company, 85 Duane Street, New York; The Macoy Publishing Company, 45-49 John Street, New York; The *Western News* Company, Chicago.

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

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

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

VOL. XXXIII APRIL 1921 No. 4

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE recent outbreak of poltergeist phenomena in North London should give an added interest to the publication of a brief biography of Joseph Glanvill,* whose name is mainly associated by those who are familiar with it at the present day with his work entitled *Saducismus Triumphatus*, in which he provides some very curious and interesting evidence in this connection. The principal account in this so-called "collection of relations" is that of the "daemon of Tedworth," a narrative of the poltergeist phenomena which occurred at the house of Mr. John Mompesson, at Tedworth, in Wiltshire, in the years 1661–1663. It is noteworthy that the work by which we principally remember Glanvill to-day did not appear —at least in its latest form—until shortly after his death. Apart from this, however, he was a fairly prolific writer, and one of his most noteworthy books, *Scepsis Scientifica*, was reprinted by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. not so many years ago. Joseph Glanvill was, in fact, what is not now generally realized, the first pioneer of psychical research. His mind was

JOSEPH GLANVILL.

* *Joseph Glanvill and Psychical Research in the Seventeenth Century*, by H. Stanley Redgrove and I. M. L. Redgrove. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 2s. 6d. net.

an essentially scientific one, and in his general intellectual attitude towards scientific problems he was not only far in advance of the vast majority of the educated world of his day, but also in some respects considerably ahead of that of the leading scientific lights of the much belauded nineteenth century. Glanvill was born in troublous times. He was barely six years old when the Civil War between Charles I and the Roundheads broke out in England. He was twenty-nine when the plague devastated London, to be followed a year later by the Great Fire, one of the minor disasters ensuing from which was the destruction of an edition of one of Glanvill's books, namely, his *Philosophical Considerations touching the Being of Witches and Witchcraft*. Joseph Glanvill's father, Nicholas Glanville, was a descendant of the ancient Norman family of de Glanville. He was educated at Oxford, entering Exeter College in 1652; he graduated B.A. in 1655, and received his M.A. degree in 1658. He was presented with the living of Wimbish, Essex, by his brother Benjamin, a London merchant, in 1660; and two years later exchanged this for the vicarage of Frome, Somerset, this being in the gift of Sir James Thynne. In 1666 he received the important appointment of Rector of the Abbey Church of Bath, where he continued to reside for the rest of his life. In 1672 he exchanged the vicarage of Frome for the rectory of Streat and Walton, in the same county, and was about the same time appointed Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Charles II. Presumably, therefore, he held the rectory of Streat in conjunction with his appointment at Bath. His last ecclesiastical preferment came in 1678, when he was installed Prebendary of Worcester. Two years later, at the age of forty-four, he was carried off by a fever, and was buried in the Abbey Church at Bath.

HIS CAREER.

Glanvill was only twenty-five when his first book, *The Vanity of Dogmatizing*, was published. A second book soon followed, entitled *Lux Orientalis, or an Inquiry into the Opinion of the Eastern Sages concerning the Pre-existence of Souls*. *The Vanity of Dogmatizing* was extensively revised some three years later, and republished under the title of *Scepsis Scientifica, or Confest Ignorance the Way to Science*. The book was now dedicated to the Royal Society, which had been inaugurated by Royal Charter barely three years before. The Society appreciated the dedication, and on the proposition of Lord Brereton, Glanvill was elected a member, an honour which did the Royal Society and Glanvill mutual credit.

What strikes one most particularly with regard to Glanvill

is the extreme modernity—to use the word in its best sense—of his intellectual outlook. In reading him one feels that he would have been quite in his element in the scientific circles of the present day. He had no patience with those who prated of revelation and left reason to play second fiddle. In a very remarkable passage he observes that "reason is in a sense the word of God,

JOSEPH GLANVILL.

viz., that which He hath written upon our minds and hearts, as Scripture is that which is written in a book." Again he says, in *Scepsis Scientifica*, "to say reason opposeth faith is to scandalize both. . . . Reason and faith are at perfect unisons. The disharmony is in the phansy. *Τὸ λογικὸν ἐυτὶ θεῖον* is a saying of Plato's and well worthy of a Christian's subscription, reason being the image of the Creator's wisdom copied out in the Crea-

MODERN OUTLOOK OF GLANVILL.

ture." And again in *Lux Orientalis*, "The right reason of a man is one of the Divine volums in which are written the indeleble Idaeas of eternal Truth: so that what it dictates is as much the voice of God, as if in so many words it were clearly exprest in the written Revelations."

Glanvill has much to say on the causes of human fallibility. He summarizes them under the headings of (1) Superficiality; (2) the unreality of sense data; (3) fallacies of the imagination; (4) precipitancy, and (5) the tendency of man's affections to warp his judgments. Glanvill realized that it is not actually our senses that deceive us, but our judgments.

"To speak properly," he says, "and to do our senses right, simply they are not deceived, but only administer an occasion to our forward understandings to deceive themselves. And though they are in some way accessory to our delusion, yet the more principal faculties are the capital offenders. If the senses represent the earth as fixed and immovable they give us the truth of their sentiments. To sense it is so, and it would be deceit to present it otherwise. For as we have shown, though it do move in itself, it rests to us, who are carried with it."

GLANVILL IN ACCORD WITH MODERN PSYCHOLOGY.

The authors well observe in this connection: "The section of the book devoted to the various ways in which the affections mislead us is particularly interesting, especially as modern psychology is strongly inclined to the view that the majority of men's beliefs are not rational, but have an instinctive basis. Glanvill indicates under this heading how men's judgments are perverted by their natural dispositions, by custom and education, by self-interest and the love of their own productions, and finally by the unreasoning homage paid to antiquity and authority. His acumen is extraordinary. He points out, for instance, that many men profess Christianity merely because they have been educated in a country where this is the official religion, and not because of any rational conviction of its truth." Again in criticizing the concept of causation the authors do well to draw attention to the fact that Glanvill anticipates Berkeley and Hume. Here is the remarkable passage:

"All Knowledge of Causes is deductive: for we know none by simple intuition; but through the mediation of their effects. So that we cannot conclude anything to be the cause of another but from its continual accompanying it: for the causality itself is insensible. But now to argue from a concomitancy to a causality, is not infallibly conclusive: Yea in this way lies notorious delusion."

In *Lux Orientalis* Glanvill is on less secure ground, and the fact that the book was published anonymously rather suggests

that he did not wish to commit himself too far to the theories which it propounded. We may note that he was only twenty-six when it was written and it can hardly have represented his mature judgment. He adopts in this book the hypothesis of pre-existence. The descent into matter is regarded as the result of a fall from a nobler condition in this pre-existent state of the soul. As to the condition in which souls existed before their birth on earth he is a little vague, but he makes at the same time some suggestive and pertinent remarks in this relation. The soul, he asserts, is incapable of acting otherwise than in a body. It does not, however, follow from this, in his opinion, that such bodies need necessarily be terrestrial. He contends that as the powers and faculties of the soul are of three kinds: spiritual and intellectual; sensitive and plastic, so bodies may in correspondence with these faculties be respectively ethereal, aereal, and terrestrial. After death Glanvill suggests that some souls will be capable of regaining their ethereal bodies. Others will return to the aereal state, while those who have lived evil lives will be confined to a quasi-material hell which in a curiously mediaeval vein he places in the centre of the earth. He suggests that the souls of those who die in childhood may eventually reincarnate in material bodies. There is one very noteworthy phrase in this book which will make special appeal to the occultist who may be surprised to find it voiced so early in English literature. "The most congruous apprehension," he says, "that we can entertain of the infinite and eternal Deity is to conceive Him as an immense and all-glorious Sun that is continually communicating and sending abroad its beams and brightness." The fall of man and the evil inherent in the world Glanvill attributes to the "liberty of the will to good and evil which is one of our essential attributes."

THEORIES OF PRE-EXISTENCE.

Glanvill was responsible for numerous treatises and essays. In one of these, writing of the objects of the Royal Society, he very sanely observes:

"Our work is to overcome prejudices, to throw aside what is useless and yields no advantage for knowledge or for life. To persuade men that there is worthier employment for them than tying knots in bulrushes, and that they may be better accommodated in a well-built house than in a castle in the air. We must seek and gather, observe and examine, and lay up in Bank for the Ages that come after. This is the business of the Experimental Philosophers; and in these Designs a progress hath been made sufficient to satisfie sober expectations: But for those that look they should give them the Great Elixir, the Perpetual Motion, the

WORK OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

way to make Glass malleable, and Man immortal; or they will object that the Philosophers have done nothing: for such, I say, their impertinent Taunts are no more to be regarded, than the little chat of Ideots and Children."

Glanvill has much to say with regard to the true scientific spirit which the leaders of nineteenth-century thought might well have pondered to their profit, and it was in this scientific spirit which accepted nothing and rejected nothing without good evidential grounds, that he took up the study of certain psychical phenomena which had been brought to his notice. "In the history of science," say the authors, "it is found that the actual and the ideal do not by any means always coincide. Almost throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the minds of workers in science were clouded by materialistic metaphysics. To-day perhaps our sight is clearer, and it is being recognized that the problems of the supernatural must be approached as are those of the natural; i.e., experimentally and without *a priori* bias. It was because Glanvill was a whole-hearted believer in the new experimental philosophy, because he was so thoroughly imbued with the scientific spirit, that he saw that the question of witchcraft was one to be settled not by argument but by the evidence of fact." Glanvill regards as ridiculous the idea that there should be "no orders of beings between us who are so deeply plunged in the grossest matter, and pure unembodied spirits." "This," he says, "would be a mighty jump in nature." Again in the same scientific spirit he observes, "It doth not seem so magnificent and becoming an apprehension of the supreme *Numen* to fancy his immediate hand in every trivial management. . . . And it is not absurd to believe that there is a government runs from highest to lowest, the better and more perfect orders of being still ruling the inferior and less perfect."

GLANVILL AS MAN OF SCIENCE.

Glanvill had practically grasped the modern concept of a "medium." "It is most probable," he says, "that spirits act not upon bodies immediately and by their naked essence, but by means of proportionate and suitable instruments that they use."

In his *Scepsis Scientifica* he deals with the theory of what we now term telepathy, under the name of "secret conveyance." He certainly was not blind to the frequency of fraud in connection with psychic phenomena, but he argues that we must not shut our eyes to conclusive evidence on this account.

AND AS PSYCHIC RESEARCHER.

"Frequency of fallacy and deceit will warrant a greater care and

caution in examining; and scrupulosity and shiness of assent to things wherein Fraud hath been practised, or may in the least degree be suspected: But to conclude, because that an old Woman's Fancy abused her, or some Knavish fellows put Tricks upon the Ignorant and timorous; that therefore whole Assizes have been a thousand times deceived in Judgments upon matters of Fact, and numbers of sober Persons have been forsworn in things wherein Perjury could not advantage them; I say, such Inferences are as void of Reason, as they are of Charity and good Manners."

The historian Lecky was greatly impressed by the extraordinary nature of the evidence in favour of witchcraft, and he says, if I remember right, that if such a thing were in any way credible, the evidence forthcoming was amply sufficient to establish it. Of Glanvill's work on the subject, *Saducismus Triumphatus*, he says that it is probably the ablest book ever published in defence of the superstition.

PHENOMENA AT TEDWORTH.

The phenomena which occurred at Tedworth resemble many others with which we are now familiar in similar instances. The movements of objects without physical contact was, of course, one of these, and also the extraordinary manner in which such objects alighted without falling in the way in which any article would do if it had been casually thrown by the human hand. For example, "A Bed-staff was thrown at the Ministerr which hit him on the Leg, but so favourably, that a lock of Wool could not fall more softly, and it was observed, that it stopt just where it lighted, without rolling or moving from the place."

A similar case to the above is cited by Signor Ernest Bozzano, in his *Phenomena of Haunting* (translated into French from the Italian by Monsieur C. de Vesme). It appears that a certain Mr. Grottendieck, of Dordrecht, in Holland, had the following strange experience when in Sumatra in September, 1903. According to his own narration he had crossed the jungle from Palembang to Djambi on this Island, with an escort of fifty native Javanese on an exploring expedition, and on returning from this expedition to his point of departure he found to his annoyance that his usual quarters were in the occupation of strangers. It was therefore necessary for him to transport his hammock to another hut. The hut in question was in an unfinished state, constructed of wooden beams, the roof being covered with large dried "kadjang" leaves. Mr. Grottendieck stretched his hammock over some planks of wood, put his mosquito net over all, and was soon asleep.

"Towards one o'clock in the morning," he narrates, "I found myself half awakened by the sound of an object which had fallen close to my

pillow, outside the mosquito net. Two minutes later I was completely awake and looked around to see what could be falling. I then perceived that it was some black pebbles of about two centimetres in length. I got up and took the lamp which had been placed at the foot of my bed, and putting myself in a position to observe what was taking place, discovered that the stones were dropping from the ceiling and in doing so were describing a parabolic curve and falling close to my pillow. I then went into the next room and woke up the Malay boy whom I had with me, bidding him get up and search the jungle around the cabin. While he did so I assisted him in the search, throwing the light of an electric torch on the foliage. All this time the pebbles had continued dropping inside the hut. I set him to keep a look-out in the kitchen, and in order to be able the better to watch the fall of the stones I myself knelt close to the pillow and tried to seize them as they fell. This, however, proved impossible, for the stones seemed to make a leap in the air the moment I jumped up to seize them. Thereupon I climbed on to the partition which separated my room from that of the boy, and examining the roof from the point from which the pebbles seemed to come, I satisfied myself that they were emerging from the bed of "kadjang" leaves which nevertheless was absolutely intact. I tried again to seize them at the point from which they started in their passage from the roof, but always without success. When I came down the boy came in and told me there was no one in the kitchen. I was, however, convinced that some practical joker was hiding himself somewhere, and arming myself with my Mauser I fired five times from the window in the direction of the jungle, with the sole result that inside the cabin the pebbles commenced to fall more furiously than before. I succeeded, however, by doing this, in completely waking up the boy, who before I had fired seemed stupefied and sleepy. As soon, however, as he realized that the stones were falling he cried out that it must be the Devil who was throwing them, and was seized with such terror that he fled into the jungle in spite of the fact that it was in the middle of the night. From the moment that he disappeared the rain of pebbles ceased, but the boy did not come back, and I lost him for ever. There was nothing very remarkable about the pebbles themselves, except that in touching them one noticed that they appeared warmer than they would have been normally. . . . The worst part of the adventure so far as I was concerned was that the boy's flight obliged me to prepare my own breakfast and to do without my usual hot coffee and toast."

STRANGE PHENOMENA IN SUMATRA.

A TERRIFIED NIGGER BOY.

In reply to questions put to him with regard to this narrative, Mr. Grottendieck observes: "From the point of view of fraud the boy is beyond suspicion, for when I bent down over him to wake him up (he was sleeping on the mat close to my door) two stones fell one after the other, and I saw and heard them fall, the door being open at the time. The stones fell with an extraordinary slowness of movement, so that even on the hypothesis of fraud there would still be something else mysterious to account for. They actually seemed

A POSSIBLE CLUE.

to hover in mid-air, describing a parabolic curve, but finally striking the ground with violence. Even the noise they produced by their fall was abnormal, for it was too loud relatively to the gradual nature of their fall. The boy himself seemed to be somnolent and in an abnormal state until I had fired off the rifle."

Mr. Grottendieck adds, what appears a very significant fact, that the lethargic nature of the boy's movements produced in him exactly the same strange impression which he experienced as the result of the slow motion of the stones through the air.

Such is this strange narrative, which it will be noticed is curiously parallel with the case which Joseph Glanvill describes, "In which a bed-staff was thrown at the minister, but so favourably, that a lock of wool could not fall more softly." Here, however, though the stones hover in the air, at the last they fall with violence.

Many of these poltergeist phenomena are confined to the falling of stones or the ringing of bells, where there is no one present to set them ringing. A case of this latter kind is recorded in Signor Bozzano's book, in which the medium is apparently a lady's maid, a mulatto. The story is an old one, and occurred at the house of a certain Commander Moor in the year 1834. The bells continued ringing on and off for fifty-three days. Every precaution was taken to check the fact that there was no one present who could by any means ring them without being seen, people being placed in each of the rooms to guard against deception. The important point in the occurrence seems to me to lie in the fact that the mulatto lady's maid was more frightened than any of the other people in the house, and at length after the last violent ringing took place, was seized with convulsions which lasted sixteen hours, these convulsions being followed by a condition of general insensibility which continued for a week. The moment that she was seized with these convulsions the bells ceased to ring, and there was no subsequent recurrence of the disturbance.

MYSTERIOUS BELL-RINGING.

The phenomena that have recently attracted attention to this class of happening at Hornsey are vouched for both by the vicar of St. Gabriel's, the Rev. A. L. Gardiner, and also by the family doctor. Mr. Gardiner told me that during three hours' stay at the house, he witnessed something like fifteen different abnormal occurrences. One of those that struck him most was the fact that in the upstairs rooms pieces of coal fell from the ceiling, though there was no coal in the rooms to fall. The pheno-

mena were associated here again with the presence of two boys, Gordon and Bertie, who are regarded as the mediums without whom the phenomena cannot take place. Certainly when they are both absent all is quiet. The phenomena occur in broad daylight, and Mr. Gardiner tells me that he has had both boys in full view while they happened. "From the observance of many others besides myself," he writes me, "there can be no question about the phenomena and no possibility of fraud or trickery." The Doctor also writes, "I know the family well, and as their medical adviser can certify them all physically fit and medically sound. I only wish that I could have seen more than I have, but as a medical man my time would not allow of this, although what little I have witnessed fully justifies my conviction that no human agency is at work here."

THE PHENOMENA AT HORNSEY.

It is noteworthy that on one occasion Mr. Gardiner took one of the boys upstairs with him. When close to the top of the stairs he noticed that the boy was trembling and terrified. On asking him what was the matter, he said that he saw his mother (who had been dead about a year). Mr. Gardiner could see nothing, but the boy persisted and was so frightened that the two had to return downstairs. The nerves of both boys have suffered as a result of these strange incidents. Among the occurrences which have taken place in this haunted home Mr. Gardiner mentions large quantities of coal falling in unaccountable ways in all parts of the house; tables and chairs going up in the air, and moving about the room in his presence; cups, glasses, and other crockery moving off the kitchen dresser and the dining-room sideboard and table, and breaking in pieces when no one has been near them. An egg on one occasion, he told me, was thrown across the room without any apparent human agency to move it. In all such cases the phenomena witnessed show evidence of being produced by an agency possessing intelligence, but whether this intelligence is that of some astral entity or being on the other plane, or whether it is the subconscious intelligence exercised unknowingly by the boy or girl medium, is a difficult matter in the state of our present knowledge to determine.

It seems fairly well established that in certain phenomena associated with Eusapia Palladino, she caused the impress of her hand to appear on substances far outside her normal reach. If this were true in her case, might not the exteriorized energy of a small boy also produce phenomena without his knowledge? We have instances recorded in his interesting work on *Psychic*

Science, by Dr. Paul Joire, of the sensibility of a medium being transmitted to the water in a glass at a distance of some yards, the medium suffering pain when the water was pricked with a pin, but when pricked himself while in the hypnotic state being absolutely without sensation. If a medium's sensibility can be transferred to a glass of water, or can make an impress with the hand or move a curtain at an appreciable distance from her own body, can we feel absolutely confident that boys or girls in certain abnormal physiological conditions may not produce movements of objects within their vicinity without contact and without any consciousness of their part in the performance? What appears certain is that under these conditions a psychic force is released which is the dynamic cause of these phenomena. As to whether any invisible agent on another plane is also necessary for their production it is difficult to say. The case of the drummer of Tedworth to which I allude might be adduced in evidence of the fact that phenomena at a distance can be produced consciously by a living person, if indeed the drummer was the active agent in these phenomena. But if consciously, why not unconsciously? The action of the exteriorized consciousness of sensitives appears indeed to be the basic fact in all records of witchcraft of which the account given by Glanvill relating to the stab of the hand of Jane Brooks * is only one more instance.

IS THE MEDIUM THE UNCONSCIOUS AGENT?

It was contended that the phenomena in the Tedworth case were caused by a certain William Drury, a drummer, whose drum had been confiscated at the instance of Mr. Mompesson, of Tedworth, the drummer having endeavoured to obtain money from the constable of the neighbouring town of Ludgershall, and having been exposed by the said Mr. Mompesson. William Drury was arrested for stealing and sentenced to deportation, but managed to escape. He was reported to have stated in gaol that he was the cause of the disturbances at Tedworth, and Mompesson hearing of this, had him apprehended for witchcraft. Drury, however, got off, the evidence not being held to be conclusive. In any case the constant drumming was one of the phenomena in connection with the Tedworth manifestations. Glanvill says of the agency in question that "it would exactly answer in drumming anything that was beaten or called for." "When many were present," he observes, "a gentleman of the company said

THE DRUMMER OF TEDWORTH.

* *Vide infra.*

'Satan, if the Drummer set thee to work, give three Knocks and no more'; which it did very distinctly, and stopt: Then the Gentleman knockt to see if it would answer him as it was wont, but it did not: For farther trial, he bid it for confirmation, if it were the Drummer, to give five Knocks and no more that Night, which it did, and left the House quiet all the Night after."

One very interesting case is cited by our authors from Glanvill, which it seems impossible to account for except on the time-honoured hypothesis of witchcraft. Richard Jones, it appears, had a child who was said to be bewitched. The child called out whilst in a fit that he saw his tormentor, a woman named Jane Brooks, at a certain spot, Jane Brooks being of course invisible to normal sight. The boy's cousin, Gibson, who was present with him, seized a knife and struck at the supposed apparition, whereupon the boy cried out that Gibson had cut Jane Brooks's hand. Thereupon the boy's father and Gibson repaired to the constable and acquainted him with what had passed, asking him to accompany them to Jane Brooks's house.

THE CASE OF JANE BROOKS.

"They found her sitting in her Room on a Stool with one hand over the other. The Constable askt her how she did? She answered, not well. He askt again why she sat with one hand over the other. She replied, she was wont to do so. He inquired if anything was amiss with her Hand? Her answer was, it was well enough. The Constable desired he might see the hand that was under, which she being unwilling to shew him, he drew it out and found it bloody according to what the Boy had said. Being askt how it came so, she said 'twas scratched with a great Pin."

If this is a bona-fide record the inference is obvious, and the basic fact underlying the belief in witchcraft may be held to be proved. Unfortunately the record is too old to be accepted without further corroboration. What it has in its favour is the fact that it is recorded by a man whose scientific mind and impartial judgment are beyond dispute. Enough has been written here to show that Joseph Glanvill was from the scientific point of view centuries in advance of his age. The study that Mr. and Mrs. Redgrove have written on this remarkable personality though of necessity all too brief, is unquestionably an exceedingly important contribution to the literature of science, and the authors are warmly to be congratulated on the valuable work they have accomplished.

ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN ARIES.

Some reference should be made to the annular eclipse of the Sun on April 8. The magnitude of the eclipse at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, is 0.88. The conjunction of the Sun and Moon occurs in 18 degrees of the sign Aries, and in the eleventh house, attended by Mars and Venus in the first decanate of Taurus. An account of this eclipse is given in *Zadkiel's Almanac* for the current year. The Editor quotes Junctinus as saying that "an eclipse of the Sun in Aries presignifies the motion of armies, the death of a king, great men, and cattle; enmity between the nobles and commoners; discord or war and murders; acute fevers and excess of heat." Junctinus is also authority for the statement that the Sun eclipsed in Aries "presignifies the imprisonment, trouble, and sorrow of some king." The eclipse should operate powerfully in this country, England being under the rule of Aries, and also presumably in Denmark and Germany. "For England," says Zadkiel, "the outlook is mainly favourable, notwithstanding some unrest at home and abroad, for Mars is in trine with Jupiter, and in conjunction with Venus." "In the political world a re-grouping of parties and reconstruction of the Cabinet will take place. A prominent politician will retire into private life." It may be remembered that the last solar eclipse in Aries visible in Europe took place in the 28th degree of that sign on April 17, 1912, and that the Balkan war was ushered in by a transit over this eclipse in the autumn of that year, as foretold in this almanac. The Balkan war was, of course, the prelude to and cause of the great European war. With regard to this (earlier) eclipse Zadkiel wrote: "It is ominous of serious trouble and such danger of European war as will tax the skill and patience of rulers and statesmen to conjure away. War and some public calamity threaten Austria, Russia, and Turkey. . . . War in Europe is imminent. It is imperative that England should strengthen her army and navy." As regards the present eclipse, Zadkiel observes: "There is a danger of Germany waging a war of revenge in Europe." Perhaps rather it indicates that military measures will be necessary to enforce the terms of the Treaty. It is noteworthy that the eclipse falls on the forty-sixth birthday of the King of Belgium, who would therefore be likely to become involved in any trouble that might arise in connection with it.

I understand that Mr. Julian Ralph takes exception to my insertion of the letter appearing under his name in a recent issue

of the OCCULT REVIEW. His position is that he did not intend the letter for publication. I certainly took for granted that it was so intended, as it was neither marked "private" nor "confidential," and in addition to this it was in the nature of criticism and comment on the contents of the magazine. It was not indeed specifically addressed to "The Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW," but it bore my name and also that of the magazine. I need hardly say that I much regret that the letter should have appeared in print under a misapprehension.

I am asked to draw attention to the fact that three lectures will be delivered at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, in the course of April, on the 11th, 12th and 15th respectively, at 8 p.m., by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, on his return from Australia and New Zealand. The subject of the lectures will be "Death and the Hereafter, or The New Revelation," and they will deal with the very latest phases of opinion and thought on the subject.

THE REASON

By FLORENCE BELLE ANDERSON

YOU pity me, you see my sore distress,
  I thank you for your sympathy, my friend,
But oh! my heart calls from its bitterness,
  "Tell me the *reason why*—show me the end."

You say "Have faith" and know all will be right,
  God gave me reason—shall I blindly trust?
I grope in darkness, show a ray of light,
  I will *not* bow to fate, because I *must*.

Time-worn and useless, I despise your creeds.
  What have they done? But view the world to-day;
Men hating men, and lust and selfish greed
  Struggling in hearts where *love* should hold its sway.

We've gone from God—He lets us have our way,
  And we have found how *hard that way* has been,
For just as sure as night must follow day,
  We reap in pain what we have sown in sin.

I would look deep and learn the reason why;
  Would you learn with me? Well; here is my hand,
We'll learn together, humbly you and I
  Ask God to show and make us understand.

We will go back to simple things—to Love;
  We will learn much, but keep an open mind;
We will seek wisdom from the Realms above,
  Our only creed—Be true, Be just, Be kind.

EXPERIMENTS UPON THE AURA: OLD AND NEW

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON, Ph.D., Author of "Higher Psychical Development," "Modern Psychical Phenomena," etc.

THE belief in the human atmosphere or Aura is apparently very old—dating back many centuries. Unless I am mistaken, several distinct references to its existence were made by the ancient Egyptians, and certainly it was described by various writers, both Oriental and Occidental, several centuries B.C. In the early Hindu writings, lengthy descriptions of it will be found, while it was so well known to the mediæval saints and mystics that they carefully distinguished four different and distinct types of aura—namely, the *Nimbus*, the *Halo*, the *Aureola* and the *Glory*. The first two of these were applied to the differing types of partial aura streaming from the head of a divine being; the aureola was applied to the radiation from the whole body (what we now call the "aura" generally), and the glory was a combination of both, viz., the aura with a distinct nimbus, either circling round or shining over the head; and it was considered important for the correct significance of Christian iconography not to use these words indiscriminately. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that paintings of Christ, the Virgin Mary and the Infant, etc., almost invariably contain this symbolic representation—just as we find the portrait of Krishna, nursed by Devaki, portraying a golden halo round the heads of both.

The same form of pictographic representation existed in all Oriental countries. Thus, Major Waddell, in his excellent book on *Thibet* (p. 357), says:—

"The halo or nimbus round the heads (of gods) is subelliptical, never acuminated . . . that of the fierce deities being bordered by flames; then, an additional halo is often represented as surrounding the whole body, this consisting of the six coloured rays of light . . . conventionally indicated by wavy gilt lines with small, tremulous lines alternating."

About the middle of the last century, Baron Reichenbach published his classical treatise upon the subject, *The Dynamics*

of Magnetism, etc., which is too well known to require more than mention. Shortly after this, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., came out in defence of the existence of a "nervous ether" or "nervous atmosphere" surrounding men and women, very much as the atmosphere surrounds our earth. Clairvoyants continued to see and describe the aura of individuals; physicists continued to discover new and hitherto unknown forms of radiation—black light, X-rays, radium emanations, etc.; electricians succeeded in producing experimentally an "electric aura," by means of high-frequency currents; all substances were then shown to be more or less radio-active; definite physical radiations issuing from the human body were proved to exist, and were registered upon delicate recording instruments; Ochorowicz, Darget and others claimed proof of "V-rays" issuing from the human body, affecting photographic plates; finally, Dr. Kilner, in his book, *The Human Atmosphere*, offers proof of the existence of the aura, by means of chemical screens, filled with a solution of dicyanin, which enable a large percentage of otherwise normal persons to perceive an aura radiating from the nude body, when placed in front of a dead black background.* Here, then, is instrumental proof of the reality of the aura, for the existence of which clairvoyants have so long contended.

Kilner, by means of his screens, has been able to distinguish three "auras"—the etheric double, the inner aura and the outer aura. Its nature and structure are complex, and vary with the health, mentality, emotions, etc., of the subject. It may be coarse or fine; granulated with striæ, or smooth; varying in disease and health; changing in outline and contour with disease, etc. This aura is brightest in health, and disappears altogether at death (p. 140). The reader is referred to his book for details.

The interesting question now arises: What is the nature of this aura? What is its structure? Of what is it composed? If it be an energy, will other energies affect it—and if so, how? To these interesting questions Kilner devotes two chapters in the new edition of his book.

Briefly, Dr. Kilner's conclusions are these: That, while the precise nature of the human aura is not yet known, it is probably a form of radiation—an "ultra violet phenomenon" which he has succeeded in photographing. It is not a form of vapour, but rather "the outcome of a force emanation" from the body.

*I myself have participated in a number of such demonstrations, attended mostly by physicians—fully 75 per cent. of whom clearly saw the aura.

A *magnet*, held near the aura, will intensify its brightness—so much so that a streak or ray of bright light may be observed to join the body and the poles of the magnet, after a few moments. The same is true of a bar magnet, no matter which end (pole) of the magnet be presented towards the aura. The aura, therefore, does not itself possess polarity. "The mutual attraction of two auras belonging to different people is more intense than that between a magnet and the aura."

Static electricity was found to have a very noticeable and remarkable effect upon the aura. When a negative charge was applied to the body of the subject, the inner aura was found to grow indistinct and shrink; in a short time it completely vanished. The outer aura was also seen to shrink, similarly, and if the application was sufficiently prolonged, this too disappeared altogether, leaving the subject with no visible aura at all! Subsequently, however, the aura returned—after some hours—and increased to bigger proportions than it had occupied before the electric current had been applied. The application of an *electric brush* was seen to increase the size of the aura. Interesting experiments with an *electroscope* were tried, and also the effects of various *chemicals* (vapours) upon the aura. These affected the colours of the aura. *Ozone* directed against one side of the body affected the aura on the other side. It was also found that the aura could be affected by (1) *Voluntary effort* on the part of the subject; and (2) *suggestions* while the subject was in a hypnotic trance. Colour changes in the aura were brought about by this means. Diseases spontaneously affect the contour of the aura. Dr. Kilner believes that the inner and the outer auras are produced by two distinct and separate forces, generated within the body. They both depend in some way upon the activities of the central nervous system. These auras are neither magnetic nor electrical in nature, but are due to an entirely new force, or forces, as yet unrecognized by science. By means of the aura, disease can be diagnosed and its location settled. Such are a few of the interesting conclusions arrived at by Dr. Kilner, as the result of his lengthy study of the bodily aura.

These are precisely the character of experiments which I myself have hoped to undertake should I ever succeed in securing the establishment, in America, of a "psychical laboratory," and I still feel that there is yet room for much additional work in this direction. When hunting through the literature of spiritualism and psychical research, to find what had been undertaken in this direction in the past, I was astonished to find, in an old book,

published in 1874, an almost identical series of experiments conducted by Mr. Francis Gerry Fairfield, and described by him in his book, *Ten Years with Spiritual Mediums*—now long out of print. The identity between the newer and the older methods of research, and the practical identity of their conclusions, is, I think, a very significant fact. It is almost certain that this book never reached Dr. Kilner's eyes, since it is very little known, and is not even referred to by Podmore (*Modern Spiritualism*) or by Myers (*Human Personality*). It is safe to assume, therefore, that it is a book quite unfamiliar to psychical students; and, such being the case, I believe that I am justified in thinking that some quotations from it will be of interest—especially in view of the fact that Fairfield's experiments upon the aura so closely tally with those of Dr. Kilner.

Mr. Fairfield was evidently a cautious, scientific man with a distinctly materialistic bias. The first part of his book is devoted to an attempted proof that all mediums are abnormal—examples of pathological dissociation and affections of the nervous system. "The etiology of this series of phenomena is to be sought in a true nervous lesion." This is, of course, the attitude assumed by Dr. Wm. Hammond, by Dr. Marvin, by Dr. Violet, by Dr. Williams, and by many others who have written upon this subject in the past; and it is easy enough to refute all such allegations by the simple question: "Granting as much 'dissociation,' 'nervous instability,' etc., as you please—still, how are you to account for the *supernormal information* obtained and given by the medium?" That is the *crux*!

Our author, however, *does* believe in certain phenomena—telepathy, telekinesis, "mesmerism," clairvoyance (apparently), the reality of the human aura, etc. Indeed, he uses these phenomena as explanatory of spiritualism—much as psychical researchers do to-day! Without entering into this debatable ground, however, let us turn to his experiments upon the aura, which I propose to quote at some length. He says:—

"The part that nerve-atmosphere (aura) plays in society and in life is important, though little comprehended. . . . I have observed and been impressed by this atmosphere in the persons of criminals to a greater extent than with any other class; and this agrees with the remark of Dr. Maudsley, that criminals as a rule are subject to nervous disorder. . . . These things are not fancies. On the contrary, in conversation with an insanity expert recently, I was enabled to compare my own observations with those of a master in morbid psychology, and to discern the importance of nerve-aura as a factor in the determination of this class of cases. . . . All organic structures have their special forms of nerve-aura. The evidences

that support this hypothesis are so varied and indisputable, that it is now conceded by scientific men. . . . I have constantly observed that epileptics, pending the incubation of the fit, appear to be enveloped in a sensitive and highly-excited nerve-atmosphere, which—sometimes accompanied with sullenness, but not seldom with exceeding sensory exaltation and with preternatural acuteness of perception—heralds the attack; or, when transformed into the larvated type by mesmeric passes, eventuates in clairvoyance and trance.

"These data support the hypothesis that all nervous organisms emit an ethereal aura susceptible of control by consciousness, of transmission in a given direction at the will of the organism, and of translation into physical phenomena under given conditions. Many of these strange disturbances of the equilibrium of objects within their sphere, observed to occur in nervous maladies, are no doubt due to this element.

"Thought subsensible, observation and experiment seem alike to indicate that nerve-aura is material—an imponderable nervous ether, possibly related to the odyle (odic force). . . . It is thus at once a force and a medium, susceptible of control by the will of the operator, and capable of sensory impression: an atmosphere to *take shape* at his command, and to dissolve the moment volition ceases, or, when the habit of the medium's will has become fixed in that direction, to come and pass in visible apparitions, without conscious objective impulse on his part. . . .

"The reader will notice that the luminous nebula is a condition precedent in the production of the phantom; and, if accustomed to scientific experiment, he will suspect that this luminosity is consequent upon molecular agitation at the point whence the light proceeds. That the nerve-ether proceeding from the person of a medium should be susceptible of condensation into a nebula, then into a phantom, is no more wonderful, though more striking, than that—as in the various nervo-psychic cases—it should be susceptible of sensory impression. Again, the peculiar nature of the luminosity developed by the nebula corresponds in all particulars with that of the light sometimes developed about the heads of epileptics at different stages of the disorder. I have not been able to attempt spectrum analysis in either case, nor are the conditions such as to render it practicable; but I have no doubt that analysis, were it possible, would show that they are identical; and no person, who has witnessed both, could have any reasonable doubt upon the subject. It may be possible, by and by, to demonstrate this point by instrumental tests of absolute accuracy; but so evanescent are the conditions, so feeble often is the luminosity developed by nerve-ether, that the world will have to wait long for an unerring demonstration of what is undoubted. I have had many opportunities of comparing the two, and I cannot be mistaken as to a luminosity so peculiar in its quality and behaviour as that of nerve-atmosphere under excitation. Could this point be demonstrated by absolute instrumental tests, the whole question—whether these phantoms are or are not transformations of nervous ether—would be settled beyond the need of physiological induction.

"At a séance given me one afternoon at my rooms, by the same medium whose private séances I attended, removing the arm of a horseshoe magnet, I brought the open poles in contact with the nebula, with a view of testing whether it could be dissipated in this way. The test was not successful in that aspect of the subject; but it was quite successful from another

point-of-view that seems to me equally conclusive. The poles of the magnet being advanced toward the border of the nebula, the medium, who was sitting about six feet from it, apparently half asleep, was attacked by perceptible convulsions of tetanic cast. On closing the armature, the convulsions ceased. Though not dissipated by magnetism, the nebula was also perceptibly agitated to and fro, and developed augmented light. . . . I now tested the matter further, by removing the arm of the magnet at other points in the room contiguous to the medium, but no perceptible effect upon his nerves was developed. I regard this test as conclusive evidence that the nebula was in this case a transformation of the nervous atmosphere of the medium, and that the magnetism that produced the slight spasms was transmitted to the medium's nerves through contact with this nervous nebula, suspended in the atmosphere fully six feet from his person. . . .

"The main difficulty that will occur to the general observer in this relation will be this: 'Can it be that, without other conducting medium than the atmosphere, a force can be directed to a particular point and express itself in a particular form?' This difficulty is obviated by the nature of nerve-atmosphere, considered as an agent acting externally to the medium. There is no known manner in which electricity can be acted upon and controlled by volition; but in nervous atmosphere the physiologist is dealing with an agent the very nature of which is related to volition, and correlated with it. It is necessary, therefore, in the consideration of this question, to dismiss all conventional ideas on the subject of force, and to appreciate the fact that in these phenomena the investigator is engaged with a force that is, to some extent at least, self-directive and self-directing, but one not at all presumably psychic or possessing a spiritual agency external to the medium; a force that is not to be regarded as separate from other forces illustrated in the phenomena of Nature, but nevertheless self-determinative and susceptible of correlation into volition. . . .

"It has been stated that nervous force may be correlated into motor force and into light. It should be added that it may be correlated into electricity and converted into the shock, as occurs in the instance of electric fishes—in which no physiologist doubts that the shock is contingent on the volition of the animal, and produced through the agency of the nervous system. . . . What the nature of the nerve-aura is, can only be described in terms of nerve-aura. It is not electrical, though it may be correlated to electricity; it is not psychic, though it may be correlated into apparently psychic phenomena. . . .

"Very likely, however, some clever scientific man will one of these days invent an Auroscope, by which it will be possible to test the relative capacities of mediums, and to distinguish between motor and sensory, without putting them to the trouble of séances: and, in the observations thus far submitted, I have sought to get together the materials and experiments necessary to an exact scientific demonstration of the subject. What is wanted now is, that some scientific professor, or some medical psychologist, having the opportunity to study it in all its attributes, should experiment and observe carefully as to the action and reaction of nerve-ether with various bodies, until such an instrument can be constructed as to determine its presence by an unerring test. Then, let this auroscope be

applied to one of Mr. Home's phantoms, or to those of Mrs. Jenny Holmes, of Philadelphia, by way of determining the constitution of the former and the genuineness of the latter; and the demonstration will be as complete from the standpoint of exact physics as it seems to me from the standpoint of physiology."

Considering that this was written and published more than six years before the Society for Psychical Research was founded, I cannot but think that it is a remarkable document, showing great skill in presentation and foresight as to the possible upshot of these investigations. The correspondence with many of Dr. Kilner's experiments will be evident—the failure of the influence of the magnet upon the aura being easily accounted for by the supposition that the magnet was held at too great a distance to affect the aura. In postulating this as a force "self-directive and self-directing," Mr. Fairfield antedates Morselli, Flournoy, Geley, and our own conclusions relative to the exteriorization of nervous energy in the case of Eusapia Palladino. And we might suppose that the "Auroscope" proposed consists in the dicyanin glass screen devised by Dr. Kilner—though I cannot but feel that a far more certain method of detecting and proving the existence of the aura will yet be devised. In any case, this comparison of earlier with later experiments in this field cannot but prove interesting; and it is in the hope that this will be the case that I present these Notes to my readers.

OCCULTISM—TRUE AND FALSE

By JOHN SPENCER

II. THE BASIS AND AIMS OF TRUE OCCULTISM

IN my first essay I dealt with the distinction between occultism and spiritualism, and described them as the obverse and reverse sides of the psychic investigation. I pointed out that spiritualism aimed at establishing and proving communication with the other world by rending the veil *from the farther side*. I now pass to the consideration of the aims which the true occultist sets before him, and the basis on which they rest.

In the first place, communication with the departed is in no sense one of the aims of the occultist: it is to him merely one incidental way in which he may use for the comfort of his fellow-men and the advancement of truth powers developed for a different and higher purpose altogether.

His true aims rest on a basis religious, philosophical and practical. On the religious side, occultism has no dogmas: the Path of Adeptship is open to men and women of all creeds and all races without distinction of caste or class, for the occultist deals with those eternal verities of the nature of God and man and their relation to one another which underlie all creeds which accept a spiritual government of the universe. The exoteric presentation of religion has varied to suit the changing needs of different races in different ages: the esoteric truth is the same in all. He who has the key to read below the literal meaning may find the same truths enshrined in allegory in the Christian Bible as were carved in symbols on the pyramids and temples of ancient Egypt, or taught to the initiate in the mysteries of Eleusis.

In these essays I shall confine myself to illustrations taken from the Bible, partly because it is the most familiar sacred book to English readers, and partly because such illustrations may furnish incidentally an answer to those who fear that occult study is contrary to Divine revelation in the Bible. At this point I would only remind my readers that *all* the sacred books of the world are written (as the Bible expressly admits of itself)

" that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand "—in other words, there is in all sacred writings to be found an esoteric interpretation, setting forth " the mysteries of the Kingdom of God," the literal and obvious meaning being merely the " parables " in which truth is presented to " them that are without."

On its philosophic side, the occult conception of the universe starts from God and returns to God. The occultist dimly realizes that there must have been a state when God alone *was*—pure Spirit, unmanifest and unknowable, because there was nothing to know Him. To such a Being creation could only be by way of self-limitation and manifestation. So we get a descending hierarchy of worlds and beings, each a stage further removed from that Ultimate Spiritual Reality which we call God, yet all owing their origin to Him, and partaking in greater or less degree of His nature. By the Hebrews this idea was worked out in the conception of the ten Sephiroth or emanations of Deity, descending through four worlds, and grouped together in the Tree of Life. For more detailed information on this subject my readers may refer to *An Introduction to the Kabbalah*, by Dr. Wynn Westcott, a new edition of which is, I believe, in the press, or a fuller account in the Introduction to *The Kabbalah Unveiled* by S. L. MacGregor Mathers (out of print and rather scarce). The Old Testament has many veiled allusions to this conception, notably in the story of the Fall, which brings me to my next point in the philosophic basis of true occultism.

Somewhere in this descending hierarchy of beings came man. Now the unfallen Man was made " in the Image of God," and since God was spirit, man made in His image must also have been spirit, manifesting in a spiritual body. The Fall consisted in the soul or human part descending into lower planes of existence, and ultimately into the physical plane (the " Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil "). But the link with the spirit was not broken but only weakened, and the fallen man retains *potentially* those spiritual faculties and powers which the unfallen Man enjoyed in actuality. This is an attempt to explain briefly and in plain English a somewhat abstruse subject much more ably dealt with in Kingsford and Maitland's *The Perfect Way*, but the language of those writers is by no means easy for readers unfamiliar with occult phraseology to follow. I accept their theory of the Fall myself, but it may well be that other occultists hold other views.

The question naturally arises: " Why should man have

fallen at all?" This again is a problem which has perplexed mankind for ages, and I can only offer the solution which seems most satisfactory to myself for what it is worth. If we reflect, we shall see that all our knowledge is based on comparison; we know light by contrast with darkness, smoothness by contrast with roughness, and so on indefinitely. Moreover, all our knowledge, at least of abstract things, is *relative*: to an Eskimo a June day in England would seem amazingly hot; a native of Equatorial Africa would think it cool. We cannot apprehend *absolute* heat or cold. The same thing applies to good and evil: we know them by contrast, and only by having a wide range of good and evil to study, can we begin to comprehend the meaning of the *absolute* goodness which we attribute to God. Now the unfallen man partook of that absolute goodness, but his goodness was the goodness of ignorance; he could not know that he was good, nor was there any merit in it if he had no possibility of anything else. Hence the necessity of the gift of free-will and the downward evolution into matter. Redemption consists of the reverse process—the freeing of the soul from the chains of matter and the gradual re-acquisition of the conscious possession of those spiritual faculties of which man has lost the use, till at last he is once more the Son of God made in His image, but this time with a full knowledge of all that that sonship means, and what it has cost. This is Christhood, and it was because He completely accomplished this that Jesus of Nazareth was entitled to be called "the Christ, the Son of the living God."

We have seen that according to the occult conception the fallen man retains *potentially* the complete spiritual faculties of the Christ. This may be expressed in another way by saying that man is a microcosm of the macrocosm, and all the spiritual forces of the universe have their counterpart in his being, and if he can develop the consciousness of those forces in himself he can (in exact proportion to the extent of such development) contact through them the same forces in the universe outside, and make himself a channel for their operation, directing them to his ends according to natural laws as definite as, though infinitely more extended than, the laws of physical matter. (This is the principle underlying the true science of astrology. It is not the material planets and signs, but the spiritual forces of which they are the material and visible manifestation, which operate on a man in certain relations through the same forces in himself.)

On its practical side, occultism proceeds on a principle dia-

metrically opposed to that of spiritualism. Spiritualism is passive; occultism is active; spiritualism studies phenomena and hopes to deduce the laws underlying them, working, that is to say, backwards from effects to causes: occultism studies the laws, and the nature of spiritual forces, in order to apply them in the service of God and man, working, that is to say, forwards from causes to effects. The medium waits for a force to come and control him: the trained occultist goes forth and controls the force. Even in dealing with spiritual beings of high type, he remains master of the situation, if he is wise; it is essential for safety to do so in dealing with lower entities, such as elementals, or in those rare cases where a very advanced worker may be justified in deliberately contacting an evil entity in order to free some one from obsession by it.

Dealing, as he does, with forces transcending the limits of three-dimensional space, and of language adapted to physical limitations, much of the occultist's knowledge can only be acquired and expressed through the medium of symbolism. Space forbids any adequate consideration of the metaphysical relation between a true symbol and the reality symbolized, but experience shows that such a relation exists, and that the symbol can be used as a means of contact with the spiritual reality for which it stands. The theory which commends itself most to me personally is one of sympathetic vibration. We know that there is one comparatively rapid group of vibrations which are apprehended by our physical senses as light, and another comparatively slow group which we apprehend as sounds; other groups have been discovered by science in the form of X-rays, etc. But between these groups, and beyond their extreme limits in either direction, we know nothing by means of our physical senses, and can only deduce that other such vibrations exist. We know further that if we play a note on any musical instrument, any other instrument tuned to exactly the same pitch will also vibrate, and not only the note itself but its octaves upwards and downwards to the limits of what we are capable of hearing, and for aught we know countless other octaves above and below that limit. May it not be, in like manner, that the use of a symbol in a particular way sets in motion vibrations which awaken corresponding vibrations in the more plastic matter of other planes, and might thus enable us to set in motion forces of the spiritual world wholly beyond the ken of our physical senses?

If there be any element of truth in this theory, a true sym-

bolism is essential to true occult progress, for if the symbolism be inaccurate it will fail to awaken the force desired, or will do so only in a partial and distorted manner. The science of symbology must therefore be classed as a part of the practical basis of occultism.

From the foregoing the reader will perhaps have already gathered what the aim of true occultism is. It is nothing lower than the awakening to consciousness here and now of those spiritual faculties which in most men are dormant during earth life, and the gradual elevation and purification of his spiritual nature till those faculties are fully expanded, and he has once more regained the high estate from which he fell.

Put it how you will: "redemption through Christ"—not by some miraculous vicarious suffering, but by achieving in himself that spiritual at-one-ment with God which Christ achieved—"the attainment of Christhood"—or if you would avoid the theological implications which have grown up round the word "Christ," go back to Egypt and speak of the "Osirified soul," the meaning is the same, and that, *and nothing lower*, is the ultimate goal of the true occultist. The way to it is variously called the "Path of Adeptship," or the "Way of Initiation." In either case it is the "strait and narrow Way," and he who would tread it to the end must be prepared to find that it is also the Way of the Cross.

SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON

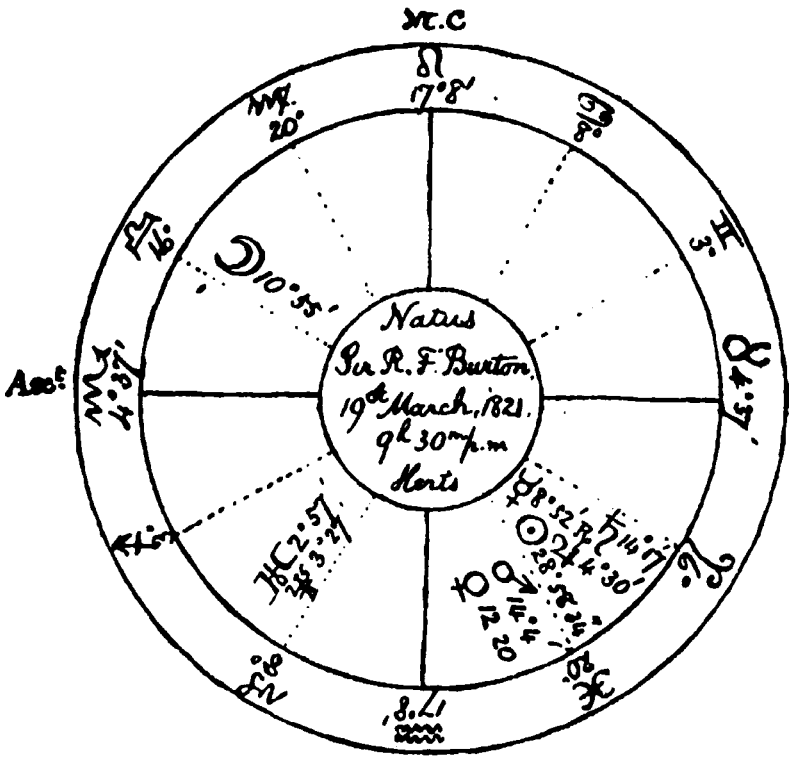
By N. M. PENZER

ON March 19 was celebrated the centenary of the birth of one of the strongest and most remarkable characters the world has ever seen—Sir Richard Francis Burton.

Born at Barham House, Elstree, Herts (according to Burton's scrap of autobiography), or at Torquay (as definitely stated in the Elstree baptismal register) on March 19, 1821, and educated chiefly on the Continent, he entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1840, but destined as he was for adventure and the open air the stern frown of Alma Mater was too much for Burton, and he welcomed his rustication as an opening to greater and wider things. Thus two years later we find him travelling to Gujerat to join the Bombay Native Infantry. It was in these early days that his marvellous linguistic power first began to show itself, and he passed official examinations in Persian, Gujerati, Marathi, and Hindustani. His proficiency in the latter language caused him to be appointed Regiment Interpreter. He was quartered in Scinde, and produced his first important work, *Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley*, 1851. Burton's early adventures in the Valley of the Indus have been little recorded, but the account, such as it is, is found in the appendix of his excellent work on *Falconry in the Valley of the Indus*, 1853. Here, we find Burton wandering through the villages of Southern Scinde disguised as a half Arab, half Iranian, playing the part of a *bazzar*, a vendor of fine linen, calico, and muslins. Sometimes on the arrival at a strange town he would rent a shop and furnish it with " clammy dates, viscid molasses, tobacco, ginger, rancid oil, and strong smelling sweetmeats." Mirza Abdullah—for this was Burton's name for the time being—sometimes passed the evening in a Mosque, listening to the mumbling of the Koran, or else he sat arguing with the Mullah on religious subjects. " At other times, when in merrier mood, he entered uninvited the first door whence issued the sounds of music and the dance ;—a clean turban and a polite bow are the best ' tickets for soup ' the East knows. Or he played at chess with some native friend, or he consorted with the hemp-drinkers and opium-eaters in the *estaminets*, or he visited the ' Mrs. Gadabouts ' and ' Go-betweens ' who make matches amongst the faithful, and gathered from them a precious budget of private history and domestic scandal. What scenes he saw !

what adventures he went through! But who would believe, even if he ventured to detail them?"

In long years afterwards he did detail them, or at least some of them, for the anthropological and other information which he learned in these early adventures formed some of those



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interesting notes in his great translation—*A Thousand Nights and a Night.*

Burton was not long in India, and in 1849 we find him again in England preparing for his pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah. This hazardous and successful journey is too well known to

need comment and is well described in that masterpiece of travel books, *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah*, 3 volumes, 1855–6. In 1854 he started on his second great journey, in which he opened up the unknown city of Harrar.

At this time Burton was ignorant of the "wondrous ways" of the Government Offices, and was foolish enough personally to make suggestions for the betterment of British interests abroad!! The result was a snub from the Government. This was only the beginning of his bad luck, for the same thing happened during the Crimean War and at regular periods all through his life.

Although Burton's life as an explorer was very important, it was only one of his many activities, for besides being the first English Christian to enter Meccah, the first Englishman to enter Harrar, the discoverer of Lake Tanganyika, he was also the first Englishman to appreciate the real meaning of the word "Anthropology," to honour Portugal by showing to Englishmen the genius of Camoens, and the first person to deal with a huge work like the *Nights* from a point of view so wide and open as to necessitate annotations of every conceivable kind

As a writer, very few people realize the tremendous extent of his work, for besides writing about fifty distinct works, his correspondence and lectures to the learned societies is colossal. Some idea can be gauged when I say that I have already been working on my bibliography of Sir Richard Burton for nearly two years, and I have only half done it.

Owing to the open mind which Burton kept and his extensive travels in the East, it certainly would be very curious if he had not come across spiritualism in some form or another, and as he himself said, although he could not be called a spiritualist in the proper sense of the word, he was most interested in the subject, and realized fully the ignorance of the British public on so great and far-reaching a subject. His first contribution to spiritualism will be found in *The Spiritualist* for December 6, 1878, where his lecture "Spiritualism in Eastern Lands," read before the British National Association of Spiritualists, is recorded.

In this lecture he observes:

The scientist is addicted to laying down terms and bounds to the unmeasurable field of human knowledge in the ages to come. He assures us, for instance, that we shall never know the connection between the body and the soul—for there are scientists who still have souls. I would ask—By what manner of authority can man lay down such a *Ne Plus Ultra*? We hold, under certain limitations, the law of development—of progress—to be the normal order of the world. What, then, will be the result when the coming races shall have surpassed the present as far as

the present has surpassed the man of the Quarternary, or possibly the Tertiary ages?

In 1876 I addressed to *The Times* the following note upon extra-sensuous perception in the mesmeric state, suggesting the universality of the so-called "spirit" phenomena . . .

"The experience of twenty years has convinced me (1) that perception is possible without the ordinary channels of the senses, and (2) that I have been in presence of a force or power, call it what you will, evidently and palpably material, if, at least, man be made of matter; but I know nothing of what is absurdly called spiritualism, and I must be contented to be at best a spiritualist without the spirits.

Some such force or power the traveller is compelled to postulate, even in the absence of proof. He finds traces of it among all peoples, savage as well as civilized; and it is evidently *not* a 'traditional supernaturalism.'"

The next paper of interest is found in the same publication for January 10, 1879, when the subject dealt with is "A Prophecy on Morality." This was followed in *The Spiritualist* of September 19, 1879, by an interesting "Account of an Apparition, and the saving of a Soul, in Castle Weixelstein, in Krain." In 1880 Mr. W. H. Harrison published a little book called *Psychic Facts*, which was a selection from the writings of various authors on psychic phenomena. Among the contributors was Burton, whose experience with the Davenport Brothers is thus recorded as quoted from a letter to Dr. J. B. Ferguson:—

As you are aware, I have now witnessed, under advantageous circumstances, four of the so-called dark séances. They were all in private houses, one of them in my own lodgings. We sedulously rejected all believers, and chose the most sceptical and hard-headed of our friends and acquaintances, some of whom had prepared severe tests. We provided carefully against all possibility of "confederates" bolting the doors, etc., and brought our own cords, sealing-wax, tape, diachylon, musical instruments (harmonicon, bird-whistle, tambourine bells), etc. The results of the séances were almost invariably the same. After the two strongest "mediums" had been tied up, hands and feet, by us, we suddenly extinguished the light; we then, the darkness being complete, sat in a semicircle fronting the mediums, each holding his neighbour's hand or arm, and each warned not to break the chain. On one occasion I placed my feet on one of the medium's, while Mr. B., the master of the house, did the same to the other; and we measured their distance from the semicircle—ten feet.

Within two seconds (I speak advisedly) after the candle was put out, the musical instruments placed on the table between the two mediums began to shudder and tremble. Presently the guitar strings commenced twanging, as if badly played with a single finger, and the instrument went round the semicircle with the velocity of a bird, fanning our cheeks as it passed. The prettiest effect was to hear it buzzing in the distance, as a humming-bee would sound when flying away. If the guitar happened

to be in a good humour, the instrument patted our heads softly, or lay on our laps, or thrust itself into our hands. If the "spirits" were displeased the manifestations were decidedly rough. I received once a rather severe contusion with the tip of the guitar, when the heavy bells and the tambourine struck the ground and the table with a noise and force that suggested the kick of a horse on a splashboard. Presently the sounds cease, the candle is relit, we run up to the mediums, we find them in our own cords, taped with our own tape, sealed with our own seals, and, perhaps, plastered with diachylon strip. Every one inquires how it was done, and no one answers; and not a few are clearly and palpably frightened. The honest declare themselves puzzled. . . .

There are many others, for which you have not room, of my own experience.

I have spent a great part of my life in Oriental lands, and have seen there many magicians. Lately I have been permitted to see and be present at the performances of Messrs. Anderson and Tolmaque. The latter showed, as they profess, clever conjuring, but they do not even attempt what the Messrs. Davenport succeed in doing: for instance, the beautiful management of the musical instruments. Finally, I have read and listened to every explanation of the Davenport "tricks" hitherto placed before the English public, and, believe me, if anything would make me take the tremendous jump "from matter to spirit," it is the utter and complete unreason of the reasons with which the manifestations are explained.

Apart from information on the subject found in his various writings (chiefly in the *Nights*), the above is the extent of Burton's articles on or connected with spiritualism; but there is one work which, although not on spiritualism, can well be described as a mystical poem. I refer to *The Kasîdah*. This fine poem was begun in 1853, eight years before the appearance of Fitzgerald's *Rubáiyát*, and although the two poems are very much alike in some things, in other points they are widely different. Although it will probably be agreed that Burton's work cannot compare with Fitzgerald's from the point of view of poetry, yet I think many will agree with me that Burton touched far greater depths than does Fitzgerald, and that in *The Kasîdah* one finds great ideas and great thoughts which make a far deeper impression than the sentiments of our friend Omar whom we all know so well. *The Kasîdah* is practically unknown in England, owing largely to the fact that the only editions in existence are so rare and expensive. In the present article I must content myself with a few extracts. The opening lines of the poem immediately carry us as if on the back of an ifrit from the monotony of our everyday surroundings to the open desert, and we can at once smell the scents of the East and mingle with the Bedouins in their camel-hair tents, and hear the tinkle of the camel's bell getting less and less as the caravan trails slowly out of sight behind some far-off sand dune—

The hour is nigh; the waning Queen walks forth to rule the later night;
Crown'd with the sparkle of a Star, and throned on orb of ashen light:

The Wolf-tail sweeps the paling East to leave a deeper gloom behind,
And Dawn uprears her shining head, sighing with semblance of a wind:

The highlands catch yon Orient gleam, while purpling still the lowlands lie;
And pearly mists, the morning-pride, soar incense-like to greet the sky.

The horses neigh, the camels groan, the torches gleam, the cressets flare;
The town of canvas falls, and man with din and dint invadeth air:

The Golden Gates swing right and left; up springs the Sun with flamy brow;
The dew-cloud melts in gush of light; brown Earth is bathed in morning glow.

Slowly they wind athwart the wild, and while young Day his anthem swells,
Sad falls upon my yearning ear the tinkling of the Camel-bells: . . .

Like Omar Khayyám, Haji Abdu El-Yezdi (Burton's *nom de plume* as author of *The Kasîdah*) realizes how transitory is our life, for later on in the poem we read:

Hardly we learn to wield the blade before the wrist grows stiff and old;
Hardly we learn to ply the pen ere Thought and Fancy faint with cold:

Hardly we find the path of love, to sink the Self, forget the "I"
When sad suspicion grips the heart, when Man, *the* Man, begins to die:

Hardly we scale the wisdom-heights, and sight the Pisgah-scene around,
And breathe the breath of heavenly air, and hear the Spheres' harmonious sound;

When swift the Camel-rider spans the howling waste, by Kismet sped,
And of his Magic Wand a wave hurries the quick to join the dead.

How sore the burden, strange the strife; how full of splendour, wonder, fear;
Life, atom of that Infinite Space that stretcheth twixt the Here and There.

It is hardly necessary to state that in Arabia, Death rides a camel, and the imaginative Bedouin sees him hastening across the desert to snatch up a son or daughter of the Wild, and disappear over the horizon with his fresh victim.

After bringing under survey all the great religions of the world, and seeking to find the definition of the Soul, our Haji asks the why and wherefore of Heaven and Hell, and the part

played by fate in the fashioning of man's destiny; and here occur some of the most beautiful lines in the whole *Kasîdah*.

And if your Heav'n and Hell be true, and Fate that forced me to be born;
Forced me to Heav'n or Hell—I go, and hold Fate's insolence in scorn.

I want not this, I want not that, already sick of Me and Thee;
And if we're both transform'd and changed, what then becomes of Thee and Me?

Enough to think such things may be: to say they are not or they are
Were folly: leave them all to Fate, nor wage on shadows useless war.

Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

All other Life is living Death, a world where none but Phantoms dwell,
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the camel-bell!

* * * * *

There are many other beautiful extracts which I could quote, but one must read it all to appreciate its beauty and depth of learning. I will merely quote the last few lines as my final extract:—

This "I" may find a future Life, a nobler copy of our own,
Where every riddle shall be ree'd, where every knowledge shall be known;

Where 'twill be man's to see the whole of what on Earth he sees in part;
Where change shall ne'er surcharge the thought; nor hope deferr'd shall hurt the heart.

But!—faded flow'r and fallen leaf no more shall deck the parent tree;
And man once dropt by Tree of Life, what hope of other life has he?

The shatter'd bowl shall know repair; the riven lute shall sound once more;
But who shall mend the clay of man, the stolen breath to man restore?

The shiver'd clock again shall strike; the broken reed shall pipe again:
But we, we die, and Death is one, the doom of brutes, the doom of men.

Then, if Nirwânâ round our life with nothingness, 'tis haply best;
Thy toil and troubles, want and woe at length have won their guerdon —Rest.

Cease, Abdû, Cease! Thy song is sung, nor think the gain the singer's prize;
Till men hold Ign'rance deadly sin, till man deserves his title "Wise":

In Days to come, Days slow to dawn, when Wisdom deigns to dwell with men,
These echoes of a voice long stilled haply shall wake responsive strain :

Wend now thy way with brow serene, fear not thy humble tale to tell :—
The whispers of the desert-wind ; the tinkling of the camel-bell."

There is no room here to speak of the excellence of his translations of Camoens, *The Arabian Nights*, etc., etc., but I shall go in detail into all these interesting questions in the work I have now on hand.

Readers will be interested in Burton's horoscope, which appeared in *The Future* for October, 1893, and which is reproduced herewith, by kind permission of Mr. A. J. Pearce. It will be observed that the sign rising is Scorpio; Mars, lord of the ascendant, being conjoined with Venus in the fourth house, in Pisces. It would not have required a very extended knowledge of astrology to fix this as Burton's rising sign, even had there been no record of the time of his birth. It will be noticed that a conjunction of Uranus and Neptune throws a sextile aspect to the ascending degree, thus combining with the influence of Scorpio to give the character an original bent, and an inclination towards occult and psychic investigation. Though the Sun is attended by Jupiter, and the lord of the ascendant is conjoined with Venus, the horoscope is not a fortunate one, especially in early life, no planet with the exception of the Moon being elevated in the figure, and the Moon being afflicted by oppositions of Mercury and Saturn. Such success as came to Burton came indeed quite late in life (Venus in the fourth house), and the position he achieved was far below what was due to him, having regard to his very high intellectual powers. The fact that he was destined to make an enduring name for himself is indicated by the noteworthy satellitum of planets in the fourth and fifth houses, there being no less than six of these within little more than thirty degrees.

There are a number of articles in *Borderland* by the well known author Miss " X " (Miss Goodrich Freer) dealing with the Burton messages, etc. These will be found in Vol. 3, 1896, Vol. 4, 1897, and also in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. 8, 1897–8.

There is little space here to speak of Burton's personal character. Suffice it to say that he was a man of the very truest metal and the very deepest affection and appreciation it is possible to imagine. Just as the rarest jewels are hidden in the most in-

accessible places, so was Burton's real character hidden beneath an epidermis of so thick and often impenetrable a character, that few probed beneath the surface. There are still people living who know the great truth of these lines, and who hold the memory of his friendship as one of their most wonderful and sacred possessions. As has been truly said, Burton lived in an unlucky age, when men of genius were not welcomed and originality could have no scope, but to-day, when our outlook is so much broader, although Burton is no longer with us, we can at least pay homage on his centenary to one of the greatest and truest of Britons.

FREEMASONRY : ITS ORIGIN, RITUAL AND SYMBOLISM.

By P. S. W.

THE work by Mr. Arthur Edward Waite * of which this is a brief notice, differs mainly in two notable respects from those of similar construction and purpose which have already appeared. In the first place a rigid standard of criticism is applied in weighing the available evidence for and against any theory which has been advanced as to the origins and development of Freemasonry in its several grades; and the conclusions arrived at are strictly in consonance with that standard. Secondly, an interpretation of the rituals and symbolism of Masonry is offered which may help the serious student to an enlightened understanding of the end of initiation in the Instituted Mysteries of all times. It is highly probable that only a small proportion of those who have been initiated, passed and raised in Masonic Craft Lodges have any definite knowledge of the origin and development of the ancient and honourable Institution to which they belong. Should curiosity have prompted them to seek information on the subject, the researches and conclusions of a zealous and expert brother and distinguished writer are presented in these volumes.

The rituals of the Craft degrees constantly affirm that those who qualify for admission as candidates for Freemasonry are not operative masons, but rather Free and Accepted or Speculative Masons.

In this connection Mr. A. E. Waite shows that the claim sometimes advanced that Freemasons of to-day are descended directly from the operative Masons of the Early Building Guilds cannot be substantiated, inasmuch as the old charges and other documents of Operative Freemasonry contain no speculative or philosophical elements. These charges and constitutions of

* *A New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry (Ars Magna Latomorum) and of Cognate Instituted Mysteries : their Rites, Literature and History.* By Arthur Edward Waite, P.M., P.Z., Past Senior Grand Warden of Iowa, etc., etc.; author of *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*, etc., etc. With 16 full-page plates and numerous illustrations in the text. Two volumes, 9½ × 6½. Bound in specially designed cover. Blue cloth, gilt. Price 42*s.* net.

the Building Guilds are considered at length. Similarly the case for Jacobite influence on Freemasonry is not corroborated by evidence, and the alleged derivation of Speculative Freemasonry from Hermetic schools is also set aside, although there is a considerable sentiment inclining in this direction on the part of authoritative writers such as Gould.

The question then arises as to how the rituals of Freemasonry at present in use originated, and what materials belonging to the past were utilized by those who composed them. Mr. Waite leans to the opinion that when the Craft rituals were composed (about the year 1724–1725), there were only vestiges of old rituals available; possibly there was something incorporated from York, and from Scotland, but there is no trace of a regular system of speculative or philosophical Masonry in existence before the founding of the Grand Lodge of London in 1717. Shortly after this date the Operative Documents, such as the so-called Gothic Constitutions and old charges, were put into the hands of Dr. James Anderson "to digest . . . in a new and better method." The rituals themselves were composed either by Theosophilus Desaguliers, or by a group of Masons of which he was certainly one. It is evident that whoever formulated the Master grade knew something of Kabalistic traditions concerning the pillars Jachin and Boaz, and had his eye on the Ancient Mysteries of past ages respecting rebirth, and the death and resurrection of the God.

One important point as to the subject-matter of present rituals is emphasized by Mr. Waite, to the effect that the Christian grades as worked here and on the Continent before the French Revolution were afterwards "philosophized," and a colourless Theism replaced Trinitarian dogma. This expunging of Christian elements in Masonic Craft ritual is a matter of vital interest to any serious student of Masonry. It is not surprising to those who are familiar with Mr. Waite's mystical studies that he recurs to this point, and that his enthusiasm as a Mason is aroused chiefly by the great grades of Rose Croix and the like, which exist to complete the craft in the light of Christian doctrine mystically interpreted. We may question if the zeal of the candidate is stirred by the dramatic representation of the Hiramic myth, and whether after his introduction to an Institution stated to be more ancient than the Golden Fleece, more honourable than the Garter, he does not ask himself on attaining the master's apron if he has gained the light he was ostensibly seeking.

Should such questioning have arisen, we can confidently

recommend the inquirer to continue his quest under the guidance of Mr. Arthur Edward Waite, to whom the message of Masonry is that of the Master Builder, and the building is that of " a city which is to come, the dwelling of the elect that is to be rebuilt in the heart, and over which a new firmament shall shine."

The review of Freemasonry in France is of special interest, and in particular the author's account of the Campagnonnage as throwing a light on the development of emblematic Freemasonry. The pages devoted to Palladian Freemasonry contain matter which has never before been made public. In the sections of the work treating of the Hermetic schools, alchemy, and the spiritual philosophy of St. Martin, Mr. Waite is especially in his element.

There have been many volumes written by industrious, erudite, or imaginative Masons, but in spite of this, we venture to think that this New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry may lay claim to a special place of honour on the shelves of all those who at one time or another have set forth in search of the genuine secrets of a Master Mason.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing notes and observations that in one sense at least Masonry may not rightly be described as having " subsisted from time immemorial." " That which St. Martin said once, referring to all true men, we may repeat," writes Mr. Waite, " of the true mysteries: they speak the same language, for they come from the same country." The earthly locality of that country varies with the ages; to Iamblichos it was Egypt, to the descendants of Solomon it was Palestine; to the disciples of Zoroaster it was Persia; to the Greeks, Eleusis; and by analogy in all ages and countries there has existed a central and venerated shrine of the mysteries. The purpose of Initiation was always and everywhere one and the same, that of Regeneration effected by a figurative death to the entanglements of the senses, a rising from the tomb of transgression, and a glorious reunion with the divine Source of Being.

SOME STRANGE GHOST STORIES

By PHILIP MACLEOD

THE following curious relation is taken from what purports to be a faithful copy of an official document, drawn up in due form by the competent local authorities, and embodying the first-hand evidence of the person chiefly concerned, in the form of a deposition. Though the original document is no longer accessible, there would seem to be sufficient collateral evidence to justify us in accepting the *bona fides* of the copy; but in any case the story, resting, as it does, upon the testimony of one person only (now far beyond all cross-questioning of ours), must stand or fall, in the last resort, by purely internal evidence. The strongest point in its favour is, of course, the nature of the details, which renders it extremely improbable that any one could have deliberately imagined them, more especially during the period when the story must have been invented, if invented it was. Consider, for instance, the character of the imaginative literature of 1800–1830 (the period in question), and note the entire absence from the present narration of any attempt at " romantic " details in the taste then prevalent. There is no mysterious damsel with long black hair and a guitar; no white-bearded elder in flowing robes, silently raising a warning forefinger; no stern warrior with " plumed helm " and armour smelling strongly of pasteboard.

Having premised so much, we may consider the very strange happenings related in the official report, or at least in the available copy of it. This report is dated Dietz, February 8, 1751, and signed by Conrad Fritz, the Burgomaster of Dietz, J. J. Schepp and Heinrich Schlamp, *Gerichtschoeppen* (a kind of assistant judges), and J. F. Eberhard, the Aktuarius or registrar.

These personages state that upon certain strange rumours coming to their ears, they went, in company, to the house of one Anton Seipel, then lying ill, and required him to relate his adventure to them. They describe this Seipel as a man well known to be devoid of all fear, and accustomed to be about at all hours of the night. He was prepared to swear to the truth of his statement, but they contented themselves with the apparently judicial form of a *Handgeloebniss*, or solemn undertaking,

accompanied with a grasp of the hand (a fine old ceremony)—to relate the whole truth, without any reservation whatever, and without adding anything contrary to conscience. Having given this undertaking, Seipel made the following statement :—

On the Tuesday before the preceding Christmas, he, the deponent, was returning to Dietz from Steinbach. As he was passing through Limburg, some good friends of his, seeing him go by, called him in, and he remained in their company till eleven o'clock at night, and then continued his journey home. It was a very dark night.

As he passed through the Limburger Hohl, he heard a vehicle on the road, which he took to be the Dietz mail-coach ; and he shouted to the postilion (who seems to have been an acquaintance of his), " Wait, Wilhelm ! It's so dark ; I want to get up ! " The postilion made some reply, but " because of the noise of the coach and horses," Seipel could not make out what he said. The coach did not stop, and Seipel, wishing to get up, ran behind it, but could not overtake it, though it did not seem to be going very fast, and was not far ahead of him.

Below the hospital, it seemed to Seipel that the coach was turning somewhat out of the road ; and he called again to the postilion, who answered him, but Seipel could not understand what he said. He thought that they had driven off the road, but he continued to follow the coach, and after a long while, as it seemed to him, they got upon a paved road, running somewhat downhill, and Seipel saw buildings and lights.

Now the coach at length stopped before a great gateway, and two little men in white garments, and wearing aprons which were rolled up about their waists, came out with hand-lanterns, with " yellow " handles ; and four persons with long beards, dressed like Capuchin monks, got out of the coach ; and they were tall, each a head taller than he, and their faces were long, and it did not seem to him that they were " right human beings " ; and he marvelled greatly, and could not tell what to make of the matter.

Then these persons entered the gateway, and Seipel went in with them—either from curiosity or recklessness, or simply because he did not know what else to do. The way led " among much masonry-work," always downhill, and over a drawbridge ; at length, it seemed to him, they passed underground. They entered " a little round doorway," went down some steps of polished stone, and so came into a splendid apartment where " someone " was lying in a bed, like a great press built into the

wall; and this person, who was clad in a very fine flowered gown of many colours, stretched his body some way out of the bed and said to Seipel, "Stand still!" which command he, of course, obeyed.

The room was furnished with chairs and tables, intricately carved, the legs ending in claws; there were paintings on the walls, and many candles, in "yellow" chandeliers "widening upwards"; there were one or two doors, through which Seipel could see a long way through many arches. The windows were small and square, and the walls so thick that one could lie at full length in their recesses. The table was covered with all kinds of food, in dishes "white without and yellow within."*

The four passengers of the coach sat at table, continually talking together, but Seipel could not understand a word of what they said; it seemed to him a meaningless noise. There was a "carved bottle" (a cut-glass decanter?) on the table, and when it was empty, one of the little attendants above mentioned took it away, and brought it back full the same moment. The deposition declares: "He in the bed was very strange and very pale in the face, and the others, when the deponent looked at them, were very terrible, not really like human beings; and they resembled one another in appearance, but this he could not well describe." Being now thoroughly frightened at his situation, he turned to go. (This part of the story is not quite clear; it would seem that he got out of the lighted room and into a dark passage, but this is omitted in the deposition.) He had a very long staff with him, and this he now put before him, but he could feel nothing with it, and it seemed to him that he stood on the edge of a deep cellar, and he could not find any bottom with his staff. Thus he stood fixed, as it were, till "a strange fire" broke out of a beam, and fled fluttering on before him; he could not see well, but he followed it, and it seemed to him that he returned nearly the same way as he had come; he noticed "a fine pavement of little stones" (mosaic?). He looked back once to the room which he had left, and it seemed to him that everything remained unchanged—the sick "someone" in the bed, and the four terrible guests at the table, under the light of the candles. On the way, "something" caught

* Silver-gilt? This use of the word "yellow" adds a touch of verisimilitude. Probable Seipel was a poor man, who had never seen gold or gilding employed in household gear. Such a man, seeing for the first time gold so employed, would not dream that it could be gold, but would think of it as a yellow colour. He would hardly invent such a detail.

Seipel by the face, as it were with claws, and seemed trying to hold him back ; but he broke away from it. (When he got home, the marks of the claws were on his face, and had since broken out badly.) He felt deadly ill.

As he followed his mysterious guide through the passages it seemed to him that he could hear horses neighing in their stables, and cocks crowing, and people at their work everywhere about him. Little by little, as he proceeded, these noises died away, and at last he found himself out upon the road in front of the ruined Castle of Ardeck, to which his back was turned, so that it would seem that it must have been the scene of all these wonders. Seipel found no further difficulty in making his way home " by the route of Holzheim."

Here follow the signatures of the Burgomaster and his assistants, and the curtain, as far as we are concerned, drops on this strange little drama. We learn nothing further of the fate of Seipel, though there seems reason to fear that he ultimately succumbed to the illness brought on by his adventure. His experiences (as we learn from another source) were matter of common talk at the time all through Nassau and the district of the Lower Lahn.

A German folklorist, who wrote about seventy years ago, states that there was a popular belief in those parts that a coach used to drive by night from Limburg on the Lahn to the Castle of Ardeck. Sometimes a wayfarer, not knowing the nature of the coach, would hail it as it passed, and beg to be taken up. His request would not be granted till he had run some way behind the coach, but at last the vehicle would stop for him, and he would enter, to find himself in the company of strange passengers, who would stare at him, but utter no word. The coach would stop at the ruins of the Castle of Ardeck, and the unwary traveller, entering, would see such things there that " sight and hearing would leave him." In the morning he would be found lying among the ruins, paralysed in his limbs, and out of his senses. For some reason shoemakers were thought to be peculiarly liable to encounter such adventures. " Many of these poor fellows have been so treated in the time of Advent, and have died soon thereafter." There is a ballad of a shoemaker who dispersed a ghostly banquet of knights and ladies at the Castle of Ardeck by uttering a pious ejaculation. He was struck senseless, and died in the following spring.

There is, or was, a popular belief in Norway which may throw some light upon Seipel's strange adventure. We are told that

certain souls, not worthy (as yet, at least) of gaining heaven, but not bad enough to merit the dreadful sentence of damnation, are doomed to ride about the earth till the world shall come to an end.

In his account of Castle Rushen in the Isle of Man, Waldron tells us that it was reported to possess many underground rooms of great magnificence, but that several stout-hearted persons who at different times ventured down into the castle vaults to explore, had failed to return, and were never heard of again. The vaults were therefore closed up, and so remained till another brave but more prudent man succeeded, with some difficulty, in getting leave to make the attempt. He used a clue of packthread, which none of his unfortunate predecessors had done, and by its means returned to the light of day, with this "amazing discovery":—

"He had passed through a number of vaults, and come into a long narrow place, sloping downwards, as he guessed, for about a mile, in darkness. Descending this, he at length perceived a light, which on nearer approach he found to proceed from a large and magnificent house, all lit up with candles. The door of the house was opened, at his third knock, by a servant, who asked him what he wanted. He replied that he wished to go as far as he could, and asked for directions. The servant told him he must go through the house, brought him in accordingly, and out by the back door. He went on a long way farther, and came to another house, finer than the first, with 'innumerable lamps burning in every room.'

"Here also he designed to knock, but had the curiosity to step on a little bank which commanded a view of a low parlour, and looking in, he beheld a vast table in the middle of the room, and on it, extended at full length, a man, or rather monster, at least fourteen feet in length, and ten or twelve around the body. This prodigious fabric lay as if sleeping, with his head upon a book, with a sword by him, answerable to the hand which he supposed made use of it."

This sight induced our traveller to give up his intention of knocking, and indeed to retrace his steps. At the first house he found the servant, who let him through again, genially informing him that "if he had knocked at the second door he would have seen company enough, but could never have returned." The traveller inquiring what place that was, and by whom possessed, was answered that "these things were not to be revealed," and so took his leave, and returned to the upper air.

In Mr. J. H. Ingram's excellent collection, *Haunted Homes*, there is a very well-told tale of the adventures of a courageous rustic who explored the underground passages of an ancient house in Wharfedale. Having prepared for his expedition by the administration of "potent stimulant," the gallant explorer seized his lanthorn, and disappeared in the gloomy passages. He was long in making his return, and when he at length did so, his condition gave evidence of terrible experiences. It was some time before he recovered sufficiently to tell his adventures.

It seems that he had gone a long way through dark winding passages, and was beginning to feel tired and inclined to go back, when he heard some delicious music, which drew him irresistibly on, till he came into an enormous room, with a bright blazing fire; and either the firelight, or "something else," made everything glitter like gold.

But before the fire was standing a great black rough dog, which straightway addressed the traveller with a human voice, but no friendly words.

"Now, my man," it said, "as you've come here, you must do one of three things, or you'll never see daylight again. You must either drink all the liquor there is in that glass; open that chest; or draw that sword."

The explorer looked at the three objects mentioned. The chest had two or three great locks, and no sign of a key; the sword was an enormous one, and our traveller knew nothing of swords; but the drink—well, he did know something of drinking!

He accordingly took the fine, long-stemmed glass, full of tempting liquor, and set it to his lips, but cannily sipped it before taking a draught. It burned like aquafortis! As he sipped, the chest flew open, and he saw it was full of gold, and the sword flew from the sheath and flashed like lightning; but the traveller, his lips and tongue scalded, set the glass violently down, and all the liquor splashed out. That instant, all was darkness, full of yells and howling; "it seemed as if hundreds of dogs were all getting walloped at once; and something besides screamed and yelled as if it were frightened out of its wits" (this last is one of those strange unaccountable touches sometimes met with in such stories).

The traveller fell down in a swoon, and did not know how long he lay in it; but he recovered at length, and dragged himself back to the surface of the earth again, earnestly resolving "not to go in there any more of a sudden."

IN LONESOME CASTLES

By BART KENNEDY

HUMAN beings seem to be isolated one from the other. It is as if they lived in castles by themselves. Castles surrounded by impassable moats.

All of them have their individual ambitions and aims. Even when they are very close to each other, there is still a bar to perfect understanding. Sometimes there is for a short while what appears to be a perfect understanding. But that, as a rule, lasts but for a little.

It is as if all the beings of the human race were worlds in themselves. Even though they live together, crowded in vast city places, they are far apart. Their interests are not in accord, even though they live and work and die, as it were, side by side.

True it is that certain emergencies bring them together. A great war that threatens the existence of the nation will make them feel as one. But this lasts only as long as lasts the war. When it is over, back they go again to the state of hostile individualism. Again the clash of interests and ambitions awakens to the full.

Always pulling and hauling against one another. Always fighting one against the other. It goes on through the whole of the days of the life of man. It has always gone on. Will it always go on? One knows not.

They work in a way together, it is true. But it is only a forced condition of things. They are not bound by the tie of comradeship. And whenever possible they go against one another.

Idle is it to blame them for this. Idle is it to say that it is their fault. The very make of their being seems to be behind this instinct of hostile individualism.

Men there are who feel that the sinister social problems that now beset us would be solved if only comradeship could be brought about between man and man. In the past men have arisen who have founded great unifying systems of thought, and great religions. Or it might be more exact to say that these men intended them to be unifying. But the ideals of these men have never attained to fruition. The masses, at best, have paid but lip-service to them.

Think of it. There are hundreds of millions of men in this world. And between them is no real link or bond. Even the members of the same family are as strangers—and often as hostile strangers.

Hundreds of millions of strangers exist side by side in this world of mystery. Hundreds of millions whose hands are as it were, one against the other. They live in communities that are but communities in name. The spirit of comradeship is not in them. These communities speak a common language. They are bound by the same laws and the same conditions. And still the individuals therein are, in practice, alien one to the other.

Is it in accord with the life of the Universe that this should be so? It must be, inasmuch as that it exists. If comradeship does not exist amongst men in any real sense, it must be because it ought not to exist.

And still there are men, and there have been men, who believe, and have believed, in it. There are men, and there have been men, who feel, and have felt, that comradeship was possible.

The beautiful and glorious concept of comradeship! Will it ever come to pass that it will find practical expression? Will it ever come to pass that man will make a pact of peace with man? It must be so. For the concept of a thing comes before the attaining of that thing to what we call reality. There was a time when this very earth of ours—that is to our senses now as a thing of solid materiality—was but a concept. There was a time when it existed but as a thought. And therefore one may feel that the concept of comradeship will come to realization.

Who is to know? Who is to tell? May it not be that the length of time that man has lived on earth is but as a day? As a day, I mean, in the vast reach of time that he is destined to live here on earth as a race. This strife, this dread struggle through which we are now passing, is surely but a phase of that life. These wars dread and terrible are surely but things of passing that are brought about by man's isolation from his fellow. That strange mysterious isolation that makes man as it were an Ishmael.

This concept of comradeship splendid and glorious. I like to think of it. For I feel that it is a presage of a thing that is to be. A time will surely come when man shall dwell—in heart and in spirit—with man. A time will come when man shall arise from his slough of selfishness. A time will come when he shall attain to the splendour of his full growth.

To think of the morrow and the glory thereof is to live in the

morrow. To dwell on the realization of a beautiful thing to come is to experience that realization. To dream of is to possess. To know that the time will come when the shining of the sun shall appear is to see its rays through the darkness that surrounds. Thought. It is behind—it upholds—it is realization. Thought in itself is consummation. We live by the things we see not. We are of a finer fibre than we know.

It is not the destiny of man to live for ever in a lonesome castle. He is destined to leave it and to live in comradeship and amity with his fellow. Brotherhood shall reign in the world as sure as that the sun shines. Man has conquered the earth and the elements thereof. Man is a being of wondrous might. And the time will come when he shall conquer himself even as he has conquered all other things.

A time will come when his eyes shall be opened to the full light of the sun of knowledge. A time when strife shall have died down.

A time of Brotherhood.

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.]

PSYCHIC MUSIC.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In looking over a recent issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, I was interested in a letter addressed to you, signed "Queenie Jee." I should much like to know whether she was able to remember sufficiently the music of her dreams, and has written them down?

It may interest some of your readers to know that one of my songs recently published by Enoch & Sons, entitled "Love's Fadeless Rose," was written by me in this way.

Some years ago, while staying in Paris, late in the afternoon I went to the church of "La Madeleine." There were only about half a dozen people there, and I knelt down near a working woman, with a basket near her. Suddenly I heard beautiful chanting, voices only, but could not locate where the sound came from.

The words written by Léon Montenaeken came to my mind, and seemed to fit in with the melody, the words of the last verse being:

"La vie est brève,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis Bonsoir."

The melody appeared to swell and fill the church, one lovely voice full of tenderness seeming to linger on the last notes, so I asked the woman near me where the music came from. She looked at me in surprise, and said in French: "Pardon, Madame, what music?" I said to her, "Now, do you hear it?" But she shook her head, and said, "No, Madame, I hear nothing." She went out soon after, and another woman came in and sat down near me, and to her also I asked the same question. She simply said, "There is no music," but as I still heard it, I ventured to ask whether perhaps she was a little deaf? At this question she looked rather offended, and said, "Mais pas du tout, Madame"; and while the melody was still ringing in my ears, I hastened back to my hotel, and there and then wrote it down.

Very truly yours,
NITA O'SULLIVAN-BEARE.

P.S.—My song has been published by Enoch & Sons with English words.

NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

CAN SPIRITS READ CLOSED BOOKS?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I received my OCCULT REVIEW for February this morning and at 12.40 p.m. began to read my wife your "Notes of the Month." I had got as far as line 13, page 67, "purports to be," when I broke off my reading and said to my wife as an illustration, "If a spirit, say so-and-so, were in this room, and told me to take the 4th book in the 2nd row of that bookcase and on a certain page we found a suitable message——." Without continuing I walked to the bookcase, and found the book in question to be a small paper-bound copy of Myers' *St. Paul*, which I certainly did not know was there.

Without telling my wife what the book was, I asked her to give me a page under 45 and a line on that page. She chose page 25 and line 5. The reference is:

> "Thence the strong soul which never power can pinion
> Sprang with a wail into the empty air.
> Thence the wide eyes upon a hushed dominion
> Looked in a fierce astonishment of prayer."

Surely a most apposite and unexpected coincidence, as three or four lines after I had broken off my reading I see you discuss Myers and cross-correspondences. My wife was as little aware as I was that *St. Paul* was in the room or in the place where we found it. I have no theory to advance. I should add that in the room in question there are about 300 books.

Faithfully yours,
RODERICK MACKENZIE.

(*Corroboration by Mrs. Mackenzie.*)

My husband has described this incident, exactly as I believe it to have occurred.

MAUD EVELYN MACKENZIE.

January 29, 1921, 2.15 p.m.

SYMBOLICAL DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in the Monthly Notes of the OCCULT REVIEW for February that you speak of some dreams being symbolical. Do you think the following dream would be called symbolical, and what would it be likely to mean? I dreamt that I was walking down a long corridor of a Roman house. I was dressed as a Roman lady. I remember the long flowing gown or robes. I saw as I walked (or rather floated, the motion was so easy) a child lying on the floor in a corner of the corridor seemingly in pain. I was going forward to help her, when I looked up, and on the ceiling I saw three beautiful hands

all close together. I marked their beautiful shape; they were all right hands. I was impelled to put up my hand toward them and was drawn up by one of the hands. I felt myself floating upwards. The next thing I remember I found myself in the same corridor hurrying down to find the child. As I ran down I saw a woman dressed in white, as I myself and the child were, passing across the corridor with the child in her arms, but she disappeared before I could get up to her. A beautiful light was round the hands at the wrists shining in golden rays.

I had another dream about the same time. It was again in a Roman villa. There was a lovely woman, a man, and myself, all dressed in white Roman dress. We were seated at a window, or what I should call a window (no casement). We were talking, but what most struck me was the lovely view. I could not describe it; indeed, it was to me like heaven.

These are the only dreams I have ever had like this, that I can remember at all. I took note of them at the time, although I need not have done so, as they are as clear to me now as then, and that was in 1897. I was in Vancouver at the time, and had not at that time been to Rome.

I have never had bad dreams or anything to frighten me, I am glad to say.

Yours truly,
JANE SPENCE.

VILLA STELLA,
16 AV. BORRIGLIONE,
NICE, A.M. FRANCE.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Theosophical Society in England and Wales has founded a new "sectional magazine" of considerable proportions, under the title of *Theosophy*. It is designed to appear monthly and is at present edited by Mr. H. Baillie-Weaver, who, for a number of years, has been the General Secretary of the Society in its English and Welsh section. He announces, however, his intention to retire from both positions in the course of the present month. It should be understood that *Theosophy* is not a competitor for favour with established periodicals of the same denomination. Though it is said to have an "international circulation"—presumably in a restricted sense—*The Theosophist* belongs more especially to the Indian section of the Society, while North Britain is represented by *Theosophy in Scotland*. The field in England and Wales happens to be free, and *Theosophy* intends to occupy it. The issues before us promise well for those which will follow. Mr. A. P. Sinnett, so long and well known among us, writes on the progress of theosophical teaching, sounding a note of personal conviction and sincerity which must appeal to those who abide within his circle of thought. Other articles are by Mr. D. N. Dunlop on the study of matter and its mystery; by Miss Clara M. Codd on the necessity of prayer for the nurture and growth of spiritual life; by Miss Charlotte E. Woods on the recent Encyclical Letter of the Bishops in Conference at Lambeth; by Mr. Leo French on certain aspects reflected in planetary lore; and on the rationale of spiritual healing by Mr. F. E. Pearce.

Continental periodicals and reviews are numerous and of varied interest. The *Bulletin de l'Institut Métapsychique* proposes in successive issues to publish accounts of materializations through the mediumship of Franek Kluski, a native of Warsaw, and on the present occasion it gives a preliminary notice concerning him, which is broadly biographical in character. It may be summarized by stating that the subject is a literary man, a poet and a linguist—a person, in a word, of great intelligence and culture. His supernormal gifts—described as marvellous—have been placed at the disposition of his countrymen in the first instance and now of the Metapsychical Institute of Paris, solely through his devotion to science. It appears that they are hereditary and that he was cradled, so to speak, in the midst of psychic happenings, while he was himself mediumistic from infancy, beholding things taking place at a distance and in the frequent company of spirits—those of relatives, deceased friends, even of domestic and other animals. The French experiments with M. Kluski have been made with the collaboration of Professor Richet and Dr. Gustav Gély. . . . The *Bulletin Officiel du Bureau International du Spiritisme* is devoted almost exclusively to records of pro-

ceedings, but we observe that Spiritism is reported to be making great progress in Belgium and that a Spiritistic Congress was held in Prague at the end of last year. . . . *La Revue Mondiale* is a new series, under a new denomination, of the French *Revue des Revues*. It is an excellent publication, not only in respect of the original articles, but for its extracts from the current French press, the latter being particularly informing for English readers. It is, however, altogether silent on psychic, spiritualistic and occult subjects. Having regard to the immense output of the occult periodical press in France, a review of reviews devoted exclusively thereto would be not less than a boon—most certainly to us in England and probably to students everywhere. . . . *Lumière et Vérité* was mentioned in these pages on its first appearance during the autumn of last year. Some further issues are before us and offer a curious combination of records, in part on efforts towards practical charity and in part on psychic facts and speculations. The *Cercle Caritas*, of which it is the official organ, seems founded for the laudable object of providing holidays for poor French children, either by obtaining subscriptions or by encouraging members to take charge of cases for a period. But it also holds periodical *séances*, mainly with the object of bringing bereaved members into communication with their friends who have passed on. The results obtained are published, together with occasional papers on psychic matters and esoteric doctrine. The magazine would appear to exist for the purpose of leading French spiritualists to work together for the help of suffering humanity on unostentatious lines, and such an object has our best wishes. . . . *Luce e Ombra*, an Italian monthly review devoted to spiritual science, has entered on the twenty-first year of its publication and appears at Rome. The issue before us has articles on the problems of psychology and on psycho-physiological phenomena. . . . On the other hand, *Mondo Occulto* is a new venture, which reaches us from Naples, devoted to Spiritism and esoteric subjects in general. It is designed to appear bi-monthly and makes a good beginning. In addition to the pages devoted to modern phenomena, there are studies of *incubi* and *succubi*, the mystery of blood—including its liquefaction in the famous case of St Januarius—and the science of the Magi. The form of production recalls rather closely that of the theosophical *Ultra*, which is issued at Rome.

Regarded as a *revue initiatique*, our interest in *Eon* continues, for it occupies a place apart in the Parisian periodical press; but as it seems to be concerned more especially with the claims and activities of an Order of the Lily and the Rose, it would seem desirable—if only for the information of English readers—to give some account of this rather curious association, its origin and history. Its meetings take place in the Salon of the Geographical Society and there lectures are delivered, some of which at least are reported in the columns of *Eon*. Though members are denominated Knights and Dames, we presume that there is no procedure in ritual—as if a grade of chivalry were conferred—

and that the Order is comparable therefore to the Quest Society of London, though it is in no sense so learned or so important in the names of its lecturers. It appears to have been founded on January 19, 1914, by Marie Routchine, with whose name it must be said that no one is acquainted in England. However this may be, the lady in question is no longer in earthly life, and her loss has been deplored by the Order, which remembers her as "our venerable mother" and salutes her by the symbolical name of *Dea*. She sought to instruct her followers in the art of doing good without any expectation of a return, but there are traces of an esoteric doctrine behind the familiar moralities of this teaching, and here is a subject on which we could desire to be better informed. As might perhaps be expected, historical evidence is not a strong point with the lecturers. The succession of initiatory schools being one of the recent subjects, we are told that the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross had its headquarters originally in the East, as also in Attica, at Ephesus and later on at Byzantium. After the downfall of the Eastern Empire, it passed over to Austria and Hungary, then westward to France and England, working apparently three occult degrees. During mediæval times it was heard of in Germany, Denmark, Norway and otherwhere. But all this is romantic reverie, for which no one could produce a particle of evidence in the facts of history. A further suggestion that German Rosicrucianism—presumably at the beginning of the seventeenth century—was grafted on the ancient root, rather than a growth therefrom, is an instance of history being devised in the mind of a speaker during the course of an address. For the rest, we invite our excellent contemporary to give us something which can be checked respecting the Order of the Lily and the Rose, a note on its degrees—if any—and a monograph on Marie Routchine. We should like also to know whether the title of *Dea* is to be understood as a term of endearment or as a rank in some occult hierarchy with which we are unacquainted till now.

Le Voile d'Isis continues to be of singular interest, the Kabalistic letters of Éliphas Lévi, addressed to Baron Spedalieri, being now the chief feature of each successive issue. They belong assuredly to the romance of tradition, indeed the high romance; but it is from this point of view that one approaches them, to enjoy their suggestive theses, their speculations untrammelled by antecedents and historical or metaphysical likelihood. There is nothing further from the conventional mind of rabbinical Israel, yet this is part of their charm. Éliphas Lévi had obviously never read the *Zohar*, except in collections like those of Pistorius and Rosenroth, but he made it up in his imagination as he proceeded, and this is his occult philosophy. So is his Kabalistic correspondence another great book of enchantment, which far as it differs from its original is not utterly unlike thereto, because the *Zohar* also is a vast text wrought in their imagination by old Sons of the Doctrine; it also is without real antecedents, though it incorporates from many sources, and its appeal to the secret instruction is

no other than an appeal to itself and its own irresponsible authority. Our contemporary, moreover, is publishing from month to month a French version of the *Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*, as translated from the German into English and introduced by Dr. Franz Hartmann, over thirty years ago. The undertaking is not without consequence, but the importance of the original work depends on its remarkable coloured plates rather than on the Hermetic texts, a considerable part of which are known otherwise. Illustrations are of course excluded from the present scheme. It may be added that in Dr. Hartmann's edition several of the folio designs are wanting, perfect copies of the German work being exceedingly difficult to obtain: we have heard of one example only, made up from several sources. Particulars of conferences and notes on occult news, which are given regularly at the conclusion of each issue, are a typical and attractive feature of *Le Voile d'Isis*. They indicate on the present occasion that there is no end as yet to the embroilments of the Martinist Order. M. Victor Blanchard, whom we mentioned last month as Grand Master of the obedience denominated ancient and primitive, otherwise *Ordre Martiniste et Synarchique*, has issued a statement, according to which he is in possession of charters delivered to him by Papus and Détré, the two previous Grand Masters of the undivided Order. In virtue of these he and his collaborators claim to be invested with the sole sovereign powers. Such a declaration must stand at its value, but it looks somewhat suspicious on the surface, for it is difficult to see how two successive leaders could have delegated the same person, and it is difficult to take seriously the description of the Order as "ancient and primitive," considering that it was founded by Papus in or about 1887.

Another French periodical, entitled *Symbolisme*, affirms that a Grand Masonic Congress was to be held at Rome during the month of March. Particulars are wanting otherwise, but it seems certain, if only from the place of assembly, that it must have been confined to the Latin Rites, otherwise the excluded obediences, and possibly the most deplorable of these. Alternatively the whole story may rest on a simple misapprehension. At the last Quarterly Communication of the English Grand Lodge, as reported in *The Freemason*, it was announced that the Swiss Grand Lodge Alpina is convoking an International Masonic Congress to meet at Geneva in the autumn and that Lodges of all obediences are invited. The reference of *Symbolisme* may be possibly to this convention, there being an error as to time and place. The essential Landmarks of the Craft will prevent the Grand Lodge of England from participating in the activities at Geneva, for to do so would be to recognize the Sovereign Obediences which have removed those Landmarks, defined by Lord Ampthill as "an express belief in the Great Architect of the Universe and an obligatory recognition of the Volume of the Sacred Law."

REVIEWS

THE CALLING OF THE SEA. By William Hope Hodgson. London: Selwyn & Blount, 21 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

HOPE HODGSON'S name is widely known through his brilliant short stories about the sea. He was killed in action in April, 1918. His many friends will be glad to renew their acquaintance with his intensely vital spirit through his collected poems which are now published for the first time in *The Call of the Sea*. The longest poem, "The Place of Storms" is a masterly description of the labours of the Storm-Fiend, containing many lines of uncanny grandeur and extraordinary power. It reads like a symbolical rendering of the world-war expressed in terms of the elemental forces. For example:

> "The Fiery Tempest, which is scarcely seen
> Once in a thousand years by mariners;
> The fiery storm in which the broad sky burns—
> In which the very waves are flames of blood,
> Upleaping to the night; while blazing clouds
> Wrap the whole world in one red shroud of fire."

Among the best poems are "The Ship" and "Song of the Ship"; the latter is a charming lyric with delicate lines that haunt the memory.

Taken as a whole, the poems of Hope Hodgson give me the impression that there was some secret tragedy in his life. They are filled with a strange, palpitating, suppressed despair, which now and again vents itself in grim outbursts of soul-shattering pain. Yet there are also the softer notes of faith and hope in "Beyond the Dawning" and in the last stanza of "Eight Bells." MEREDITH STARR.

GREAT GANGA THE GURU: OR, HOW A SEEKER SOUGHT THE REAL. By Kavita Kaumudi. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., Broadway House, 68–74 Carter Lane, E.C. Pp. 126. Price 6*s*. net.

IT cannot be said that Miss E. Arnold (Kavita Kaumudi) has achieved mastery over the technique of verse. The winged and luminous melodies of the world of inspiration possess appropriate symbolic forms, but to capture these one must listen for them in the right manner, allowing them to come to expression fully, and not be content with their imperfect adumbrations. Miss Arnold is, however, more successful in her prose renderings; they are more direct and forceful and convey more perfectly the noble truths of the Vedas and Upanishads which form the basis of the writers' inspirations. For example:—

"KNOWLEDGE to him who with purified mind stands EMPTY. But not to him who, puffed and stuffed with the learning of tomes, is ever bursting with an unquiet fullness."

* * * * *

"He who is pliant to the will of the great Master, he who is plastic with profound love, falters not when the path is thick with obstacles or one long road of thorns and pitfalls."

Great Ganga the Guru is an attempt to sketch the path of the soul from *Avidya* (nescience) to Moksha (liberation) along the lines of Bhakti and Gnana Yoga with an undercurrent of Raja Yoga. There is no question of the sincerity of the writer, and it is to be hoped that her work will stimulate her readers to search out for themselves the secrets of that Wisdom-Religion which is still a living power in the East.

I may add that the book contains excellent portraits of Rabindranath Tagore and of his venerable brother, Dwijendranath.

MEREDITH STARR.

SPIRITUALISM: A POPULAR HISTORY FROM 1847. By Joseph McCabe. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace. Price 15*s.* net.

IN spite of the declaration on the wrapper that this book is "written critically, yet dispassionately," the dispassionate reader will have no difficulty in discerning in Mr. McCabe a strong bias against Spiritualism. While admitting that mediums are prone to deceive themselves and that they have at times consciously practised trickery, it is nevertheless a great fallacy to suppose, on this account, that the phenomena they have produced are invariably the result of imposture. The psychic power, like the faculty of inspiration, is not constant but variable in its manifestation. For this reason, mediums have frequently succumbed to the temptation to resort to trickery during the time when the power was in abeyance. But the fact remains that phenomena have occurred at séances under test conditions when imposture was impossible, which cannot be accounted for by the known laws of nature. Mr. McCabe prefers to gloss over these uncomfortable instances, while he spares no pains in exposing the fraudulent activities with which the history of Spiritualism admittedly teems. The book seems to me anything but dispassionate; Mr. McCabe's treatment of Spiritualism is definitely sceptical and obviously strongly prejudiced.

MEREDITH STARR.

PEARSON'S FORTUNE TELLER. By Professor P. R. S. Foli. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is one of those pleasant anthologies on the gentle art of scrying which will please all curious sibyls. Professor Foli has certainly embraced the entire subject and ranges from planchette, cartomancy, numbers, astrology, crystal-gazing, palmistry and tea-leaf reading to augury, the divining-rod, clairvoyance and psychometry.

I suppose it is always difficult to part the higher manifestations from those lower forms whose original lights superstition has darkened, and it certainly becomes an impossibility in a volume of this kind.

However, it will divert the novice in Occultism and the student of folklore, as Professor Foli is not one of the people who give one the history of the subject without adding its practical method of application.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE BANSHEE. By Elliott O'Donnell. London: Sands & Co. Price 6s. net.

THE Banshee is shown to be strictly a family ghost, only troubling those of very ancient Irish lineage. The theory of Atlantis might account for this. The Atlanteans were adepts in necromancy, and possibly the Milesian clans of Ireland may be identical with the survivors of the great catastrophe and have brought to the western isle spirits which have ever since haunted them. The Banshee travels and follows the fortunes of the true Milesian Irishman to the ends of the earth. Many graphically told stories are recorded of its appearance in various lands and on battle-fields. Its unearthly wailing, blood-curdling screams, and exquisite singing all presage death and disaster to some member of the haunted family, although with notable exceptions the warning is not given to the doomed person directly.

The author disagrees with many current theories relating to the apparition, especially the assertion that such ghosts may be a "thought form or an unusually vivid impression of astral light." He emphatically gives it as his opinion that the Banshee is a denizen of a world quite distinct from ours. In appearance the Banshee sometimes manifests as a woman of rare and exceeding beauty, and also as a hag, frightful, diabolical and baneful. The Friendly Banshees exhibit sorrow, and the Hateful Banshees wicked exultation.

In discussing the counterparts of this phantasm it is pointed out that the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns and the apparition which warns the house of Stanley in Scotland of approaching death, most closely resemble it. L. A. A.

STARTLING REVELATIONS FROM THE HEAVEN WORLDS. Edited by John Lobb, F.R.G.S. London: L. N. Fowler and Co. Pp. 180. Price 6s. net.

THESE revelations are less startling than the title would lead one to suppose. They take the form of "visions given to Mrs. John Lobb," the chief announcement that emerges from a somewhat confusing mass being that of the "near manifestation of the Mighty One in male form." We are told that the gulf between the two worlds, Heaven and Earth, has now been bridged over; that "the feet of the Son—the Great Messiah—now stand upon the earth," but that neither the Father nor the Son has ever before been seen upon this planet. A considerable portion of the book is, however, concerned with the life and death of Jesus of Nazareth, and with commentaries upon His teachings.

The book as a whole bears witness to the many pitfalls that beset those who try to write of spiritual (or indeed of any other) matters without being endowed with a gift for literary expression. There are indeed passages of genuine interest to those who seek for information about the spirit worlds and spirit intercourse, and the high moral tone of the "revelations" is beyond question. But the publication of a photograph of "the Great Angel Purity" as frontispiece was a mistake, for a more thoroughly *earthly*, though insipidly pretty, type of femininity it would be difficult to imagine. E. M. M.

AN EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM JAMES'S PHILOSOPHY. A Critical Essay for the General Reader. By J. E. Turner. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. Pp. 76. Price 4*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS is a remarkably lucid and alert examination of the philosophy of William James. The author shows that though James has advocated an ultimate Pluralism, he flatly contradicts this view elsewhere by statements which imply the acceptance of an ultimate Monism, notably in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*. At the same time, it is also true that James asserts that the visible and spiritual worlds are essentially one, and that union with the spiritual or higher universe is our true end. But the universe is one in essence and plural in manifestation; so Monism and Pluralism (though not "ultimate" Pluralism), like their religious equivalents, monotheism and pantheism, are seen to be merely different aspects of the same truth. It should also be remarked that he who has accomplished the studies and assimilated the fruits of occult science (which is equivalent to the "execution of a psychological change of front," as James puts it) will recognize that there is a point where psychology and philosophy ceases to be a matter of theory and become actual knowledge. The ultimate truths concerning the universe are cognized by a perceptive faculty which has not yet been evolved by humanity at large, and which lies above the intellectual plane. As a matter of fact, these truths only begin to enter consciousness when the individual has reached the stage where he can transcend and silence what is ordinarily called thought, just as, on a lower level, sensation is "taken up" into thought; but, until this stage has been arrived at, it is frequently necessary to construct a system of thought which acts as a working hypothesis, and which, as far as the individual is concerned, is essentially pragmatical. The principal use, however, of such a system is that it forms an intellectual or psychic ladder, through which the individual may reach the plane above the intellect where spiritual (ultimate, essential) verities are perceived, or rather experienced. Once this state is attained, the ladder vanishes, just as when the answer to a multiplication sum has been arrived at, the processes which led to the result are discarded, and, moreover, there are various methods which yield the same answer. It seems to me that James's Pragmatism is just such a "magical system" or ladder, though it has a much wider scope than most systems and hence appeals to a larger number of individuals. But it is a mistake to confuse the ladder with the goal to which it conducts. This mistake, however, is almost invariably made both by the originators of systems and more definitely by their disciples. This is probably why James says of the categories of "common sense" implied by the pragmatical attitude, that "they may after all be only a collection of extraordinarily successful hypotheses"—a conclusion which surprises the author of this essay. Again, though "truth has little to do with the psychical activity of thinking" (p. 26) the psychical activity is nevertheless a bridge to truth. But as J. E. Turner very rightly points out, though the doctrine of Pragmatism is not erroneous, it is incomplete. Truth is not based on experience, but experience is based upon truth. Every one who is interested in William James's philosophy should procure a copy of this thought-provoking essay which very ably sums up the merits and demerits of the talented American.

MEREDITH STARR.

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THE THREEFOLD STATE: The True Aspect of the Social Question. By Rudolf Steiner. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THE Translators, in their Preface to this work, modestly observe that they trust to the force of the writer's ideas to penetrate the inadequate form of their rendering. Personally, we should be inclined to think that Dr. Steiner's ideas suffer most, both in this book and its predecessors, from the occasional tumidity of his style.

The matter of the book, however, is of great value, as well as of immediate interest. "The Threefold State" or Commonweal is made up of the economic, the political, and the spiritual rights and duties of the community and its members; and, in Dr. Steiner's view, the true interests and unfettered development of these three kinds of life in the social body, have suffered from the encroachments of *one upon another*, the attempted identification of *one with another*. He pleads for the greater independence and "self-government" of each department.—"The foremost aim of public life to-day must be to work out a radical separation between the still greater earnestness and insistency that belong to a writer of his views. He says of the spiritual life that there can be for it but one possible way of healthy development: "It must be left to the forces of the spiritual life itself to initiate the services it renders to the community." On the possibilities for social betterment and lasting peace that this freedom of the spirit will carry with it, Dr. Steiner has much to say, with his characteristic zeal and practical genius. He is, as everybody knows, an ardent theosophist and student of the Occult; but he is "far as the Antipodes removed" from the mere dreamer and theorist. His is a definite programme, including the organization of public justice, the circulation of the means of production, the equitable division of wealth, and the reconciliation of the individual and family instincts with the communal good.

The book would have gained by the addition of an Index; or, at least, by a more detailed table of Contents. In a later edition, perhaps, this can be remedied. G. M. H.

TOD MACMAMMON SEES HIS SOUL, and other Satires for the New Democracy. By A. St. John Adcock. London: The Swarthmore Press. Pp. 80. Price 2s. net.

THE cushions between the outside of a hypocrite and his vulnerability hold more than a peck of cottonwool or feathers, and it would be rash to prophesy that the arrowy scorn of Mr. St. John Adcock for the disguises assumed by greed and vanity, seeking public praise or toleration, will reach as pain, or even as discomfort, the nerves of the loveless people whom it attacks. But of the striking merit of our poet's verse there can be no doubt. His voice might obey a metronome, it is so unerring in rhythm, and his rhymes have sometimes a delightful ingenuity. The title poem is a tragedy of self-realization. MacMammon, who on earth had figured in the newspapers very much like the late Andrew Carnegie, was urged, by the conceit engendered in him by what Mr. Shaw would call his "deadly virtues," to go to Heaven. There he was confronted by an army of his ill-treated employees, saw himself in the likeness of a toad-faced worm and perished of his desire never to see himself again. Though

I am too worldly to regard the gifts of evil men as evil, thinking that one's abdominal digestion symbolizes a psychic process of prosperous appropriation, I admire the poetic working-out of MacMammon's destiny very much. Every hypocrite in the world can appreciate, if not understand, the conjuring trick by which something becomes nothing, because a great deal of human mendacity is a sort of abortive experiment in annihilation. Another poem, "The Perfect Gentleman's Creed," is an admirable piece of drollery that nevertheless is a fairly faithful reflection of the dwarfed minds of the selfish rich.

"What is, is best; and God is good
So long as He
But good will be
To me and you, and you and me."

He that hath ears to hear, let him pay his florin "net" like a man to listen to Mr. Adcock. W. H. CHESSON.

MADMEN. By José Mora. London: Digby, Long & Co., 16 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C. 4. Price 7*s.* net.

A POWERFUL occult and psychic interest is attached to this remarkable novel. Because of the attitude that prefers the flesh that dies to the spirit that lives, and clings to this illusion rather than to eternal truth, the author has called this book *Madmen*. Mr. Mora has evidently had a large number of experiences of an occult order, for he writes with a peculiarly intimate knowledge of the hidden motives and vibrations which sway the human race as a flower is swayed by the wind. His characters are all exceptionally well drawn and his dialogue is excellent. The scene of the séance in Charlton's studio, where the spectators participate in an astral orgy of frenzied diabolism induced by the intoxication of the Astral Light, compares favourably with anything written by Eliphas Levi or Bulwer Lytton. The trance-like beatitude of triumphant and glorified spirits is equally well depicted in the relations between Vega and Tomaso, while the unequilibrated soul which hovers uncertainly betwixt darkness and light is portrayed with fidelity in the person of Oscar Searle, who in some respects reminds me of Glyndon in *Zanoni*. Students of the occult will find Mr. Mora's views on art and love of particular interest. *Madmen* is one of the most distinctive and powerful novels I have read.

MEREDITH STARR.

SPIRITUALISM: A Criticism and a Suggested Solution. By Rev. E. Ebrard Rees. Poole: J. Looker, The Wessex Press. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS is another of the characteristic attacks by which rabid Orthodoxy relieves its pent-up feelings on the subject of Spiritualism. We are therefore not unprepared for the old familiar chant, that "Mediums are an abomination to God," and that Spiritualism, "IN THE LIGHT OF THE BIBLE STANDS CONDEMNED." The author perhaps may be unacquainted with the Rev. Walter Wynn's fine book "The Bible and the After-Life." If so, he ought to read it carefully from cover to cover, for curiously enough it expresses a diametrically opposite opinion, and it is always a pity when "doctors disagree!" Mr. Wynn's book is in every way so much more helpful, reasonable, and consoling an interpreta-

tion of Holy Scripture than is this rather incoherent fulmination by the Rev. Ebrard Rees. Its would-be witticisms at the expense of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are in rather more than bad taste, of which the following couple of verses, quoted by Mr. Rees (with apologies to the spirit of Lowell), are luminous samples:

"The Saviour asserted that Dives forlorn
Could not to his brethren in Judæa return,
And added that, if such permission were won,
The rôle of the 'spirit' could bring good to none;
But C. D. Spiritist He
Says Jesus just doted on Necromancee." . . .

"The 'New Revelation' the spook-world supplies
Christ's Godhead, Atonement, and Presence denies,
Most strangely resembling that latter-day evil
Which Scripture foretells should be bred of the Dévil
But C. D. Spiritist He
Cannot trace any demons in Necromancee!"

After that, the Deluge! E. K. HARPER.

THE CHURCH AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH: A LAYMAN'S VIEW. By George E. Wright. Pp. 147. London: Kegan Paul. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS well-written and carefully reasoned little treatise is not an attempt to deal with the relations between Spiritualism and the Christian Faith, since the author feels that the Church can have no dealings with Spiritualism when the latter sets itself up as a rival religious system. The pity is that so many of the unco' orthodox set themselves against any form of Psychical Research; more especially against those which deal with communication with the dead. But, as Mr. Wright points out, when the Church exalts "communion" and decries "communication" it is merely substituting one form of the same thing for another. For communion is communication spiritualized—on a higher plane. The author pleads eloquently for the final destruction of a Christian materialism, which is the religion of the greatest majority of churchmen to-day. There is need for a more open mind and a readier acceptance of uncontrovertible and proven facts on the part of the churchman. The days are past when the subject of communication with the dead could be laughed at. The Society for Psychical Research and other agencies have established beyond all question the possibility of such communication. If the Church is not to range herself on the side of opposition to the findings of scientific research she must be prepared in every age to readjust her theology. She did so in the case of the evolutionists, why should she refuse to do so again in the case of the psychicists? It is unscientific to affirm anything to be true without proof; it is equally unscientific to deny, without proof, the possibility of any position. Only when the Church recognizes this will she be alive. Such is, in the main, the line of reasoning followed in this book. It is a line which deserves appreciation rather than criticism, for it is entirely in accord with that forward-looking mind which is to be found in the younger and keener men and women of to-day. It does not always follow that the young are right, but their point of view is worth consideration. H. L. HUBBARD.