

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

MEDIUMSHIP is a gift that is very widely claimed, and the investigator is constantly in search of what he calls a "reliable medium"; but mediums with whom remarkable physical phenomena are associated are unquestionably extremely rare, and this is particularly the case with those whose names are unblemished by any valid suspicion of fraud. Three names, and three only, stand out conspicuously in this connection, as the most remarkably gifted mediums of the nineteenth century. Their names are familiar to all students of the subject—Daniel Dunglas Home, the Rev. W. Stainton Moses, and Florence Cook (the medium through whom Sir William Crookes obtained his famous manifestations of Katie King). Though the phenomena associated with these mediums were perhaps more remarkable than any others ever recorded, the sceptic was never able to bring home to any of them a particle of evidence convicting them of fraudulent practices.

Daniel Dunglas Home,* with whose career I propose to deal in the present notes, was born near Edinburgh on D. D. HOME. March 20, 1833. There is some mystery concerning his parentage. His name, which he always pronounced "Hume,"

* *D. D. Home: His Life and Mission.* By Mrs. Dunglas Home. With introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 9s. net. London: Kegan Paul & Co., Ltd.

is that of the Scottish Earls of Home, one of the most ancient Highland families. He is stated to have claimed relationship with this family, and the fact that he invariably himself pronounced his name "Hume" lends colour to this statement. The exact nature of the relationship, whether legitimate or otherwise, remains a moot point. His mother's maiden name was McNeill, and it is recorded that there existed in her family the Scottish gift of second sight, and, indeed, that she possessed it herself. It is to be supposed that the parents were in poor circumstances, as the boy was adopted in his infancy by an aunt of the name of Mrs. McNeill Cook, and her husband. The first nine years of his life were spent at Portobello, near Edinburgh, but at this date the Cooks emigrated to America and took Daniel with them. He is stated to have been a sensitive and delicate child of a highly nervous temperament, and his health in infancy gave cause for so much anxiety that it was doubted if he would ever live to maturity. In spite of this, however, he was a very bright and affectionate boy, though his studious and dreamy habits led to his leading a more solitary life than is usual at this early age. The place to which his adopted parents emigrated was Greenville, Connecticut, which has since been swallowed up in the adjoining city of Norwich. His most intimate friend at this time was a boy of the name of Edwin, with whom he used to take rambles in the neighbouring woods. One of the familiar stories of an agreement between two friends or lovers that if there was a life beyond this, the one who died first should appear to the survivor, had fallen into Edwin's hands. It excited the interest of the boys, and they resolved to make a similar compact. Not long after this Home went to live at Troy, being then about thirteen years of age. One night in the June following, just after he had got into bed, the moon at the time shining through the curtainless window of his room, he noticed that the moonlight was suddenly obscured. Looking up, he saw a vision which he has himself described in his *Incidents in my Life*.

AN EARLY FRIENDSHIP AND DEATH COMPACT.

I was about to draw the sheet over me, when a sudden darkness seemed to pervade the room. This surprised me, inasmuch as I had not seen a cloud in the sky; and on looking up I saw the moon still shining, but it was on the other side of the darkness, which still grew more dense, until through the darkness there seemed to be a gleam of light, which I cannot describe; but it was similar to those which I and many others have since seen when the room has been illuminated by a spiritual presence. This light increased; and my attention was drawn to the foot of my bed, where stood my friend Edwin. He appeared as in a cloud of brightness,

which illuminated his face with a distinctness more than mortal. . . . He looked on me with a smile of ineffable sweetness ; then, slowly raising his right arm, he pointed upward ; and making with it three circles in the air, the hand began slowly to disappear. Then the arm, and finally the whole body, melted away. The natural light of the room was then again apparent. I was speechless, and could not move, though I retained all my reasoning faculties. As soon as the power of movement was restored, I rang the bell, and the family, thinking I was ill, came to my room, when my first words were : " I have seen Edwin—he died three days ago."

A day or two afterwards a letter arrived confirming the



vision and announcing Edwin's death after a short illness. This appears to have been the first of Home's subsequently very numerous psychic experiences. Another occurred when he was seventeen years of age. His own parents had by this time also emigrated to America, and news arrived that his mother had been taken ill. Mr. Cook had gone to see her, but did not take Home, as he was confined to bed by some affection of the lungs. One evening his aunt heard the boy calling for her, and

found him in great trouble and distress. "Auntie," he said, "mother died to-day at twelve o'clock, because I have seen her and she told me so." This statement also was shortly afterwards confirmed. The death of his mother led to Home's thoughts taking a religious bent. His aunt was a member of the Kirk of Scotland, but Home joined the Wesleyan communion. His aunt, however, took exception to the Wesleyans, and finally, to compromise matters, Home left these for the Congregationalists. It is obvious that the aunt was a woman of narrow and bigoted religious views. This was about two years after the Rochester knockings, in connection with the Fox sisters, which attracted so much public attention; and Mrs. Cook had fully persuaded herself that these knockings proceeded from the powers of evil. Unfortunately for him, Home soon found himself pursued by similar manifestations. One night on going to bed, three loud blows were struck at the head of his bed, and these were repeated a second and third time. The youth himself was very much upset by these noises, for which he was entirely unable to account. He came down looking tired and pale, and his aunt utilized the occasion to lecture him on the evil effects of religious excitement. A volley of raps on the table at which aunt and nephew were seated was the response which she received. Mrs. Cook's horror may be imagined. "So!" she exclaimed, "you have the devil in you, too, have you? And you have brought him to my house?" Acting on this assumption she took immediate steps with a view to ejecting the evil one. There were three pastors of different persuasions in the village of Greeneville, and all were sent for with the object of obtaining their advice. Two of the three parsons agreed with the aunt as to the origin of the phenomena, but the third was too non-plussed to offer any opinion. The Baptist minister attempted to drive the devil out by his prayers, in which Home himself was requested to join. "Whilst we were thus engaged in prayer," writes Home, "there came gentle taps on his chair and in different parts of the room; while at every expression

HOME'S
RESOLVE.

of a wish for God's loving mercy to be shown to us and our fellow creatures, there were loud rattlings, as if joining in our heartfelt prayers." Home asked himself, if the spirit were an evil one, why it should signify its pleasure at these special portions of the prayer, and he alludes to this as the turning point in his life, his resolve having then been made to follow the leadings of these spiritual powers that were attempting to communicate through him. From this

time forward, however, the rappings continued, and after a time the furniture, too, commenced to move about without any visible agency. Once when a table began to move across the room, when no one was touching it, his aunt ran for the family Bible and, placing it on the table, "There!" she exclaimed, "that will drive the devils away." The appearance of the sacred Book, however, only increased the activities of the piece of furniture.

Further trouble followed, for the people of Greeneville soon learned what was occurring, and besieged the house to witness the phenomena themselves. A certain Mrs. Force was among the number. They had by this time taken to utilizing the alphabet as a means of communication, and the name of her mother was rapped out. A message followed, in which she was reproached with having forgotten a sister who had gone to the Western States with her husband, some thirty years before, and had not since been heard of. The address of the long-lost relative was given. Mrs. Force wrote there, and received in reply a letter from her sister. The situation, however, became more and more intolerable to Home's aunt. She declared that, since the spirits refused to depart, her nephew must, and she declined to keep him in her house any longer. After this there

HE IS
EJECTED BY
HIS AUNT.

followed a succession of wanderings and changes of abode for her nephew. First he took refuge in a friend's house in the neighbouring town of Willimantic. Here the phenomena followed him, and obtained publicity in the local newspaper. Home, resenting this, left Willimantic for Lebanon, where he became the guest of a family of the name of Ely, who had a farm in the neighbourhood. He was now eighteen years old, and had already begun to manifest symptoms of consumption, but the fresh air and country life soon had a very beneficial effect upon his constitution. The family with whom he lived wisely discouraged him from holding frequent séances, which always proved a drain upon his vitality. He did not, however, stay here long, paying a visit first to friends at Boonton, N.J., and then to Mr. J. W. Carrington, of Brooklyn, N.Y., where he met Professor George Bush, a distinguished Oriental scholar, who had made a study of the works of Swedenborg, and took great interest in Home's phenomena in consequence.

Home returned to the Elys, but only for a short time, leaving his friends in January, 1852, for Springfield, Mass., where he became the guest of Mr. Rufus Elmer, one of the most prominent residents in that town. The number of séances he was induced

to give here had a very detrimental effect on his health, and Home, who was now nineteen years of age, felt strongly the undesirability of continuing his unsettled and apparently aimless life. Some remarkable cures of which he had been the instrument at Springfield directed his thoughts towards the idea of adopting the medical profession, and he spoke of this plan to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer. The Elmers were childless, and had conceived

AN OFFER OF ADOPTION. a strong affection for their young friend. They replied to his suggestions by a counter-proposal, to adopt Home, and make him their heir, on condition that he changed his name to Elmer. Home hesitated, but it seemed to him that it was possible that the Elmers might eventually regret the offer that they had made. Eventually, with many expressions of gratitude, it was declined.

It is somewhat curious that this offer of adoption, which might have led to very beneficial results, was rejected by Home, while at a later date in his life he accepted, though reluctantly, on the advice of his friends, a similar offer which ended by bringing him much trouble and undeserved notoriety. One would have thought that the man who had rejected an offer such as that made by the Elmers, would have absolutely declined to consider a proposal of a similar character when made by a childless widow of an obviously capricious and irrational temperament. But in the second instance it is clear that pressure of a very strong character was brought to bear on him by the widow, and Home unfortunately was one of those people who constitutionally find it difficult to say "No." Not long after this Home left Springfield for New York, where he met with a number of notabilities, among others the distinguished chemist and electrician Professor Hare, Professor Mapes, and Judge Edmonds, of the United States Supreme Court, as well as Dr. John Gray, a leading

HE CONTEMPLATES ADOPTING THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. American physician. Dr. Gray encouraged Home to carry out his plan of entering the medical profession. Obstacles, however, arose, which put an early end to these projects, and by January, 1855, the condition of his health had become so alarming that Dr. Gray and other medical friends united in recommending a voyage to Europe as the best chance of prolonging his life. Home, who had now many and eminent friends in America, was naturally reluctant to leave the States for a country in which he was practically unknown. The critical state of his health, however, appeared to leave no other course open, and he accordingly started for England in

April, 1855. Before leaving, he had held a number of séances where very remarkable phenomena occurred, one of the most striking being that which took place at Hartford, Connecticut, on March 14. On this occasion Mr. Frank L. Burr, editor of the *Hartford Times*, was present, and has left a record of the séance. The most remarkable incident was the appearance of a hand which took a piece of paper and wrote on it a message in the presence of the sitters. Mr. Burr made the following statement in reference to the occurrence—

I saw plainly and clearly the hand that held the paper. It was evidently a lady's hand. Very thin, very pale, and remarkably attenuated.

A HAND The conformation of this hand was peculiar. The fingers
WITHOUT were of an almost preternatural length, and seemed to
AN ARM. be set wide apart. The extreme pallor of the entire hand
 was also remarkable. But perhaps the most noticeable
 thing about it was the shape of the fingers, which, in addition
to their length and thinness, were unusually pointed at the ends. The hand also narrowed from the lower knuckles to the wrist, *where it ended*. All this could be seen by such light as was in the room, while the hand was for a few moments holding the paper on the edge of the table.

The writing was afterwards examined, and proved to be the name, in her own proper handwriting, of a cousin of Mrs. Burr's, who had died from consumption some five years previously. Mr. Burr added the following statement—

The hand, white as marble, reached out to my hand and shook hands with me, a hearty human shake. Then it sought to withdraw from mine. I would not let it. Then it pulled to get away with a good deal of strength. But I held it firmly, resolved to see what it was. All this time Mr. Home did not move. When the hand found it could not get away it yielded itself up to me for examination, turned itself over and back, shut up its fingers and opened them, let me examine the finger nails, and joints and the creases. I swung my hand and arm up and down where the arm belonging to this hand should have been had it been of flesh and bone, but no arm was there. Even then I was not satisfied. Turning this strange hand towards me I pushed my right forefinger entirely through the palm till it came out one inch or more from the back of the hand. When I withdrew it the place closed up much as a piece of putty would close under such circumstances, leaving a visible mark or scar where the wound was, but not a hole. While I was still looking at it the hand vanished, quick as a lightning flash.

The phenomenon of the vanishing hand recurred at a number of other well-authenticated séances. The late Mr. Robert Bell described in the *Cornhill Magazine* his experiences with Home. One of these is recorded as follows—

Soon after what seemed to be a large hand came under the table cover and with the fingers clustered to a point raised it between me and

the table. Somewhat too eager to satisfy my curiosity I seized it and felt it very sensibly, but it went out like air in my grasp.

Dr. Garth Wilkinson records a similar experience in which at one of Home's séances there was the apparition of a hand grasping a bell. "Every hand," he says, "but my own being on the table, I distinctly felt the fingers up to the palm of a hand holding the bell. It was a soft, warm, fleshy, substantial hand, such as I should be glad to feel at the extremity of the friendship of my best friends. But I had no sooner grasped it momentarily than it melted away, leaving my hand void except for the bell in it. . . . I should feel no more difficulty in swearing that the member I felt was a human hand with extraordinary life, and not Mr. Home's foot, than that the nose of Apollo Belvedere is not a horse's ear."

A similar incident is recorded by Sir William Crookes. It is stated to have occurred in a strong light. "I have retained," he wrote, "one of these hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle or effort to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapour, and faded in that manner from my grasp."

Home, as already stated, arrived in England without friends or acquaintances of any kind. His fame, however, as a medium had preceded him, and he soon found himself approached by various prominent members of London society who wished to investigate the phenomena which occurred at his séances. Among the first of these were Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster. These in conjunction with Mr. W. Cox, the proprietor of the hotel in Jermyn Street, where he was staying, held a séance with Home in full daylight, the phenomena occurring at which caused them the greatest astonishment. Mr. Cox observes that on this occasion Sir David Brewster exclaimed, "This upsets the philosophy of fifty years"; and that Sir David was greatly impressed is also borne out by a letter from the late Lord Dunraven, in which he wrote as follows—

I was so struck with what Sir David Brewster, with whom I was well acquainted, had himself told me, that it materially influenced me in determining to examine thoroughly into the reality of the phenomena. I met him one day on the steps of the Athenæum. We got upon the subject of table-turning, etc. He spoke most earnestly, stating that the impression left on his mind from what he had seen was that the manifestations were to him quite inexplicable by fraud or by any physical laws with which we were acquainted, and that they ought to be fully and carefully examined into.

Later on, statements got into the papers relative to Sir David Brewster's opinions on this subject, and in view of the sceptical attitude of the scientific men of the day he did his utmost to whittle them down. But he had already so far committed himself in conversation with his friends that it became obvious that his subsequent statements were merely made to save his face with the public of the day. Some discussion in the press followed in reference to Sir David Brewster's *volte-face*, and the *Spectator*, when the whole correspondence was republished by Mr. Home, observed in connection with it, "It seemed established by the clearest evidence that Sir David felt and expressed at and immediately after his séances with Mr. Home a wonder and almost awe which he afterwards wished to explain away. . . . The hero of science does not acquit himself as we could wish or expect."

Lord Lytton (at that time Sir Edward Lytton), the celebrated novelist, was one of the society lions who was most interested in Home's phenomena. He was present at many séances with Home both at Knebworth and in London. The following account of one of these séances is given by Mr. Home in his *Incidents of My Life*—

Whilst I was at Ealing a distinguished novelist, accompanied by his son, attended a séance, at which some very remarkable manifestations occurred that were chiefly directed to him. The rappings on the table suddenly became unusually firm and loud. He asked, "What spirit is present?" The alphabet was called over, and the response was, "I am the spirit who influenced you to write *Zanoni*."

A SÉANCE WITH LYTTON. "Indeed," said he, "I wish you would give me some tangible proof of your presence." "What proof? Will you take my hand?" "Yes"—and putting his hand beneath the surface of the table, it was immediately seized by a powerful grasp, which made him start to his feet in evident trepidation, exhibiting a momentary suspicion that a trick had been played upon him. Seeing, however, that all the persons around him were sitting with their hands quietly reposing on the table, he recovered his composure, and offering an apology for the uncontrollable excitement caused by such an unexpected demonstration, he resumed his seat.

One of his acquaintances who, in the upshot, brought trouble to Home, was the poet, Robert Browning. He had one séance, and one only, with the medium. The incidents of the séance as recorded by Mr. Home were vouched for by Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, and were not disputed by the poet.

Mr. and Mrs. Rymer and their family [writes Mr. Home], were present at the séance, which began by several of the ordinary manifestations. Mr. Browning was requested to investigate everything as it

occurred, and he availed himself freely of the invitation. Several times during the evening he voluntarily and earnestly declared that anything like imposture was out of the question. Previously to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, some of the children had been gathering flowers in the garden, and Miss Rymer and I had made a wreath of clematis. . . .

THE CON- During the séance this wreath was raised from the table
TROVERSY by supernatural power in the presence of us all, and whilst
BETWEEN we were watching it, Mr. Browning, who was seated at the
HOME AND opposite side of the table, left his place, and came and
BROWNING. stood behind his wife, towards whom the wreath was being
slowly carried, and upon whose head it was placed in full
sight of us all, and whilst he was standing close beside her.

He expressed no disbelief—as, indeed, it was impossible for anyone to have—of what was passing under his eyes; whilst Mrs. Browning was much moved, and she, not only then, but ever since, expressed her entire belief and pleasure in what then occurred. . . . All that was done in the presence of eight persons besides Mr. and Mrs. Browning, all of whom are still living, and are ready to testify to the truth of every word here written, if it should be gainsaid by Mr. Browning.

It is suggested that Browning was jealous of the fact that a crown was placed on his wife's head, and not on his own. However this may have been, there is no doubt that his poem, if it can be so called, on "Sludge the Medium," was directed against Home, though he was quite unable, when cross-questioned on the subject, to substantiate the very unjust charges which he had made. Mr. Myers asked the poet on one occasion what foundation there was for his bad opinion of Home. Browning replied that

A HUMILI- he once heard a lady, since dead, tell him that
ATING another lady, also deceased, told her that Home was
CONFESSION. once found in the act of experimenting with phos-
phorus in order to produce spirit lights. As Sir
William Barrett well remarks, "of this third-hand story we could find no written or any other confirmation whatever." It is doubtless on a par with the story narrated to Dr. Pusey by an old evangelical lady who met him in the train, and who was of course quite unaware of his identity. "Such shocking things," she said, "take place at Dr. Pusey's house. Do you know that he actually sacrifices a cock every Friday morning!" "This," she added, "is a fact and I have heard it on the very best authority." Under the circumstances it cannot be gainsaid that the poem in question reflects gravely on the reputation for candour and sincerity of its writer. It is well known that Mrs. Browning was a spiritualist, and the fact seems to have annoyed her husband, who on almost every other subject was in entire sympathy with his wife.

Shortly after this, Home betook himself to the Continent, and

while there was received in audience by the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, and also by Pope Pius IX. At this time he was received into the Roman Catholic Church, and in fact was contemplating retiring into a monastery, but did not long dally with this idea. On leaving Italy he went to Paris, and here, as elsewhere, his fame preceded him. Napoleon III, always superstitious, was most anxious to have a séance with the celebrated medium.

Five personages of the Court were selected by the Emperor for the séance at the Tuileries, and with His Majesty and Home took their places at the table which, although large and massive, soon began to vibrate and tremble under the hands placed on it, then to move, and presently to be lifted from the ground. At last raps came from the table, and on the alphabet being called over responses were given, not only to the spoken queries of the Emperor, but to the questions he put mentally. Napoleon followed every manifestation with keen and sceptical attention, and satisfied himself by the closest scrutiny that neither deception nor delusion was possible.

Afterwards the Empress joined the circle. She in her turn received rappings in reply to her unspoken thought. "Mr. Home," says the biographer, "sought to calm her agitation, and at his request she consented to place her hand below the table," Home saying, "If a hand takes that of your Majesty, I am confident that the touch will cause you no alarm." The Emperor and the other sitters looked on, Home's hands all the time resting on the table. Immediately the look of the Empress took an expression of joy, but at the same time tears trembled in her eyes. When the Emperor asked the cause, she replied, "I felt the hand of my father in mine," The Emperor was sceptical, and questioned how she could distinguish her father's hand from any other. "I would distinguish it among a thousand," the Empress replied, "from a defect in one of the fingers. As it lay in mine I satisfied myself of this defect." At one of the séances with Napoleon III the hand of a man appeared above the table on which a sheet of paper and a pencil were lying. The hand moved across the table and lifting the pencil wrote the one word "Napoleon." It is stated that the writing was similar to the autograph of the Emperor Napoleon I, and the hand small and beautifully formed as Napoleon's is known to have been.

Home consistently refused to take any money for his séances. On one occasion he received an offer in Paris of 50,000 francs for a single séance, but the proposal was unhesitatingly rejected. One of the peculiarities of Home's séances lay in the fact that

when the tables tipped, in his presence the articles on them remained fixed in their original position. It is narrated that

A LAMP
THAT
WOULD NOT
FALL.

at one of the séances with Madame de Fontenelles the sitters were assembled round a heavy buhl table lighted by a single large lamp. The table suddenly inclined itself at such an angle that the hostess became alarmed. "My lamp, Mr. Home! My lamp will fall!" she exclaimed. "You may be quite at ease, madame," said Home quietly, "the lamp will not stir. Only do not touch it." The lamp in effect clung to the table as if it had been glued there, and presently the table settled itself back to its usual place.

Home throughout his life was pursued by slanders and calumnies of one kind or another, many of these getting into the papers. Sometimes it was stated that a fortune had been left him by some lady admirer. Sometimes he had been arrested and put in prison. Needless to say, his uncanny powers gave rise to all sorts of romances of the most varied nature, and the explanations offered of them were as innumerable as they were without basis in fact.

While Home was in Rome in March, 1858, he made the acquaintance of a young Russian nobleman, Count Koucheleff-Besborodka, and his wife. This had important consequences, as on going there to supper one evening the Countess introduced him to a young lady who proved to be her sister. "A strange impression came over me at once," he says, "and I knew she was

HOME'S
FIRST
MARRIAGE.

to be my wife. When we were seated at table the young lady turned to me and laughingly said, 'Mr. Home, you will be married before the year is ended.' I asked her why she said so, and she replied that there was such a superstition in Russia when a person was at table between two sisters. I made no reply. It was true. In twelve days we were partially engaged, and waiting only the consent of her mother." The marriage was not destined to last long, Mrs. Home dying of consumption four years later, and leaving her husband the father of an only son. Later clouds, however, in this case do not appear to have cast their shadows before. His wife being a Russian the marriage took place in St. Petersburg, and among the party who accompanied them thither was the celebrated author of *Monte Cristo*, Alexandre Dumas.

Among those who investigated the phenomena of spiritualism in connection with Home was Sir William Crookes and Sir William Huggins, but most of the noted men of science of the day, like Faraday, Tyndall, and Huxley, held aloof, and refused to take

advantage of an opportunity which would have involved the undermining of many of their scientific theories. Home himself always courted the fullest inquiry, though he did not go out of his way to press the scientific world to come to his séances against their will.

I think [says Sir William Crookes], that it is a cruel thing that a man like D. D. Home, gifted with such extraordinary powers and always willing, nay anxious, to place himself at the disposal of men of science for investigation, should have lived so many years in London and, with one or two exceptions, no one of weight in the scientific world should have thought it worth while to look into the truth or falsity of things which were being talked about in society on all sides. To those who knew him Home was one of the most lovable of men, and his perfect genuineness and uprightness were beyond suspicion.

Much has been made by Home's detractors of the story of the Lyon v. Home lawsuit; but it is only those who are entirely ignorant of the facts of the case who would make any charge against Daniel Home in this connection. Mrs. Lyon was an old and rich widow and a believer in spiritualism. She also fancied herself as a seer and a psychic who held communion in her visions with the world of spirits. In these visions she had seen the

THE LYON
v. HOME
LAWSUIT.

figure of a young man with whom she believed she was destined to be associated on terms of great affection, and on meeting Home she identified him with the man of her visions. She was evidently also partly attracted to Home owing to her desire to be brought in touch with his aristocratic friends. It was after she had known him quite a short time that she made the declaration that she had taken a great fancy to him and desired to adopt him as her son, adding that she was rich and without children or relatives of her own. Home attempted to put her off, but she would not take "No" for an answer. Her mind, she said, was fully made up, and added, "Whether you will or not, I shall settle a fortune on you and you will be obliged to accept it. You are a gentleman and have friends in the best society. I shall go out with you and your friends will come to us, and my old age will become a joy instead of a burden." In spite of this pressure, Home, after twenty-four hours' consideration, called on her again and told her that he was unable to accept her kind offer. Finally, however, he agreed to take the advice of his friends, in particular that of Mr. S. C. Hall, who saw Mrs. Lyon himself and urged her not to act too hastily. She insisted, however, on making a will in Home's favour and making over to him at once the sum of £24,000. The gift was accompanied by the following letter:

MY DEAR MR. HOME,—

I have a desire to render you independent of the world, and having ample means for the purpose without abstracting from any needs or comforts of my own, I have the greatest satisfaction in now presenting you with, and as an entirely free gift from me, the sum of £24,000, and am, my dear sir,

Yours very truly and respectfully,

JANE LYON.

It was stipulated that Home should take the name of Home-Lyon, and she wrote a further letter to her solicitors on this occasion saying that she wished to give her adopted son a little surprise. "I intend," she said, "to add £6,000 to the £24,000 I have already given him, making a sum total of £30,000." Home soon found that his adoption by Mrs. Lyon was by no means without its drawbacks. She proved to be a woman of a violent temper, ignorant, untruthful, and capricious, and his friends, not unnaturally, did their best to avoid her. He discovered that she had already executed and revoked five different wills in favour of different persons. She soon began to take a dislike to Home, and an even greater one to his little son. This was a serious matter, as Home's health was very uncertain, and in the event of his death it was obvious that his son would inherit her fortune. She had already forced upon him a further sum of £30,000, but shortly after wrote an abusive and insulting letter demanding the return of the trust deed that had conveyed this money to him. Home wrote offering to return the deed on condition that she withdrew her unjust accusations. It appeared, however, that she had already filed her bill in Chancery making these charges. Home himself was on the point of leaving for the Continent on medical advice. Mrs. Lyon, however, obtained a writ of *ne exeat regno*, upon which he was arrested on June 18, 1867, but liberated the following day on depositing in the Court of Chancery the deeds of gift for the £60,000. The shock of this outrageous conduct proved too much for Home's constitution. He was already prostrated by illness, and his life was now in danger. It was three months before he was able to give any instructions to his legal advisers. Mrs. Lyon claimed that the (alleged) spirit of her late husband had in a séance with Home spelt out a message recommending Home's adoption, but this was absolutely denied by the latter, and it was conclusively proved that the majority of Mrs. Lyon's statements at the trial were pure fabrications, so that no credence could be placed on them. While the suit was in progress, Home's life was

FLAGRANT
BEHAVIOUR
OF MRS.
LYON.

attempted, the would-be assassin aiming a blow at him with a knife or dagger, his hand being pierced by the weapon. The

A
MYSTERIOUS
ASSASSIN. criminal was never arrested. The Vice-Chancellor was bound to admit that the trial "had quite discredited the plaintiff's testimony," while that of Home was unshaken. Home's witnesses, moreover, consisted of persons of high rank and character, while those of the plaintiff were exclusively those who might reasonably be suspected of interested motives. The case was given against Home on the grounds that the proved false swearing of the plaintiff was immaterial, and that English law in a suit such as this reversed the ordinary maxims of jurisprudence and held a defendant guilty unless he could prove himself innocent. The Vice-

A
MISCARRIAGE
OF JUSTICE. Chancellor ordered Mrs. Lyon to pay her own costs, while stating that the defendant had failed to show to his satisfaction that her gifts were the well understood acts of a reasonable being.* Home felt that in defending the suit he had at least been successful in clearing his character, and that this was the opinion of all his society friends was shown conclusively by the fact that they maintained their intimate relations with him as fully after the trial as before. It appears to be plain that the plaintiff won her case actually on account of the popular prejudice against spiritualism. "We do not see," observed the *Malvern News*, commenting on the trial, "how poor Mr. Home is henceforth ever to retain a bequest or gift from anyone with whom he has ever sat at a table. . . . From beginning to end of the trial there was not a particle of evidence to show that he had used direct influence based on spirit communication to cause the old woman to give her money in the deliberate yet speedy way in which she did. Even the Judge admitted that there was no such evidence."

One of Home's most remarkable feats, which was repeated again and again, was to carry red-hot coals in his hand without being burned, and even to enable other people to do the same. The following record of one such case is the joint narrative of Mrs. Honeywood and Lord Lindsay.

The séance in question was held on March 17, 1869, at the residence of a Mrs. E. There were present Mrs. Honeywood, Mrs. E., the Earl of Crawford, then Lord Lindsay, Captain Gerard Smith, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and Mr. Home. The room was well lighted throughout the séance.

* Apparently the view taken was that Mrs. Lyon could not be considered a reasonable being because she was a spiritualist.

Mr. Home passed into a trance, and went to the table on which stood a moderator lamp. "Taking off the globe, he placed it on the table, and deliberately clasped the chimney of the lamp with both hands. . . . Mr. Home then walked to the fireplace, and thrust the lamp-chimney among the red-hot coals, where he left it for four or five minutes, then took it in both hands. He went to the table, took a lucifer match from a box, and handing it to the lady of the house, desired her to touch the glass with it. The match instantly ignited; and having] called our attention to this fact, he observed: "The tongue and lips are the most sensitive parts of the body," and thrust the heated glass into his mouth, applying especially the tongue to it. . . . Going to the fire, Mr. **A FIRE TEST.** Home moved the red embers about with his hand, and selected a small red-hot coal, which he placed in the glass chimney. He approached Mrs. E., and saying, "I have a present for you," shook it out on her white muslin dress. Catching up the coal in dismay, Mrs. E. tossed it to Lord Lindsay, who, unable to retain it in his hand, threw it from palm to palm, till he reached the grate and flung it in. While we were all looking at the white muslin dress and wondering that it was not singed or soiled, Mr. Home approached, and, in a hurt tone of voice said, "No, no, you will not find a mark—did you think that we would injure your dress?"

Frequently, too, Home was levitated in the presence of reliable witnesses. One such instance of levitation was recorded by Lord Lindsay (afterwards the Earl of Crawford), in his evidence before the Dialectical Society. "Home," he said, "floated round the

INSTANCES OF LEVITATION. room pushing the pictures out of their places as he passed along the walls. They were far beyond the reach of a person standing on the ground. The light was sufficient to enable me to see clearly."

Sir William Crookes also stated with regard to the same phenomenon: "On three separate occasions I have seen Mr. Home raised completely from the floor of the room, once sitting on an easy chair, once kneeling on his chair, and once standing up. On each occasion I had full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place." The most celebrated instance of levitation on Home's part is, however, that recorded as having occurred in London on December 16, 1868, in the presence of Lord Lindsay, Lord Adare and Captain Charles Wynne. The following is Lord Lindsay's account of the incident:

We heard [writes Lord Lindsay] the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately afterwards we saw Home floating in the air outside our window.

The moon was shining full into the room. My back was to the light, and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window-sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room feet foremost, and sat down.

Lord Adare then went into the next room to look at the window from

which he had been carried. It was raised about eighteen inches, and he expressed his wonder how Mr. Home had been taken through so narrow an aperture.

Home said (still in trance), "I will show you," and then, with his back to the window, he leaned back and was shot out of the aperture head first, with the body rigid, and then returned quite quietly.

The window is about seventy feet from the ground. I very much doubt whether any skilful rope-dancer would like to attempt a feat of this description, where the only means of crossing would be a perilous leap.

The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches, and there was not more than a twelve-inch projection to each window, which served as a ledge to put flowers on.

Lord Adare adds an interesting addendum to this record as to what took place following this strange manifestation. "Lindsay and Wynne," he said, "saw tongues or jets of flame proceeding from Home's head. We then all distinctly heard as
TONGUES OF
FIRE. it were a bird flying round the room whistling and chirping, but saw nothing, except Lindsay, who perceived an indistinct form resembling a bird. Then there came a sound as of a great wind rushing through the room. We also felt the wind strongly. The moaning, rushing sound was the most weird thing I had ever heard." It is not a little remarkable how exactly these phenomena reproduce those recorded to have taken place at the first Feast of Pentecost.

Home now found himself in serious financial difficulties. The money that should have come to him through his first wife was withheld by her relations, and he had been compelled to bring a lawsuit to recover it, in which he was ultimately successful, but which hung on for several years. In order to make both ends meet he took to giving recitations, for which he had a remarkable gift. "He could," says his biographer, "not only convulse his hearers with laughter by his fun and humour, but he had the much rarer faculty of touching them by his pathos, so deeply as to call forth tears."

Home met his second wife in February, 1871, on a visit to Russia, at which the Emperor Alexander II once more signaled the high opinion in which he held the medium. He was also
HOME'S
SECOND
MARRIAGE. successful on this occasion in gaining the lawsuit in which he had been involved in connection with the fortune of his first wife. The marriage was destined to last for fifteen years, till Home's death in 1886 of the complaint which had threatened him for so long.

I think that this survey, all too brief, of Home's life and activities, cannot be better terminated than by a quotation from the celebrated man of science (Sir William Crookes, F.R.S.) who

so courageously espoused his cause, when to do so was far more compromising to a scientific reputation than it is to-day :

Of all persons endowed with a powerful development of this psychic force, Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home is the most remarkable, and it is mainly owing to the many opportunities I have had of carrying on my investigations in his presence that I am enabled to affirm so conclusively the existence of this force. . . .

It is a well-ascertained fact that when the force is weak a bright light exerts an interfering action on some of the phenomena. The power possessed by Mr. Home is sufficiently strong to withstand this antagonistic influence ; consequently, he always objects to darkness at his séances. Except on two occasions, when, for some particular experiments of my own, light was excluded, everything which I have witnessed with him has taken place in the light. . . .

There is a wide difference between the tricks of a professional conjurer, surrounded by his apparatus and aided by any number of concealed assistants and confederates, deceiving the senses by clever sleight-of-hand on his own platform, and the phenomena occurring in the presence of Mr. Home, which take place in the light, in a private room that almost up to the commencement of the séance has been occupied as a living-room, and surrounded by private friends of my own, who not only will not countenance the slightest deception, but

who are watching narrowly everything that takes place. Moreover, Mr. Home has frequently been searched before and after the séances, and he always offers to allow it. During the most remarkable occurrences, I have occasionally held both his hands, and placed my feet on his feet. On no single occasion have I proposed a modification of arrangements for the purpose of rendering trickery less possible which he has not at once assented to, and frequently he has himself drawn attention to tests which might be tried. (*Quarterly Journal of Science*, 1871 and 1874.)

A Blavatsky Quotation Book * will appeal to admirers of that eccentric genius about whom so many diverse opinions are held. It is a striking collection of wise saws, of special interest of

course to the Occultist. A notable one contains a prediction of the Great War. "It is," says H.P.B., "simply knowledge and mathematically correct computations which enable the wise men of the East to foretell that England is on the eve of such or another catastrophe ; that France is nearing such a point of her cycle ; and that Europe in general is threatened with, or rather on the eve of, a cataclysm to which her own cycle of racial karma has led her." The quotation is from *The Secret Doctrine*, and was written before the year 1888.

* London : Theosophical Publishing House. Cloth, 3s. ; paper, 2s.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE OCCULT

BY C. SHERIDAN JONES

WHAT was Shakespeare's attitude towards the occult? How far did he believe in the reality and immanence of another world, invisible and inaudible to man for the most part, but that yet enveloped him and occasionally forced recognition on his consciousness? Many of his plays abound with excursions into what I may call, for want of better words, the realm of the supernatural. What significance had they? Were the ghosts and the visitants from that other world, the witches and the sprites, mere stage devices adopted to heighten some dramatic effect (much as a modern playwright falls back on limelight and stage music), or had they a deeper significance, as giving a real clue to the poet's own belief? Were they again merely inserted to tickle the ears and the fancies of the groundlings in an age when the popular attitude towards such familiar phenomena was marked by unthinking acceptance? as in our own time it is marked by unthinking rejection; or, finally, do not the plays indicate quite clearly (not by reason of their characters alone) that Shakespeare held to the view that, in the world he wrote of, man was mocked by illusions, and that between him and reality there was a veil, tenuous, but for the most part impenetrable, lifted only on few occasions and for brief intervals, through which he might obtain hurried, imperfect glimpses of the great beyond?

That is the inquiry which I am setting out to solve. It is one not only of fascinating interest but of very real importance. If to the mind of Shakespeare, in some respects the most searching and catholic in the history of man, with its wide range of observation and its deep powers of introspection, a belief in the occult was so natural as to be almost intuitive, and so rational as to defy analysis, then obviously the subject merits something more than the contemptuous rejection which still marks the orthodox attitude of the bulk of educated persons. When Shakespeare wrote, belief in the occult was general (though not, of course, always discerning or free from superstition). Nobody, for instance, dreamt of disputing the existence of witchcraft. The judges who tried and sentenced women for casting spells with their evil eyes had as little doubt as to the reality and enormity

of their offence as the magistrate to-day has of the wickedness of the first pickpocket he sends to hard labour. By a strange irony, that magistrate is bound by the decisions upon points of law of the very judges whose belief in witchcraft he would and does laugh to scorn. We cannot put those judges in evidence as to the reasonableness or otherwise of their beliefs, but Shakespeare has left us his works, whose abiding interest attest their significance, and an examination of their text may help to make clear to us the main reasons for that wide divergence between ourselves and the great Elizabethans who in so many particulars—if I may be permitted the paradox—recall us to ourselves. Even for those who have never read his plays, the phrase and thought of Shakespeare has illumined how many an obscure corner of this life. It will be strange indeed if he should have nothing to teach us concerning the occult, if only for the reason that some of his greatest plays would themselves be unintelligible without it.

So much is certain. It may, however, be objected that as regards Shakespeare's own views and predilections, the plays offer no guidance. Our age is only beginning to recover from the paralysis of what I may call the impersonal view of Shakespeare. It is suggested that whatever else Shakespeare revealed in his plays, he was at great pains to hide his own views and opinions, and that, although the Sonnets may afford some enigmatic hints as to the manner of man he was, the rest of his works are, in some curious, unintelligible way, divorced from the personality of the man who wrote them. I need not dwell at any length on the reasons for this strange belief. In part, it is due to a certain idolatry of which Shakespeare has been the victim and which has wrapped his figure in a mantle of aloofness. We have been too long content to think of him as so far removed from our range as to be divested almost of human qualities; certainly of the very human qualities which his personality (as it is mirrored for us in the plays) obviously possessed. Again, the fact that his plays, or rather their plots, were given to him ready-made, may have lent currency to a view that, untrue when applied to any creative genius, is positively fantastic as regards the creator of *Hamlet*. "Let a man hide himself from you everywhere," said Ruskin, "yet in his work he is bound to be revealed." And, as regards literary work, the apothegm is doubly true. There is no man of letters in the world who does not delight in self-revelation—an indispensable part of his work. Shakespeare revelled in it. We have only to read the great—or should I

say the popular?—soliloquy in *Hamlet* to realize this; for we find that, here as elsewhere, Shakespeare sacrificed the artistic unities to this very delight; the delight of expressing his own thoughts and emotions, which is, of course, the mainspring of literary action. For what did, what *could* Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, know or care for

. the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy take.

These were things that Shakespeare, the poor player (he who had held horses' heads outside the theatre), the struggling author, the baffled litigant, knew and felt in the marrow of his bones.

Again, Sir Sidney Lee, in his monumental work, argues that Shakespeare's references to Puritans "in the plays of his middle and late life, are so uniformly discourteous that they must be judged to reflect his personal feeling": an admission that comes with more force inasmuch as Sir Sidney's biography seems almost designed to extrude the personality of Shakespeare from his plays. But, if the casual references to Puritans and puritanism may be taken as voicing the author's own view, why are we to conclude that the more copious, and far more deliberate, reflections on the occult and its problems are without personal significance?

It is precisely in the plays of Shakespeare's middle and later life—i.e. in those achievements which are more likely to represent his settled and solid convictions—that we find his treatment of those problems most pronounced. In his youth, wayward and high-spirited and touched by hardship and adversity, Shakespeare appears, not merely as a sensualist, but as one absorbed and revelling in the purely physical side of existence—its colour, beauty, warmth and movement. Romeo, Coleridge said, was Hamlet in love, and Hamlet, it is not difficult to see, was Shakespeare himself. It is in the reaction from passion, when the Dark Lady of the Sonnets had left her mark upon his nature, that we find Shakespeare, unsatisfied with the sensuous and voluptuous, protesting:

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.

It is in *Hamlet* that Shakespeare first makes the theme of his play depend upon the influence on a mortal of a voice from the beyond, and it is in *Hamlet* that he himself first adumbrates that philosophy of Transcendentalism which he reaffirmed time and

again in his plays. *Hamlet*, in fact, marks a definite stage in his mental development, and from thenceforth the occult is found present, in some form or another, in almost all his more serious plays, till at last it becomes the main theme and purpose of what is supposed to be his final work, *The Tempest*, in which he makes clear to us his view that this material universe is a passing delusion; a mask through which man may catch glimpses of the serene and eternal reality that shall endure when it has passed away.

It is in the mouth of Prospero, the central figure of *The Tempest*, that Shakespeare puts his two most explicit utterances on this subject; utterances that, read together, leave us in no doubt as to his own attitude of mind, and that stamp him as a believer in the occult beyond a peradventure. Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan, who has turned his back upon the pomps and vanities of this world, is with his daughter Miranda on the island, and by long study and practice, while free from the distractions of the court and in contact with nature, has obtained control not only over Caliban, his slave, and Ariel, his obedient spirit, but over the waves of the sea and the currents of the air. His magic robe, his staff, his book, he still retains to use at his pleasure on the island, which has become his kingdom. It is in the speech in which he forswears these, and his most potent art, that we get the most explicit declaration of Shakespeare's belief—perhaps the most explicit declaration in all poetic literature—of the power of man's will over inanimate matter. The belief in that power is an ancient one that has come down to us through the ages. Thus solemnly is its practice forsworn:—

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
 Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar: groves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure ; and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book.

We are all familiar with the current explanation that the orthodox have given to this speech. Faced with the dread possibility that William Shakespeare, so characteristic an Englishman and so great a poet, believed in superstitions such as these, the commentators have decided that the speech was symbolical of Shakespeare's own retirement from the stage and playwriting. The staff is his pen. The book, we must suppose, his script. What answers to the strong-based promontory is not so clear. But it seems certain that the theory is a strained, not to say an unnatural one. We do not even know for certain that *The Tempest* was absolutely the last play that Shakespeare wrote. Sir Sidney Lee fixes 1611 as a probable date of its completion. Shakespeare died in 1616. We have no possible reason even for surmising that Shakespeare intended either that it should be his last work or that he would abjure his art when he had finished it. The mere fact that the last few years of his life were spent for the most part at Stratford-on-Avon is slender ground for thinking that he had abandoned literary composition. If there was any moment when he made up his mind never to write again, to bury his talent fathoms deep, then he did something no other author has ever yet resolved to do, while still in the plenitude of his powers and when only forty-seven years of age. Well might the late Henry James ask, "How did the faculty so radiant there"—i.e. in *The Tempest*—"contrive in such perfection the arrest of its divine flight? By what inscrutable process was the extinguisher applied, and when once applied kept in its place to the end?" There is no answer to these questions, and there is no parallel, so far as I know, to an author saying deliberately, when he had achieved nothing but success, "I shall write no more."

We find the real explanation of the speech in that other utterance of Prospero's to which I have referred, but not yet quoted. It is perhaps the purest piece of eloquence in Shakespeare, and it expresses for us what I believe to be in essence his own philosophy of life, the outlook that, slowly matured and deliberately adopted, brought him at last to serenity ; the serenity

that Prospero knew, but that eluded both Romeo and Hamlet, personifications of the earlier Shakespeare, who died and lived in fierce, passionate revolt :

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant fading,
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

I have said that these two speeches should be read together—that is if we would arrive at a true understanding of Shakespeare's general view of man in relation to the universe. And for this reason : the one is clearly the complement to the other. Read by itself Prospero's boast that he could control the elements and "shake the strong-based promontory" is bewildering, and does suggest the need of some explanation whereby the things he speaks of are merely symbols ; so that the lines mean anything but what they say. But if the stuff of which the universe is made—"the great globe itself, and all which it inherit"—are like to "the insubstantial fabric of a vision," then, indeed, the speech becomes intelligible and full of meaning. For if, in fact, matter be, as the Easterns teach, and as Shakespeare really believed, ultimately an illusion nothing but mind remains, and Prospero then appears as typifying mind—controlling the elements, releasing and protecting Ariel, teaching Caliban to use the gift of speech, and, in fact, acting as the supreme director in a miniature world divided into its elemental parts.

In a word Prospero is supreme ; controlling alike man and the elements and controlling them because he represents mind—the ultimate reality, on which the universe is based. He is the directing force, the avenging Providence, who punishes as well as liberates, the governing genius of the Island and all who are upon it. Read thus the play has, I suggest, a new significance, and the general attitude of Shakespeare towards the occult becomes clear to us.

We get the first dramatic hint of that attitude in *Hamlet*—the play that was wrung out of Shakespeare's own bitterness of soul when he dismisses the possibility of suicide in the well-known lines—so often quoted, not perhaps so well understood—

To die, to sleep ;
 To sleep ; perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.

The thought that confronts us here is the same essentially as that which inspired Prospero's great pronouncement. Before Descartes had formulated the philosophy of Idealism, Shakespeare had grasped its central tenet. It is, indeed, curious, not to say ironical, that, despite all which his industrious commentators have discovered in the text, or read into its meaning, this simple but profound analysis of the riddle of the universe itself, should have remained undetected by them. Yet modern thought has, three centuries after Shakespeare, come to recognize that the whole controversy as to the origin and the destiny of man, rests upon the issue that he raised. If the universe be the result of "a fortuitous concourse of atoms" that, in some unintelligible way, has "evolved" mind, then, indeed, Shakespeare and Prospero talked nonsense and the materialists have the truth of the matter in them. But, if we conclude that mind cannot have its origin in matter, and a fortuitous concourse of its molecules, and, further, if we reflect that the very qualities by which we know matter have no absolute existence, then we must hold that Materialism is irrational and unphilosophic and, in that event, we are driven back to the position which Shakespeare adumbrated. The phenomena that surround man (in this world if not in the next) are known only through his mind and may have no more basis of reality than the dreams that mock him in his sleep. All that we know for certain is the consciousness of man, which abides when the illusion of matter has passed away. Viewed thus, our triumphs become petty; our most absorbing cares trivial and foolish. So at all events they seemed to their greatest depicitor, when he wrote of them in *Macbeth*—

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing."

But the eternal mind, he would have told us, still remains.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE PATH

BY ETHEL G. DAVIDSON

OF a Path or a Road, at first sight, we can merely say that it goes, whither we know not, and that it is pleasing or unpleasing to the eye; without map or signpost we know nothing of its destined end, nothing of the joys or travails of its passage. Of that which Mystics call the Path it is true also that we can predicate nothing save by records and indications and by such visions as we experience or accept, but this Path differs from an earthly road in that the evidences of its sorrows, its delights, its goal are not susceptible of such proof as will satisfy the scientific or legal mind, or even the intelligence of common sense.

All the Masters have agreed substantially in their words about the Path, but not in the forum or in the Market Place have their messages received sanction, and it is only within the high-walled gardens of the Soul that the momentous experiments can be made which prove the truth or untruth of the Scriptures of the Path; and it is only in the quietude of his own heart that a man can determine whether he will adventure upon this Road, and when he has made his choice, if he be wise, he will speak of it to none.

The Path in the concepts of the Masters appears to be a process of coherent unintermittent feeling; not a series of emotional explosions, but a long procession of Spiritual Action which appears to be as natural as the drawing of breath, because it can be traced to one Inspiration which can only carry its one certain authentic corollary of a specific form of deed.

In fine, one who is set upon the Path seems to act from a divine necessity, the spiritual force within him emitting a certain action as infallibly as the sun's rays induce growth, and therein we discern the difference in temper and calibre between one who is set upon the Path and one who plays the part of a good citizen, working from some surface impulse far removed from the selfless spontaneous necessity of the action of even a Neophyte of the Path.

Of this most wonderful Road whereon we adventure for the sacred grail we can but speak that which we have heard, for it is given to few to form an individual impression of that journey, and in reading the words of the teachers of the race we cannot fail

to be struck by the solemnity with which we are warned of the dangers and difficulties which will beset us therein. A typical warning is the solemn word, "Narrow is the gate, and strait is the way that leadeth to salvation, and few there be that find it"; in these pregnant words we find a poignant indicator to the Mystic Path. There is in them a suggestion of effort, restraint, abnegation which to a certain extent inevitably grates upon our humanity, which is irked by the thought of lopping off the right hand—so full as it is of valour and strength; and while we feel rebellion at this thought it may be that our time of going forth has not yet come, that for us there remains for a season the life of the good citizen, which may contain all the possibility of sacrifice and of joy which we are capable of using; for a Soul which looks child-like over its shoulder at the golden apples of life has hardly received the call into its inner being, though the words may have sounded in its ear, to be the music of its future.

This mental apprehension of the claims of the Path does not constitute our entering upon the journey, the call to the last road comes in other fashion, as a sweet music for which a man will burn the Harp and Viol of his Youth; and although he will have travail before he wins to the entrance, yet it is not the labour of the huckster who would count the cost, but the effort of the lover who will give all to the Beloved, yet feels sometimes the dragging of the under forces.

To dwell upon the entrance to the Path involves a consideration of what we may term the Call, the Life and the Reward. First in our consideration comes the Call, that strange and mysterious readjustment of the whole being which we may trace in the lives of Saints and Mystics. This thing is a mystery indeed, not to be roughly handled nor lightly spoken of, for it can only be described by him who has experience of it, and it may not be made the captive of dogmatism or certitude of criticism.

But speaking with all humility and reading from the world history which lies open for our study, we may form certain speculations as to the entrance of the Path, and the first thing that strikes us is that those who are called thereto appear to undergo a complete change of consciousness—in fine, to acquire the New Heart of Holy Writ. The centre of consciousness in one who feels the call to enter upon the Path seems to alter from that separative egotism which was serviceable in building the humanity of the man, to an all-embracing raying forth of cosmic good-will, which on examination appears to betoken an apprehension that humanity is united by and supported upon a divine ocean, rather

than that it is broken up into isolated islands with hostile intents and interests eternally opposed. This enlightening of the man's soul when he is called to the Path does not appear to be at once fully accorded, nor to be constant in the early stages of his progress, but seems rather to alternate with violent returns of egotism, until the man becomes a battlefield of opposing forces, and, at this period of struggle, prayer, study, meditation become of paramount help and importance to him ; not until this moment indeed has he become capable of using these means of advancement in pure selflessness, and without danger of spiritual mischief. In the practice of prayer the man's first tendency is to forget the immanence in contemplating the eminence of the Divine, but this tendency can be corrected by study and meditation—processes fraught with danger if the devotee be not called in truth to the Path, but productive only of good if he be chosen.

This warfare, with its struggle and its appeal, must be as old as the ages, for we trace it in the spiritual antagonisms dwelt upon by all Scripture-writing peoples.

To those who hold the doctrine of reincarnation it will not be difficult to understand that the extreme spiritual exaltation of the Neophyte might impinge upon the experiences buried in his subconsciousness, with the result that longings for old dreams and desires might awake and wage war within the man, tempting him with visions of lives and cities and times wherein he played his part, and causing this armageddon within him ; and we are the more drawn to the idea that the call to enter upon the Path is the fruit of long journeying, when we note the highly-evolved nervously-developed types whom we can trace as having embarked upon that last adventure.

The stage of experience in which the man receives the call is, then, we conceive, a stage of ferment, of battle, and as such it is perhaps easier to speak of than the phase which the man reaches when he stands firm and strong at the entrance to the Road, but the first idea that presents itself clearly to our minds as we study the attitude of those who are at the entrance to the Path, is that the man's sensations and thoughts have clarified, and that his aims have centralized. It appears as if the polarities of desire had settled into equilibrium, it seems as though the many rays whereof the man was erstwhile joyfully conscious had merged into a light more wonderful than day ; as if the hand, the eye, the ear, the tongue had become effused with a universal spirit, so that no one boasted itself over the others in the man's economy, but all were the instruments of one up-rushing force.

This might be termed the Sattwa stage of primitive man's crude instinctive capability.

This uprushing, unifying, impersonal force which speaks through those who have attained the entrance to the last road, appears to make the devotee live in a detached manner, as though he were surrounded by a calm, cool air, and this quietude is apt to offend humanity which revels in the fascinating contrast of the pairs of opposites, and suspects the sanity of one who acknowledges neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free; whose mother, brothers and sisters are the world, who cannot—in fine—be drawn into any quarrel however pretty it may be. But this man who has folded up the passions as a vesture has after all little to do with the criticisms of those who do not join him yet. A strange gentleness is the possession of this man, and he feels a curious power of pity loosened within him which enables him to know not alone the ordinary human compassion which we may all feel for a sufferer, but an extraordinary spiritual love and tenderness which centres itself upon a divine something divinely sensed, which calls from within many human beings apparently well content, asking for help and justice. This strange and foreign type of pity is a poignant spiritual experience, but as even those who have known it find it difficult to speak of it in words it is scarcely possible to discuss it.

But when the man stands at the entrance of the Path after a fierce recrudescence of his every idle word and act in the last conflict, what shall be his reward?

The Master promises three things, Love, Life and Peace, and if we consider our daily experience we shall find that the three develop in sequence, that only as we give Love do we acquire the power of Living in truth; and only when we live to our utmost, making of ourselves harps for the hand of the Master, do we find the Peace which can never descend until we put away all thought of self-seeking; and by participating in the divine work become possessed of the divine attributes.

The reward of all effort is power, and what reward could transcend that which would be ours if we acquired the power promised by the Master to those who walk in the Path, for that power is as the strength of the Sun, a maker of joys, a kindler of life, and who that determines by simple experiments in daily life how great a joy abides in raying forth light can doubt the ecstasy of that last adventure of the gods?

It becomes very plain to us when we meditate upon the subject that the entrance to the Path is only reached in the fullness

of time, that we come to it with apparent suddenness, but that, in fact, we never come to it until all is in readiness for our journey. How we arrive there is a mystery, it is sometimes by an extension of consciousness brought about by a psychic faculty, sometimes by a deliberate religious effort, but most often we come in obedience to we know not what; the secret is in truth a veiled chalice, and only the Master could lift the veil.

All that we can do is to make surmises based upon our knowledge of those who have set their feet upon the path of which we know that it is narrow, and we believe that it is lonely, but our surmises can be at best incomplete, though they may help us onward.

If we consider that all our journeyings have been but to the end that we shall discover this want in ourselves, and that discovering it we shall take our Crown of Life by right of true longing, we shall, perhaps, be as near the truth as we can go, and adopting this idea we do not decry our past hard-garnered experience any more than the mature man decries his early infant struggles. We have simply come to our strength, we have tested the joy of body and mind, and we have put away childish things.

Very far from home do we wander before we hear the call: we have listened to the harp and lute, and we have tarried late in the rose garden, but at the last we discover our true lack, we find that which we glimpsed in our lives, our dreams, our joys, and at the last we understand truly the force of the comfortable words—"Come unto Me all ye that *travail* and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

THE CULT OF THE WERWOLF IN EUROPE

BY LEWIS SPENCE

THE religious nature of witchcraft has in recent years been made plain, chiefly through the instrumentality of Charles Godfrey Leland and Miss M. A. Murray, reader in Egyptology at University College, London. I myself had a hazy notion that a cult with well-marked religious attributes lay concealed behind the folk-lore idea of the witch and her practices, but I was obsessed with the idea that the confessions and phenomena of witchcraft were to be accounted for by hallucination and self-hypnosis, and, like many a more able worker in this field, I almost rejected the hypothesis that witchcraft was the modern representative of an older religion, although, oddly enough, I subscribed to a general belief in the survival of ancient but degenerate cults in Britain. On perusing Miss Murray's articles on the subject, however, I immediately embraced her conception of the survival of a very ancient witch-religion in Britain and elsewhere, as affording the most satisfactory solution of the problem that has yet appeared.

Perusing accounts of the trials of persons accused of werwolfism, I observed that in nearly all of these the criminal, in admitting his guilt, remarked upon the existence of a confraternity or brotherhood of werwolves, to which he had attached himself. The circumstances connected with these brotherhoods led me to the belief that they strongly resembled in character the societies which crystallized round the witch-cult. I looked for analogies among barbarous peoples, and discovered them. I even found that werwolves attended the witches' Sabbath in wolf shape. Finally, I formed the conclusion that werwolfism, like witchcraft, had originally a religious significance. I am not, however, prepared to say that its cult was one and the same as that of which witchcraft was a degenerate survival; but I believe that these cults impinged upon one another at certain points, and in certain circumstances and localities may even have become fused into one, if, indeed, they were originally separate.

At the trial of Pierre Bourgot in 1521, the accused admitted that one Michael Verding, also arraigned on a similar charge, and a certain black horseman made him take an oath of allegiance

to the devil, and led him to a clearing in the woods at Chastel Charlon, where a number of people were dancing. Each of them held in his hand a green torch which emitted a blue flame, and Pierre was stripped naked and smeared with a magical ointment, which caused him to be transformed into a wolf. Gilles Garnier, tried at Dôle in 1593, asserted that when wandering in the woods he was met by a phantom in the shape of a man, who told him that he could perform miracles, declaring that he would teach him how to transform himself at will into a wolf, lion or leopard, "and because the wolf is more familiar in this country than the other kinds of wild beasts," he adopted this form, anointing himself with an unguent when he desired to transform himself. Pierre Gandillon, a peasant living in the Jura Mountains, confessed in 1598 that he had been to the witches' Sabbath in wolf shape, and his sister was accused of intercourse with the Evil One, who appeared to her as a black goat, a familiar apparition at witch-gatherings. (The *lupo manaro* was an Italian witch who took wolf-shape.)

Jean Grenier, a boy of fourteen, tried at Roche Chalais in 1603, told how a neighbour, Pierre la Tilhaire, had introduced him to "the Lord of the Forest," who had provided him with a wolf-skin and ointment. This personage had forbidden him to bite the thumb-nail of his left hand, which was longer than the others, and told him not to lose sight of it whilst in wolf form, or he would immediately revert to his human shape.

These few instances, taken from a large number of others, seem to show that werwolfism was a social thing, having the nucleus of a settled cult behind it. Let us see what evidence can be adduced for the existence of a cult of werfolk in Europe and elsewhere.

G. Peucer (*Les Devins*, p. 198), writing of lycanthropy, says: "Immediately after Christmas Day is past, a lame boy goes round the country calling these slaves of the devil, of which there are a great number, and enjoining them to follow him. If they procrastinate or go too slowly, there immediately appears a tall man with a whip whose thongs are made of iron chains, with which he urges them onwards, and sometimes lashes the poor wretches so cruelly that the marks of the whip remain on their bodies till long afterwards, and cause them the greatest pain. As soon as they have set out on their road, they are all changed into wolves. . . . They travel in thousands, having for their conductor the bearer of the whip, after whom they march. When they reach the fields, they rush upon the cattle they find

there, tearing and carrying away all they can, and doing much other damage; but they are not permitted to touch or wound persons. When they approach any rivers, their guide separates the waters with his whip, so that they seem to open up and leave a dry space by which to cross. At the end of twelve days the whole band scatters, and every one returns to his home, having regained his proper form. This transformation, they say, comes about in this wise. The victims fall suddenly on the ground as though they were taken with sudden illness, and remain motionless and extended like corpses, deprived of all feeling, for they neither stir, nor move from one place to another, nor are in any wise transformed into wolves, thus resembling carrion, for although they are rolled or shaken, they give no sign of life."

Olaus Magnus, in his *History of the Goths, Swedes and Vandals*, 1658, says that on Christmas Eve multitudes of werwolves met at a ruined castle in Courland, at which certain tests were set the members of the "pack," but that these "only believe themselves to be wolves," being in a state of hallucination. "Colleges" of werwolves are also spoken of by old authors as existing in Teutonic and Slavonic countries.

In ancient Greece and Rome we find plentiful proof of the existence of religious societies connected with the wolf. "It may be conjectured," says Professor Robertson-Smith, "that the human sacrifices offered to the Wolf Zeus (Lycæus) in Arcadia were originally cannibal feasts of a wolf tribe. The first participants in the rite were, according to late legend, changed into wolves, and in later times at least one fragment of the human flesh was placed among the sacrificial portions derived from other victims, and the man who ate it was believed to become a werwolf." There are many traces of connection between Apollo and the Wolf, and the Lyceum of Apollo Lukios at Athens was the temple of this wolf cult. The Hirpi or wolf-kin of Mount Soracte in Italy were members of certain local families who acted as priests at the annual sacrifice to Apollo, with its "fire-walk." From the myth of Romulus and Remus, too, we may infer that the Romans were anciently a "wolf" clan. The Neuri of Scythia, according to Herodotus, were a body of sorcerers who took the shapes of wolves once a year. A Chinese work of the third century tells that in "Hupeh" there was once a clan that had the power of assuming tiger form, and who worshipped the tiger. In the hinterland of Sherbro, an island off the coast of Sierra Leone, there exists a Human Leopard Society founded for the purpose of obtaining human fat which is used in the

composition of certain fetish medicines. The members of this society are ceremonial cannibals, have a regular process of initiation, and wear leopard-skins when hunting their victims (T. J. Alldridge, *Sherbro and its Hinterland*). The wizards of Abyssinia take the shape of leopards, and members of the Blacksmith caste in that country are supposed to be able to transform themselves into various kinds of animals. The Makololo of the Zambesi believe that persons known as Pondoro can turn themselves into lions, and it would seem that these are members of a secret cult. In Central Java the wer-tiger is personified by an hereditary caste.

In America, several fraternities of the same kind are to be encountered. The Quakiutl Indians of Vancouver had until recently a class of holy persons known as Hametses, of whom Jacobsen says :

“ Admission to the society may be claimed by any youngster of a distinguished and well-to-do family, that is, of one possessing a great many blankets. If found acceptable on the ground of his family connections, the candidate enters on a four years' period of probation full of severe trials and painful castigations. But during the last four weeks of this novitiate he remains alone in the forest, in order by bodily privations to prepare himself for the ceremony of reception. In the eyes of the other natives of the place he is then already a more exalted person, possessed and guided by the god Pae-Pae-Kvalamisiva, whose proper abode is in the air ; and with a certain feeling of awe every one moves away on hearing the notes of his flute and pipe in the bush.

“ The act of reception into the society consists in the hamets suddenly rushing from the wood into the village, and then, in a festive gathering prepared by the other hametses, with his teeth tearing a piece of flesh from the arm of one or more of his tribal associates, and swallowing it ; or else biting pieces out of dog's throats. The men who may get injured by the hamets thus falling upon them in blind fury no doubt let him have his way, either because they are unwilling to contend with the god working with him, or because they are indemnified with a number of blankets, often as many as forty.

“ I may now state that I was twice present as an onlooker at hamets' feasts. On the first occasion, pieces of flesh were torn from the arms of five men ; on the second, a hamets bit out pieces from the throats of sixteen dogs. At the former feast the hamets began by singing and dancing the first four dances usual on such occasions. But towards the end of the fourth he was like a

madman, howling like an enraged bear. Then he tore all off the blankets from his body and rushed on an Indian standing in the vicinity. He defended himself with all his strength, and at first even successfully. But the hamets, to whom his frenzy seemed to lend a supernatural power, soon flung his opponent on the ground, bit a large piece of flesh from his arm and swallowed it.

"At the second feast sixteen dogs were bitten by a hamets, who tore out a piece from the throat of each. While hunting them down he wore *a large mask representing a wolf's head*, the eyes and lower jaw of which were movable. When there were no more uninjured dogs at hand he pretended to be sick, and apparently vomited through the wolf's jaws large pieces of flesh which he had kept concealed under the blanket. At the same time a second hamets seized with his teeth and pulled out by main force the pieces which were too large to pass easily through the narrow jaws of the mask. At the end a number of Indians joined in a dance which represented how the wolf, who grew longer and longer by several of the men creeping under the blankets, tried to escape, while the crowd sought to lay hold of him. It all made a tremendous uproar."

The Tonkaways, a wild people of Texas, celebrate their origin by a grand annual dance.

"One of them, naked as he was born, is buried in the earth. The others, clothed in wolf-skins, walk over him, snuff around him, howl in lupine style, and finally dig him up with their nails. The leading wolf then solemnly places a bow and arrow in his hands, and to his inquiry as to what he must do for a living, paternally advises him 'to do as the wolves do—rob, kill, and murder, rove from place to place, and never cultivate the soil'" (Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, v, p. 683).

The Berserker of Scandinavia and Iceland were obviously originally members of a bear or wolf cult, the adherents of which "ran amok" and behaved like the animals they worshipped, dressing in the skins of wolves and bears, the name berserk meaning "bear-clothed." Indeed, it would be difficult to discover a country where some such well-defined society of men dressing in the skin of the beast which they adored, and mimicking its man-eating or destructive habits, has not existed at one time or another.

Looking for signs of ritual or other magical practices in the accounts of these societies, we are not disappointed. We have seen that the followers of Apollo Lukios and the Hirpini possessed

a well-developed religious cult, as do the Human Leopard Society, the Hametses and the Tonkaways, in which cannibalistic practice, or the remnants of it, survived and survive. Can we doubt that it was the same with the werwolf societies of Europe, those "colleges" of which the older writers speak?

European werwolfism, indeed, seems to me to bear a close resemblance to the system known as Nagualism found in Mexico and Central America. This religious cult with an initiatory ceremonial and a well-marked ritual, unmercifully opposed to Christianity, was driven by the Spaniards into the wild and unsettled districts, where its orgies are perhaps still celebrated. Its chief tenet was a belief in animal transformation and familiar spirits, and, as it affords a link between witchcraft and totemism, it provides us with even stronger evidences that the witch-cult and the habit of taking beast form are associated. Its votaries clothed themselves in wolf-skins, were temporarily under the hallucination that they were wolves indeed, and gave themselves over to orgiastic cannibalism.

Orgiastic cannibalism! But is not that a very different thing from ritual anthropophagy? Admittedly so; but let us glance at its probable development. The members of the werwolf societies probably took the guise of the wolf because of the survival of a forgotten totemic belief that the members of a tribe or clan were one in blood and origin with the animal which they worshipped. This belief gave rise to a cult of ceremonial cannibalism, a mimicry of the habits of the totem animal, which in later times degenerated into gross cannibalism, just as ceremonial cannibalism elsewhere has degenerated into a popular vice. Later, the practice spread, and often became individual and independent of tribal or cult control. Folk-belief, however, would find its own interpretation of this state of affairs.

Communities of semi-civilized people would begin to shun those who devoured human flesh, and they would be ostracized and classed as wild beasts, the idea that they had something in common with these would grow, and the conception that they were able to transform themselves into veritable animals would be likely to arise therefrom.

The whole circumstances surrounding the cult of the werwolf in Europe thus seem to show that, like that of witchcraft, it may have had a religious meaning, that after a time its fuller ritual significance was lost and that it degenerated into a series of localized orgiastic societies, possessing the memory of its usages, but oblivious of the spirit which animated it during its hey-day.

A SPECTRAL ISLE

BY W. N. NEILL

SOMEWHERE in the Southern Indian Ocean is situate an island that has been seen and even sketched, but which disappears, as if by enchantment, when a ship comes too near. The statements of voyagers as to its appearance vary widely. Some say it is crescent-shaped, others that it is circular, while others, again, would have it a flat island with a great peak in the centre. The name by which it has long been known is S. Juan de Lisboa. Although in modern days it has disappeared from the charts of these latitudes, for map-makers have given up in despair the attempt to fix its correct position, yet for two centuries, at least, it held its place somewhere to the east of Madagascar and south of the Mascarenes. Expeditions are no longer sent out to locate and colonize this mysterious isle, but until the beginning of the nineteenth century attempts were constantly being made by the French Government to add St. Jean, as they called it, to their possessions in the Mascarene archipelago. One of the first to mention it was M. de la Roche Saint André, sent to Madagascar in 1655. He searched for it in the latitude where it was fixed by the Portuguese maps of the period, but could not find it. About 1704 a goodly number of anonymous memoir-writers referred to it and gave careful descriptions of its shape and appearance, and these references served to stimulate research once again. In the instructions given by the French King to the Chevalier de Nyon in 1721 he is ordered to find and take possession of St. Jean in the name of France, but though the Chevalier searched long he had to confess himself baffled. Amongst the instructions given to Labourdonnais, the great French colonial governor, when he set sail for his new post, the necessity of hoisting the French flag over St. Juan was specially impressed upon him, but he was no more successful than his predecessors in the search. In 1772, M. Donjon, second in command of the *Bougainville*, stated that on April 27, during a violent storm, he discovered the elusive island and he gave its precise position. He was also able to make a rough sketch of its outlines. Poivre, then Governor in the Mascarenes, immediately ordered the Chevalier de Saint Felix—afterwards an admiral—commanding the *Heure du*

Berger, to set sail, in company with the brig *Curieuse*, for the spot whose bearings Donjon had given. He did so, but after a long and weary search had to return and confess himself beaten. The island was no longer there. This was in 1773. In the same year another fruitless attempt was made by M. de la Brohère, on board the *Etoile du Matin*, and a few years afterwards the great French sailor Kerguelen ploughed up practically every inch of the waters where the island was supposed to lie, but all in vain. In 1782, Forval de Grenville, a well-known officer residing in the Isle of France, made application to the Governor for a concession of the island for ten years. The concession was granted, but the expedition never took place.

This Forval de Grenville was a famous man in his day, and the means of obtaining for France the new colony of Nosse Ibrahim or Ile Sainte Marie, off Madagascar, through the devotion of his wife, a Malagasy Pocahontas. His father had to leave the court at Versailles owing to an unlucky duel, in which he killed his adversary just under the King's window, and settled in the Isle of France, where his son grew to manhood. The young Forval, setting out for Madagascar in search of slaves, landed at Nosse Ibrahim, where he was well received by the King Tamsimalo, and was by him persuaded to spend the night in the palace. In the middle of the night the King's daughter, Béty, appeared at his bedside to warn him that his life was in danger. Before she would tell him where the peril lay she made him promise faithfully to marry her and take her over to his own home. Forval gave the required promise, and in return she told him that at dawn her father would come in to visit him but that he meditated murder. If he broke his stick it was a pre-arranged signal for the guards to rush in and kill him, but if he threw his hat on the ground his guest's life was safe. The King duly arrived, and while conversing in friendly fashion broke his stick across his knee. Forval at once seized the monarch, clapped a pistol to his head, and the King, recognizing that his plot was discovered, at once threw down his hat. The royal guards, who had already entered, retreated again. Forval embarked with his dusky princess and married her. When her father died and the island became hers, she handed it over as a gift to the French Government in 1750.

After de Grenville's failure to colonize S. Juan, another French gentleman, M. Advise des Ruisseaux, in 1787, had the isle conceded to him on condition that when he landed upon it he would rechristen it "Ile de la Reine." His expedition did not

start till 1799, but although he, like so many before him, searched widely and long, he never managed to discover the coveted prize. This was the last attempt made by France to add to her dominions by the annexation of S. Juan de Lisboa. Her power was broken in the Indian Ocean not long after, and the victorious English do not seem to have made any strenuous effort to discover the mysterious island that had so long baffled their antagonists.

There have been as many attempted paper solutions of the mystery of S. Juan as there were actual search expeditions, for French writers have not even yet given up hopes of mastering the secret. One idea is that the Portuguese navigators, when they first entered these latitudes and discovered one island after another, jotted down the names which they bestowed upon them. On their return to Lisbon the list of their discoveries was handed over to the Government. Some stupid clerk in the Admiralty clumsily mixed up the names of the ship captains with those of the islands. After the islands were all apportioned and duly registered it was found that the words S. Juan de Lisboa still remained. What to do with them he did not know, so he invented an island on the spur of the moment and thus set the ball rolling. The theory is distinctly ingenious but hardly convincing. Others say that the sailors who reported they had seen the island were deceived in their bearings and were actually looking upon one of the other members of the archipelago. This would explain why they do not agree with regard to its shape, but surely the seamen who spent years of their lives in this tiny corner of the ocean would know every creek and cove. The explanation more generally accepted is that the island was invented by the Arab pirates, who swarmed around these parts when the Portuguese first entered them, to delude possible pursuers. By giving S. Juan de Lisboa as their rendezvous and storehouse of their booty they were enabled to use secluded spots on the other islands without fear of aggression. But even this theory does not satisfy.

Whether there ever was an isle called S. Juan de Lisboa or not we shall probably never know. It is quite possible that an island, volcanic like its near sisters, once emerged from the deep, and owing to another disturbance sank later back to the ocean bed. Or it is possible that there may have been a floating island, constantly changing its position like that in Loch Lomond, which was one of the chief marvels of Scotland in the Middle Ages, and which eventually returned to the deep whence it came. So much for the objective side of the question. Coming to the subjective: mariners beaten out of their reckoning by storms

might possibly see an island mirage which their imagination, strongly tinged with terror, would make wonderfully real. Perhaps the solution lies in the combination of the two aspects. Once upon a time there may have been a palm-clad isle, rising from the floor of the ocean, which subsequently sank back to its primeval place. Yet though the actuality was once again covered by the waves its essence might now and then clothe itself in all its old verdure, its mountain peaks, and its blue bays, and become visible to some eye specially attuned to the invisible. Stranger things have happened. It makes one glad to think that somewhere out there lies an isle where Vanderdecken and his ghostly crew can land to stretch their weary limbs now and then after being buffeted for endless years by the currents and tempests that crowd the sea around the Cape of Storms. S. Juan de Lisboa may be—to quote Lafcadio Hearn—"like one of those phantom cities of Spanish America, swallowed up centuries ago by earthquakes, but reappearing at long intervals to deluded travellers."

BUDDHA IMAGES AND THEIR INFLUENCE

By J. E. ELLAM, General Secretary of the Buddhist Society

THE various conventional attitudes, and types, of the Buddha-rupa, as found in different countries, are always symbolical. Nor is it always the Buddha Gotama who is thus represented. The following notes, although by no means exhaustive, may prove of value to those interested in this subject.

In Ceylon, there are four attitudes of the Buddha Gotama :
Meditation : seated cross-legged, the feet laid upon one another, left under right ; the hands, left under right in the lap above the feet. Preaching : standing, the feet close together ; the right hand raised, palm towards the spectator, fingers upward, the left hand hanging down as if grasping the robe. Exhortation, or warning : standing, the feet close together ; both hands raised with the palms towards the spectator. Entering Nirvāna : recumbent on the right side ; the right hand under the head, the left arm stretched out along the body.

The robe is plain, leaving the right shoulder and arm exposed.

With the seated Buddha are often represented the disciples Mogallāna and Sāriputta, and Ānanda with the recumbent figure.

In Burma, Siam and Cambodia, we find the same, a variant being the Witness, in meditation : seated, with the right hand hanging down over the right leg close to the knee, the left hand palm uppermost in the lap. This is called the Witness because the Buddha is said to have called the earth as witness when he sat under the Bodhi-tree striving with Māra, the Tempter.

Accompanying this attitude are sometimes represented Mogallāna and Sāriputta, the one with his ear turned towards the Master, as if listening, and the other with folded hands in the attitude of worship.

Besides the figures of the Buddha Gotama are occasionally found some of those of the earlier Buddhas, namely, his three predecessors of this world epoch, Kakusāndha, Konāgamana and Kassāpa ; also Dipamkāra, the greatest of all the complete

series of the twenty-eight former Buddhas, excepting only Gotama himself.

In Siam and Cambodia, all these types are found. Frequently the images are most ornate, so that it is not always easy to determine whether they represent the Buddha Gotama or Bodhisattvas.

In Tibet, almost invariably the Buddha Gotama is in a sitting posture, with the legs crossed. But the Bodhisattvas are always adorned with diadems, elaborate robes, bracelets, and so forth. Some of these Bodhisattvas have several heads or arms.

The future Buddha, Maitreya, is the only one ever represented seated, as on a chair, with the legs hanging down in European fashion. This is curious, as the tradition has it that the next Buddha will appear *in the West*.

In China and Japan, the Buddha Gotama is usually represented as seated in the attitude of meditation, clothed in a simple robe which leaves the neck and chest exposed, both shoulders, arms, body and legs being covered. The hands lie in the lap with the tips of the thumbs and forefingers of each hand together forming two circles placed close together.

There are also certain of the celestial Buddhas, of whom the best known is Amitābha, who is represented as standing, with both arms hanging down; Vairochāna, seated, with his hands both together in the centre of the chest so that the index fingers point upwards; and Loshānā, seated, raising the left hand midway, joining the tips of the thumb and middle finger, whilst the right hand rests in the lap.

The former Buddha, Dipamkāra, is sometimes found, and has 108 small lamps burning about him. This number, 108, has a special significance in Buddhism. The Buddhist rosary has 108 beads, one for each symbolical "mark" supposed to be characteristic of a Buddha. These 108 marks are also found in the symbolical *sripāda*, or "footprint," of the Buddha, and sometimes these 108 figures (mostly of animals) are grouped round the Samsāra Cakka, or Wheel of Life.

The materials of which the Buddha-rupa are made are various: bronze, wood, marble, baked clay, or some kind of composition resembling plaster bronzed or gilded, alabaster, rock crystal, gold and silver. As a rule those made of bronze, wood and clay are gilded. Very many of these are adorned in various ways with real or imitation gems. The alabaster rupa, and those of stone or marble, are usually ornamented with gilt and paint in a way which does not always add to their artistic effect, from a European

point of view at any rate. Their intrinsic value depends, of course, mainly upon the material, upon the artistic finish and craftsmanship, and also to some extent upon their age. They vary in size from small rupa easily carried in the pocket to colossal statues many feet high and weighing several tons.

Those Buddha-rupa which find their way into the European market, into the curio shops and private collections, are generally of the type which can be bought by anyone in the bazaars of the East. Some have been stolen from the monasteries and temples, and a few may have been given as presents to distinguished or welcome visitors.

The little round "knobs" on the head are intended to represent the natural curls which resulted when the Buddha cut off his hair with his sword on leaving the charioteer, Channa, when he departed upon his great quest for the Truth. In the more finished statues, these are shown in the form of delicate, shell-like spirals. The flame (*usnisa*), shown as rising from the top of the head, represents the "psychic" or "spiritual" power which is characteristic of, and emanates from, a Buddha to a greater degree than is the case with any other being, man or god. Sometimes this is represented by a round coil of hair, or a protuberance of the cranium, as is the case with Japanese types. The round spot on the forehead (*urnā*), just above and between the eyebrows, is another mark of a Buddha.

There is a superstition which is encountered in England, *i.e.* that the possession of a Buddha-rupa is unlucky. This is curious, as the influence of the Buddha, wherever found, should rather be accounted benign. The "ill-luck," if any, can only be accounted for by the fact that the possession of any plunder, especially from the sacred precincts of a place of worship, is likely to have evil karma attached to it. The most auspicious of the Buddha-rupa, of course, are those which have been installed with due ceremony in the temples, and presented freely by their custodians. Those which are manufactured frankly for sale are as indifferent in this respect as any other object of art or curiosity. But the proper function of a Buddha-rupa is not one of superstitious usage or worship, but to serve as a constant reminder of the life, example and teaching of Gotama, the Buddha of our times. So used and so considered, the possession of a Buddha-rupa will, if that example and teaching is permitted to influence our own lives, be in every case an influence for good.

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.*]

"THE HOODEN HORSE."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In reading the article in last month's OCCULT REVIEW on "Radnorshire Legends" I was reminded in the "feast of the ass," there mentioned, of the old custom of the Hodening or Hooden Horse in Thanet. The "hooden horse" is a model of a horse's head, with a movable lower jaw studded with large brass-headed nails. The one I saw was black, decorated with brass trappings and red ribbons, the man carrying it being covered by a black cloth. The lower jaw is worked by a string, so that the teeth clap together. It was taken round at Christmas time, accompanied by several men dressed up in different costumes, but one always dressed as a woman with a broom, who would sweep the steps of the house they were singing at. One was taken round at Whitstable about sixteen years ago, but was brought from some other town. I have heard that one was always carried round at Deal.

Yours faithfully,

LAVENDER COTTAGE,

M. ABBOTT.

CHERRY GARDEN ROAD, CANTERBURY.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In a letter published in your issue for September, 1921, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle expresses surprise "that an Occult paper should contain a review praising up the brochure on Spirit Photography by Messrs. Whately Smith and Patrick." May I remind Sir A. C. Doyle that the OCCULT REVIEW—I think I am right in saying—exists, not for the propagation of any body of theories (whether those comprised under the term "Spiritualism" or not), but for the encouragement of research in the domain of things psychic. "*Nullius in verba*." The brochure in question was praised because it seemed to me to be written entirely in the spirit of research and impartial investigation.

I may add that I have read Mr. Barlow's reply to this brochure. It is certainly of much interest, and should be read by all who are in any way concerned with the problems of "spirit photography." But it reads to me somewhat like a piece of special pleading and seems to be less impartial in spirit than Messrs. Whately Smith and Patrick's work.

Yours sincerely,

191 CAMDEN ROAD, N.W.1.

H. STANLEY REDGROVE.

MARRIAGE AND REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—One of the most interesting aspects of the doctrine of reincarnation is that bearing directly upon the institution of marriage. The unhappiness and even actual tragedy so common in matrimonial relationships suggests that this subject is deserving of special consideration.

Astrology, as is well known, is closely linked up with the evolutionary theory of rebirth. Not only does this science indicate the soul's fate or fortune in marriage, but it shows clearly the nature of the harmony or disharmony between any two natal charts.

Let it be supposed then that a man who has made a study of Astrology disregards the warning conveyed by the respective horoscopes and marries a woman whose astral chart gives evidence of great disharmony. Both the man and woman have Uranus in the seventh house, than which there can be no more inimical indication for success in marriage. In addition the woman's Saturn is posited in the man's seventh house.

Two egos are thus joined together in bonds that are at least intended to signify the closest intimacy. If the stars have foreshown unhappiness in their marriage, it may reasonably be assumed that both egos have been allotted a task in accordance with past evil Karma. They have been drawn together to learn certain lessons in the great school of life.

Any soul may well be agitated by such a position. Where does duty lie? Through what course of action may the greatest spiritual advancement be obtained? On the one hand, it might be argued that evolutionary progress depends upon the successful accomplishment of certain tasks rendered necessary through harmful actions in past lives. On this assumption, to shrink from the asperity of the lesson, to shirk its obvious hardships, would undoubtedly spell retrogression. A resignation to conditions that the ego had in reality imposed upon itself might conduce to the greatest progress.

On the other hand, an opposite line of reasoning might be employed. The relationship has failed to produce love from the one side, nor has it sustained the affection from the other. Coldness, indifference and disillusionment militate against happiness on either side. With the emotional nature unsatisfied and no magnetic attraction between them, would not a dissolution of the marriage promote the welfare of both?

A child would further complicate the problem.

The conflict of emotion would be no less acute when one of the marriage partners fully realized that a big mistake had been made. Imagine the emotional upheaval when the soul finds itself trapped, as it were, into a bondage from which escape is difficult.

The Rosicrucians teach that the emotions are of vast occult significance. It would necessarily follow that the constant warfare on the emotional plane would prove a very serious obstacle to spiritual progress.

Does the solution to the problem depend upon an heroic endeavour to transmute the mutual antagonism into some semblance of harmonious feeling? Should the will be encouraged to transcend the power of the stars? Or, recognizing the herculean nature of the task, should the partners to the marriage mutually agree to separate?

There must be many occult students to whom this problem is one of vital, personal concern. A profound unrest of mind is at any rate experienced by the writer. H. W. S.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA.

CREATION IN SLEEP.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A higher degree of interest in the working of the subconscious mind is being shown to-day than ever before.

I have always acknowledged my indebtedness to Dreams; but even the many psychologists whom I know have shown unnecessary alarm—and this despite the magical invocation of Coleridge's masterpiece, "Kubla Khan"—whenever I have argued for the direct *encouragement* of the active co-operation of the subconscious mind in the creation of Art. Even those most interested in mental science do not appear yet to have realized that "The Kingdom of Heaven is within." They seem afraid of the implication that Matter is—no matter!

I was cradled in the idea of Human Evolution, and I read Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Owen, *et omnes* before I was fifteen, yet I seem always to have known of this wonderful world "within."

Without further comment, let me quote two dream-fragments of only last night:

I.

That tiny task you set me:
I'll do it very soon,—
Where is the moon at midnight,
The sunrise-hour at noon?

II.

Higgery-jiggery—piggery Pie;
Fithery-fathery—feathery 'Flu:
Jack with two arms and only one eye—
Nothing to wish for; something to do!

I do not present either of these fragments as evidence of "genius"—I am not so infatuated, nor so lacking in the power of self-criticism!

But they do, at least, rebut the belief that the mind only creates "rubbish" in sleep. And I venture to believe, also, that they bear internal evidence of their *genuine* source. I have refrained from "polishing" them: each verse is *exactly* as I scribbled it down (in total darkness) in a half-awakened condition, when the "outer" consciousness dictated to me, "That notion, running presently through your brain, has some intrinsic value; jump out of bed, and scribble it down."

It might be noted, in passing, that I am living in the tropics, and that the night-air is so deliciously cool that these occasional migrations (in complete obscurity of the night) across my bedroom do not unnecessarily arouse me. I am generally sound asleep again within two minutes of scribbling down the various fancies, which I (in half-humorous self-derision) always realize to be of only the airiest possible value!

Yet much better stuff has been evolved in sleep by me than the two verses quoted. A little while ago, I had been working on a twelve-line lyric, commissioned by a composer (quite famous) who insists always upon leaving scope for a fine musical climax. I had hit on the title, "Glory of the World," and I meant to work up to my finest ideas by means of three four-line stanzas: the first stanza to be addressed to a Rose, as symbol of Beauty; the second to a Maiden, as symbol of Purity; and the third to epitomise the frailty of both Flower and Woman, but to proclaim withal the eternally-triumphant power of Beautiful Thoughts.

This lyric would not evolve as my higher wishes demanded, and I spent long days hunting for the hammer-blow of the closing phrases. Then in sleep I found:

"Beauteous thoughts to deeds may pass,"

and that haunting phrase—a phrase which I dare to claim as full of truthful suggestion—literally *made* my lyric.

The composer received it from me in these terms:

GLORY OF THE WORLD.

Sweet Rose, with shy soft leaves uncurl'd,

Blooming for all to see:

Thy name is "Glory of the World,"

And lovers worship thee!

Fair Flow'r of Maiden Womanhood,

Blooming alone for me:

Thou art so pure and proud and good,

My senses ache at thee!

Fair Maid, sweet Rose, 'tis true, alas!

Ye both must fade and die:

But beauteous thoughts to deeds may pass,

And Love rules earth and sky!

I have narrated the foregoing incidents (at great risk of being

accused of conceited egotism, but we will let that risk go for what it is worth!) because I believe that the Realm of the Subconsciousness is a magnificent Mine that we mortals should all work for the Jewels of Fancy that lie hidden therein. I have merely touched the outskirts of the subject, as I do not wish just now to pontificate on Occultism. But, surely, this is one splendid weapon of defence, which we all possess, against the deadly disease of Materialism!

Yours faithfully,

IRON HOUSE,
TINUBU STREET,
LAGOS, NIGERIA.

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

THE PSYCHIC CENTRES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—A knowledge of what the Psychic Centres are and where they are situated is necessary for intelligent development of them. This knowledge, as N. F. F. King states in his paper, is difficult to obtain, and obscure when obtained. I suggest that these centres have been dissected, but not recognized, and that they are really situated in the ductless glands, viz., the internal organs of generation, the supra-renal bodies, the thyroid gland, the pineal body, and the pituitary gland. There are the following grounds of support for this view:

1. There are five centres, if I remember rightly, and there are five important ductless glands.

2. It is stated by almost all writers that sexual energy can be stored up, transmuted into psychic energy, and used as such.

3. Tuberculosis of the supra-renal bodies gives rise to a profound lack of energy.

4. Congenital deficiency of the thyroid causes cretinism, a condition in which not only is the body stunted but the mental state is akin to imbecility.

5. Congenital deficiency of the pituitary gland causes mongolism, a condition similar to cretinism, but in which the imbecility is more marked.

6. The pineal gland, I was taught as a student, is the remains of "the third eye," of which vestiges are seen in the king crab and in lizards. This gland is stated by Ramacharaka to be the centre for telepathic communication, and it is interesting to note that it was thought by Descartes to be the seat of the soul.

N. F. F. King points out that unconscious development of the psychic centres may give rise to symptoms causing the subject to consult a physician, and here we note that in the year 1919 there were 2,205 operations performed on the thyroid gland in one clinic in the United States.

The development of these centres, leading to new states of consciousness, should result in a vast increase in the powers of the race, and be a distinct step forwards on the path of Evolution, and here I

find Prof. Keith reported as saying, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, that "by means of these glands new races have been evolved in the past, and will be evolved in the future."

Yours faithfully,

COLIN C. B. GILMOUR, M.A., M.B., Ch.B. (Glasg.)-
KUANTAN, SINGAPORE,

THE RIDDLE OF MANIFESTATION

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. F. S. Coryn hardly helps to solve the "Why Manifestation" question which I reintroduced a year ago to your pages. Apparently, judging by his article, he does not know the difference between absolute and relative consciousness, as you cannot discuss the latter from the standpoint of the former, and neither the mutilated beggar nor the foolish honeymoon couple would exist in absolute consciousness, it being one state without contrast. "It" is not aware of anything from the relative view-point. I, like Mr. Coryn, believe about "all creatures in the spirit and the spirit in all creatures," and I behold all things from this (possibly) lofty position of consciousness, but instead of his mutilated beggar exciting sympathy in me, all I should want to do would be to snuff him out painlessly, and remedy the state of society which bred such unfortunates to disfigure the earth, and I would train men and women to take marriage and similar—mostly "evil" karma—as a matter of course, when it HAD to come, and certainly not to go giggling away on a honeymoon. Mutilated beggars and calf-love should never excite sympathy, but should rather point us to the necessity for remedial measures.

A last useful (?) point to remember when contemplating the "Why Manifestation" problem is that if the same absolute consciousness functions through all forms (as most of us believe it does), it can only go back to the source from whence it came, as already pointed out (i.e. "all things revert to It, yet It is not increased thereby"), so that if the purpose of evolution is to develop a universal happiness beyond the dreams of mankind to-day, this must all have existed with the all-conscious originally. The trail through the ages is only a journey which will really not bring us anything, and which, from the consciousness of my relative standpoint, I am not seriously interested in, and, I should guess, never wanted to undertake.

I am, I might add, beginning more seriously to believe that what we call manifestation, does not really happen. After all, if I have lived forty years, the past is only like a story to me now, and many people could invent an even more likely story about a person who had never physically existed.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

A NEW issue of *The Buddhist Review* tell us that the work of the Buddhist Society, of which it is the organ, is being carried on vigorously in Great Britain and Ireland, and that a Book Depôt has been established recently in London. It is proposed also to form an International Union, in order to focus what is termed "the forward movement" of Buddhism in East and West. The foundation of the Eastern Buddhist Society in Japan, to which we referred in our last issue, is accorded the welcome which it deserves and which might be expected, while *The Eastern Buddhist*, its official journal, is noticed at length in a careful critical article. The most important contribution to the issue before us is over the signature of Sunyānanda, and is dated from a monastery in Japan. It discusses the question whether there is a secret doctrine in Buddhism, whether, that is to say, Buddha taught "an open doctrine to the populace and a secret one to a small circle of chosen disciples." The answer is that "nothing has been hidden," either by the great Indian Master or by those teachers who followed him. "The veil between us and them is our ignorance." There was nothing disclosed, for example, to the beloved disciple Ānanda and reserved from the rest of the faithful. "Those who have invented stories of this kind have shown themselves to be very ignorant of the Buddhist Scriptures." The Master himself affirmed that he was not "one of those teachers . . . who with a closed fist keeps something back." So passes the dream of "esoteric Buddhism," which has been with us in one and another form for nearly thirty years. At the same time it does not follow that Buddhism contains "only one kind of doctrine, to be preached indiscriminately to all." There is "that which is intended for the use of men in the world," but another for those who have renounced it. They are both "open doctrines, without the least shadow of mystery." They are not in opposition, unless it is occasionally on the surface, and to the mind of superficial students. They correspond to grades of instruction, one for the novices in the elementary classes and another, more advanced, for those in the higher forms. But the root is one : it is a question of development and growth therefrom. We observe, however, that among Tibetan gurus there are methods of training and also certain practices apart from doctrine—as, e.g. "peculiar ways of meditation," which are taught secretly, though they can be traced in Vedantic treatises, the earliest Upanishads and old Rig Veda hymns, as well as in the Buddhist Scriptures. The article includes a view of reincarnation, which may or may not be new to Western scholars of the subject, but—in the mode of presentation—is such to ourselves at least ; and as it is likely to be the same with most readers of the OCCULT REVIEW,

it will be desirable to summarize it briefly. (1) It is not even approximately true that a soul, person or entity of any kind transmigrates from one body to another. (2) It is deeds that are reborn and thoughts, meaning "forms, sensations, perceptions, mentality, consciousness." (3) The personality of to-day is the result of previous bodily and mental actions, and it is engaged now in the building up of another personality, which will emerge in the future. (4) They are neither completely identical nor completely different. (5) The second person—presumably, *qua* person—is indeed said to be "different in every way from the first," yet it has passed over from the first to the second. We should like to understand better the sense attached to the word "consciousness," which is said to be reborn in this manner. It may be added that there are some illuminating words on realization and its attainment, but as we do not wish to extract the entire marrow and essence of this informing study, we may refer those who are concerned to the article itself, which will assuredly repay perusal.

Should it happen that the Alchemical Society of France, within or without the contributors to *La Rose Croix*, is still hoping and seeking to accomplish the transmutation of metals, it must rejoice at some recent news, derived on our own part from *Theosophy* of Los Angeles. The story goes that Dr. C. B. Davis, of New York City, claims to have converted so-called base metals into gold, silver and platinum. He is described as a reputable chemist and a member of various scientific societies. He has (1) memorialized a well-known American institution, called Engineering Foundation, in a paper reporting his discovery, and (2) has submitted samples of the metals produced, with a request for the investigation of his claims, and the fact has been announced duly in a *Bulletin* issued by the Society. Our theosophical contemporary goes on to recite some of the commercial possibilities which look like following the successful pursuit of alchemy on a liberal scale, but the expected revolution in our system of exchange is, of course, an old story, and we conceive that the system could be protected at need, without detriment to ourselves or to the particular triumph of research. The story of the early Theosophical movement, which is the chief feature of *Theosophy*, has reached its nineteenth chapter and deals with events immediately succeeding the death of Madame Blavatsky. The account is of considerable interest, more especially in connection with what is called the Esoteric Section. We are told (1) that Colonel Olcott and Mr. A. P. Sinnett were never members of this inner body; (2) that it worked under pledges of secrecy—which, however, is well known; (3) that Olcott and Sinnett both regarded it as a standing menace; and (4) that instead of being neutral, like the Society itself, it was "pledged to study, promulgate and practise Theosophy." In 1889 the original name was abandoned, and it became the Eastern School of Theosophy. The embroilments of 1890-91, which came about, as represented, through this institution, are noticed at considerable length, and we observe with satisfaction a certain change of tone

in the story, a diminution of the animus against Colonel Olcott, to which we have drawn attention previously. It will be understood that it remains zealous as an apologist for W. Q. Judge. . . . *Theosophy in England and Wales* contains a personal appreciation of A. P. Sinnett by a writer who made his acquaintance only after a particular scandal in the Theosophical Society had led to his withdrawal for a period and to his foundation of an ephemeral Eleusinian Society. As the official organ of a large body, it seems regrettable that this periodical has its issues wired together in a manner so clumsy that it is a misery to open and read, unless it has been taken to pieces previously. . . . In *The Theosophist* Mr. Fritz Kunz furnishes a summary account of the ruins in Yucatan, his article being fully illustrated. We note that a deserved compliment is paid to the Smithsonian Institute for the work which it has done and the encouragement which it has given to explorers in this and other regions of old American civilization. We cannot congratulate Mr. King on the mode of procedure adopted in his review of the subject, as it mixes up psychic revelations on Atlantis with the results of archæological research in a way that makes it impossible for an unversed reader to distinguish between them, and he will probably suppose that the medley at large is an outcome of ordinary investigation. As regards the illustrations, we are told that they have been contributed by members of the Theosophical Society who have visited the important sites.

The study of *Faust* under the title of "Goethe the Rosicrucian," is approaching its conclusion in *Azoth*, and the pseudonymous writer presents renderings of thirty-two anagrams which he claims to have discovered in the text of the great poem. Their German originals are said to be deposited with the editor. A notable proportion is concerned with rose-symbolism. The gold of philosophy is said to be generated by God in the microcosm, wherein it takes flesh. Some of the aphorisms are curious; but it must be submitted that many are obscure, while the alternatives of Latin terms do not help towards understanding and indeed are likely to confuse further. . . . We have received with much interest an issue of *Psychische Studien*, which we remember very well in the far past, as we do also the name of its founder, Alexander Aksakov. It has been in existence for forty-eight years as an exponent of spiritualism and psychical research, and we are glad to see that it still appears at Leipzig under the old form, and bears the marks of a flourishing concern. It has a definite place in the history of its subject, and the name of Aksakov will be remembered as that of one of the early pioneers of spiritualism. The issue before us contains papers on unexplained phenomena, the mechanics of table-turning and the psychology of occultism. . . . *Le Voile d'Isis* continues to instruct and entertain us with its "echoes and news," as well as by its regular articles. There is a note on the horoscope of St. Joan of Arc, and we learn that about 1430 an astrologer of Geneva predicted the expulsion of the English from France and the

restoration of the French King, through the instrumentality of a simple maid. We are promised a further consideration of the horoscope in a future issue of our contemporary. . . . *Rays from the Rose Cross* continues to publish papers from the note-books of the late Max Heindel, and the last issue contains the first part of a study on the subject of initiation. It is on the right track when it affirms that no ceremonial system as such can communicate inward experience, but it omits to add that the valid purpose of ritual-procedure is to impart the doctrine of experience in sacramental forms and symbols. Among other points in the study, we observe at their value (1) that "all religions have been given to mankind by the Recording Angels, who know the spiritual requirements of each class, nation and race"; (2) that the Mystery Schools of each religion furnish a higher teaching to the more advanced members of the given race or people; (3) that man in the present age is confined by an "earthly prison-house," in which "spiritual vibrations" are almost killed. . . . A new monthly magazine appears at Habana under the title of *Psiquis*, as an official organ of the Spiritistic Society of Cuba. It is particularly well produced and has several interesting papers, as, for example, on the fourth dimension, experimental psychology and the higher mission of Spiritism. The official section contains an address by the president to the groups and members of the Society in Cuba. . . . The Italian quarterly review, *Ultra*, which appears at Rome and Turin, gives a study of Emerson and American Transcendentalism during his period. We note also an article on current physics and theosophical cosmogony. . . . *Anales* of La Plata, which is concerned more especially with spiritism, gives notes on personal experiences therein by C. Marino, reports of phenomena and a study of psychophysiology in the light of Spiritism.

The *Bulletin Officiel du Bureau International du Spiritisme* is of larger dimensions than usual, and of considerable interest also, within and without its record of work accomplished by the Institution itself. It is very full in the latter respect, as usual, though it will be understood that this section does not offer much opportunity to extracts or review. It is comparable to a business diary and is well kept as such. The Bureau seems to be in regular communication with analogous bodies in many parts of the world. We learn in this manner about psychical research at Copenhagen, and of a new International League of Spiritualism at Paris, which is noticed also in the pages of *Le Voile d'Isis*. It aims at revolution not only in matters political, but within the measures of its own subject. It is to be at war with the alleged "tyranny of mediums," and with the pretended direct intervention of the other side in daily life, connoting apparently a crusade against novelties in systematic religion. It will be also at war with war, duelling, death-penalties and persecution. There is also the programme of a Spiritist Congress in the Argentine. The *Bulletin* is a valuable record and one which should be kept for reference.

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REVIEWS

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW THOUGHT. Essays and Addresses by Representative Authors and Leaders. Edited by Horatio W. Dresser, Author of "The Power of Silence, Hon. President of the International New Thought Alliance. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 5s. net.

MR. HORATIO W. DRESSER has gathered together in this volume a number of essays by leading writers on what is known as New Thought, a term which came into use about 1894, in Massachusetts, and was casually referred to then as the "Boston craze." Like most other unorthodox "movements," this special branch of metaphysics has suffered at the hands of cranks and fanatics, but as Mr. Dresser very sensibly says:—

"The constructive way to estimate the New Thought is from the practical point of view; not by an adverse criticism of its idea of God, its conception of man as 'divine,' or any other theoretical point sometimes assailed by those who have had evidence of the truth of mental healing."

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In addition to Mr. Dresser's Preface, and his own editorial contributions to the book, one of the most interesting of the twenty-two chapters is "The Disease of Apprehensiveness," by the Quaker minister, Mr. Edward Pennock. It dwells on the needless harm that is so often wrought in life by the corroding elements of anxiety and fear, and on the sure antidote to be found in the realization that "Man, made in the image of the Supreme Spirit, is spiritual and receives constantly an influx of life and good and truth that will lead him on to the fulfilment of his highest destiny."

EDITH K. HARPER.

WILL THE SOUL OF EUROPE RETURN? By B. P. Wadia. London: Theosophical Publishing House. Pp. 47. Price 1s. net.

THESE pages, written for the first World Congress of the Theosophical Society, held in Paris in the summer of 1921, contain a well-thought-out plea for putting into practice, in the reconstruction of Europe, more spiritual ideals than the world has yet known. The author points out how, despite the horror and desolation into which Europe has been plunged, Nature yet continues her miraculous work, unwearied. "The flower grows even where the heavy-footed soldier has been. . . . To see the process of regeneration in destruction should give us courage and stimulus

for our labours." The Soul of the Europe of 1914, he says, has undergone a baptism by water and by fire, and has been to some extent purified and made free; but there is still some danger of its returning to its old ways, and again taking upon itself the bonds and chains that held it in the past. How this calamity may be averted it is Mr. Wadia's purpose to point out.

His ideas are worth considering, and few are likely to dispute his dictum that material victories may be spiritual defeats, and that unless the victorious countries are able to see and to develop the *spiritual* side of their victory there is little hope for the Soul of Europe as a whole. At the same time he remarks that though many in these days feel the need for something beyond the material world, there is "a tendency to mistake subtle-matter for Soul and psychism for Spirituality."

Some of his most interesting passages are concerned with the various types of Egos now awaiting incarnation, and the kind of environment that must be created if the best of them are to be drawn back to help in the building of the new spiritual International State, in which he sees the only hope of Europe's salvation. "We are at the parting of the ways," he says, and to all who desire to see humanity not entering upon a long "Dark Age," but marching triumphantly "into the Avenue of the Beauty and Harmony of a New Day," his little book will have useful and inspiring thoughts to offer.

E. M. M.

GHOST GLEAMS. By W. James Wintle, F.Z.S. London: Heath Cranton, Ltd. Pp. 287. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE chief impression made on the mind by a perusal of these "Tales of the Uncanny" is one of unmitigated admiration for the prolific and highly inventive imagination that gave birth to them. "Horror piled on horror" greets one at every turn of the page, and it is not difficult to conceive of the delight they must have afforded to their first audience, composed of eight boys around a holiday camp-fire. Haunted houses of most uncommon and blood-curdling types abound; we have a "red rosary" possessing all the attributes of a living and extremely vicious snake; a monstrous and awe-inspiring "bird" whose footprints measured eight inches across; a murderous "double"; a "chamber of doom"; a fire-haunted passage; a werewolf; a mysterious "watcher"; and many other equally ghastly conceptions. But the most horrible of all the stories are those entitled "The Spectre Spiders" and "The Black Cat." The former, in particular, has a thrillingly gruesome atmosphere which would make it anything but a desirable bed-time tale, except for those possessed of the steadiest nerves. In the midst of so many horrors it is quite a relief to find one or two ghosts whose haunting propensities are inspired by harmless, and in one case even by humane, motives. "Father Thornton's Visitor," and the story called simply "The Haunted House," are the best of these, and, like several of the others, are enlivened by a pleasing sense of humour on the part of the narrator.

E. M. M.

CHRIST OR BARABBAS: A PSYCHIC NOVEL. By B. F. Austin, A.M., D.D., Author of "Christianity and Spiritualism," etc. Los Angeles, Cal.: Austin Publishing Co.

THROUGH the medium of a highly sensational story with many dramatic situations, involving murder, false accusation, conspiracy, and the ultimate

triumph of injured innocence over a diabolical combination of evil forces, the author, the Rev. B. F. Austin, expounds vigorously and convincingly the optimistic doctrines found especially in the writings of Walt Whitman and Ralph Waldo Emerson. To criticize the book as a novel would not be to do justice to its excellent qualities as an exposition of the fallacy of the doctrine of original sin, which for so many centuries has kept the human race from realizing its innate divinity.

"Physically we are of the dust. Mentally we are children of light and shadows and do not always see the way, stumbling at times along the path, yet all the time learning . . . how to walk more perfectly; but spiritually, that is in our own essential being, we are one with God, and as pure in spirit as God Himself. We must never recognize any imperfection in our real selves—though there is much imperfection in our lives." . . . So says Paul Whitman, the leading character of the story. And again he declares:

"The doctrine of human weakness and depravity cannot save men, for by its potent power of suggestion it cripples human energy, stifles ambition, weakens initiative, and tends to produce what it professes to deplore. It has been tried for thousands of years in the churches and has proved a dismal failure. Men are not helped by hearing how bad or how weak they are, but by learning how strong and good they are."

The author dwells on the fact that such in effect was and is the real teaching of the great Master, Jesus the Christ, ere it was obscured, warped and distorted by narrow sectarian bigotry and warring creeds.

As an essay rather than as a novel, Mr. Austin's work would have been better from a literary point of view, but as one essay it would doubtless have failed to reach that wider public for whom he probably intends it, and for whom it carries a golden message, though, indeed, its message is for all "who have ears to hear, and hearts to understand."

EDITH K. HARPER.

KARMA, AND OTHER STORIES. By Lafcadio Hearn. London: George Harrap & Co. Price 5s. net.

EVEN a mere reviewer can be happy at times when the work of a true artist comes into his hands for criticism. The present collection contains a short story, "Karma," which is a mixture of fatalism and psychology, a well-balanced essay on "China and the Western World," some of the delicate Oriental fairy-stories in which Hearn's soul revelled, and, a gem of masterly prose, "The First Muezzin." Hearn delighted in the little tender things of the East. His fairy tales have the artistry, the wondrous detail and the patient labour which a Chinese or Japanese carver bestows upon some tiny netsuké, or which some worker in gold and bronze immortalizes in a tsuba. Those who have loved his chapter on the varied and exquisite dragon-flies of Japan and the story of Dairuma in *A Japanese Miscellany*, will find equal pleasure in this new compilation. But "The First Muezzin" is a-piece apart, it stands even as the crier upon the minaret, it proclaims the dawn of inspiration in the clamorous poetic soul.

There is that mingling of charming intimacy and ecstatic reverence in "The First Muezzin" which prove it to be a creative masterpiece.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

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PURE THOUGHT AND THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE. Vol. I, Creation of Heaven and Earth. By Francis Sedlák. $8\frac{1}{2}$ ins. \times $5\frac{1}{2}$ ins., pp. xv + 375. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, W.C. Price 18s. net.

WELL has it been said by Lord Haldane, "You cannot stand still by the side of any one personality, however great. You must try, however inadequately, to do the work over again for yourself." Mr. Sedlák's first intention, I gather from a "Personal Remark" prefixed to the present volume, was to have published a translation of Hegel's *Logic*. The project not, however, meeting with the expected support, he has, in the present volume, essayed instead a re-exposition and elaboration of the ideas contained in that work. The book, therefore, should be read with considerable interest by those (I am not personally of their number) to whom the Hegelian philosophy appeals. On the side of elaboration Mr. Sedlák has attempted a task far more gigantic than anything even Hegel essayed, namely, "an *a priori* derivation of the measurable features of the Solar System." A brusque critic might dismiss such an effort with the remark that "it is very easy to be wise after the event," meaning that it is comparatively simple to devise *a priori* explanations of facts (such as facts of measurement) already discovered *a posteriori*. But this is hardly true, and chivalry demands every type of thinker to render a meed of tribute to so brave a philosopher as Mr. Sedlák. But on the other hand, if "Pure Thought" is to justify its claims it must be wise before the event—it must discover *a priori* a hitherto unknown but verifiable measurement or relation. As it is, however, I find much that seems arbitrary, and even at times unintelligible, in Mr. Sedlák's *a priori* derivation of the measurable features of the Solar System. Space will not allow me to deal with the arguments as a whole or in detail, but the chapter on non-Euclidean Geometry certainly calls for unfavourable comment. The fundamental assumption of Euclid's geometry is there justified by means of what seem to me to be a series of *non sequiturs*. Euclid's geometry, we are told, is in agreement with "Pure Thought," the non-Euclidean systems result from loose thinking. Apparently, therefore, loose thinking is in closer agreement with the nature of things and is of greater utility than "Pure Thought," since recent work in the domain of mathematical physics indicates pretty clearly the deviation of actual space from that envisaged by Euclid.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION. By E. H. Neville. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ ins., pp. vi + 56. Cambridge: at the University Press. Price (paper covers) 5s. net.

A GOOD deal of nonsense has been written recently concerning the fourth dimension, and Professor Neville's brochure fills a very real need. It is an austere little work, dealing with the subject from a purely mathematical point of view and indulging in no speculations. The treatment is, comparatively speaking, elementary, the brochure being intended for readers of limited mathematical knowledge. This being so, it would be hardly fair to object to the fact that Professor Neville has (apart from one or two notes in the Appendix) not dealt with the properties of complex space, which are so fascinating in their bizarrerie. More cogent, I think,

is the criticism that he has not really realized the difficulties of the average reader, and has tended, therefore, to condense his treatment of the subject too much, especially in the chapter dealing with the particularly difficult and particularly important problems of Reflection and Rotation. As Professor Neville well points out in his Introduction, "the pure mathematician . . . lays no claim to visualizing a world that is inconceivable to other men," but has found terms derived from geometry (such as dimension) in many cases very useful for discussing certain notions in algebra. From this point of view—and as developed in the booklet—the theory of the fourth dimension would seem to be nothing more than the theory of certain algebraic equations and transformations, and the limitation of the "dimensions" to *four* quite arbitrary. But it would be a mistake to suppose the fourth dimension to imply nothing more. There is a correlation between the geometrical and algebraic use of terms common to both branches of mathematics. The physical and mechanical properties of things can be expressed more or less adequately by means of algebraic equations; and if, as appears, those of Einstein fit the facts better than do those of Newton, the theory of the fourth dimension becomes of more than academic interest. It is to be hoped that Professor Neville will continue his useful work. A larger and fuller treatise from him on the subject would be very welcome. Meantime all students will be grateful to him for the present brochure.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE. By Ada Barnett. Crown 8vo, pp. 249. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE reference in the title is not to over the way in any city of this world, but to the other side of life; and since it is "dedicated to him," it follows that "the man on the other side" is no mere character in fiction, but one who was known to the author and has now passed on. I observe in announcements respecting previous novels that Ada Barnett is an assumed name, covering that of G. Cardella, and I am disposed to wonder whether her latest volume may not veil intimations of personal experience in psychic things. The suggestion will attract readers who are not drawn to novels and it is hazarded for this reason partly because it will do them a service if they can be led to one of the most delightful books of its kind which I have met with for many a day. The Ruth of its pages is beyond all praise for excellence. She is not like a character drawn with art and pains, but a living reality sketched to the life by something more than skill. The other figures of the narrative are of the same order, but it is centred on her and on the grace of her election, for she is indeed an elect lady. It is not, however, the characters only but their environment which live for the reader. The Uckfield district of Sussex is loved by those who know it, if they have a heart of love for Nature, and Ada Barnett—though she does not seek to describe it—somehow places us there, as if on the very spot, in the bosom of sunshine. There are also the psychic elements, the presence in a beautiful house, set in its fair garden, the influence of that presence, the opening out of two to a state of awareness concerning it, and the happy things which follow. There is also the story of another presence which worked for evil and how it was overcome by the good, so that after valiant warfare the victorious Ruth

could look in peace over the land which was hers, "over her beloved fields, over the long valley, full of mists and sunshine." It is a joyous story, and gold at that.

A. E. WAITE.

PSYCHIC SKETCHES. By C. M. Froes. London: Arthur H. Stockwell, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

THE seven short stories in this little volume are picturesquely written, sufficiently so to be of interest to the casual reader, apart from the veracity claimed for them by the author. The experience entitled "Ah, Che La Morte," appeals particularly to those who are familiar with the atmosphere of a mining district, and the faculty for "The Sight" often shared by North of England dwellers with their kinsmen and neighbours of the Western Highlands. Two other sketches, "The Stuff that Dreams are made of" and "From the Valley of the Shadow," have also the ring of the real in their telling. Though so-called Psychic books continue to flood the literary market *ad nauseam*, yet there is always room for genuine records of those mystical occurrences which, as the author says, "sometimes touch us gently, standing, as it were, just within the shadows, beyond the limits of earthly existence." For indeed, "the psychic world is far more powerful than our own visible creation; wider, deeper, more varied in its actions, because uncramped by time or space, and the most wonderful recorded experiences touch only the outer fringes of territory."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE TWO WORLDS OF ATTRACTION. By Anne Abbott. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Massachusetts. Price \$1.50 (cloth).

THIS interesting volume from the Christopher Publishing House will be welcome to those students of psychical literature who appreciate the subject from its philosophic rather than its "marvellous" aspect. The author explains that these messages were received by her in "automatic" writing, which began in the autumn of 1919. The difficulty of such thought transmission between minds incarnate and discarnate is very accurately expressed in the following passage: (P. 17) "Try to realize, all who read these words, that they are an attempt to transfer the thought force which is used upon a different plane in a wholly different way; that all effort to convey accurately the meaning of great truths in the speech of earth is inadequate."

Obviously it is a mistake to try to obtain definite dates and hard and fast details in such conditions. The result of such attempts is only too likely to be distressing both to transmitter and receiver. All the messages are on a high ethical level, and breathe hopeful assurance of the ultimate triumph of good over evil, through the working together of minds attuned to lofty ideals on both sides of the veil:—

" . . . The day will dawn when all worlds will become conscious that they interrelate, since there is no such thing as distance, or as past and future from the standpoint of time, once the individualized ego is released from the physical body and enters into a larger vision of life than it is possible to comprehend while still upon the plane of dense matter called the earth world."

EDITH K. HARPER.