

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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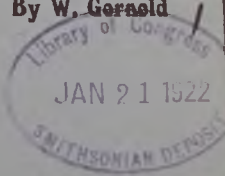
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PERIODICAL LITERATURE

REVIEWS



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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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FEBRUARY 1922

No. 2

NOTES OF THE MONTH

A BOOK entitled *Reincarnation*,* claiming to be "the true chronicles of rebirth of two affinities, recorded by one of them," has quite recently seen the light. In a foreword the recorder states that these chronicles "are not fiction, nor the flight of fancy or imagination, but the records of solid facts of human life which can be verified if needs be." Though the recorder tells us the manner in which he received these records, he does not enlighten us as to how it is possible to verify them, and indeed it is pretty obvious in certain instances that some of the episodes (which follow each other chronologically in this narrative) are not only not susceptible of verification, but readily capable of disproof by anyone who has access to ordinary historical works of reference. Thus, for instance, the third narrative in the volume relates to lives supposed to have been passed in ancient Greece. "It followed," says the writer, "close on our Syrian incarnation over two thousand years ago, in the time when Alexis II was king." The writer tells us that

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in this incarnation his name was Pperanio. Incidentally, it may be noted that no Greek word begins with two "p's," nor has the name in question otherwise a Greek ring about it. This, however, is a trifling matter compared with the **IMAGINARY** fact that Greece first became a kingdom nearly **HISTORY.** two thousand years later, i.e., in 1834, some six years after the Battle of Navarino, in which the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the British. As a matter of fact, Greece was conquered by the Romans about 160 B.C., and the incarnation in question would presumably, therefore, fall during the first century of the period of Roman occupation. The narrator tells us that he found favour with King Alexis, who appointed him head of the universities in Greece. Subsequently he was sent on a mission to the King of "Abessynia." Whether the writer is thinking of Abyssinia on the south-eastern confines of Egypt, or whether he had some other unknown country in mind, does not appear clear.

Our hero's next recorded incarnation is also somewhat surprising. "We were," he writes, "incarnated together in Rome at the time when Julius Cæsar was Emperor, about half a century before the present era." Evidently our author's knowledge of Shakespeare is on a par with his acquaintance with ancient history. He might, however, one would think, recall the lines put into the mouth of Antony in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, when Antony makes the funeral oration over his slain friend :

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Antony is emphasizing the point that Cæsar might have overthrown the Republic had he so chosen, but declined to do so. The interminable civil wars that followed Cæsar's death made the Romans thankful in the end to accept an autocracy which meant peace and good government, but Augustus was even then careful to veil his absolutism under the veil of Republican forms. To the Roman of the days of Julius Cæsar absolutism was only conceivable in one of two forms, that of kingly rule, or of a dictatorship—that is to say, a temporary power conferred on some one individual by which he was empowered to override the ordinary law in order to tide the State over some great crisis or danger.

Cæsar was, of course, never more than *princeps Senatûs*, or, as one might say, first magistrate of the Roman Republic, and our

author is guilty of an anachronism in associating the idea of imperial authority and "the Emperor's court," as he phrases it, with this era of history. He is also guilty of a further anachronism in representing "the Emperor" as harassed with anxiety in regard to the coming of an expected Messiah, and an earthly kingdom which might supersede "the recognized Emperor." Such ideas are only conceivable in connection with the next century. Our author, however, actually tells us that he was frequently in consultation with Julius Cæsar as to the best means and method of putting down this menacing religion which found so many adherents! To anyone who has any knowledge whatever of the life and character of Julius Cæsar, the idea that the "mightiest

Julius" should have concerned himself at any time with the idea of putting down any religion whatsoever is grotesquely absurd. As regards Christianity in particular, the author has evidently forgotten that Jesus Christ was not born till some forty or fifty years later. It is amusing to learn that in the following incarnation, which dates back to the first century of the Christian era, the author, though a man, was given a girl's name, Marcia. This is the more noteworthy as he demurs to the theory that sex is interchangeable in the course of incarnation. Many of the names in this narrative call for critical comment. Cedric, for instance, is a Saxon name, but it appears in the record as that of his spirit "guide, philosopher and friend," the high priest in the ancient Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. The first incarnation is in point of historical date the most plausible. The twenty-seventh Persian dynasty was actually reigning in Egypt, as stated, about 450 B.C. The statement, however, with regard to the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis at this period is not a little cryptic.

"About 450 B.C.," we are told, "there was a celebrated oracle at the great Temple of the Sun at Annu (Heliopolis) in Lower Egypt. This temple was rebuilt after its decay by Rameses III about 1290 B.C." This reads as if the temple had been rebuilt about 840 years before it was originally founded. It appears that the author has mentally confused B.C. and A.D.

With regard to the date of Rameses III, here again the author seems to be confusing the great Rameses, Rameses II, with Rameses III, who reigned a century later. The latest authorities give the date of the accession of Rameses III as 1198 B.C. In this first-recorded (Egyptian) incarnation our hero's twin soul rejoices in the *Latin* name of Alma.

Such literary fantasies in our author's amusing series of romances are not confined to the material plane. In one of his revelations bearing on the evolution of the ego, he tells us that a long period of reincarnations following each other in quick succession will terminate in a dormant or trance state of existence, which may last for many centuries. This state or condition is, he informs us, called "Christopherlan-

thus" in the spirit world, which word, he adds for our edification, "is a combination of Greek and Persian, and means [the Christ-bearing (or chrysalis) stage." Now we know that Christopher is Greek for "Christ-bearing," and we are left therefore to conclude that "lanthus" is Persian for "stage"! Perhaps our author will kindly supply us with the reference in the Persian lexicon in confirmation of his statement. If the spirit world indulges in such literary monstrosities as this polyglot deformity, let us hope at least that its moral code is superior to its literary taste.

I think enough has been said to show how little reliance can be placed on these supposed extracts from the Akashic records, as communicated through a medium whom our author had been treating hypnotically and who claimed to be overshadowed by an ancient Egyptian, i.e., the Cedric to whom we have already referred. Cedric, in view of his Saxon name, might have been supposed, during his period in the other world, to have obtained some mastery of the daughter language now spoken by the Anglo-Saxon race. This, however, we are informed, was not the case, and Cedric accordingly used another spirit of the name of Telmedeaux as an intermediary between himself and the subject, Telmedeaux acting as interpreter, as he was acquainted with both English and ancient Egyptian. We are told in the introduction that these accounts are written and handed down at Cedric's special request, who says that "he is only the messenger or mouthpiece of higher powers, for the purpose of proving that reincarnation is neither a belief nor a doctrine, but a truth, and that the life of the human ego does not begin at the cradle and end with the grave, but is continuous and independent of the body, which it inhabits, and uses for manifestation while dwelling on the earth plane."

It is to be regretted that Cedric's achievement falls so far short of his laudable intentions. It is, however, obvious that books of this character are only too well calculated to bring the

THE
CHRYSLIS
STAGE.

THE SOURCE
OF THE
AKASHIC
ROMANCES.

unwise to take this or indeed almost any other proverb as having anything like universal validity.

Mr. H. Ernest Hunt, in his new work *The Hidden Self and Its Mental Processes*,* observes that "when there is any complex gnawing at the sanity or mental balance, the only safe way is to have it out. To get it out is the function of the psycho-analyst. But in essence this is also the practical effect of confession." "When the repressed complex comes to the surface," argues our author, "it is there exploded and deprived of its power to injure." "In much the same way a trouble shared is frequently a trouble removed, for it is precisely this below-surface gnawing that is prevented."

The relationship between the patient and a medical man [says Mr. Hunt elsewhere] is not very different from that of penitent and confessor." It is incumbent upon the priest to make himself cognizant of all the details of the matter under consideration; it is part of his business to probe matters and to follow up the various ramifications of the trouble.

To this end he is bound to question; and the penitent, as PRIEST AND penitent, has put aside his natural resistance, and is willing PSYCHO- to do what he can, anxious to be rid of the whole burdensome ANALYST. complex. It is true that the priest holds no stop-watch in his hand to time the responses to his queries, but the net result is much the same: he arrives at the true inwardness of things, and brings the hidden to light. Having exercised his functions as an analyst, he then proceeds to instil his therapeutic suggestions of freedom and forgiveness, and sends his penitents away with their load lightened. It is the province of the medical man to do exactly the same, but without the trappings of religion. But we see here that the confessional has a scientific basis and a therapeutic value, and therefore justifies itself in its results, irrespective of whatever view of the religious aspect we may hold.

It would be interesting to learn the opinions of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW on this vexed question of confession, the defence of which Mr. Hunt takes up so vigorously from the psycho-analytical standpoint. That the confessional has been the source of much evil in the past, if also of much good at the same time is, I think, not open to question. The evil in the main has arisen through the unworthiness of the priest to whom the confession is made. In view, however, of the admissions, and shall we not call them "confessions," of some of the leading psycho-analysts, is not an even greater danger likely to arise through the substitution of the psycho-analyst for the priest? I have suggested that the desirability, or otherwise, of confession in certain circumstances lies in the character of the person to

DRAWBACKS
OF THE
CONFES-
SIONAL.

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whom the confession is made. But it is not enough for the confessor to have a high moral standard and high principles. He must also possess sane judgment and knowledge of human nature. If he has not these qualifications in their entirety, how can we safely put him in possession of our inmost secret thoughts? He may abuse our confidence if he is unprincipled, but he may also give us injudicious advice if he is unwise, even with the very best intentions. If he draws the conclusions of a Freud from our dream experiences, he will certainly base his calculations, and consequently his advice, on a hypothesis that is a pure mare's-nest. *Fide sed cui vide*—"Trust, but beware whom you trust"—is the wise old Latin saw, and at the present time, when psycho-analysis is so much to the fore, there is no proverb which it is more necessary to take to heart.

"There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," say the Scriptures, and it is familiar ground that the memories of all the important events of our lives are flashed back upon us at death's confessional. Probably it is necessary for every one before they enter upon a new stage of existence, to realize as fully as possible what they have done and what they have left undone, and to take stock of the credits and debits of their moral balance-sheet, as a necessary preliminary to a fresh step forward along the path of spiritual evolution. Apart from this, there can be no draught of the waters of Lethe to purge the soul of the bitter memories of the past.

FUTILITY
OF
REPRESSION. "We know," says Mr. Hunt, "that in the long run repression is always futile, and defeats itself, and that its only certain result is to promote conflict." Taking this view, he regards confession, whether in the psycho-analytical or religious form, as a safety valve, and up to a point he is doubtless right. The attempt to repress human nature was one of the curses of the Victorian era, and merely led, as was to be anticipated, to a peculiarly noxious form of hypocrisy and prudery. The tendency of the present day is to greater frankness in sexual and other matters, and therefore to greater sincerity and to a more healthy outlook upon life generally. Such frankness of outlook does not, however, involve or imply the confessional. It rather tends to eliminate the necessity for it. The less a man is ashamed of, the less he feels the necessity of making a confidant of the priest. The object of life is expression rather than repression. Repression is frequently a means towards expression as an end; for *unrestrained* expression can never be the reflection of the higher self.

The literal meaning of education is the bringing out and development of the individuality. Far too much stress has been laid on the negative side where the upbringing of children is concerned. Mr. Hunt well says :

The way in which inexperienced or ignorant nurses frighten the children placed in their charge is often the cause of much trouble in later life. Children are threatened with the policeman or the bogey man, or possibly in more orthodox fashion with a mythical Satan, and these early fears may never be lost. But just because they are unpleasant they will be refused admittance into consciousness, and so, driven to the Unconscious and repressed, they will be liable to set up their train of evils long after childhood's days are past and even the very existence of the nurse and her stories is forgotten. It is difficult to overestimate the part that may be played by these first influences on the child mind.

Mr. Hunt puts in a plea for candour in the case of the young, in sexual and kindred matters, and, as far as this is practicable, it is no doubt eminently desirable. Nothing could be more pernicious than mystery-mongering where the normal functions of the human body are concerned. In parents such an attitude is especially reprehensible, as it naturally leads to the belief on the part of their children that they themselves feel shame rather than a not unjustifiable pride in the fact of their parenthood. In all cases self-repression, whether a necessary evil or otherwise, leads to a conflict between the forces of the

DISINTEG-
RATED
PERSONALI-
TIES.

unconscious and the conscious, and in the battle ground between the two phases of the self there is risk of the disruption or even the partial disintegration of the personality. Cases of this kind are familiar to all psychical researchers, but when the personality is split up into a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde there is always the danger of Dr. Jekyll paying the penalty for Mr. Hyde's misdeeds ; for in cases like this the restraining moral influence is only too frequently most unevenly divided between the split personalities. The mediumistic temperament is peculiarly liable to dangers of this kind, and even automatic writing, as Mr. Hunt well says, if indulged in without due precautions, is not without its perils. For the Psychical Researcher in particular the question frequently arises how far a medium's " control " is an external entity, and how far it is an expression of a dissociated portion of the personality.

The hidden self has long been a sealed book to the educationalist, and without some knowledge of its processes it is not difficult to see that education itself must fail or at least fall

grievously short in the attainment of its aims. So far as the psycho-analyst can help us to acquire a knowledge of our mental processes, and the laws under which they operate, his efforts will prove of service to future generations, but it is only too obvious that some of these psycho-analysts who have come most prominently before the public have been but blind leaders of the blind, where they are not indeed self-advertisers and notoriety hunters, in search of neurotic types destined to be the victims of their experiments. Our present author is wise in making plain the fact that his faith in psycho-analysis must not be taken as an endorsement on his part of the wild vagaries of these teachers of a perverted psychology.

The ninety-second yearly edition of this periodical is to hand, and as usual incorporates an ephemeris of the planets' positions for the new year, along with other useful information. It is worthy of note that Zadkiel alone of the innumerable weather prophets predicted the abnormally long spell of heat and drought during 1921, this being very clearly foretold in its last issue. It is certainly somewhat curious that the Meteorological Office, with the facilities it now possesses through the widespread use of wireless telegraphy, should not bear more favourable comparison with the predictions based on the aphorisms of mediæval astrologers. Last year's long hot and dry summer was very plainly indicated by the solar eclipse in Aries of April 8, 1921, which was nearly total in England, but the preceding dry and mild winter was also shown by the partial eclipse of the Sun on November 10, 1920, and the planetary positions at the winter solstice of December 22 following. A further eclipse of the Sun in Aries, this time in the 8th degree, is due on March 28 next, but this is a very partial eclipse at Greenwich, one-fifth of the Sun's body only being obscured. The old aphorism states that when the Sun is eclipsed in the first decanate of Aries, it portends "military expeditions, tumults, sedition and intemperate heat and drought." As, however, Venus has only just culminated, the Martial side of this eclipse would be appreciably modified, and at the summer solstice following (June 22) the planets are not as favourable to a fine summer as in the preceding year. "Venus, however," at this solstice, says the Editor of Zadkiel, "is in a position favourable to an increase of the revenue, as well as the trade of the empire," for which we have reason to be thankful

THE HIDDEN
SELF AND THE
TEACHER.

ZADKIEL'S
ALMANAC.

under the present very discouraging conditions. The preceding vernal equinox threatens a Government crisis in view of the culmination of Mercury conjoined with Uranus, and the application of the Sun to the opposition with Saturn and subsequently with Jupiter.

There is an interesting article on the action of the Moon's rays in this issue, and another dealing with the mean distance of the Sun and Moon from the earth—a subject on which Commander Morrison, the founder of Zadkiel's Almanac, differed very greatly from the conclusions of modern astronomy. It is interesting in this connection to remember that it is anticipated that the latest great telescope now nearing completion will reveal some important facts with regard to the physical conditions prevailing in the Moon; for it is claimed that the lunar orb, as seen through the new apparatus, will be so greatly magnified that its surface will appear as if only a mile and a half from the earth.

Zadkiel gives fuller astronomical and astrological data than any other of the annual almanacs, and the astrological student cannot afford to dispense with its use. Its Editor, despite the fact that he is well past eighty years of age, still retains his physical and intellectual vigour but little impaired, his fine constitution being no doubt due to the close trine of the Sun and Mars at his birth. (London: Simpkin Marshall & Co., Ltd., price 1s. 3d. net.)

COSMOS OUT OF CHAOS

By W. GORNOLD, F.R.A.S.

IN these catholic days of knowledge there can be but few who do not find something of surpassing attraction and wonderment in the facts of astronomy and the broader outlook upon the world of life to which it opens up the gates of our vision in all directions. Consequently the appearance of a book which deals with the genesis of the astronomical idea and its unfolding to a condition of practical fruitage, must claim more than usual attention.*

It is said that Aristarchus of Samos was the first to have suggested that the planets revolve around the sun as centre. He flourished in the earlier half of the third century B.C. About the same time Hipparchus, under the liberality of the Egyptian Ptolemies, made great advances in astronomical observation and knowledge. He noted the irregular motion of the sun, and assumed an eccentric centre outside the earth about which the sun revolved, but later preferred the theory of an epicycle or small circle whose centre was carried round the earth. Both theories served to explain the facts of eccentricity. When, however, he came to apply the same theory to the case of the moon, he found that it only agreed with observed facts at two points of the orbit, namely, at the new and full of the moon. It was left to Claudius Ptolemy in the second century A.D. to discover the cause of this variation, which he found to be due to the action of the sun along the tangent. This he called the "evection." It served to correct the moon's phase at the quadratures. But he nevertheless did not conceive the idea of an elliptical orbit and only introduced another epicycle. From Ptolemy to Copernicus is a long cry, but it is nevertheless the fact that during the intervening period of twelve hundred years no new theory of astronomy was heard of.

Copernicus was born in 1473 at Thorn in Prussia. He rapidly acquired all the astronomical knowledge then extant, and being in receipt of a stipend he had leisure in which to devote himself

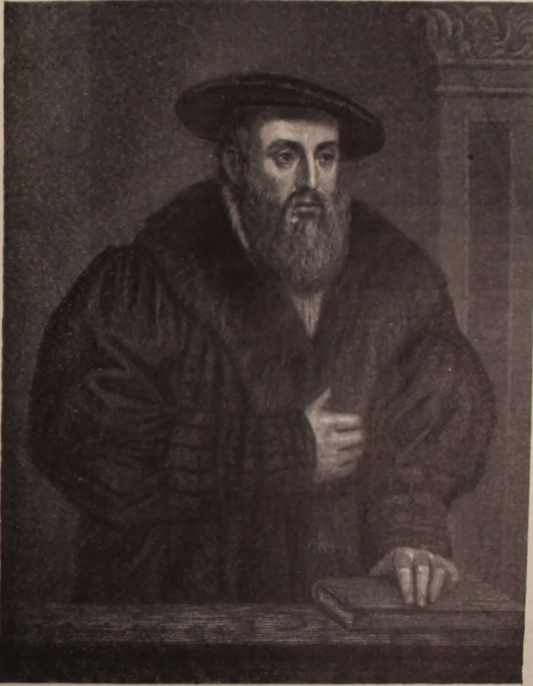
**Pioneers of Progress—Men of Science: Kepler.* By W. W. Bryant, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Price, paper, 1s. 3d. net; cloth, 2s. net.

to the work of reforming astronomy. He had already satisfied himself that the whole theory was simplified by assuming that the annual motion should be attributed to the earth itself and not to the sun. By this hypothesis he was enabled to immediately reduce the seventy or more epicycles to thirty-four only, which was in fact "the exact number assumed before the time of Aristotle" in the fourth century B.C. It may therefore be said that Copernicus began where the Greeks left off. Copernicus never reached the true heliocentric system. All his conceptions were geocentric, and he only advanced upon Ptolemy's theory in so far as he gave motion to the earth, but he held to the concept of the circular orbit and so missed the qualification of complete mastery of the cosmical laws.

When in process of time John Kepler was born, a new star had its rising, a star that was destined to throw its light upon the dark places of astronomical science and reveal the true laws of the universe. But this great star was heralded and for a time companioned by others, whose light was so brilliant as hardly to be dimmed by the rising of the luminary itself. Galileo Galilei, who was born at Pisa in 1564, first used the telescope in astronomical observations on January 7, 1616, and is credited by many writers with having been the first to demonstrate the true theory of the solar system; but his recantation under threat of the Inquisition in the same year as his great discovery, has served to rob him of the glory to which he was the natural heir, if indeed the kingdom did not belong to him by right of conquest. However that may be, he afterwards persisted in his heresy and was imprisoned in 1632, but again recanted under pressure. Perhaps he thought that a live astronomer was a more considerable person than a dead heretic! That he held to his beliefs in face of this persecution is a fact preserved to us in his famous words after denying, for the satisfaction of his Inquisitors, that the earth really moved: *Or che si muove!* (But yet it moves.) There is a touch of the unrepentant schoolboy about this *sotto voce* back-talk, but one can hardly deny to Galileo the right to recant in face of death, and doubtless he counted on the value of the plus equation which secures that "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day." With Galileo continuance of life meant continuance of work. But he counted without an x equation which looms large in most human propositions, an equation which represents the unknown and therefore the unexpected. He escaped death by denying what he knew to be the truth, but he was smitten with blindness five years later.

The steadfast sun, whose centrality and magnificence he had demonstrated to all men, gave him light no longer. This was indeed the hardest irony of fate!

And then there was Tycho Brahe, to whose genius Kepler really owed his eventual success. He was Kepler's senior by twenty-five years, having been born on December 14, 1546, at Knudstrup in the south of Sweden. His attention was first called to astronomy by the incident of the solar eclipse of



JOHN KEPLER.

August 21, 1560, which had been noted by Clavius in these words: "The sun remained obscured for no little time; there was darkness greater than that of night, no one could see where he trod, and the stars shone very brightly in the sky; the birds, moreover, wonderful to say, fell down to the ground in fright at such startling darkness." Tycho was then but fourteen years of age, and yet was so stirred by this account that he wrote to

Clavius about it and afterwards began the study of the works of Ptolemy. He no doubt was thus initiated into the knowledge of astrology, to the principles of which he gave rational consent, for our author states that "though in agreement with the accepted canons of astrology as to the influence of planetary conjunctions and such phenomena on the course of human events, he did not consider the fate predicted by anyone's horoscope to be unavoidable, but thought that the great value of astrology lay in the warnings derived from such computations, which should enable the believer to avoid threatened calamities." How far "fate" is even conceivably avoidable it is not for me to discuss in this place, but it should be recorded to the credit of Tycho that in reference to the new star which appeared in Cassiopeia on November 11, 1572, he "adopted the view that the very rarity of the phenomenon of a new star must prevent the formulation and adoption of definite rules for determining its significance." This clearly shows that Tycho was unprejudiced and that he ignored all argument which was not based upon previous experience, and not, as our author erroneously states, that "Tycho did not regard this astrology as of very great importance." We are told that "he deemed publication to be beneath the dignity of a noble," and yet he prepared astrological almanacs and calculated horoscopes for his patrons! Following the treatise upon the new star in Cassiopeia, there appeared a comet in November, 1577, which Tycho observed and about which he wrote a pamphlet, concerning which our author says: "Since his previous small book on the comet, Tycho had evidently considered more fully its possible astrological significance, for he foretold a religious war, giving the date of its commencement, and also the rising of a great Protestant champion. These predictions were apparently fulfilled almost to the letter by the great religious wars that broke out towards the end of the sixteenth century and in the person of Gustavus Adolphus."

The King of Sweden was born on December 19, 1594, and succeeded his father, Charles IX, in 1611. He headed the Protestant cause in Germany in 1628 and was killed at the battle of Lutzen on November 16, 1632. On all counts therefore Tycho was a better astrologer than astronomer, for he did not accept the Copernican system but assumed that the other planets revolved about the sun, while the sun, moon and stars revolved about the earth, a system that involves the "grotesque idea that the whole system of stars revolves round our insignificant little earth every twenty-four hours!" Omitting the stars as outside of our system, the

concept is on all fours with the theory of Copernicus. Nevertheless Tycho added immensely to the early pages of the new astronomy by the careful observation and cataloguing of 777 different stars. He discovered the third and fourth inequalities of the moon in longitude, which he called the "variation" and the "annual equation," together with the variability of the moon's node and the inclination of its orbit to the ecliptic. Also he obtained an improved value of the constant of precession of the equinoxes, which "constant" (so-called) is even now subject to a plus increment represented by the extent of the times elapsed, or, as it is officially stated, $50''\cdot2453$ plus $0''\cdot0002225t$.

With this brief outline of the state of astronomical science, or rather theory, obtaining in the best informed circles of the sixteenth century, we are now able to bring our luminary into its proper setting. Kepler was born, according to our author, on December 21, 1571, a statement which bears no astronomical conformity with the state of the heavens as described by Kepler himself and quoted in the pages of the book under review. The following is the most interesting extract :

"In the same book [*Commentaries on Mars*] Kepler enlarges again on his views in reference to the basis of astrology as concerned with nativities and the importance of planetary conjunctions. He gives particulars of his own nativity. 'Jupiter nearest the nonagesimal had passed by four degrees the trine of Saturn; the sun and Venus in conjunction were moving from the latter towards the former, nearly in sextile with both: they were also removing from quadratures with Mars, to which Mercury was closely approaching; the moon drew near to the Bull's Eye even in latitude. The 25th degree of Gemini was rising, and the 22nd of Aquarius culminating. That there was this triple configuration on that day—namely, the sextile of Saturn and the sun, the sextile of Mars* and Jupiter, and the quadrature of Mercury and Mars, is proved by the change of the weather; for after a frost of some days, that very day became warmer, there was a thaw and a fall of rain.'"

I may here comment on the fact that Kepler was interested in the study of astro-meteorology, and that the existence of records at the time of his birth, to which he had access, seems to indicate that the subject was not without its supporters. Our author contents himself by remarking that the alleged "proof" is interesting as it relies on the same principle which was held to justify the correction of an uncertain birth-time, by reference

* This should evidently read "Venus."—ED.

to illnesses, etc., met with later. But this remark only serves to betray the fact that the principles of astrology are wholly unknown to the author, who else would have discriminated between *ephemeral aspects* having direct influence upon the electrostatic variability of the atmosphere, and *directional aspects* from which alone past events in a life serve to adjust the time of birth when problematical.

Kepler goes on to say, in reference to his own horoscope: "If I am to speak of the results of my studies, what, I pray, can I find in the sky, even remotely alluding to it? The learned confess that several not despicable branches of philosophy have been newly extricated or amended or brought to perfection by me: but here my constellations were *not Mercury from the East in the angle of the seventh and in quadrature with Mars*, but Tycho Brahe, without whose books of observations everything now set by me in the clearest light must have remained buried in darkness; *not Saturn predominating Mercury*, but my lords the Emperors Rudolph and Matthias; *not Capricorn the House of Saturn*, but Upper Austria, the House of the Emperor and the ready and unexampled bounty of his nobles to my petition. Here is that corner, not the western one of the horoscope, but on the earth whither, by permission of my imperial master, I have betaken myself from a too easy Court; and whence, during these years of my life, which now tends towards its setting, emanate these harmonics and the other matters on which I am engaged." This somewhat obsequious and laudatory oration does small credit to the intellect of Kepler, but it serves at least to prove that even gentlemen of the Royal Observatory are not immune from error in astronomical matters, for Kepler is here describing a horoscope which on superficial calculation only may be seen to have occurred on December 27, 1571, and not on the 21st, the date given by our author as that of the birth of Kepler. For this purpose I have italicized the pertinent parts of Kepler's description of the horoscope. Kepler shows himself to be intellectually honest by ascribing to Tycho the groundwork of fact upon which the Keplerian laws were founded. It was Tycho's patient spade-work that prepared the ground for Kepler's sowing of the new thesis. But as to the horoscope, we find that the moon on December 21 was in conjunction with Jupiter in the sign Pisces and therefore six days removed from the conjunction with the Bull's Eye (*Eta Tauri*), then in the 2nd degree of Gemini and in about 4° south latitude. The sun was on that date in the 10th degree of Capricornus and Saturn in the 13th

elements of the horoscope were well within his grasp. Here we find the sun and Venus nearly in conjunction in Capricorn separating from the sextile of Saturn and going to that of Jupiter, a certain indication of the emoluments and largesse which he enjoyed from his exalted patrons (denoted by the planet Jupiter near the cusp of the House of Friends). It is also seen that Mercury is in Capricorn, the House of Saturn, and in quadrature to Mars as stated. The moon is found in Gemini $4^{\circ} 5'$ with about 4° of south latitude, and therefore in close conjunction with Occulus Tauri, "even as to latitude" as Kepler states. But what he did not know remains for the modern student of astrology as singular witness of the truth to which he was committed to the extent of his knowledge of the facts. I refer to the positions of the planets Neptune and Uranus. The position of the former I have not had time to compute with exactness but have made use of its period of 165.78 years which, for the second time when accounted from January 6 (New Style), 1572 (equal to December 27, 1571, Old Style), reaches to August 9, 1901, at which date we find Neptune in Cancer $0^{\circ} 41'$. I have therefore set the planet in that longitude, though I am aware that there is some small difference. As to Uranus, another planet that Kepler knew nothing about, I have calculated the place of this planet on the values given by Herschel, and except for the small perturbation due to the action of Saturn, it may be accounted as correct to the nearest minute. The representation of these planets in the horoscope as described by Kepler is of more importance than might at first appear. Kepler's estimate of the effects due to this horoscope would be doubtless correct as far as his knowledge of the elements extended, but the introduction of two new elements makes for a finer degree of interpretation. The conjunction of Uranus with Mercury, for instance, will be recognized by all astrological students as the position, *par excellence*, which makes for astrological study and analytical faculty. But its aspects to Mars and Neptune by near quadrature and opposition respectively, could not otherwise find expression than in a degree of nervous tension and irascibility for which our author finds excuse in the following discreet words: "Though Eugenists may find a difficulty in reconciling Napier's brilliancy with the extreme youth of his parents, they may at any rate attribute Kepler's occasional fits of bad temper to heredity. His cantankerous mother, Catherine Kepler, had for some years been carrying on an action for slander against a woman who had accused her of administering a poisonous potion. The defendant turned the

tables on her opponent by bringing an accusation of witchcraft against her, and Catherine Kepler was imprisoned and condemned to the torture in July, 1620. Kepler, hearing of the sentence, hurried back from Linz, and succeeded in stopping the completion of the sentence, securing his mother's release the following year, as it was made clear that the only support for the case against her was her own intemperate language. Kepler returned to Linz, and his mother at once brought another action for costs and damages against her late opponent, but died before the case could be tried."

Kepler's "Epitome," in which he gives the date May 15, 1618, as that of the completion of his discovery of the cosmical laws, was placed by the Congregation of the Index at Rome on the list of prohibited books, along with the book by Copernicus. Rome did its best, as it has ever done, to withhold the truth from the public, knowing that "Knowledge is power" and that "the truth would set the people free." Kepler remained quiet and escaped persecution. But he continued as usual in an almost penniless condition, and throughout his career he seems to have relied entirely on the patronage of his supporters for the means of subsistence and the facilities of publication. He had completed the Rudolphine Tables, a copy of which, by Morinus, lies on my table as I write, and for these he extracted from the Treasury at Vienna the sum of 6,000 florins. But instead of a further grant, which he had expected, he was given a letter of credit upon Swabia, which state owed money to the Imperial Treasury. Although he collected some of the money, the Tables were delayed in publication, owing to the religious riots at that time, and the Jesuits contrived to have his library sealed up, and but for Imperial protection Kepler would undoubtedly have been imprisoned by them. Moreover the town of Linz was then blockaded, so that it was not until the year 1627 that the long-promised Tables eventually saw the light at Ulm. It is stated that to the influence of Galileo was probably due the gift of a gold chain which the Grand Duke of Tuscany sent to Kepler on the publication of his Tables. Kepler became attached to Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, who was a firm believer in astrology, and a better paymaster than either of the Imperial patrons whom Kepler had formerly served. The Duke supplied Kepler with a printing press and an assistant and obtained the Professorship of Astronomy at the University of Rostock for him. Here, undoubtedly, we have Jupiter's influence in the 11th House, and but for his friends Kepler would never have attained that

degree of celebrity to which his genius entitled him. But in a last attempt to obtain the balance of payment due to him for the Rudolphine Tables under the grant already existing, Kepler journeyed to Ratisbon and met with only disappointment and fatigue, which terminated his career in November, 1630, from an attack of fever to which he rapidly succumbed. A complete edition of the works of Kepler in eight books appeared at Frankfort at intervals from 1858 to 1870. Our author's concluding remarks are of exceptional interest. He says :

" Kepler's fame does not rest upon his voluminous works. With his peculiar method of approaching problems there was bound to be an inordinate amount of chaff mixed with the grain, and he used no winnowing machine. His simplicity and transparent honesty induced him to include everything, in fact he seemed to glory in the number of false trails he laboriously followed. He was one who might be expected to find the proverbial 'needle in the haystack,' but unfortunately the needle was not always there."

Perhaps the estimate of his work and character by Delambre is as nearly the truth about him as any that has seen the light. " Ardent, restless, burning to distinguish himself by his discoveries, he attempted everything, and having once obtained a glimpse of one, no labour was too hard for him in following or verifying it. All his attempts had not the same success, and in fact that was impossible. Those which had failed seem to us only fanciful ; those which had been more fortunate appear sublime. When in search of that which really existed, he has sometimes found it ; when he devoted himself to the pursuit of a chimera, he could not but fail, but even then he unfolded the same qualities, and that obstinate perseverance which must triumph over all obstacles but those which are insurmountable."

In Kepler's horoscope there are no less than six out of the nine bodies in cardinal signs, and four in that most ambitious of all signs, Capricornus. Those who attach importance to the position of the Arabic Points, such as *Pars Fortunæ*, which is the elongation of the moon set off from the ascending degree of the horoscope, will note with satisfaction that in this horoscope it fulfils the dictum of Ptolemy by its conjunction with Saturn in the 6th House, which gives to a man much work but also much poverty, and this dictum is modified by the benefic aspects of the sun, Venus and Jupiter to the Part of Fortune. Jupiter in Pisces in trine aspect to Fortuna is of itself an assurance of more than a competence, for Jupiter is both accidentally and essentially

dignified (showing the quality of his patrons) and is elevated above all the other planets. It is satisfactory to know that the genius of Kepler compelled the admiration of the highest intellects in his own day, and a more intimate appreciation of the conditions under which he worked cannot serve but to enhance that admiration among his followers of the present day. It should not escape our attention, however, that Kepler's three laws, while applying to the phenomena of a system which gravitates about a fixed luminary, is rendered wholly "relative" by the more recent discovery of the sun's proper motion in space, a discovery which lies to the credit of Sir William Herschel. The proper motions of the planets in space are thus not elliptical, but in the nature of a cycloidal ellipsis, of which the path of the sun, conceived of as a straight line, is the major axis. The orbit of the planet thus answers to the functions of an ellipse, but with a modification which involves a new estimate of the true anomaly. Yet, as Professor Forbes has said in his "History of Astronomy," if Kepler had not lived, who else could have discovered his Laws? Kepler puts it in another way in his excusable self-gratulation. "Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it; the die is cast, the book is written; to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which; it may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer!" God waiting upon the convenience of Kepler! There is room for ironical laughter here, and yet I am reminded of the fable of the Lion and the Mouse, and I see that it is possible even for a mouse to consider that he has saved the world from starvation because his own little stomach is so full! I prefer, however, the humility of true inspiration to the pride of intellectual conquest, and it is not unfitting to remark that a captive Jew, one of the Lions of the tribe of Judah, then in Babylon, wrote these words: "By measure hath He measured the times, and by number hath He numbered them, and He doth not move nor stir them until the said measure be fulfilled." Nevertheless Kepler succeeded in bringing cosmos out of chaos, and if, as one biographer suggests, he had burnt three-quarters of what he wrote, we might have retained a higher estimate of his intellectual grasp and judgment. but we should have lost that sense of his extreme versatility, ingenuity and patience, which contributed so largely to the

expression of his genius. We owe to Kepler more, perhaps, than he owed to his colleagues and predecessors, and while it was not humanly possible that one man should lay the foundations and also complete the building of the temple of Urania, it is enough that he, John Kepler, himself ascended the minaret and called the world to silent worship.

EGYPT THE TIMELESS

By TERESA HOOLEY

IN ruined column and broken wall the swallow and the sparrow
nest ;

The fox is free of Karnak's courts ; to Edfu's roof the dark bat
clings ;

Rived treasures of unnumbered years leave pitiful the tombs of
kings,

Yet she her ancient glamour keeps, not wholly is she
dispossessed.

Backward she draws the ageless soul ; the veil of phantom
time is torn—

Thebes flashes forth her hundred gates ; her altars know their
sacred use ;

The coloured ranks of chanting priests pass down the Sphinx-
lined avenues,

And pylons towering to the sky fling back the golden light of
morn.

Great Dehr-el-Bahri's terraces gleam whitely in the rock's hewn
face ;

The sails of laden argosies lie mirrored in Nile's azure
stream. . . .

All colour, light, and majesty, shrunk to an old sand-smothered
dream.

Yet sinister, seductive still, she lives untouched of time and
space.

“HORNS OF ELFLAND”

By ESSEX SMITH

WESTWARD have been driven the fairy folk ; from the bleak, unfriendly East Coast, from the smoke-dimmed North and Midlands, they have fled to their last stronghold in West-country moors and creeks. In Cornwall, to-day, you may still “hear tell” of piskies, spriggans and of bockles ; you may still meet with old people who, pointing to a whitewashed rose-hung cottage will whisper, “I mind when a witch lived there ! A witch with horns, sure enuff !” . . . These elfin people have chosen for their last retreat a fair land, an enchanted land, from whose soft climate the sense of spring is never long away. There are January days in South Cornwall, when the sun beats hotly down upon fields all yellow-starred with furze ; there are days in “February fill-dyke” when heat haze lies low over the water. In these sheltered Cornish creeks peep out the earliest primroses, and hart’s-tongue ferns run riot in each lane that leads to them.

It is a land in which you come always upon the unforeseen. Here, circles of stones upon the tops of lonely hills bear witness to ancient and mysterious rites, introduced, it may be, by astronomer priests ; here are strange underground passages and crosses perhaps pre-Christian. Here, too, is the submerged land of Lyonesse, with its hundred and forty vanished churches and the lost city of Llangarrow, deep beneath the sand dunes ; while at Veryan, a king lies buried with his golden boat beside him, to rise again some day, when Arthur—a more famous sleeper—comes once more into his own. For in Cornwall—north, south, east and west—legends lie thick as leaves in autumn strew the woodland.

Yet though this legendary lore dies slowly, it is unhappily dying surely. Speak to an average middle-aged Cornishman to-day of piskies or of spriggans, and he will shake his head and smile—such tales are not for the twentieth century ! Yet though his belief in legends may have died, something else has not died—imagination and mysticism are the gifts inalienable of his birth. I talked not long ago with a Wesleyan local preacher, and begged him, as his people had lived in the same village for generations, to tell me some local legends. He shook his head

with a reproachful look for the inquirer who could take pleasure in such vanities. "I don't hold with all that," he said gravely, "ghosts an' witches an' piskies an' such foolishness. Folk should know better nowadays." We were standing side by side in the bows of a steamer, and as he spoke he gazed down at the emerald sea, while I, rebuked, looked downwards too. Suddenly he pointed to the water, so magically clear. "What is there down-along?" he said, "silver an' treasure an' marvels we've never heard tell of. Suppose"—he went on dreamily, still staring down—"suppose we could turn into mermen for a bit, an' swim in an' out among the rocks, an' see all the treasure that's hidden, an' listen to the sea songs. . . ."

Ah, my friend, you "hold with no such foolishness," and yet the fire that John Wesley lit in Cornwall has not put out an earlier, inborn flame. . . .

But it is to the old people in Cornwall that you must go to-day if you would hear of fairy folk. In Penwith, the lonely moorland that stretches beyond St. Ives, you may be told of Druids who still haunt the scene of their former labours as "muryans" (ants). Growing yearly smaller and smaller, in time these muryans will disappear altogether from off the earth, but until that day comes, no wise Cornishman will destroy an ant's nest. Here in Penwith, there are haunted cairns and cromlechs, and if you fall asleep beneath them, especially beneath the Hooting Carn, you will become a prey to strange enchantments. Here, in isolated cottages on the lonely moorland, old men and women will tell you many a curious tale; especially, probably, will they dwell upon the spriggan—that most mischievous member of the fairy tribe, who is akin to the troll of Sweden and Denmark. It is the spriggan who has constituted himself, among many other occupations, the guardian of hidden treasure—taking under his protection that lost gold of Pengerswick, the property once of the enchanter Milliton; and that golden boat in which King Gerennius will be rowed across the bay of Veryan. But the spriggan varies this guardianship of hidden treasure with other and less laudable pursuits; he is an adept at spiriting babies out of their cradles and substituting fairy changelings; he brings rain to fields of cut corn, and, like the up-country goblin trot, plaits the manes of horses into fairy stirrups, and rides these hapless animals until at last they sink down from sheer exhaustion. Yet even the spriggan occasionally finds his master, since it is related of a former parson of Gwendron that when he desired his horse held,

he struck three times upon the ground with his stick, whereupon a spriggan arose to do his bidding.

Spriggans possess the curious and awe-inspiring property of sometimes increasing, sometimes decreasing, in size, and many a seeker for hidden treasure in time gone by has raised his eyes from his task to perceive, close at hand, watching his every movement, a tiny figure—ill-favoured indeed, but minute. Should the treasure-seeker persist in his occupation, however, this tiny figure would grow and grow until at last, gigantic, it loomed above him, towering over cairn and cromlech both. How tall a spriggan can actually grow, however, has never been ascertained, since no treasure-seeker has been valiant enough to remain within sight of one for very long.

In thus guarding hidden treasure, the spriggan is perhaps justified—since those golden boats and goblets are truly none of ours—but occasionally, and less laudably, he becomes enamoured of some old woman's savings. Such a case occurred not long ago upon this very moorland near St. Ives. In one of the cottages lived an old woman whose father—a mine "cap'en"—had been a "warm man"—so much so, that upon his death he left a fortune of two hundred pounds, disposed, as his simple custom was, in socks. His daughter, when she inherited this fortune, collected the money into a canvas bag and put the bag away in a secret hiding-place. There, for several years, it lay, until the heiress became enamoured of a pig—very pink and curly—and in order to buy it, drew the canvas bag from out of its shelter. The moment she touched it, however, there was a violent pull at her skirt, and then—to use her own words—"The spriggans were round me so thick as bees! My dear life! 'twas a fearful sight to see 'em growing! And all the time pinching my poor arms black and blue! But," added she very philosophically, "'tis an ill wind that blows no one any good. For if I can't get at the money, 'tis sartin sure-no one else can, with they great watch-dogs of spriggans about!"

Dour by nature are the spriggans, but the piskies are a kindlier race, while the knockers, or bockles—supposed to be the spirits of Jews—are truly benevolent, for by their tappings they lead workers in the Cornish tin mines—now, alas! many of them closed down—to rich lodes. Green is worn by the fairy folk, for green is the colour of eternal youth, and they guard it jealously against presumptuous mortals. There was a curious instance of this superstition in a Cornish fishing village a year or two ago. "I've seen Miss A—in a green dress," said an old villager;

"she'll be wearing black before many weeks are out! I'd never let none of my maidens wear green." And sure enough, within a month, Miss A—— was in mourning.

"To laugh like a pisky" is a proverb throughout the county and indeed the piskies seem to have a pretty humour; they are mischievous but not malevolent, and if at one time they steal the clotted cream, at another they will help the farmer in his harvesting. Against their pranks, a coat turned inside out is a useful remedy; many a countryman crossing the moors on a winter's night will turn his coat inside out. If questioned, he will aver that it is to prevent damp taking the shine off the cloth, but his wife knows better. Her man is not generally so careful of his clothes! and she knows that he has turned his coat in order to avoid unwelcome attentions from the playful piskies. Little figures all in green, save for their scarlet caps, the piskies have been seen dancing for hours together in fairy rings; passionately fond of music, too, they play upon Jew's harps and pan-pipes, and the strains of this fairy music, soft and very sweet, have been heard by many a becalmed fisherman in Mount's Bay.

On the North Cornish moors you will hear, too, especially upon winter nights when the wind howls across the waste, of other visitors than piskies or spriggans. These are the Durdy Dogs, who flee across the moorland—phantom hounds for ever pursuing the hapless wraith Tregeagle. For it is not Arthur who claims the chief place to-day in Cornish legendary lore—whose name is still heard in many an isolated cottage and farm-place—but Tregeagle, doomed to undergo perpetual pursuit by the Spectral Horsemen and his Durdy Dogs. Throughout Cornwall—north, south, east and west—this legend can be traced, and to this day men passing over the desolate moors after twilight will quicken their steps and glance over their shoulders—on such wind-swept nights, lighted by a ghostly moon, the "yeth hounds" are abroad. "Hark to the wind!" said mine host, in a little wayside house near Penzance, as we sat round the fire after supper, "'tis roaring an' howling like Tregeagle!"

The story of Tregeagle—"the worst man that iver lived, sold himself to the devil at last—iss, that he did!"—is too long to be told here. Enough to say that for his wild and misspent life, the unhappy spirit was doomed to bale out Dozmare Lake—reputed bottomless—using for the purpose a limpet shell with a hole in it. Fleeing in despair from this task, he was set by

the priests others as hopeless, until at last, taken to Porth-curnow, he was bidden to sweep the cove free of sand—another task impossible of accomplishment. Mine host, at that little wayside inn, told how his father had himself encountered Tregeagle's pursuers. “Coming home—along in the dimpsey [twilight] one January month,” said he, “my father saw a black horse, and a man on it—but 'twas worse nor any man, with blue flame round its head! And behind were great hounds, with eyes like coals of fire. And then, though the night were so still as death, there came a fearful screaming. My father, he ran home-along so fast as he could. . . . 'Twas the spectral horseman an' his durdy dogs, niver a doubt of it!”

Dark green in colour, with ears of darker green, are these spectral hounds that chase Tregeagle; they run always in a straight line, and leave enormous footprints; their tails may be long and thin and rolled into a coil like that of a pug, or they may be flat and plaited.

Scarcely smaller than the elfin hounds are the elfin cats of Cornwall; their backs are arched, their bristles stiff, and they have white spots upon their chests. Such a cat was the constant companion of Madgy Figgy, who had her aerie among the granite boulders of Tol Pedn Penwith; here she sat and shrieked out incantations until the wind would rise to hurricane force, and many a good ship find herself upon the cruel rocks below. Then the wreckers would be busy, and Madgy Figgy, still shrieking out her incantations, would ride off through the storm upon a stem of ragwort, followed by the elfin cat, seated upon another stem.

Cornwall has her share, too, in that widespread and haunting legend which deals with lost lands. All men know the tale of Lyonesse, the beautiful and fertile region whereby West Cornwall was once linked with the Isles of Scilly. It is said that one hundred and forty churches stood upon this tract of country, and of its inundation the *Saxon Chronicle* in all probability makes mention in the following lines. “This year, 1014, on Saint Michael's Mass Eve, came that mickle sea flood widely through the land, and it run up so far as never at no time before, and it drowned many towns and mankind too innumerable to be computed.” Says Florence of Worcester, too, of a later flood—“On the third of the nones of November, 1099, the sea overflowed the shore, destroying towns and drowning many persons, and innumerable sheep and oxen.”

Strange tales linger still in Cornwall concerning Lyonesse.

It is said that on stormy nights, a rider on a white horse can be seen galloping across the shifting sands, some spectral member of the Trevilian family, who, when the great deluge came, was riding his white horse—famous all the county over for its speed—along the coast. This horse, urged to its utmost speed, brought Trevilian safely to Perranuthoe; there, terror-stricken, he looked back upon a frightful scene—the submerging of Lyonesse, of his friends and of his kinsfolk. And still, upon stormy nights, can be heard the thud of horses' hoofs; still Trevilian on his white steed gallops madly through the night, while behind him thunder the breakers, as they must have thundered long ago when Lyonesse became the "lost land."

To this day, too, fishermen in Mount's Bay will tell how church bells ring far beneath the sea, calling ghostly worshippers towards the ruined buildings, between whose walls the fish swim in and out; while some three hundred years ago, Carew, the Squire of Antony, as he rode along the coast, heard of doors and windows brought up in the nets, and of submerged beech-trees with nuts still upon their branches—a sign that the inundation took place late in the year, as the *Saxon Chronicle* relates.

North Cornwall has her lost land too, although it is less famous than Lyonesse. Standing near Cubert Church, on the high ground, you will see a great quantity of blown sand; this sand is believed to cover the city of Llangarrow, said, at the time of its overwhelming, to be the largest city in Britain. Criminals were sent to Llangarrow from all parts of the country in order to work the tin mines in the neighbourhood, which were very extensive; these convicts intermarried with the daughters of the inhabitants, and in time owing to their evil deeds, "the anger of the Lord fell upon the city." A terrible storm, unparalleled in the county, raged for three days and three nights, and when it was over, a vast expanse of sand had swept Llangarrow and its evil dwellers out of existence. It is firmly believed by many of the country folk that should another such storm arise and sweep away this sand, lost Llangarrow, with all its wide streets and magnificent buildings, would be disclosed to view once more. Nor is this belief without some justification: in support of it, men point to the ancient Church of Piran, founded by St. Piran, who, sailing across from Ireland at St. Patrick's instigation, to convert the Cornish, built himself a chapel near what is now Perranporth. Centuries passed, and the chapel became a memory only, though many of the country people believed that it still lay intact beneath the dunes, and in

1835 their belief was justified. The ancient chapel was discovered, sepulchred in wind-blown sand. There, to this day, it can be seen, protected by iron railings, while all around rise up the sand dunes, with here and there a thin covering of couch grass, or a few sea thistles, upon their rounded, silvery slopes.

Lyonesse is gone, Llangarrow too—yet it is said that other lands, uncharted, take their place. Across Mount's Bay there is to be seen at times a strange mirage—such a vision, perhaps, as sent Columbus voyaging westward, to find the land beyond the Ultima Thule. Watchers from cliffs beyond Penzance have seen these visions; in one, across the sea, towards the hidden Isles of Scilly, rose land that is not charted—upon it a castle, turreted. Clear from the wine-dark sea it rose, while sunset light touched the castle turrets, and outlined them, first gold, then red. Swiftly, as they had come, both land and castle faded . . . had we looked, perhaps, on Avalon?

For Cornwall is a country of magic, of strange enchantment still. Here men have forgotten much. They have forgotten the strange rites that took place upon lonely hill-tops in circles of upright stones; though they keep the May Day holiday, they cannot tell you why, on that day, the Beltane fires were lighted round the coast—nor why such a place as Morvah bears the name of "mermaid." Once Celtic of the Celts, they have forgotten much. But theirs is still a haunting charm, and, as you wander along the coast, past creeks whose deep blue challenges that of the sky above, or climb up on the lonely moors aflame with golden furze, you may hear even now "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing."

THE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES OF MRS. BARCLAY, AUTHOR OF "THE ROSARY," ETC.

BY MRS. ELLIS CHADWICK, Author of "The Life of Mrs. Gaskell," "In the Footsteps of the Brontës," etc.

MRS. FLORENCE BARCLAY, the popular author of some twelve novels which have had a world-wide circulation, died on March 10, 1921, which was the fortieth anniversary of her marriage with the Rev. Charles Barclay, Vicar of Hertford Heath.

One of her daughters has just published her mother's life,* through Putnam's Sons. It is an absorbingly interesting volume, which adds much to the deserved appreciation received by one of the most popular writers of the day.

Generally it is only after an author has died that the world learns of how and why certain books came to be written, and Mrs. Barclay's daughter has certainly produced a well-finished story, depicting her mother's life from many standpoints, including that of the novelist.

Mrs. Barclay was a clever child, a resourceful and wonderful helpmeet to her husband, acting as organist in the church, and conducting a men's meeting and many other organizations, and above all rearing a family of eight children before she entered the field of literature.

It is impossible to read this *Life* without realizing that Mrs. Barclay owed very much of her success in life to her psychic powers, for she was both clairvoyant and clairaudient.

How vividly I recall one of the Friday afternoon receptions held weekly at the Writers' Club, when a number of popular novelists were discussing Mrs. Barclay's wonderful rise to fame and fortune—for her books have been amongst the best sellers both in England and America. After several solutions had been offered, one of the group exclaimed: "Mrs. Barclay says that all her novels are written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and that being so it is not surprising that they appeal to so many people."

* *The Life of Florence L. Barclay*, By One of her Daughters. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd. Price 8s. 6d. net.

That Mrs. Barclay would have repudiated the title of spiritualist—judging from her biography—is certain, but as true spiritualism walks hand in hand with the beauty and simplicity of Christ, as revealed in the New Testament, Mrs. Barclay must be enrolled in the growing army of those whose eyes are not holden by the materialistic fogs of superstition and worldly environment, but rather as one who had pierced the veil, and was in spiritual communication with those who had followed the heavenly precepts, and who hover around acting as guardian angels to those who not only believe but know that “God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.”

Most children in their early years are clairvoyant, but the biographer evidently thinks her mother's experiences were exceptional. In the first chapter—“Childhood's Memories”—is a beautiful account of Florrie Charlesworth, as she then was, having strange visions of fairy beings, which were to her a complete reality, and of whose existence she never doubted. She had two sisters, Annie and Maud; the latter married Ballington Booth—a son of the first General Booth of the Salvation Army. Florrie gloried in telling her sisters of her nightly visions, when she saw “a procession of tiny people dressed in coloured hose, jerkins and caps, who in the darkness of her room emerged from a corner of the ceiling. Some rode on tiny beasts, others ran and jumped and danced across the room, and they would float about while she watched them with delight as they passed her, some turning to smile and wave their hands at her” as they floated away from the little happy child lying in her bed, enjoying the company of her invisible playmates. Night after night they came, and her confidence in their reality was never shaken, but her two sisters would not believe the tale of the fairies.

One night the two sisters questioned her as to the reality of these little people, but Florrie “protested hotly that she *did* see them, and they were *real*.”

To satisfy her sisters, Florrie offered to catch one of the little men and put him in a little box, so that she could show him to her sisters next morning.

The next night, as the procession passed, Florrie grabbed at one and put him in the box, shutting down the lid quickly, and as she missed him in the procession she felt sure she had tracked down her prey; but alas! next morning, when she called her sisters and opened the box, there was nothing to be seen, and she had to just be content with her own visions,

regretting that her sisters could not see, as they had not the gift of clairvoyance.

"Another mysterious person she used to see was a little old man, who sometimes sat beneath a table at the bottom of the stairs."

Once she called to her father and mother and asked them to come and see for themselves, but the parents could not see anything, and the little man vanished.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth were not at all psychic, and they severely reprimanded their little daughter "for romancing," with the result that the child never dared speak of her little folk again.

The biographer also gives an account of an incident which seems to have made a great impression on her mother when she was a little girl of four. Little Florrie had a wonderful dream, the memory of which stayed with her all her life, and which Mrs. Barclay often spoke of as "a very real landmark in her spiritual life," for which she could never be sufficiently thankful.

In her dream she found herself alone in Limpsfield, near where she lived. Suddenly she saw Satan coming after her. Naturally she was greatly terrified, but did not know how to escape him, but "looking up Sandy Lane she saw Christ standing at the top," and she called out to Him to save her, and in a moment He was at her side. "She slipped her hand into His, and felt it close on hers." Satan had gone, and together she and Christ walked up Sandy Lane, and all her fears were gone. All through her life she often spoke of this dream, and said "it was symbolical of life."

Only a fortnight before her lamented death, Mrs. Barclay took her youngest child to show her the Sandy Lane of her dream.

Before Mrs. Barclay became a writer she was known as a very popular public speaker on varied subjects, and for twenty years she held a women's Bible class in Leyton, where she had a weekly audience of over five hundred women.

She never hesitated to attribute her remarkable flow of thoughts and ready utterance to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, though she was an untiring Bible student and never faced an audience without earnest and prayerful preparation. Even as a child she had a firm belief in prayer, and literally took God at His word, believing that "what ye ask, that shall ye receive."

Her daughter gives a striking instance. At family prayers one morning her father read the story of the raising of Lazarus.

Florrie just at that time was mourning for the death of one of her pet ladybirds; she had a number that she knew by name, and she had tamed and trained them. One, named Jack Martin, a favourite, had died, and was duly confined in a match-box and buried; he had been in his grave *two* days, and when the vicar read of the resurrection of Lazarus after *four* days in the tomb, Florrie took heart and prayed that Jack Martin might be restored to life again. She told her sisters, but Annie, the younger one and the naturalist of the family, said: "Anything as dead as Jack Martin was could not come to life again"; but Florrie said: "It did not matter how dead anything was, God could bring it to life again."

After her prayers, Florrie got her two sisters to help her to exhume the dead body of Jack Martin, and then she carefully raised the lid, and lo! Jack walked out! Mrs. Barclay said "this greatly strengthened her faith," for she believed it was a miracle.

Mrs. Barclay was "greatly interested in the question of telepathy and mental influence." The daughter says: "My mother possessed what would, I suppose, be called in modern jargon 'psychical gifts' of a very peculiar sort. One of these was a form of clairvoyance I have never heard of in anyone else, namely, the power of finding lost things." By her children this power was considered very wonderful, but it is not so uncommon as Miss Barclay thinks. She gives instances of things being lost, and after many fruitless searches the children had to appeal to their mother to find it "her way," which was to stand still and make her mind a blank, and then suddenly she saw the thing and went straight to the place where it lay concealed, and could always put her hand upon it, but Mrs. Barclay always said she could not find a thing unless she had herself touched it at some time or other, so that psychometry had much to do with her powers. There are several clever "finds" recorded owing to Mrs. Barclay's clairvoyance, and there is an account of things of her own being lost or stolen which "called out to her." One was an umbrella, which one of her fellow passengers evidently intended to steal; another was a little fur cap, which "called to her frantically from a certain chair," and so certain was Mrs. Barclay that *something* of hers was on a chair occupied by a woman in the station waiting-room that she asked her to kindly get up as she was sure she was sitting on something of hers, and she proved to be right. Mrs. Barclay had unpacked her bag in the waiting-room to get at something she wanted, and in repacking it had left her fur cap on the chair.

In spite of all these instances of psychic powers, her daughter writes: "There were no abnormal conditions nor phenomena connected with her spiritual life besides striking answers to prayers, and being 'kept from praying for certain things' which vanished from her mind."

Again Miss Barclay writes of her mother: "She was not given to having premonitions, but on occasions she seemed to hear a warning voice, and by acting upon the warning averted a calamity." Doubtless the warning voices were spirit voices, and Mrs. Barclay being clairaudient heard and heeded them.

Two instances are given. "Drive slowly, or you will regret it all your life," was repeated twice to Mrs. Barclay as she was driving along a road at a good speed. She slackened her pace, and was able to pull up sharply as a little boy crossed the road right under her horse's head. Had she been going at her usual pace she would certainly have knocked the child down, and he would probably have been killed.

Another time, when staying in the Isle of Wight, she was busy writing, and a voice said "Go with them." Her children were just starting out to bathe in the sea; one of the children got out of her depth, and if the mother—who was an excellent swimmer—had not been there, the little daughter would in all probability have been drowned.

Mrs. Barclay also had the gift of spiritual healing, which her daughter describes as "mental suggestion, combined with a magnetic power in her hands," which enabled her to effect most wonderful cures. Two instances are given, one of an old woman, who suffered from chronic rheumatism, and was cured by the laying on of hands and "a kind of massage"; another was the curing of her husband's sprained ankle in Switzerland. The doctor said it would be three weeks before Mr. Barclay could walk, but his wife began by making passes over the injured ankle, then the laying on of hands, followed by "a sort of massage" of Mrs. Barclay's invention, with the result that the vicar could walk as well as ever next day, much to the surprise of the doctor.

Mrs. Barclay also believed in telepathy, and in thought transference. She would speak of "sending a thought" to people.

Mrs. Barclay is said to have loved the story of Balaam's ass, who saw the angel of the Lord, when "the prophet's dull sight saw nothing." It was evident she believed in the ass's

clairvoyance, but did not understand that "the prophet's dull sight" was simply normal sight.

Still another instance of spiritual power is what is described as "My mother's most marvellous accomplishment in the taming of wild animals, fishes and birds." She could attract a shoal of small minnows by whistling and putting her hand in the stream, and they would rush to her hand and nibble from her fingers. Year after year the same thing happened at Keswick, but if other people tried, they might whistle for hours and put their hands in the water, but nothing happened.

There are several good stories of taming wild birds, and even wild dogs that approached Mrs. Barclay's tent in Palestine, and she was able to train them.

Like St. Francis of Assisi, she became one with her brother birds and beasts, and she could get them to do her bidding.

Even her big royalties which she got from her books were spoken of as "money entrusted to her in answer to a definite prayer for an income of four thousand a year."

The author of *The Rosary* believed in personal magnetism, and also in the influence of old furniture or articles that had been in the possession of distinguished people. She was very keen on the poems of Mrs. Browning, and revelled in the perfect love story which Mr. and Mrs. Browning's love letters revealed.

At the sale of the Browning relics at Sotheby's, Mrs. Barclay was a keen bidder. I well remember watching her eager but sad face when the original love letters were sold to an autograph dealer, but Mrs. Barclay secured several relics, including Mrs. Browning's desk, on which she wrote *Aurora Leigh* and other poems. She also got possession of a chair, and a watch and chain of Browning's, to which was attached a tiny ring which had been worn by Mrs. Browning.

Mrs. Barclay did her own bidding, and the auctioneer respected her quiet nod without disclosing her name.

It was not at all the intrinsic worth of the desk, but the influence of Mrs. Browning which Mrs. Barclay was always conscious of when she used it as her own writing-desk.

Mrs. Barclay admitted that certain places influenced her: when in Italy she stayed at Florence, which brought to her the spiritual atmosphere of the Brownings, and there she wrote part of what is considered by many as her best book, *The Following of the Star*. St. Moritz, with its snow-tipped mountains and bracing atmosphere, inspired her, and she wrote much when there. Keswick, where so many Christian conferences have

been held, had a most elevating influence on her work. She took her manuscript there, and would sit writing near the Druids' Altar.

All this goes to prove that Mrs. Barclay believed in the help to be got from the Invisible, and all her life she was "impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of unspeakable things."

She once bought a very old 'cello at Leipzig, on which she taught herself to play. She writes of this 'cello in *The Upas Tree*, and describes how the man who owned it was playing one day and the 'cello received a blow from a dagger which was meant for the 'cellist.

It may be that Mrs. Barclay's clairvoyance had enabled her to sense this, for some time afterwards, on examining the instrument, she found a piece of wood had been inserted in the very spot where she had described the hole made by the dagger.

This increased her belief in her theory concerning the psychic effect of old things upon the mind; and she "liked to think that articles of furniture or other possessions of people of long ago could somehow call up in the minds of those attuned a consciousness of these long-passed events," and "she believed that this might be the explanation of most ghost stories."

Mrs. Barclay was good at thought reading, and if she had chosen she could have developed her psychic gifts and tendencies to the good of humanity, but because she did not understand she described such gifts as "sin and a violation of God's laws."

Her biographer says "her mother believed that to tamper with occult powers was absolutely wrong," and she agreed with the laws of the Church, which in the Middle Ages condemned witchcraft, magic, and communication with spirits, but it is evident she did not understand that there are good and bad spirits, just as there are good and bad people.

In spite of all her spiritual powers, her daughter tells us that her mother attributed all spirit phenomena to diabolical influences. Strange, when she used her own spiritual powers to heal and bless!

"The tremendous increase and popularity of spiritualism distressed her deeply, and she restrained many people from taking part in it." Mrs. Barclay was a most gifted musician, but because some people use their musical talent for low and worldly motives, she did not condemn all musicians as she condemned all spiritualists.

Her respect for the Church seemed to outweigh her reverence for the Scriptures, which abound with wonderful accounts of

miraculous cures, which is the result of spiritualism in the highest and best sense of the word.

If, as Mrs. Barclay affirmed, all her books were written under the influence of the Holy Ghost, she proved that good spirits can and do help those who believe in them.

Although her daughter says "My mother was not given to having premonitions," yet it is recorded that she purchased Limpsfield Court and made all arrangements to transfer her family to Oxted, to a beautiful home near her beloved Limpsfield, and for months "she knew she was going."

To one of her daughters only a few weeks before the "call" came she said, as she was walking on the common at Oxted: "At least I can feel I am leaving you all in this beautiful home."

She had lived a beautifully spiritual life, and she died as a happy spiritually-minded woman. "Oh, I do *hope* there will be 'no sadness of farewell when I embark,'" she once said, after singing Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and her hope was fulfilled.

The last time she heard the "Elijah" sung, after "There came a fiery chariot," she expressed a wish that when her course was run a chariot would come and take her away, and so her wish was fulfilled; she passed quickly into the Presence of God.

Mrs. Barclay's work goes on; as a spirit she will help in the regeneration of this world, and help others as she herself was helped; for,

She is not dead, she does not sleep,
She hath awakened from the dream of Life.

THE FIRST MATTER

By S. FOSTER DAMON

ALMOST everybody has been impressed during the last few years by the frank revival of interest in what used to be called superstitions. Witchcraft is studied under the name of hysteria. The miracles of the magicians are commonly performed by hypnotists. Freud has rewritten the dream book. The recently recovered manuscript of Roger Bacon proves that he used microscope and telescope. Alchemy is now at least a theoretical possibility.

That the nineteenth century was too hasty in denying everything which it could not understand is quite obvious. Thinkers have long since been puzzled that able men, such as Dee and Paracelsus, should have been such charlatans or dupes as to spend their intellects on studies with absolutely no basis in fact. And gradually the progress of science has revealed possibilities which our grandfathers could not conceivably have admitted.

Of all the occult arts, Alchemy has proved the most baffling. Its line of students reaches back—how far?—to Greece? to Egypt? We cannot say definitely; but we know that at an extremely early age it was practised in China, Diocletian tried to suppress it in Rome, the Arabians introduced it to Europe, and a school of mysterious science began which did not lapse until the mid-eighteenth century, and may never have lapsed at all. Its masters published many books full of amazing discourses on the method of making gold, or the elixir of life, or the philosopher's stone—it hardly mattered what they called the object of their search. The mere fact of constant publication proves that there must have been some sort of audience, although many of the most famous alchemists died poor (which seemed a complete refutation of their life work). But again and again some scholar would develop an astonishing interest in those confused books, travel and labour, publish volumes of his own, with variations of the ancient recipes—and finally die in poverty, like his predecessors.

It was not until the last century that certain anonymous authors revealed part of the secret of the alchemists.* The

* [Mrs. Attwood]: *A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Art* (London,

theory was advanced that the fantastic and impossible chemical formulæ were but symbols of the spiritual life. The Elixir Vitæ brought immortality not to the body but to the soul. The Philosopher's Stone was concerned not with metal but with a Golden Rule. Its materials—salt, sulphur and mercury—were not the ordinary salt, sulphur and mercury (as indeed the alchemists themselves gave constant warning), but represented the Body, Soul and Spirit. In short, the alchemists were mystics, who were forced to hide their doctrines of the Path to God in this strange way, for fear of religious persecution.*

We may wonder now why this important point had not been revealed before, since we can hardly explain in any other way many such passages as Paracelsus's process of vitriol,† which begins: "It must be rectified with acetum," and ends: "Thereupon follows the greatest arcanum, that is to say, the Supercelestial Marriage of the Soul, consummately prepared and washed by the blood of the Lamb, with its own splendid, shining, and purified body. This is the true supercelestial marriage by which life is prolonged to the last and predestined day."

Thus Matter would seem to be excluded from alchemy. But the new interpretation stopped short at a certain point. The trouble is that a good half of these strange writings obviously do deal with physical science: indeed, modern chemistry itself sprang from alchemy. Geber discovered nitric acid and red oxide of mercury. Paracelsus compounded drugs, worked astonishing cures, and introduced morphine into Europe. Innumerable other cases might be mentioned. The puzzle is the more perplexing when we realize that the physical and the spiritual works were almost always associated. The Mystic and the Chemist were united, and their seemingly separate interests were inextricably and mysteriously blended.

At this point the controversy has rested, apparently beyond explanation. Did the alchemists deal with Spirit or with Matter?

1850). This book was later suppressed by the author, but has since been republished.

[Ethan Allen Hitchcock]: *Remarks on Alchemy and the Alchemists* (Boston, 1857).

Thomas South's *Early Magnetism in its Higher Relations to Humanity* (London, 1846) is also of interest.

* Jakob Böhme is a case in point. He wrote his *Aurora* in what he considered plain terms. Obscure as it is to-day, it was understood well enough then to expose him to the fury of his church. He never made the slightest pretence at working in metals; nevertheless he used many alchemical symbols in self-protection.

† *Aurora of the Philosophers*, Ch. XIII (ed. A. E. Waite, Vol. I, p. 61).

The answer inevitably is—both ! We have reached the age-old question : “ What is the link between Mind and Body ? ”

According to these old writers, it was the “ First Matter,” the first substance created by God, from which the world was made ; which is to be found everywhere, though known but to few ; invisible and intangible, yet actually seen and handled by some. They described it at great length, told of its colours, quarrelled over its chemical analysis—and always were careful not to record exactly what it was or where it could be found.

In fact, this was the great secret which they were so fond of flaunting before the uninitiated. Khunrath, for one, knew what it was, and wrote :*

“ Neither was it ever plainly set down in writing, but from mouth to y^e eare according to the Cabalistic use faithfully imparted, cordially received, and kept most secretly, as it ought. Let the scornfull and ignorant fool laugh, carpe and calumniate as long as hee wills yet doe I know, that this what I write here, are no fables. I say agayn considerately, that in the said One, in Alchimie, there sticketh a mighty great mysterie, which Sophisters neither know nor beleeve ; bee aggrieved with it who will : and it is true in defiance of all the devills and their damms. Enough of it at this time. Now let us goe on.”

This secret is the “ *Mysterium Magnum* ” of Paracelsus and the “ *First Matter* ” of Thomas Vaughan. Every writer who describes it gives it a dozen different names in various parts of the same book, in order that the precious secret might be the better guarded. And so successful were they, that ultimately their secret was probably forgotten. But the inflexible mathematics of Chance made its rediscovery inevitable.

In fact, this unique stuff, the link between Mind and Matter, has actually been rediscovered by modern scientists in their laboratories, though they were working on problems which they never dreamed of connecting with alchemy. They have renamed this substance “ *ectoplasm*.” It is a curious living semi-liquid which emanates from certain “ *mediums* ” while in a trance. It gradually becomes visible—takes on human form—solidifies—and eventually may even speak thoughts and perform acts which are supposed to be caused by the spirits of the dead. At the conclusion of the *séance* it evaporates, and returns again into the body of the medium, which in the meanwhile may have weighed as much as a third less than usual. What little *ectoplasm*

* Henrie Khunrath : *Of the Magick Fire, or A declaration of and upon the mystical, external, visible glow or flame fire of the antient Magi, and modern true philosophers.* (Harvard MS. **24226.28.12.)

has been retained by the experimenters has rapidly vanished, yet not too quickly to escape chemical analysis. The experimenters have tested it by the microscope and by fire. They have photographed it hundreds of times; they have even taken moving pictures of the complete process!*

That the First Matter of the alchemists must have been this same ectoplasm is perfectly obvious when we compare the many ancient descriptions of the one with the modern descriptions of the other. Let us therefore arrange in parallel columns selections from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's resumé of contemporary investigation† with the records of Thomas Vaughan ("Eugenius Philalethes") from the mid-seventeenth century. I have chosen Thomas Vaughan because he was particularly interested in the First Matter. The reader should be warned that, while he describes it clearly enough many times over, he conceals its source and method of production under ambiguous words, because he thought the secret a very dangerous one, as indeed it proved to be.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

"Certain people . . . [have] the strange physical gift that they can put forth from their bodies a viscous, gelatinous matter."

"a viscous, gelatinous substance . . . at first semi-fluid, which possesses some of the properties of a living substance."

THOMAS VAUGHAN

"It is altogether *cold* and *passive* and it lyes in certain earthy, Subterraneous *Caverns*."‡
(*Lumen de Lumine*.)

"All these *Miracles* grow out of a certain *Earth*, a soft *red Clay* which is to be found every where."§
(*Fraternity of the Rosy Cross*.)

"It is a *thick water* and a *subtil Earth*. In plain termes, it is a *slimie, spermatic, viscous Masse*, impregnated with all *powers Coelestially, and terrestrially*."
(*Magia Adamica*.)

* Sir William Crookes's experiments with Florence Cook in 1870-1880 thus become verified. Mme Juliette Alexandre-Bisson's *Phénomènes dits de matérialisation* (Paris, 1914) contains over a hundred photographs. Dr. A. Freiherrn von Schrenck-Notzing's *Physikalische Phänomene des Mediumismus* (Munich, 1920) contains an account of check-experiments performed on another medium in another city.

† *The Absolute Proof of Life after Death*.

‡ Vaughan conceals the source of the First Matter under a very famous symbol. The "cavern" has been recognized as meaning the Body ever since Plato wrote the *Republic*.

§ "Red clay" also means the flesh, and is a translation of the name "Adam." William Blake used the same words "red clay," with precisely the same hidden meaning (i.e. flesh) in the *Argument to The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

"Chloride of soda (common salt) and phosphate of calcium were among the constituents."

"This substance was actually touched."

"When touched, or when undue light came upon it, it writhed back into the body as swiftly and stealthily as the tentacles of a hidden octopus."

"There forms a complete figure; this figure is moulded to resemble some deceased person; . . . a personality which either is or pretends to be that of the dead takes possession of it."

"[Eventually it is] reabsorbed. . . . It writhed back into the body."

"leaving absolutely no trace."

"The reason for the Cabinet is that some condensation of material, which we can best describe perhaps as a heavy vapour, is necessary before you get the ectoplasm."

What are we to make of this? It certainly goes beyond coincidence, especially when we read further. Those who have already seen the photographs will recall that ectoplasm in its first appearance often has a strong resemblance to cloth; that it is sometimes luminous; and that it is always described as cold, wet, and very unpleasant to touch. Now consider this, from the *Lumen de Lumine*:

"Some of this liquor I took up, to see what strange wollen substance it was, that did thus steale down like Snow. When I had it in my hands, it was no Common water, but a certaine kind of Oile of a Waterie Complexion. A viscous, fat, mineral nature it was, bright like Pearls and

THOMAS VAUGHAN

"It is nothing else but a composition of *water and salt*."

(*Euphrates*.)

"Wee must see it, handle it."

(*Cælum Terræ*.)

"The *least violence* destroyes it and *prevents* all generation."

(*Cælum Terræ*.)

"This part which is the *Astral Man* hovers sometimes about the *Dormitories of the Dead*, and that because of the Magnetism or Sympathie which is between him and the Radical, vital moysture."

(*Anthroposophia Theomagica*.)

"This *clarified Earth* is the *Stage* of all *Forms*, for here they are *manifested* like *Images* in a *Glass*: and when the *Time* of their *Manifestation* is *finished*, they *retreat* into that *Center*, out of which at *first* they *came*."

(*Fraternity of the Rosy Cross*.)

"This *Water* then *wets* not the *Hand*, which is *notion* enough to perswade us it can be *no common water*."

(*Lumen de Lumine*.)

"The *Vas Hermetis* . . . This matrix is the life of the sperm, for it preserves and quickens it; but beyond the matrix it takes cold and dies, and nothing effectual can be generated thereof."

(Postscript to *Aula Lucis*.)

transparent like Chrystall. When I had viewd and search'd it well, it appear'd somewhat spermatic and in very Truth it was obscene to the sight but much more to the Touch. . . . It is invisible and therefore few are they that find it ; but many believe it is not to be found."

The method of producing ectoplasm is, as we have said, very carefully concealed ; but Thomas Vaughan drops his usual hints. " To make this Element visible," he says in the preface to *Magia Adamica*, " is the greatest secret in Magic." In the *Lumen de Lumine* he is more specific : " It is not made, or manifested by the ordinary course of Nature, but by the Art, and manual Operations of Man. . . . You must make this water, before you can find it." Obviously he is referring to the method of throwing the medium into a trance. Then the ectoplasm appears, first being exuded from the orifices of the body. Even this is mentioned, in the *Cælum Terræ* : " First, shee sheds at her Nipples a thick heavy water, but white as any snow ; the Philosophers call it Virgin-Milk."

Certainly this discovery is an unexpected and valuable confirmation of modern psychical research—especially valuable because these old records point the way to secrets yet unknown.

The history of Thomas Vaughan's discovery of ectoplasm is quite dramatic. In 1650 he published three pamphlets on the subject, having learned the secret somehow, but without any experience of his own. On September 28, 1651, he married a woman he adored ; and later in the same year he succeeded in performing the experiment for himself. His wife seems to have been his medium. At once he rushed into print with his masterpiece, the *Lumen de Lumine*, and later published three other pamphlets on the subject. But he never repeated his experiment until his publishing days were over. Then in 1658 he wrote the following note in his diary, *Aqua Vitæ, Non Vitis* :

" On the same day my dear wife sickened, being a Friday [April 16, 1658] and at the same time of the day, namely in the evening, my gracious God did put into my heart the secret of extracting the oil of Halcali,* which I had once accidentally found at the Pinner of Wakefield in the days of my most dear wife. But it was again taken from me by a most wonderful judgment of God, for I could never remember how I did it, but made a hundred attempts in vain. And now my glorious God (whose name be praised forever) has brought it again into my mind, and so the same day my dear wife sickened ; and on the Saturday following, which was the day she died on, I extracted it by the former practice : so that on the

* Another name for ectoplasm (see the preface to the *Lumen de Lumine*).

same day, which proved the most sorrowful to me, whatever can be, God was pleased to confer upon me the greatest joy I can ever have in this world after her death. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Amen! T.R.V."*

The sinister note is obvious; it looks as though Thomas Vaughan killed his wife in his experiment. Yet his profound love for her is beyond question. To a man of those strange days, it was easily "the greatest joy he could ever have in this world" to converse with the living spirit of his dead wife on the very day of her death. So real was the other world to him that he had no hesitation in pursuing his experiments; and finally he was killed in an experiment on "quicksilver"—"quicksilver" being perhaps the commonest of the symbols of ectoplasm!†

The student of alchemy and magic will soon discover that those ancient scientists knew much more about ectoplasm than we. They were able (as it appears to me) to produce it at will from anybody. This they did by cultivating in themselves "the Secret Fire of the Philosophers." This force has not yet been rediscovered. We must still rely on the medium in whom the occult powers are so strongly developed that they issue almost blindly. The "circle" probably makes up unconsciously that force which the magicians deliberately cultivated.

Thus it appears that the newest and most startling revelations of science are simply a rediscovery of part of a great but forgotten secret tradition of many centuries. Fortunately the writings of the alchemists are preserved. What a little delving should uncover may be incredible.

* The interlaced initials of Thomas Vaughan and his wife Rebecca. This entry is copied in between two others, both dated 1658. This modernized text has been transcribed from *The Works of Thomas Vaughan*, edited by A. E. Waite (London, 1919).

† Long since Vaughan had denounced "the torture of metals."

A SUPERNORMAL ADVENTURE

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

THE following story of a curious and interesting psychical experience was related to me by a lady of my acquaintance, to whom I will refer as Mrs. Cedur. Mrs. Cedur's integrity is unquestionable, and I have no hesitation, therefore, in asserting that the account of her experience is true. By this term is implied the entire absence of any wilful misrepresentation or distortion of facts by the narrator. I am, of course, well aware of the tricks that memory plays on us. I cannot, therefore, claim that the story possesses evidential value—psychic experiences to have this must be corroborated by contemporary documentary evidence. I am quite certain that those who wish to do so will be able satisfactorily to their own minds to explain away Mrs. Cedur's experience without resort to the supernatural, but I am by no means equally certain that such an explanation would be the true one ; and for those who are prepared to believe in the possibility of the action of the thoughts of those we call dead, not only upon the minds of the living, but also upon material objects, the story will, perhaps, prove to be of some interest. Without more ado, therefore, I will proceed to relate it.

About twenty-two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Cedur, with their infant son, took up their residence in a house in a small village in Berkshire. Previously to their arrival in the village Mrs. Cedur had not seen the house, nor had she or her husband heard anything about it that would have caused them to believe it to be haunted. On the evening of their arrival, Mr. Cedur went into the village to secure some food, leaving Mrs. Cedur to move certain small articles of furniture into the house. It was twilight, but she could see distinctly, and entering the house by the back door was astonished to notice a woman standing in the kitchen. She naturally uttered an exclamation of surprise, and the figure gradually faded into nothingness. An examination of the various rooms of the house, which she immediately undertook, showed that there was no person concealed in them. Mrs. Cedur had no feelings of fear, but the personal appearance and costume of the figure impressed her very vividly and became fixed in her memory. The figure was that of a tall woman, dressed entirely

in brown. She had grey hair and a rather thin face, on which melancholy was expressed.

Some days after the Cedurs had been in their new residence, they discovered that it was rumoured in the village that the house was haunted, one old villager assuring Mr. Cedur that he would not like to live there.

Some time later, Mrs. Cedur gained some very significant information regarding a married couple who had occupied the house previously to the tenants immediately preceding the Cedurs themselves. The wife had died in the house, and Mrs. Cedur's informant assured her that the woman had been exceedingly badly treated by her husband, who had even gone so far as to bring his mistress to the house while his wife was dying. Mrs. Cedur asked for a description of the dead woman : it tallied exactly, even to the details of the clothing, with the apparition which she had seen ! The interesting point to notice, of course, is that when Mrs. Cedur saw the apparition she knew nothing whatever concerning the woman in question, or of the rumour that the house was haunted.

Mrs. Cedur did not see the apparition again, although she continued to live in the place for many years ; she asserts, however, that often, when she was alone in the house, she felt there was another presence with her. This feeling never gave rise to fear.

In the course of time some building operations became necessary which entailed the cutting off of the overhanging branch of an old elm tree in the garden of the house. One day Mrs. Cedur, who likes such exercise, decided to saw up this bough into convenient pieces for use as firewood. On sawing through the bough she saw in the sap of the wood the figure in brown of the woman who had appeared to her. By cutting off further portions of the bough she found that the impression continued for some considerable length of the wood, and then faded into indistinctness. It is no doubt very easy to say that she was misled by a merely fanciful likeness caused by some trivial and quite natural peculiarity in the growth of the tree ; but Mr. Cedur, who strikes me as being a very hard-headed man, and who, unlike his wife, is not a believer in psychic phenomena, corroborates her statement as to the appearance of a woman in the sap of the tree.

Did the thoughts of the woman in brown continue, after her body was dead, to inhabit the spot where she had been so unhappy, impressing themselves, not merely upon the mind of Mrs. Cedur, but also upon the very material structure of the place ? Or is the story to be discounted as just imagination ? For myself, I do not know.

CORRESPONDENCE

The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

A TELEPATHIC VISION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The following occurrence may be of interest to your readers. It was told me two years ago by the lady mentioned, by whose permission I relate it.

A French friend of mine, Henri M——, joined the Canadian Army early in 1915, leaving behind him in Vancouver, B.C., his wife and a small son of eighteen months, to whom he was passionately devoted, and who were seldom out of his thoughts.

In 1916 he was dangerously wounded in the head, but recovered sufficiently to do duty in London.

In the late Fall of 1917 his small son, waking early in the morning, said, "Look, mother, daddy's here." "Nonsense, Bobby," replied Mrs. M——, "your daddy is in London. Go to sleep." The boy then said, "Daddy, daddy—oh, mother, daddy's gone," and started crying.

That morning a cable arrived saying that M—— had died as the result of an operation. In his case, another proof of *Omnia vincit amor*.

Yours faithfully,

T. V. SCUDAMORE.

12 YORK STREET, BAKER STREET,
LONDON, W.I.

THEOSOPHY VERSUS SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I notice that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has written to protest against the emphasis laid by a newspaper upon the fact that the person responsible for a recent tragedy was a Spiritualist.

While, in such matters, the uninformed prejudices of the daily Press may be justly condemned, the tragedy in question might be cited in support of the views expressed in your comment upon Sir Arthur's opinion of Theosophy.

Surely a man—since declared to be sane—would have been deterred from crime more effectively by a belief in, say, the working of Karma, than by any teaching which Spiritualists, of the British school at least, can offer?

The point should be noted in its bearing upon your criticism of the weakness of Spiritualism in its lack of a "philosophical scheme." You rightly remark: "To this question of questions: 'Has life a purpose?' no answer is provided by proving that after the physical body has perished, the consciousness still survives, however comforting to certain natures this knowledge may be."

As evidenced in the unhappy case referred to above, comfort of a sort may be derived from the knowledge; but, if the more important problem of Life's purpose be ignored, there can be no certainty that the assurance of survival will be productive by itself of a higher standard of morality.

I respectfully submit that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle should take this fact into account in his consideration both of the respective claims of Spiritualism and Theosophy, and of the tragedy which has brought forth his protest.

Yours faithfully,
G. M. MAYHEW.

CAN A DOG'S SOUL RETURN ?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—The letter on this subject in your January issue recalls a somewhat similarly interesting experience of my own which also took place in India. In this case, however, it is not so much a proof of re-incarnation as an example of hereditary instinct with unusual facts. Our favourite dog, though only a mongrel, had a most original and lovable character and personality, and was quite famous in the Fort (Madras), as he had a remarkable escape from death, falling off a stairway (leading on to the roof) into a paved courtyard below, a distance of forty feet, without breaking any bones, and recovering normal health after a few days' rest at the vet's. We were devoted to him and so were the native servants, and great was our grief when he died suddenly from poison administered, we think, by a new stranger-attendant at the hospital who was not aware of our dog's privileged habits of roaming. Some weeks after his death a puppy was born (his), which we named "posthumous Pongo": he was the image of his father, but had a more gentle nature. Now, the old dog had a habit of climbing on to a high parapet on the coping of a veranda and would lie there with his paws crossed, the left over the right, awaiting our return from our daily drives. To our surprise "Pongo," when he was big enough, would climb to the same unusual place and lie in the same position; he also greeted us with the same sort of roar of welcome (it could not be described as a bark) as his father! When we were leaving Madras for good, we sent him to a friend who lived some miles away, but the next morning a whining by my bedside proclaimed Pongo home again with a broken chain dangling from his collar: he had found his way back, and although we tried sending him

away again he would always return to the Fort, so we found him a home there. He only lived a little while after we left ; his new master told us he pined and seemed to die of a broken heart !

I am not ashamed of confessing that I believe in the transmigration of souls in this case.

Yours faithfully,
 CONSTANCE FARMAR.

MARRIAGE AND REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent A. M. T. is surely fortunate in the possession of knowledge that enables him to write positively of his two previous incarnations with special reference to marriage. For my own part I would derive no little satisfaction from the ability to trace back to other earth lives causes that have heaped up so much evil Karma in this one. I am satisfied, however, to accept the Rosicrucian teachings as affording by far the most adequate and convincing solution of the riddle of life and death.

Further details regarding the two horoscopes mentioned in my previous letter follow. Aquarius sixteenth degree rises in the man's nativity with Venus on the ascendant square to Saturn in Taurus (3rd house). The Sun is in Aries in the first in trine to M.C. and opposition to the Moon in Libra (orb of six degrees) isolated in the eighth. Jupiter throws a trine from Gemini (4th house) to Venus and also forms a close square with Uranus, which, as I have said, is posited in the seventh. Gemini is on the cusp of the 5th house, which holds no planet. My knowledge of Astrology is certainly at fault if Saturn is not a grim reaper, when sending forth his rays from the fixed sign Taurus.

Turning now to the woman's chart, we have Aries twelfth degree rising (approximately) with eight planets in the western half of the Zodiac. Her Sun and Moon are in conjunction in Libra in the sixth, both conjunct with the Man's Moon, the former within two degrees. Her lesser luminary is also in exact opposition to his Sun. Her Saturn is in her 5th in Leo, which would place this powerful malefic within the Man's 7th.

The disposition of Mars and Venus by aspect in the respective naticities is most felicitous. The woman's Mars forms a sextile with the man's Venus, while her Venus is trine to his Mars. Their Saturns are in square aspect, this malefic influence being intensified by a close opposition from the woman's Saturn to the man's Venus. Both Sun and Uranus in the woman's chart are trine to the man's Venus. Her Jupiter forms an exact trine to his Sun, while his Jupiter is in trine to her Uranus. Both Venus and Herschel are in her 7th house.

There can be no question that spiritual progression is very largely

dependent upon the ego's attitude towards the problem of sex. For that reason it must be a moot point whether marriage would really indicate the quickest method of progression. The interminable conflict between the higher and lower self might conceivably be intensified through the constant presence of sexual temptation. Much, of course, would depend upon the spiritual development of the ego. An advanced soul would find it comparatively easy to make every phase of marriage subserve the highest, noblest ends. Equally would it be true that the same soul would refuse to recognize the necessity of marriage as a step to spiritual progression. Those who are conversant with the religious philosophy of the Rosicrucians will be aware that the personal, selfish love connoted by the planet Venus must be eventually transmuted into the higher altruistic love, of which Uranus stands as the symbol.

The love in the marriage relationship is of the Venus type, personal, self-centred. As a rule the individual loves with the expectation of being loved in return. By means of this love, especially when strong, the soul will assuredly hasten its development. But by spanning the gap between the two types of love, the ego, it seems to me, would be taking the short-cut path to the spiritual heights of eventual perfection. Therefore a deprivation of the ordinary Venus affection would not represent the drawback that some suppose. The ego has simply to cultivate the all-embracing altruistic love, signified by the planet Uranus.

If nothing but a lukewarm feeling of interest can be generated by one or both of the parties, more often than not the marriage tie will become irksome. Having made the plunge, and what seems like a mistake, I am inclined to agree with the opinion of your correspondent. At any rate every means should be exhausted to effect an atmosphere of mutual harmony before dissolving the tie.

To my mind the joys attendant upon marriage, as, for instance, the children, are dearly purchased. From a purely selfish standpoint, unless the love is strong and elevated, married life is inferior to the single state. The liberty is restricted in too many ways. There is too much jolting and jarring of the emotions. But a child will often help to ameliorate what would otherwise be very trying conditions.

Yours faithfully,
H. W. S.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA,
CANADA.

[I know of no evidence to support the hypothesis that Uranus is the planet of Love in any sense whatever. Venus is surely the planet of Love in every sense; whether higher or lower will depend upon its aspects and general position.—ED.]

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I point out to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW—and I address myself particularly to advanced occultists and genuine though humble aspirants—that a perfect mine of Occult knowledge based on experience and presented in a form in harmony with modern, scientific and psychological requirements, is now available to members of the Anthroposophical Society. This Society was founded by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, whose published works, *The Way of Initiation*, *Initiation and its Results*, *Mystics of the Renaissance*, *The Gates of Knowledge*, and others, are widely read in occult circles. So far, in historical times, no one has come forward who has given out anything approaching the wealth of occult information on all conceivable subjects relating to man and the universe which Dr. Steiner has placed before the members of his Society.

Remarkable as are his published works, his private lectures greatly exceed them in scope and penetration. Dr. Steiner stands in a class quite apart from all other known occult investigators, with whom, indeed, one can hardly compare him.

The results of mystical experience and the fruit of occult investigation are indissolubly united in Dr. Steiner. And those whose knowledge is based on experience derived from the superphysical worlds, will find their knowledge confirmed, deepened, and synthesized in these works. Truth shines by its own light. A thing is not true because Dr. Steiner or anyone else says that it is true; but it is true in itself, quite apart from the personality through whom it is uttered. The blind worship of personality only obscures the Truth which alone can make men free. It is only in proportion as a man can annihilate or outgrow the very concept of personality that he can say: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Not only has Dr. Steiner restated, in correct perspective, the occult knowledge of the past in terms of the modern consciousness, but his researches penetrate far into the future. He shows exactly what relation the wisdom that has been attained and the wisdom still to be attained bear to man's present development. It may be said of Dr. Steiner, that he is bringing a quite new creative impulse into all departments of human activity, and that the practical application of the knowledge presented by him will gradually, as is the nature of all true knowledge, permeate the world and enable man to develop those creative powers upon which his further progress depends.

Those who desire further information regarding lectures, Dr. Steiner's published works and membership of the Society, should apply to:

The Secretary, The Anthroposophical Society,
74 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

I am, yours obediently,

MEREDITH STARR.

A SUPERSTITION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I often wonder *why* people as a rule dislike owning up at once that they have a "pet" superstition. *Invariably after a little argument it comes out.*

I have *several*, but one especially makes me "sit up" and wonder *who it is going to be*, when it happens, and that is "a fire burning on one side of the grate."

It is a sure sign of a parting from the house the fire-place is in. I have noticed this happen several times, but the latest occasion is the saddest I've known.

My fire (a short time ago) for three days running *would burn in a corner*. I felt some one would go out of the house—*but who?*

A dear little mite, I was told, was suddenly ill; and of course a doctor was sent for.

In a whisper I asked next day how she was, and was told: *She passed away last night!*

Alas! I shall never again see those pretty sad-looking blue eyes.

Yours faithfully,

VIOLET FRANCIS.

PARALYSIS ON AWAKING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the last few months I have been repeatedly told by friends the following uncomfortable experiences. On waking they had the feeling of being completely paralysed.

I have studied occultism for some years, but cannot give them a really satisfactory explanation. They say that they are conscious of being awake and hearing all that is going on around them, but are powerless to move a limb, not even as much as an eyelid. They struggle to do so, and become panic-stricken, and as far as they can judge, the fight for life lasts several seconds.

Perhaps some of your readers have had the same experience, and it would be interesting if it were discussed in your pages.

The phenomenon apparently attacks both sexes.

Is it possible that the ego or astral body has left the body for a space, and that the sub-conscious self is carrying on—or is it merely a dream?

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

MARJORIE I. FELLOWES.

FARNHAM, SURREY.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

A NATIVE Indian writer contributes to *The Kalpaka* his earnest protest against "the oriental mistake of philosophizing the world into nothingness," and also against the counter-extreme of western scientific materialism. He is addressing more especially his own countrymen, and the subject is *Maya*, on which he offers "a new light." Whether he is qualified to speak with authority as to the origin of this ancient doctrine is presumably open to question, but he depicts the ancient Hindu seers as contemplating the fixed and inviolable laws which govern Nature and the animal creation, apart from man. They classed these laws together under the name of *Maya*. Man was regarded as originally separated therefrom, in virtue of consciousness and free will, a state of independence which also connoted power—power, it would seem, over the laws, stereotyped as they are for those under their rule, power of creative laws, being that of free will. But man, according to the reverie, became entangled in the laws of Nature by failing to exercise his will, or by stooping to their undue contemplation: in a word, he surrendered to *Maya*, passing into the state of bondage in place of a governing state. The meaning is that, in the terminology of new thought, "he can, who thinks he can," or, in other words, that an immeasurable domain of capacity opens its vistas before us in proportion as we can realize the liberty of will in man. We are reminded of excellent old Joseph Glanvill: "Who knoweth the mysteries of the will with its vigour?" And as, according to this Cambridge Platonist, "man doth not yield himself to the angels or to death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will," so suffered primeval humanity through an abeyance of active purpose. The analogy in romance may be found in the *Longer Prose Perceval*, which represents King Arthur as waxing slack in well-doing, because "a slothful will came upon him." In this manner the law of liberty was exchanged for the law of necessity. According to *The Kalpaka*, the way of salvation is the way of the free will, but presumably the will to goodness, the will to light and knowledge, the will to all possibilities of real attainment in a boundless universe. Subject to individual capacities and the right direction of the heart, this is sound, as it is high doctrine. We have intimated that it is doubtful whether it was that of the Hindu seers who gave us the word *Maya*. It is suggested that the meaning of this word was wrested by later philosophers, who "explained *Maya* as an agency engaged in attracting man to the 'transitory world' and turning his eye away from the *Brahman*, who lives in a state of absolute detachment." There is no evidence for this

view, and the entire speculation seems to be a personal thesis, which might have been advanced more forcibly on its own merits, regarded as a practical counsel, and not invested with the fantastic aids of a supposed past.

The *Vedanta Kesari* claims to discover in the Upanishads a "philosophical conception of the absolute as unconditioned and undifferentiated." As such they are held to record "the spiritual realizations of the sages of ancient India in ages where the light of modern history cannot penetrate." We are told further that it is only in the Puranic age that we meet with "gods and goddesses," otherwise, with the personal denizens of a pantheon. So far our Indian contemporary; but a question arises as to what distance in time may separate the Upanishads from the Puranas, and we have been led in this direction by a recent correspondence on Christ and Krishna in *The Two Worlds*, dealing with "certain presumed origins of the Jesus story." Mr. Stanley de Brath has intervened to destroy the alleged parallels and supposititious sources, and in so doing he quotes several opinions of recent scholarship, according to which (1) "none of the Puranas as now extant are probably much above a thousand years old," while (2) the date of the Gita is between A.D. 200 and 300. If this be the case it follows that, according to *Vedanta Kesari*, Indian polytheism is post-Christian, and this is wholly incredible, nor are we prepared antecedently to believe that the doctrine of a transcendent and unknowable God preceded the pantheons anywhere. Meanwhile, we have read Mr. de Brath's contribution to the Krishna discussion with interest, because in addition to his personal qualifications he places his authorities before us, unlike another correspondent of *The Two Worlds*, who leaves us to check as we can his story that "the belief in the Virgin Birth was dissipated in 1892" by the discovery of "a manuscript of the Gospels" one hundred years earlier than the earliest possessed previously. It appears to have been in keeping at the monastery of St. Catherine on Sinai, and has the following reading: "Joseph, to whom the Virgin Mary was betrothed, begot Jesus, who is called the Messiah." This is held to prove that the "genealogies" of St. Matthew and St. Luke were "altered" subsequently. We should like to know from what sources the correspondent of our contemporary drew, whether we are to understand that the readings of Matthew i. 16 and of Luke i. 27 both stand in the manuscript as above given, and what New Testament scholar considers that the fact, if such, puts an end to "the belief in the Virgin Birth." We are neither textual scholars nor critics, but it is obvious that the Sinai reading stultifies itself and implies the virginity of Mary after her conception. If Joseph "begot Jesus" on his wife Mary, she would not have been described as a virgin at the time of her betrothal. This would have "gone without saying." In other words, it is a corrupt text, which in the present instance is described in a confusing manner.

It is interesting to watch the development of *Light* in these more recent days, and now that its change of form has become a familiar and well-established fact. It has at all times represented "spiritual progress and psychical research" in the best possible spirit and efficiently, having in many respects and frequently been a little in advance of its subjects at the given time, rather than behind. Not a few may consider that it has passed through a process of being "brought up to date," but this is scarcely the case, two or three external features perhaps excepted. Rather it has always seemed to grow from within, and now, when the matters of its concern have themselves advanced in ways and measures which are beyond all precedent, it stands abreast of these and remains their worthy exponent. Not to speak of its important articles, the editorial columns are always good reading, whether leaders or notes by the way. In the last issue to hand there is a paper on *The Standpoint of Spiritualism*, presenting a "general idea" of the subject, by an anonymous writer, from an independent standpoint. It is exceedingly clear, showing adequate grasp of the subject. There is also a graphic account of Point Loma, where Mrs. Tingley established her colony more than two decades ago, transforming a desert into a "Theosophical Paradise." . . . Camille Flammarion continues his contributions to *La Revue Spirite*, producing new testimonies of human survival, one at least of which may be called especially convincing. There is also an article on the Religion of the Future by Léon Denis, and it commands our sympathetic agreement on several important points, as e.g. that the face of Nature has changed in the eyes of qualified observers, that matter no longer reigns supreme, that spirit has reassumed its preponderant place in the universe, that the invisible has become once more the world of cause, of forces and of laws. We are in agreement further that the religion which is to come must formulate an exalted synthesis of all human knowledge on the universe and life, or the ends of existence and the destinies of the soul; but as the knowledge will be always extending, we conceive that such a synthesis must be capable of corresponding growth. In this connection the term knowledge signifies that there is a science of the soul and of life on all its planes, in all its embodiments, and there is no question that psychical research is laying the sure foundations. A science of this kind connotes also religion, for it can advance only as the minds and hearts of men are unified with the purpose of the cosmos, which is God's purpose therein; as they enter more and more into the activity of the intimate relation between God, man and the universe. . . . The *Journal du Magnétisme* tells us that Henri Durville has established an initiatory centre (1) to restore the science of the ancient Magi; (2) to penetrate and unveil the secret of old Initiations; (3) to cast light on the occult mysteries of the past. We concur fully when it is stated that so vast a scheme has never been proposed previously; but the question which arises inevitably is whether it is destined to remain on paper,

for we remember the old commonplace that to plan is not to perform. We hear of a detailed programme respecting "cycles of instruction," and this is good. Yet it raises the further question as to who is qualified for teaching, who has the Keys of the Sanctuaries, who knows the old sciences. The dreams are everywhere concerning them, and the hypotheses—sometimes colourable—but where are authorized expositors? M. Durville is, moreover, the editor of *Psychic Magazine*, which is often of considerable interest, though its title is peculiarly awkward for a French periodical. In the last issue before us he devotes a special article to the subject of "the Secret Science" and sets forth his view of the subject at full length, so to speak, giving its outward and inward side, its written tradition and oral, its actual or putative laws, its "method" in fine, which cannot be revealed to the world. But, save in a single direction, we contemplate the problem only. M. Durville says that he will place his adepts in possession of the hidden method. We accept what he says in good faith; but when he proceeds to explain that it is concerned with a just equilibrium between heart and mind, we realize at once that the science of the ancient Magi, the secret of all initiations and the occult mysteries of the past do not lie within this compass, and that, having heard "about it and about," we should leave the *cercle initiatique* by "the same door wherein we went." . . . *La Revue Mondiale* has also something to say on the Secret Science, otherwise, on occultism in the presence of science and letters, and it begins, like Léon Denis, by confessing that the doctrines of materialism have received their death-blow, while once decried spiritualism is conquering undreamed-of fields. The mystic thought of to-day is compared with that of Hellas, and the psychism of Greece is thought to have been enshrined for the benefit of initiates only in its Mysteries and their Holy Places.

Miss Mabel Collins explains the mission of the Theosophical Society in its American official organ, *The Messenger*. It is defined as "the reformation of the world." The ship launched in 1875 is affirmed to have carried a golden argosy and—it is added—carries it still, so that if the mission should fail in the end, the fault would not "be with the society but with the individual members." As to the argosy itself, it is represented as "communion with the Supreme," a knowledge of which cannot be communicated by preaching but by the Christ-life. . . . *Anthroposophy*, described as a Journal of Higher Science, and representing English interest in Dr. Steiner's movement, has completed its first year of existence with a sixth number. It contains articles on the Christ of Nazareth from the standpoint of Dr. Steiner, on the work of anthroposophy and on its "fruits in life." There is further a defence of vegetarianism from the standpoint of spiritual science. . . . *Il Mondo Occulto* of Naples discusses Divinatory Magic, Natural Magic, the "science of prognostication" and the subject of *incubi* and *succubi*, in connection—curiously enough—with the phenomena of Spiritualism.

REVIEWS

PRENTICE MULFORD. By Eva Martin. Pp. 76. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 2s. net.

It is a fatal habit to judge the value of a book by its size. This is a small volume, but one of great interest and of real use to all who are interested in the "New Thought movement," and in its great pioneer. The story of the life of Prentice Mulford, sailor, gold-miner, school teacher, and, above all, religious philosopher and thinker, occupies the first half of Miss Martin's delightful book. The remainder of the volume is devoted to an appreciation of his philosophic position as expressed in his essays. Miss Martin is not a bigoted devotee of Mulford. She recognizes the "redundancies, crudenesses and general lack of grace and polish" which detract from the value of his essays from the literary standpoint. But she is equally ready to commend his directness, his freshness, his originality and his courage. We can give no higher praise to Miss Martin than to say that to read her book is to be driven inevitably to the works of Prentice Mulford himself.

H. L. HUBBARD.

THE HIDDEN SELF AND ITS MENTAL PROCESSES. By H. Ernest Hunt, author of "Nerve Control," etc. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THE term Psycho-analysis has for most people a vague and even a highly objectionable association; nevertheless, the subject is so much "in the air" that it is highly desirable that the popular mind should be correctly educated in regard to its wider meaning. Mr. Ernest Hunt, in the present volume, has set himself the task, and has admirably carried it out. He addresses himself to the tyro, and defines clearly and concisely the region of mind, conscious and unconscious, according to the doctrine of modern psychology. He shows what a great part the association of ideas plays in our mental "make up," and indicates the extent to which early surroundings, habits, and even casual impressions, influence subsequent years of life. The Jesuits have a saying: "Let us educate a child until he is seven. You may have him all the rest of his life." To the truth underlying this may be added another: *Tout savior c'est tout pardonner*. Avoiding unnecessary scientific terminology, the author explains such technical terms as Rationalization and Sublimation, Conflict and Dissociation, Projection and Identification, and other hard words dear to the heart of the educationalist, while his chapter on Education itself contains many practical suggestions for the forming of character, and for the harmonious blending of these separate rays of our complex personality, which is the object of all systems of ethics and religion. In his chapter, "The Method of Psycho-analysis," Mr. Hunt defines the various means by which the unconscious is brought to the surface and encouraged to express itself, but he is careful, and here one heartily agrees, to deplore, emphatically, the resort either to psycho-analysis or hypnotism by any but the most high-minded and highly qualified persons. In the right hands it is claimed

that the true psycho-analysis may be a great force for good in the treatment of incipient insanity and various unbalanced states of mind. The concluding chapter deals with the psychology of nations, our own little island in particular, and so appropriate is it to the present time that I beg to commend it to every reader's attention.

Mr. Hunt is to be congratulated on having tackled the difficult subject of psycho-analysis with tact and skilful judgment.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THOUGHT-COIN. By Bart Kennedy. Pp. x + 219. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

MR. BART KENNEDY needs no introduction to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. Not many issues of this magazine appear without some contribution from his pen. Many of our readers find in his articles a real inspiration and the suggestiveness which appeals to the mind no less than the soul. Many others, too, who are not readers of this Magazine will delight to possess this volume of Mr. Kennedy's essays. In his Introduction Mr. Ralph Shirley tells us a little of the life-story of the essayist, of his adventures, and his work. This is of great value as giving the reader an insight into the moulding forces which have influenced the literary work as well as the philosophy of Mr. Kennedy. He is an artist who is not afraid to face life as it is. He is overwhelmed by the wonder and mystery of life—and all the time he sees mankind following wills-o-the-wisp and missing the true purpose and glory of life. He yearns over the wanderers and would readjust them to the stern realities of life. Many subjects are treated in this book—material and spiritual, mystical and practical, and all are dealt with faithfully and fearlessly.

The author's general attitude is perhaps best summed up in the first paragraph of his essay on "The New Religion." "If," he says, "you want to get at the cause of war you must look at man as he really is. To blame him is not to the point at all. To blame simply means that you object to a thing because it is as it is. And to adopt this attitude towards a problem means that it is impossible for you to get any further. If science were to go on like this, science would never have got anywhere." What Bart Kennedy wants to do, in short, is to understand. He does not so much seek to solve problems as to teach an attitude of mind towards them which will help to their eventual solution. He illustrates his points by reference to his own experience, and one can see that his philosophy is drawn not so much from books as from life itself. Our author has written many books on many different subjects, but nothing quite so intimately revealing or so full of suggestion and insight as the present work.

H. L. HUBBARD.

THE SYMBOLISM OF COLOUR. By Ellen Conroy, M.A. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE study of colours and their meanings is one of perennial fascination, and though a good deal of disagreement exists on points of detail between various authorities, the subject is being gradually developed, so that the student should soon have a definite ground-work to go upon in his investigations. Miss Conroy is a very firm believer in the power of colour—in its influence upon both mind and body, in sickness and in health.

Certainly some interesting experiments have been made of late years in the therapeutic use of colour, but one feels that the science is still in its infancy, and that much yet remains to be discovered.

The attribution of the colour green to Mercury will be rather puzzling to astrological readers, who usually connect yellow with this planet and green with the planet Saturn. But this is one of many points yet requiring to be cleared up. Of yellow Miss Conroy has some interesting things to say. She takes it as the symbol of unity—"unity in affection, unity with the spiritual powers of the universe, unity with the Sun of Righteousness Who comes with healing in His wings"—and sees in the modern love for all shades of yellow "a sign that the world is now striving after unity."

The chapters on red, blue, black and "the language of the rainbow" are equally full of interesting and suggestive matter, and the charm of the book is very much enhanced by the delightful quotations with which the author illustrates her theories. Every one who is at all interested in the subject should procure this book, for, as Miss Conroy points out, "just as the mathematician can reach greater truths by means of his symbols, so the mystic by his can attain to the highest realms of ecstasy"—and, of all symbols that exist, colours are undoubtedly among the most potent and valuable.

E. M. M.

THE HUMAN TOUCH: WITH FANTASY AND POEMS. By L. A. Compton Rickett. London: George Routledge & Sons. Price 5s.

MR. COMPTON RICKETT, whose *Divine Drama* and *William Morris* I reviewed previously, presents the public with an attractive new volume, enhanced with an introduction. There are introductions *and* introductions, I admit, as witness those of Sir Walter Scott. Yet, the preface to *Vanity Fair* is as fine as the book itself, and in Mr. Compton Rickett's case, there is no portrait of the author thrown in gratis, whilst the foreword itself is from the pen of that delightful Irish poet, Katharine Tynan.

Mr. Compton Rickett begins with two plays, *The Human Touch* and *The King of Hearts*. Of these, I prefer the latter. The former is anti-vivisectionist, and it is so difficult to preach and be artistic at the same time. No Pavlova could dance the swan dance with propaganda in her pocket. *The King of Hearts* is as original as it is fantastic. A city company only recovers its prosperity by applying fairy-tale methods to commerce! The theme teaches the great moral that there are no bigger fairy tales than the lives of men. Some varied verse in divers moods completes this miscellany of plays and poems.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

WHEAT AND TARES. By Annie M. March. London: Arthur H. Stockwell. Pp. 94.

DEATH and bereavement and the future life are the main themes of these verses, which, though fluently written, have small claim to be considered as poetry. It is difficult to criticize them, for they are obviously sincere and inspired by real feeling, and may succeed in bringing consolation to the hearts of some whose experience has been similar to that of the author.

The book contains a number of pieces on subjects connected with the war, and a few more uncommon ones descriptive of life in Java. But

the dominant note is one of resignation, faith and hope, and a firm belief in the reality of the life beyond the grave.

“ When I am dead, no tears, but songs, I pray—
 Blest songs of glory, songs to cheer my way ;
 Songs that may rise and float to heaven's clime,
 Swelling the angelic chorus—grand, sublime !
 Dear songs, sweet bells, love, light—all sorrows fled—
 Oh ! sound no passing bell when I am dead.”

As the writer points out in a short foreword, her verses vary considerably in merit and in style, for which reason the title, “ Wheat and Tares,” was chosen. E. M. M.

THE WEAVER. By Ethel M. Ward. London : Erskine Macdonald, Ltd. Pp. 28.

A PLEASANT little collection of songs of country sights and sounds, with a drawing of the village of Shottery as frontispiece. Some lines from the first poem will give an idea of the general style and scope of the book.

“ I gather my threads—the purples and reds
 From sweet wild rose and heather,
 The yellows and browns from Cornish downs
 In golden Autumn weather.

“ I gather my threads—fine silken threads
 From the mist at early morn,
 From harebell hues I pluck my blues,
 And weave them in with corn.”

“ What is Music ? ” and “ A Sprig of Gorse ” both show a dainty fancy and considerable facility of expression, while the closing verses, “ War-Blind,” are dedicated to the memory of “ the boys of the Royal Warwicks blinded in the Great War.”. The author is a real nature lover, and Cornwall and the Cotswold Hills seem to be rivals for the first place in her affections. E. M. M.

THE MAGIC POWER. By Tillie McLean. London : Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. Pp. 271. Price 8s. 6d. net.

THE theme of this rather improbable story is the finding of true happiness through the “ magic power ” of Love, but the characters are for the most part lacking in life or reality, both they and their surroundings being imperfectly visualized. It is quite a shock to realize, through a casual reference on p. 26, that the first part of the tale is laid in Cornwall, for no impression of the individual beauty of that lovely county has been given us ; while it is almost equally difficult, at first, to grasp the fact that the heroine is a married woman, so little do she and her husband seem to have to do with one another, though we are told that he adored her. The story contains a number of familiar “ novelists' types ”—the reserved, good-looking Englishman, “ a lover of all kinds of sport, with a keen sense of honour ” ; his charming young Irish wife, wayward and wilful ; the weak, unreliable brother, prone to gambling, and easily led astray ; and the “ villain,” dope-fiend and hypnotist combined, whose diabolical use of his powers is the cause of all the trouble between husband and wife. There are also many scenes of the worn-out family novelette type, as, for instance, that between Alice, John Dunn and Varco, the villain, in the conservatory.

"The primitive man alone was alive in John Dunn. Alice knew that if George was to live she must interfere quickly. 'John,' she said, 'for my sake spare him. Think of the scandal there will be about my name if you kill him.' At her words John Dunn loosened his hands and raised himself, and with a kick of his foot he said: 'Go, you dog.'"

Again we are given such descriptions as this:—

"One of the largest mansions in Belgravia was brilliantly alight—motor after motor drove up and deposited its freight of fair women, resplendent in the latest creations."

If the author would only avoid such stilted and conventional phraseology, and write in simple and natural language, she would create a much better effect. The most real person in the book is Mrs. Cardew, whose "Higher Thought" views have a marked influence on several of the other characters—not excluding the villain, in his latter days—and in the expression of these views Mrs. McLean is obviously at home and on sure ground. Her presentment of them is at times both fresh and incisive, and one feels that she would do better in short essays and articles on these subjects than in the so much more exacting novel-form.

E. M. M.

L'ETERNUEMENT DANS LA MAGIE, *l'Ethnographie et le Folk-lore Médical.*

Par P. Saintyves. 8vo, pp. 148. Paris: Emile Nourry. Price 12 fr. 50 c.

BEHIND the time-honoured "God bless you" invoked on anyone who sneezes there extends a world of folk-lore, and there are also curiosities of yawning. M. Saintyves, who has travelled some contiguous fields and byways previously—for example, on occult medicine and therapeutic magic—has made a division of his subject into two parts. He considers it, so to speak, generally in the first of these and seeks to determine its significance and implications from the ethnographic standpoint, as also from that of superstition, prognostic and the folk-lore of old customs. His views are illustrated by a great many examples collected from all quarters. But in his second part, having finished with interpretation and hypothesis, he presents an ingathering of curious beliefs and myths derived on a large scale from folk-lore sources, and much credit is due at least to his patience. Whether such pains are justified by anything that emerges from the research is perhaps open to question, but as a storehouse of quaint curiosities it is entitled to a place and will be found readable by those who are drawn to its subject. Without pretending to know, as I have not made an exploration on my own part, it looks as if the author may be held to have fulfilled his task exhaustively, or if there is anything further to be found in obscure places that it may be left reasonably to repose.

A. E. WAITE.

LE COMTE DE GABALIS, *ou Entretiens sur les Sciences Secrètes.* Sq. 8vo, pp. lxxiii + 261. Paris: La Connaissance, Galerie de la Madeleine.

OPINIONS may differ on the esoteric value of the famous *Comte de Gabalis*, but there is no question as to its curious interest, which has been marked by the appearance of successive editions during a period of two hundred

and fifty years. A considerable number have either passed through my hands or have been inspected by me at least. As regards the present one, it is excellent in every respect, surpassing all its predecessors in critical and bibliographical value. M. René-Louis Doyen, whose name is known otherwise in occult literary circles of Paris, must be felicitated on his editorial work, and the publishers for the manner in which they have printed and produced the text. The type in particular is beyond praise for clearness. What is most important of all is, however, the manner in which M. Doyen has determined once and for all a variety of points which have been left unsettled previously. He has established the date of the first edition, being 1670, and it happens to be a vital matter, because it puts an end to an old accusation, namely, that the author, Abbé Montfaucon de Villars, borrowed much of his material from *The Key to the Cabinet of Signor Borri*, which, on the basis of this assertion, has been regarded as an original treasury of occult lore. The *Key*, however, did not appear till 1681, so that the literary pirate is Borri, who annexed and translated into Italian the first two *Entretiens* of the *Comte de Gabalis*. As in view of the numerous editions and the renderings—good or bad—few students of occultism are unacquainted with the work, I need say only that it popularized in a guise of frivolity and even ridicule the notion of elementary spirits inhabiting the four imputed elements of old physics and discussed their alleged commerce with human beings. The hypothesis of such *êtres intermédiaires* is treated at large by Paracelsus, from whom De Villars derived. Paracelsus on his own part drew from German folk-lore. There are certain *Nouveaux Entretiens*, otherwise well known, included in the present edition. They are much inferior to the first, and though according to their title they deal with occult science, they embody in reality a tiresome debate on Descartes and his "new philosophy." It must be added that the Abbé de Villars, according to his "portrait" in the prefatory part, can be described only as a scandalous priest of his period, and was even condemned *in absentia* as a murderer. He himself was assassinated on the road to Lyons in 1673 at the age of thirty-five years.

A. E. WAITE.

SONGS OF THE OPEN. By Teresa Hooley. London: Jonathan Cape.
Price 2s. 6d.

MISS TERESA HOOLEY'S name is familiar to every nature-lover. As with all who read in the mysterious book of Mother Nature, a mystic charm runs through her verse. It is just this broken note which makes the nightingale a superlative lyrist and the lark God's chief musician in the great priesthood of the dawn. . . . Miss Hooley is a curious mixture of emotions. She is religious or Pagan at will, like all the untrammelled daughters of song. She has also been influenced by Egypt, and her "Dawn: Upper Egypt" contains the following poignant lines:

"Gleam on gleam in the veiled dawn
The feet of the Gods are but half withdrawn;
The Colour fringes their garments' hem,
And the stones of the desert remember them."

In these few words Miss Hooley has captured that most elusive of all mysterious things—the atmosphere of Egypt.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.