

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE problem of Atlantis\* with which Mr. Lewis Spence deals in his just published work, is only partially concerned with the question as to whether or not there was an island continent in the centre of the Atlantic Ocean—this indeed is practically conceded now by the first geological authorities. Its interest lies even more in the question when this continent disintegrated, and if, and how far, European and Egyptian civilizations, as also the early civilizations of Central America, are indebted to the inhabitants of such a continent. With regard to the periodical prehistoric immigrations into Europe of which we have evidence in recent discoveries,

especially in Western France, there arises a most important question with regard to whether the new-comers' original home was in the East or the West. Much has been heard recently about the Cro-magnon man, his highly developed intellectual type and his skill in painting and drawing, and the evidences as to his

\* *The Problem of Atlantis*, by Lewis Spence. Demy 8vo, with 16 full-page plates. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

cave life. Whence came this race which is supposed to have descended upon Europe twenty-five thousand years ago, and the traces of which are to be met with more especially in the Biscayan and Pyrenean regions? Sir Arthur Keith tells us that this was one of the finest races mentally and physically the world has ever seen. The height of the men of the race averaged something over 6 feet. Their shoulders were broad, the arms short in comparison with the legs, the nose thin and prominent, the cheek-bones high, and the chin massive. And yet some 23,000 years after their arrival in Europe the British islands were inhabited by people who were not greatly advanced beyond the state of the primitive savage. When the Cro-magnons first made their appearance they found themselves confronted by a race of a very much lower type than themselves—men of a low brain capacity, and not greatly superior to the highest type of ape—men who apparently quickly retreated before the superior strength and skill of the new-comers.

If this highly cultivated race arrived, as they appear to have done, on the western shores of Europe, is it not to be assumed that they made their way from land still further to the West? If we are justified in this assumption, we must ask the further question whether they arrived by land or by sea.

Mr. Spence holds that the Cro-magnons arrived by land, as we have no evidence, pictorial or otherwise, of their use of boats. This, however, is hardly to be expected in view of the scanty remains of this civilization which are our only guide. If the Cro-magnons had reached the intellectual level which the physical conformation of their skulls suggests, it is very difficult to suppose that they had not mastered the science of navigation at least to some moderate extent, and the conclusion that the author draws that as recently as 25,000 years ago there must have been a land connection between Atlantis and Europe seems to me therefore to be without due warrant.

However this may be, there is geological evidence to show that at some remote period of time there was a land connection both north and south between what is now Europe and North America on the one hand, and between Africa and Brazil on the other. But the period at which these vast changes in the distribution of sea and land on this portion of the earth's surface took place is a matter about which no general agreement exists.

Large tracts of the Atlantic both in the east and west afford

evidence of volcanic action on a gigantic scale. "It is," says Mr. Spence, "the most unstable zone on the earth's surface, where at any moment even to-day unrecorded submarine cataclysms may be taking place." The islands which emerge at intervals from this oceanic area are all volcanic in character, such for instance as Iceland, the Azores, Madeira, the Canaries, and the Cape Verde islands.

The depth of the ocean has constantly changed in these parts, and is still changing, as the result of volcanic action, to an amazing extent. In the summer of 1898, our author tells us, a ship employed for the laying of the cable from Brest to Cape Cod was trying to fish up a broken strand at a point 500 miles north of the Azores, and at a depth of about 1,700 fathoms. The grappling irons were caught on hard rocks and drew up fragments of

GEOLOGICAL  
EVIDENCE  
OF SUB-  
MERGED  
LAND.

an actual outcropping, sharp and irregular, of the nature of a vitreous lava. The lava in question, as is well known to geologists, could solidify into this condition only under atmospheric pressure. If formed under water it would have become crystallized. It appears, then, that the surface which to-day constitutes the bottom of the Atlantic, 500 miles north of the Azores, is now covered with lava which was once above the water line, and its submergence was evidently due to volcanic agency. Still further, through observations in connection with the eruption at Martinique and elsewhere, geologists have learned that lava exposed to the action of sea water will disintegrate to a known extent in about 15,000 years. The lava in question extracted from the bed of the Atlantic proved in this sense to be recent ; i.e. that it was undecomposed and must therefore have been the result of an eruption which occurred less than 15,000 years ago. It follows from these facts that what is now the bottom of the Atlantic ocean must have been above the sea level within this period of time. This submergence is probably only one instance among many others.

The Atlantic abyss, says Mr. Spence, seems to be of relatively recent date. Other collapses are known to have occurred there, the size of which staggers the imagination. Monsieur Termier holds that there was a North Atlantic continent extending from Scandinavia and Great Britain to Canada, to which was added later a southern band between Central and Western Europe, and the United States. There was also, he informs us, a South Atlantic or African-Brazilian continent extending northward to the southern door of the Atlas mountains, land being continuous from

South America to the Persian Gulf and the Mozambique Channel. Monsieur Termier believes that the end of this continental area came during the Tertiary Period, this connecting bank between Africa and South America having been submerged long before the collapse of those volcanic lands of which the Azores are the last vestiges. Geological opinions differ greatly as to the time at which the present distribution of land and water in the neigh-

VARIOUS  
THEORIES  
OF AN  
EARLIER  
WORLD.

bourhood of the Atlantic ocean took its present form. Sir William Dawson's opinion is that extensive submergences took place at the end of the great Ice Age not more than 10,000 years ago. Professor Gregory expressed the opinion that the Atlantic islands are fragments of an Atlantean continent, while the South Atlantic was formed, in his opinion, by the foundering of the plateau land between South America and Africa. Our present author holds the view that the last survivals of the mid-Atlantic continent were two islands which may be called respectively Atlantis and Antilia; that the submergence of Antilia of which we have the remnants in the West India Islands was subsequent to that of Atlantis; and that it is to Antilia that the prehistoric civilization of Central America and Peru is to be traced. It is noteworthy that all the Aztec traditions point to the introduction of a highly developed civilization into Central America *from the East*.

One of the main arguments for a land connection between America and Europe lies in the similarity of many species of insects, crustacea, molluscs, etc. on either side of the Atlantic. There are again species of lizards, such as the amphispæna, which

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BIOLOGY.

are practically confined to America, Africa and the Mediterranean region. The presence of these on both sides of the Atlantic and nowhere in Asia could hardly be explained except by some ancient land connection between the Old and New Worlds. Fifteen species of marine molluscs again are cited as living at the same time both in the West Indies and on the coast of Senegal, West Africa, and in these localities only. Such an apparent coincidence is hardly explicable except by the assumption of the existence of a maritime shore extending from the West Indies to Senegal. There is also similar evidence with regard to plant life. Monsieur Gattefossé, who has made a special study of the botanical aspect of the question, affirms that the Canaries, Azores, and Madeira have an existing flora comparable with that of Western Europe in Tertiary times, and that from the moment of rupture between

these islands and the European continent this flora has undergone a special localized evolution. It has also explicit relations with American flora. It is noteworthy also that there are various species of orchids which flourish only in the Canaries, Madeira, and America.

Mr. Spence holds the view that there were successive migrations from the Continent of Atlantis to Europe, and that the earliest of these dates back to a time when there was a land connection between the two continents. It is difficult to express an opinion on such matters where there are no historical records.

PREHISTORIC IMMIGRATIONS INTO EUROPE.

What we know of the Cro-magnons has been discovered principally through the unearthing of caves in the Biscayan regions of France and Spain. The Cro-magnons were evidently cave dwellers, and their caves are ornamented by innumerable paintings and in particular by sculptures and drawings of animals, such as bears, mammoths, horses, deer, bisons, etc., evidently all animals that inhabited Europe at the period in question. The Cro-magnon or Aurignatian man first appeared in South-West Europe at an epoch generally fixed at about 25,000 years ago. A noteworthy point in regard to these people is the resemblance between their physiological characteristics and those of the Guanches, a race which was formerly spread over the Canary Islands, and which preserved its characteristics long after its conquest by Spain

THE CRO-MAGNONS AND THE GUANCHES.

in the fifteenth century. These people too inhabited large, well sheltered caverns which honeycomb the sides of the mountains. Like the Cro-magnons, they decorated their ceilings with red ochre. The height of the men averaged some six feet, and their skin is described as being of a comparatively light colour with blue eyes. Mr. Spence contends that the Guanches of the Canary Islands were identical with the Cro-magnon race, that they were the original natives of the islands and survived the wreck of the continent of Atlantis, of which these islands once formed a part. "Like many animals and plants of these vestigial islands," says Mr. Spence, "the Guanche was cut off and marooned on them by a great natural cataclysm."

Another point of interest in connection with this race is that the celebrated ethnologist, Ridley, gives it as his opinion that the Basque people of the Pyrenees speak a language inherited from the Cro-magnons. As is well known, this Basque language

has no linguistic affinities with any European tongue, while it has affinities with certain American languages. As Dr. Farrar observes in his *Families of Speech*, "the Basque language resembles in its grammatical structure the aboriginal languages of the vast opposite continent, and those alone." "It seems to me," says Mr. Spence, "that the geological as well as the archæological evidence makes it more than clear that Cro-magnon man was the first of those immigrant waves which surged over Europe as the great continent in the Atlantic experienced cataclysm after cataclysm, partial submergence or upheaval."

THE  
MYSTERY  
OF THE  
BASQUE  
LANGUAGE.

It appears that about 16000 B.C. the Cro-magnons of France and Spain were reinforced by a second wave of immigrants, who had perfected the art of their predecessors. If the former of these immigrations was from Atlantis, there is little doubt that the

THE MAG-  
DALENIANS.

second came from the same quarter. These later immigrants were clearly people who lived to a great extent by fishing, in connection with which they introduced the harpoon of bone. The centre of this (so-called) Magdalenian culture was still the Biscayan and Pyrenean region, and the Dordogne, though its ramifications extended later on as far as Germany and Austria and even apparently to Britain, which was, as is well known, up to a late period connected by a land bridge with the European continent. A third immigration followed the first two about 10000 to 8000 B.C., according to the calculations of the most approved archæologists. This was the Azilian-Tardenoisian, so-called from the name of the Pyrenean locality in which their remains were first found.

"This people," says Mr. Spence, "brought with them a flint culture of their own. They worked surprisingly small flints shaped into fish-hooks, and possessed a geometric art which was undoubtedly the parent of the Arabesque. They painted strange symbols on pebbles and introduced the bow and arrow. They spread round the Mediterranean basin, gradually moving northward. The men were dressed in short trousers, and wore feather head-dresses, the women wore short skirts and caps, and both were lavishly covered with ornament." Traces of their

THE  
AZILIANS  
OR  
IBERIANS.

sojourn are also found in North Africa and South-Western Europe. Azilian burials invariably show the face turned to the west. The body when buried was smothered in ochre. Travelling northward, they spread over Britain and Norway. They also overran the Iberian

peninsula. They are traced as far as Egypt in the east. The question arises whether this Azilian-Tardenoisian invasion is that referred to by Plato in connection with the story of Atlantis, the invasion which he says was finally repulsed by the ancestors of the Greeks, who are held to have achieved a similar success in this connection to that which their descendants obtained against the Persians at a later date.

Very various views are held as to the point of the compass from which these people descended upon Europe. The conjecture has even been hazarded that the cradle of their race was in Africa. But on the assumption of the accuracy of the Atlantean hypothesis, they might well have been a third wave of immigrants from the same quarter as the first two. Certainly they overran Northern Africa, and their characteristics are to be traced in a more or less modified form in the physiognomies of modern Egyptians, Nubians, Somalis, Berbers, etc. This race so widely scattered has generally been termed the Iberian. The Iberians of the Roman era were known as Atlanteans, on account of their having their (presumed) headquarters near the Atlas range. It is curious to note that when we first hear of Poseidon in the *Odyssey* of Homer he has just gone to receive sacrificial offerings from the Ethiopians, i.e., the inhabitants of Northern Africa, identical with these Iberians. "The Ethiopians," as Homer says, "who are divided into two parts, those who live towards the rising and those who live towards the setting sun," the expression embracing the whole of North Africa from Egypt to what we now term Morocco.

Whatever we may say with regard to the previous immigrants into Europe, these Azilians were indisputably navigators as well as fishermen. There is a tendency to put down races who knew practically nothing of the arts and crafts of a later civilization, not to mention more scientific accomplishments, as little better than savages, but the evidence of remains we find of them, and especially their cranial development, tends to show that races of a comparatively high intellectual standard roamed over the earth at a very early period, living a life, at least in Europe, under very primitive conditions. Possibly they may have left behind on an Atlantean continent a parent stock which had all the appliances and conveniences of a more highly developed civilization. In finding themselves cut off from their home among more barbarous surroundings, they may have lost contact with these. The matter is purely one for conjecture, nor indeed, outside Plato's

SAVAGE OR  
CIVILIZED ?

romance, have we any real knowledge of the degree of culture to which Atlantis itself may have attained. One thing at least is clear. The highly developed type of man does not necessarily imply a high general level of civilization, if by civilization we mean the conveniences and scientific accomplishments of our modern life. It is an open question whether the Roman of the days of Cicero, Cæsar, and Augustus, was not quite as fully developed intellectually as the European of to-day, but the Roman knew nothing of much that has become for us the commonplace necessities of everyday life. They were without the printing press, the railway train, the steamship, the telegraph, the ordinary methods of locomotion of to-day. They had no glass to their houses. They had neither clocks nor watches in the modern sense. They were not even in possession of the numerical system by which we make the most ordinary calculations. It may be doubted, however, if to-day we have poets as great as Virgil or Horace, to say nothing of Homer, or orators as accomplished as Cicero or Demosthenes. It is perhaps in scientific invention and in that alone that the present age has greatly outstripped its predecessors.

To some of us the vastness of the upheaval which the destruction of Atlantis involved will make the whole episode appear incredible, but though there has been no such catastrophe within historical times, still greater ones are recognized by geologists to have taken place in the dim and distant past, at a period when the earth was less stable and solidified than it is at present. Whether such a catastrophe might occur again is a moot point. The actual basic material of the earth's structure is a matter of considerable uncertainty. The usually adopted theory is that it is composed of three concentric zones: a nucleus of nickel and iron, variously assumed to be solid, liquid, or gaseous ;

WHAT IS  
THE EARTH  
COMPOSED  
OF ?

a stratum superimposed upon this, believed to be in a liquid condition, and thought to be composed of silica and magnesia ; and above all an outer solid crust composed of silica and aluminium.

These three strata are respectively termed by geologists the "nife," "sima," and "sal." This sal is generally held to be a crust of unequal thickness, thinner where there are ocean basins, thicker where there are masses of land. Others, however, have advanced the (surely incredible) hypothesis that the continental masses float in the liquid sima, like icebergs in an ocean. There is at the present time a tendency for America and Europe to drift further away from each other, and this



tendency may quite possibly have been greater at an earlier date when conditions were less stable.

Mr. Spence would explain similarities between aboriginal Central American traditions and those of Europe, by the assumption that there were migrations both east and west from Atlantis and Antilia, and that the races which originated in Atlantis carried their ideas, traditions, customs and civilization as far as Egypt on the one hand, and as far as Peru on the other. Certainly the account of a deluge and general catastrophe in the Popul Vuh, which is our main source for the traditional history and mythology of the Quiche people of Central America, is strikingly reminiscent of the overthrow of Atlantis.

The narrative commences with an account of the creation of the world. First of all existed the Former, the Mother and Father of all living beings, the Cause of Existence, the Maker of everything worthy. At first there was nothing. No earth existed, only the silent sea, and the spaces of the heavens, only the Old Ones, the Serpents covered with Green Feathers and Blue Feathers—that is, the gods of sky and sea. These took counsel with Hurakan, the Heart of Heaven, the wind-god, the hurricane, and made the solid land, filling it with trees, plants, and animals. Then they made mannikins carved out of wood. But these were irreverent and angered the gods, who resolved to bring about their downfall. Then Hurakan caused the waters to be swollen, and a mighty flood came upon the mannikins accompanied by a thick, resinous rain. Great birds appeared and tore out their eyes and bit off their heads, their very domestic animals and household utensils jeered at them and made game of them. The unhappy mannikins ran hither and thither in their despair. They mounted upon the roofs of their houses, but these crumbled beneath their feet. They tried to climb to the tops of the trees, but the trees hurled them down. Even the caves closed before them. So they were almost utterly destroyed, and the remnant of them became monkeys, dwelling in the woods.

This looks uncommonly like a semi-allegorical record of the foundering of the mid-Atlantic continent, which, if this account contains more than a germ of truth, may well have meant the destruction of the centre of civilization of those days and the throwing back of the progress of the world by something like ten thousand years.

Mr. Spence is dubious about Plato's date for the destruction of Atlantis, and suggests that no city or civilized state of Atlantis existed at the period he mentions, i.e. some 9600 B.C. It is not quite clear why he adopts this view, or why he postulates the founding of Atlantis as late as 7000 B.C. in view of the fact that he assumes the (Cro-magnon) immigration of a highly civilized

and intellectual race at such a very much earlier date. It looks indeed as if the later emigrants from the Atlantean continent were less highly cultured than their predecessors. The suggestion seems rather that at the date named by Plato the period of Atlantean decadence had set in, and we might hazard a conjecture that by 7000 B.C., the hypothetical date of its foundation, according to Mr. Spence, the continent of Atlantis was but a memory of the distant past. Where, however, evidence is so sparse and so unreliable, there is obviously room for infinite divergence of opinion. Plato's account, already summarized in a previous issue of this magazine, must obviously be taken with a grain of salt, but there is probably more in it than Mr. Spence realizes. Plato may have imported the names of Greek gods into the story, but the citing of Poseidon as the supreme Atlantean deity is obviously of the very greatest significance. "Poseidon," says Mr. Spence, "is god of the sea, a suitable ruler in an oceanic area." Here he entirely misses the vital point. Poseidon was first and foremost the earth-shaker, and he is scarcely ever alluded to in Homer without this epithet. He was, in short, the god who presided over that very sort of catastrophe by which Atlantis was overwhelmed. Owing to their disobedience and neglect of his worship, their god, Plato would suggest, turned against his votaries and employed his accustomed methods to compass their destruction. I have alluded elsewhere to the invariable relationship between volcanic eruptions and oceanic areas. Few things are more significant in connection with this than the fact that Poseidon, the sea deity, should have as his constant appellation an expression which leaves his patrimony of the sea entirely out of account, and simply alludes to him as the producer of earthquakes. It rather looks, indeed, as if Poseidon was merely secondarily the god of the sea, i.e. that in the first instance he was the god of earthquakes and volcanic upheavals, and the connection of these with the ocean shores and the ocean bed led to his sceptre being transferred to that element to which vast upheavals of the kind have throughout all history been almost entirely confined.

There are necessarily many points in Mr. Spence's interesting and very suggestive work which I have not even touched upon. The author draws interesting parallels between the construction of ancient Carthage and the description of the capital city of Atlantis as described by Plato. He traces the story of the Flood

in many different literatures and traditions, and in two interesting chapters gives reason for supposing that ancient Egypt was in its first inception a colony of Atlantis. He compares Egyptian and Central American pyramids and other monuments, and also their methods of mummification, and draws attention to strange parallels between the Egyptian Book of the Dead and what is called the Mexican Codex Vaticanus A. We may not all of us follow the author in all his ingenious theories and hypotheses, but enough, I think, has been outlined by me of the subject-matter of this fascinating work to make it clear that the student of prehistoric research will find in it a mine of interesting and suggestive information. The field is altogether too wide a one for me to do more than touch upon certain salient points of interest in the present brief notice.

Having already published two articles from divergent points of view with regard to the much-discussed Mahatma Letters, I cannot find space in the present issue for a further article on the subject, but I have received permission from Mr. Basil Crump

to quote from some explanatory notes which he has sent me, dealing with this matter. Certain of his observations lay particular stress on a point I emphasized in my Notes in the last issue, with regard to the error which the Theosophical Society made in its early days in raising the alleged Masters to the position of demigods. Mr. Crump quotes a very satirical letter from H. P. B. to the late Dr. Franz Hartmann on this very subject, the passages of which bearing on the question run as follows:—

Well, in New York already, Olcott and Judge went mad over the thing ; but they kept it secret enough then. When we went to India their very names were never pronounced in London or on the way. . . . When we arrived, and Master coming to Bombay bodily (i.e. Master Morya) paid a visit to us at Girgaum . . . Olcott became crazy. He was like Balaam's she-ass when she saw the angel ! Then came Damodar, Servai, and several other fanatics, who began calling them " Mahatmas " ; and little by little, the adepts were transformed into gods on earth. They began to be appealed to, and made puja to, and were becoming with every day more legendary and miraculous. Well, between this idea and Olcott's rhapsodies, what could I do ? I saw with terror and anger the false track they were all pursuing. The Masters, as all thought, must be omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. If a Hindu or Parsi sighed for a son, or a Government office, or was in trouble, and the Mahatmas never gave a sign of life—the good and faithful Parsi, the devoted Hindu, was unjustly treated. The Masters knew all ; why did they not help the

devotees? If a mistake or a flapdoodle was committed in the society—"How could the Masters allow you or Olcott to do so?" we were asked in amazement. The idea that the Masters were mortal men, limited even in their great powers, never crossed anyone's mind, though they wrote this repeatedly. It was "modesty and secretiveness," people thought. "How is it possible," the fools argued, "that the Mahatmas should not know all that was in every Theosophist's mind, and hear every word pronounced by each member?" That to do so, and find out what the people thought, and hear what they said, the Masters had to use special psychological means, to take great trouble for it at the cost of labour and time—was something out of the range of the perceptions of their devotees.

It is clear from this that H. P. B. took a very sane view of the "Masters" who, she maintained and believed, were at the back of the Theosophical movement, and greatly resented that idealization of them which soon brought such ridicule on the Theosophical Society. There has apparently always been a tendency to transmute into Angels or Saints those who have passed over to the other side, and no religion is less free from this pernicious habit than Christianity itself. Thus among many Christian sects the wife who nagged her husband mercilessly in her lifetime, once she is safely buried, is looked up to as a saint in heaven! It has been repeatedly pointed out that the trans-

CAN THE LEOPARD—? <sup>ference of the consciousness to another plane does</sup> not alter the essential characteristics of a person, but this obvious fact is very slow in penetrating the brains of the orthodox, and however much we may think we throw off the shackles of the past, we probably all of us remain tinged to a greater or less extent with our old orthodox superstitions. Thus, too, the freedom of the "Masters" from the normal conditions of everyday life, assuming their intervention in the affairs of the Society to be an actual fact, has led to their exaltation in the eyes of the ignorant to a position of wisdom and authority which they certainly never appear to have claimed, and which Madame Blavatsky was most emphatic in repudiating on their behalf.

# TAPU AMONG THE MAORIS

BY HORACE LEAF

IN common with other Polynesian races, the Maoris stand at what may be called the apex of primitive evolution. When the Pakeha (white man) arrived in New Zealand the Maori was living in the neolithic, or more recent, period of the stone age. Cannibalistic and ignorant of the art of making pottery, his high mentality had nevertheless compelled him to endeavour to discover the meaning of existence and the nature of the human soul. Doubtless his natural genius for introspective thought and mental abstraction weakened the Maori's mundane aspirations, and was partly responsible for the persistence with which he maintained antiquated methods of industry and uncultured social customs.

The amazing genius of the Maori for personification, as revealed in his elaborate religious system, arises from an essentially mystical and mythopoetic temperament. Many of his conceptions appear to the western mind mere childishness, although they are often not inferior to beliefs still prevailing among occidental races, while some, indeed, are superior. Out of a strange medley of religious ideas he has evolved noble conceptions of *post-mortem* purification of the soul, and a Supreme Being untainted by human passions. It is a curious commentary upon the vagaries of human nature that these whilom cannibals, who felt not the slightest compunction in devouring the bodies of their victims, and who did not hesitate to inflict fiendish tortures on their helpless enemies, developed conceptions of the after-death state superior to those of many cultured people! Their allegorical myths of the golden path of Tane, the creator of man; of the protection of the souls of the dead by the fair Dawn Maid; of the celestial maidens welcoming the souls of the departed to the uppermost heaven, are excellent evidences of their fine sense of spiritual justice and mercy.

Among the most important of the Maori's religious beliefs is that of animism. He believes not only in human and nature spirits, but attributes life and personality to natural objects, although not always a separate soul. Recently, while motoring in the "thermal region" of North Island, New Zealand, I witnessed striking evidence of the powerful hold this notion

still has upon him. As we passed along the famous Hongi's Pass, we saw a large tree regarded by the natives as sacred, so that none would venture to pass it without making an appropriate offering, for fear of incurring ill-luck. These offerings took the form of fern-leaves plucked from surrounding trees and carefully placed in a natural cleft in the sacred plant. An idea of the earnestness with which these offerings were made was afforded by the great pile of dead fern-leaves lying near, having been taken from the cleft to make room for others. One magnificent fern tree had been practically denuded of its leaves by the faithful devotees, many of whom were no doubt nominally Christians.

Associated with animism is the complicated belief in tapu, a system of religious prohibitions against the use, and even approach, of certain things. The extent to which these interdicts go is extraordinary, virtually binding the lives of the believers in invisible bonds. Few essentials in the life of the Maori seem to have escaped this mysterious power, so difficult to define. Its nature appears to be purely spiritual, but so potent that it is believed to be able to work miracles. Even in these unbelieving days, when the influence of the sceptical white man has changed so much the life of the Maoris, few would have the temerity to risk incurring the devastating effects of tapu.

In the native village of Whakarewarewa I saw the truth of this statement well illustrated in the form of a beautiful translucent natural pool of boiling water fenced round so that no one should touch it lest a curse should fall upon him and the village. This tapu was caused by an unfortunate Maori falling into the pool some years ago and being boiled to death. Some of his remains were gathered from time to time as they floated to the top of the water, for his body had been sucked under the ground by the strange currents for which these remarkable pools are often noted. The loss to the villagers of this valuable pool must have been considerable, as it could have been used for numerous household purposes; yet, since the fatal night when their compatriot met his terrible doom, no Maori has dared to touch it.

All my efforts to obtain a clear explanation of the meaning of this particular tapu were unavailing, no one seemed able or willing to explain it to the strange pakeha. "The man was killed by its waters," was always deemed a sufficient answer. The impression made upon me was that, so deeply rooted in the Maori mind is the belief in tapu, that to violate it would inevitably work evil on the violator by the mere force of suggestion, and thus convey the impression to the uncritically minded that the tapu

had worked, for the Maoris are a very imaginative race. Probably after the lapse of a certain period a qualified tohunga (priest) may render the pool noa (free from tapu) by the performance of suitable ceremonies and the utterance of a karakia (incantation). Only then will the water be free from the baneful influence.

Maori beliefs concerning the possessing, causing, and removing of tapu are complex and instructive, showing how strongly these people embraced the doctrine of the divine right of kings. In the old days chieftains were regarded as descended from the gods, and therefore as possessing the essence of the gods, "which is tapu"; nor has this belief entirely died out. Although a chief might lose his temporal power, he never could lose his spiritual powers by means of which he often held the exalted rank of upoko-ariki (high-priest). In common with ordinary chiefs and priests, an upoko-ariki was believed to possess the mysterious power of mana, allied to, but not so great as, tapu, and very varied in its influence. By means of it luck, position, success, prestige, and similar things could be obtained or conferred by the fortunate possessor. Mana may be regarded as a mediumistic quality, as it was derived from atua (ancestral spirits), and through their agency increased, diminished, and even made to cease. It enabled the possessor to exercise power over inanimate objects "as is seen in the ability of the tohunga to crush a stone in his hand by force of will." By the same means he was believed to be able to make a blade of grass wither or grow green again. Even the elements, thunder and rain, are said to have responded to his commands.

So confident was the tohunga of the efficacy of his gifts that he would often undertake to settle land and other disputes with its aid. It seems impossible that any rational being should have believed this method of adjudication reliable; yet the tohunga undoubtedly did, for they were quite prepared to subject their own claims to this strange test. If, for instance, a dispute arose over a piece of land to which the priest laid claim, he would offer to visit the disputed spot with the other claimants, prepared to relinquish his right if rain and thunder did not support him. According to Maori accounts, the other claimants generally received nothing more than a severe drenching from the thunderstorm that would suddenly arise for the purpose of teaching them the folly of disputing with a man of mana. Once the priest's claim was established to the land, or whatever the object might be, it became tapu to himself, and no one dared touch it.

This mysterious force, mana, bestowed various kinds of

faculties and powers on the possessors, making one useful for acquiring success in war, another in peace, and *vice versâ*. Sometimes it bestowed the gift of seership, and sometimes the ability to perform, with special efficacy, ceremonial rites and incantations. An individual might be born with the gift, and thus possess naturally what another might spend a lifetime trying to cultivate ; but all could lose it through different causes. To be taken captive by an enemy invariably destroyed the power, while unworthy conduct, such as meanness of spirit, inhospitality to strangers, injustice to menials, or the disregard of customary observances, might all prove fatal. This, no doubt, accounts to some extent for the majestic bearing and air of self-restraint characteristic of the Maori chieftain and tohunga. No party of Maori warriors of high repute and undaunted courage would submit to the authority of anyone whom they deemed mean and incapable, as his mana would be correspondingly weak or entirely lacking.

The contention that inanimate objects have a life element made it possible for the Maori to regard weapons and similar things as having their mana. Many of these objects appear to have derived their supposed virtue from contact with human beings, for weapons that had been long possessed by famous heroes were believed to become invisible to all except their owners. In any case, it was a firmly established notion that weapons that had been successfully used by notable warriors became impregnated with the spirit of the warriors, and were considered more valuable than other weapons. This is, of course, related to the universal belief in what may be called the "law of psychometry," or, more commonly, "sympathetic magic"—the notion that a thing that has once been in touch with a person is always, in some occult way, connected with him.

It is surprising how deeply rooted this belief is even among ourselves. I have known most unimaginative people shun objects that had belonged to a suicide, evidently under the impression that his association with them had impregnated them with his own unfortunate or wicked nature. On the other hand, I have witnessed the greatest anxiety on the part of competitors at a rowing regatta to obtain possession of the sculls used by a brilliant oarsman, obviously because they thought that something of the champion's own indomitable spirit and skill had been imparted to the wood.

The Maori, however, carried his ideas much beyond this simple stage, for by means of such objects he believed that even the



future could be foretold. Feather ornaments, for example, that had been worn by some great chief could, by varying flashes, foretell the result of battles in which the owner purposed engaging; or the particular object would, when special incantations had been uttered over it, slowly turn about when laid upon the ground, in that manner revealing the information desired. These valuable possessions were usually handed down from father to son as revered *mana-tunga*, or heirlooms.

Needless to say, *mana* added greatly to the power of the possessor's *tapu*. Even without this addition the prohibitions of *tapu* were terrible, especially in the case of an *upoko-ariki*. Should he touch anything he was sure to impart to it some of his *tapu*, and it then became dangerous to any other person. In consequence, the *ariki* had his own place of abode, his own attendants and utensils; all his personal belongings were carefully guarded lest they should be touched by any common person, thus desecrating the *tapu* of the high-priest, bringing the meddling person under its ban, and rendering him unfit to touch food or mingle with his fellows in case the *tapu* be communicated to them. He had, therefore, to be made *noa* again. Wilful desecration of *tapu* would ensure the wrath of the gods, and even ignorant infringement might have equally disastrous results. In support of this the Maoris will recount stories of which the following is an example:

A slave once finding *kumara* (sweet-potatoes), cooked and ate them, afterwards discovering that they had belonged to a great *rangatira* (chief) and were consequently *tapu*. On learning this he was immediately seized with pains, and died. This, says the Maori, is sure proof of the efficacy of *tapu*; but the sceptical westerner will see in it nothing more than the destructive power of suggestion. Even the Maori has reason to doubt that the same results would have followed had the slave not discovered that the potatoes had belonged to a *rangatira*.

Not only were common people prohibited from approaching an *ariki*, or anything belonging to him, but he himself had to pay careful attention to his own movements. If he went to places frequented by people, such places became *tapu*, too sacred to be trodden on by any but himself and his equals; nor could these places be used again until made *noa*. The *ariki's* power must, therefore, often have been as disconcerting to himself as to his tribesmen. No wonder some of them felt it to be more of a bane than a boon, and were as glad to get rid of it as some of the Highlanders of Scotland are of their strange faculty of "second

sight." What could have been more irksome than having to avoid, for instance, all common pataka (food-stores), in case one's shadow fell upon them, making it necessary to destroy them and their contents!

The upoko-ariki, on account of his high-priesthood and chieftainship, a most powerful combination, must have found his psychic functions particularly irksome. Little could be done by his tribe or sub-tribe without his aid and benediction. He was first in war, ruler in peace, and dispenser of the law, for, in addition to having been taught the lore of the whare-kura (school of the priests), he had the wisdom of his ancestors and the guidance of the gods. Agricultural operations, fishing, and burials were regulated by him; he prepared the tuau (war party) for battle and released it from the tapu of blood on its return; he blessed the crops, laid the offerings on the altars of the gods, superintended the birth of children, and was the "medium" of the gods.

All tohunga appear to have been regarded as mediums in the spiritualistic sense. When visiting one of the native villages I had an interesting conversation with a Maori woman on the subject. She had taken us to see the tohunga-whare (priest's house), and I inquired what the priest's particular functions were. Among those she mentioned was that of "communicating with the gods for us," meaning the common people.

"Who are the gods?" I asked.

"Our dead friends and relatives," she replied.

"Why does the tohunga communicate with them for you?"

"To obtain information."

"Then you believe the spirits of the dead revisit earth?"

"Yes."

"What is their reason for doing so?"

"To guide, comfort, and help us."

I found this woman was not a spiritualist and knew very little about that movement, although she assured me "the tohunga is our medium." It was evident that she held beliefs of a spiritualistic nature. Indeed, it is well-known that all forms of psychic phenomena familiar to spiritualists and psychical researchers have long been practised by the Maoris.

Among the stupidities of tapu practices are the following: A warrior might never carry cooked food except in his left hand, nor leave his weapons in such a position that cooked food could be passed over them, for fear of harmfully affecting their utility and endangering his life. No woman should be present at the building of a whare (house), and no one except the priest or

chieftain should climb on the roof of the whare, especially when a sacred person was inside, unless the climber had greater tapu. Therefore, an ariki could, should he wish to be so undignified, climb upon the roof of his own whare or that of a tohunga, although a tohunga was prohibited from climbing upon the roof of an ariki's whare. An exception might be the son of an ariki if the ariki had married a wife as high born as himself. The tapu qualities of both parents were believed to combine in the person of the offspring, making him superior to his father.

One of the most remarkable instances in which a violated tapu is said to have recoiled on the violator and those connected with him, is the almost entire destruction of the Ngatirongitihī tribe through the eruption, in 1886, of Mount Tarawera, New Zealand. This is said to have occurred through a curse passed about twenty generations before by Tama-o-Hoi, a tohunga whose presiding deity was Rua-au-Moko, the god of volcanoes, especially in relation to the mana of Mount Tarawera. The curse arose out of a quarrel between Tama and another tohunga named Ngatoro, who had been going through the country annexing different parts for his tribe, newly arrived in Ao-tea (New Zealand) from Hawaiki, the original unknown home of the Maoris. Ngatoro ascended Mount Tarawera with a view to annexing it, when he encountered Tama, who dwelt there, and objected to Ngatoro's proceedings. They finally fought to the discomfort of Tama who indignantly vowed vengeance on his enemy's tribe, calling upon the god of volcanoes to assist him. The eruption of 1886, with its terrible consequence for the descendants of Ngatoro, is said to have been the indirect outcome of this, for a later quarrel took place between two members of the two tribes in which the curse was repeated and apparently took almost immediate effect. I have been assured by white residents in the neighbourhood of Tarawera that the Maoris knew in some unaccountable way that the volcano would erupt, as for several weeks before the outburst of what was regarded as an extinct volcano, there took place a steady exodus of Maoris from the district because Tarawera was going to "spit fire."

The exceptions were the members of Ngatoro's tribe, who were wrapt in a false sense of security although they were situated in a most exposed position should the volcano explode. The result was that their two villages, lying snugly on the shores of Lake Tarawera and near the foot of the mountain, were completely buried by lava, one person only—an aged tohunga—escaping destruction.

# PAN

BY D. W. JENNINGS

*[The names alone of people and town in this story are fictitious. In every other respect it is a record of fact, related exactly as these extraordinary events took place.]*

I HAVE listened to stories of the occult with impartial mind, neither rejecting nor accepting the explanation offered by their narrators. The potentialities of the human mind have not yet been fully probed by the psychologist, and until we know more of the powers of the subconscious mind it is perhaps premature to ascribe certain untoward happenings to invisible beings who, for good or evil, interest themselves in us or our environment.

This was my attitude of mind in July two years ago. I can neither explain nor forget the extraordinary sequence of events I am about to relate, and if any reader possesses knowledge which will throw light upon them I shall indeed be grateful to learn of it.

I was accustomed to spending a night or two, whenever I could conscientiously escape other duties, with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Cavell. They were comparatively new friends—I had only met them six months previously—but with Marian Cavell, literary and artistic, and a great nature lover, I soon became very intimate.

They had a charming old Elizabethan house, "Newton Grange," four miles from the small town of Headingley, and in the summer I spent a great deal of time with them because of the river which flanked their grounds.

One evening in July my sister Marjorie and I motored over for dinner and stayed the night.

As usual we sat talking until after midnight, and it must have been about 1.30 when I reached my bedroom. Marjorie had retired quite an hour and a half earlier and was fast asleep, and it was not long before I was in the same happy condition.

It seemed I had not been sleeping long when I was awakened by Marjorie.

"Listen!" she cried, "what is that noise?"

Very sleepy and only conscious of my sister's lack of consideration in awakening me, I muttered something about it not matter-

ing and turned over to renew my slumbers. But she gripped my shoulder and insisted on my listening. Something in her voice arrested my wandering attention, and I heard a regular thud—thud—thud apparently coming from the floor below. My first impression was of *something with hoofs*—a mythical creature like Pan—or a man with a wooden leg tramping along the stone-flagged corridor to the central hall and then returning, passing through the butler's pantry and out into the long avenue towards the high road. It was certainly a great noise to make in the middle of the night, but probably some little thing had occurred in my host's domestic arrangements which necessitated it. I looked at my watch. It was 2.30.

"How long has it been going on?" I asked Marjorie.

"It woke me up quite ten minutes ago," she said. "I shouldn't have disturbed you—only I feel there is something strange about it."

The footsteps had died away down the avenue and I was about to make some flippant remark on the state of her nerves, when the thud—thud—thud began again immediately below *without returning from the avenue*. Whoever or whatever it was seemed to enter the house by the butler's pantry, pass through the swing doors dividing the servants' quarters from the rest of the house, tramp along the stone corridor to the main hall, and return the same way out into the yard and down the avenue.

As I heard the stamping footsteps begin again, the fourth time within the house, scarcely twenty seconds after they had died away down the avenue, I realized I could not sleep without an explanation of this apparently inexplicable thing, but I could not let my sister see that I was uneasy, for I would not do anything to add to her alarm.

Our bedroom lay at the extreme end of one of the three wings of the house. The corridor outside our room was about 60 feet in length, and a shorter corridor linked it up with the rest of the house. Immediately below this latter corridor lay the flagged passage on the ground floor which echoed and re-echoed with these curious footsteps. The passage was some distance away from our room, but owing I suppose to the stillness of the warm summer night the noise filled our bedroom with its thudding rhythm until it seemed loud enough to wake not only all the inhabitants of the house but the whole neighbouring village. The deafening row seemed on the increase, but that was probably due to my growing alertness. Longing for sleep, and annoyance eventually conquering my alarm, I said:

“ Well, we can’t sleep with this abominable noise. Run along and ask Marian what it is. I expect it is one of the servants doing something which might be done some other time. In the country all sorts of things, like pumping, go on at night.”

It was a vague, unconvincing remark, but Marjorie got up obediently, went to the door, where she hesitated for a moment, looking down the corridor. Afterwards she confessed she feared that something was going to blow the candle out. No one except ourselves was sleeping in this wing and our hostess’s room lay the other side of the building.

It was not long before Marjorie returned.

“ I did not get as far as Marian’s room,” she said. “ I stopped at Nurse’s door. The poor old soul was quite startled when I woke her. She said it was the cistern that makes that noise.”

If I had not been so eager to return to my slumbers and ready to jump at any explanation which would allow me to do so, I should have questioned this statement. But as my sister returned to bed, the echoing steps seemed to become fainter and fainter and presently died away—or I dozed.

At breakfast the next morning I laughingly referred to our disturbed night and described the noise we had heard. To my surprise my host, with a glance at the old nurse and his little son, abruptly changed the conversation.

Later, when we were walking round the grounds, he said, turning to his wife :

“ I can’t explain that noise, can you, Marian ? ”

She shook her head.

“ I’ve never heard anything such as you describe since we have been at the house, and cannot understand it.”

We then held a council of war. My host and hostess agreed that such an extraordinary occurrence needed investigation. Whilst we were talking Tom Cavell remembered a friend of his in Maidenhead who made a study of psychic phenomena. He would drive in with me he said and persuade him to come over for that night if possible. I myself was unable to return until the evening of the following day—much as I wanted to be present that night.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was with great eagerness to hear the result of the “ investigation ” that I arrived at “ Newton Grange ” the following evening.

Elaborate preparations had apparently been made to discover the author of the disturbance. Cotton had been tied across the

swing doors leading from the servants' quarters to the stone passage; sand laid down to receive the impression of hoofs or wooden leg. Incense had been burned and a general purification had taken place of that part of the house by means of Eastern mantrams.

Tom Cavell and his friend, George Arkwright, had slept in the bedroom used by Marjorie and myself, and though awake the main part of the night, had heard *nothing*. This was discouraging, as I had expected some result, however small, which would throw light upon the terrible footsteps of the preceding night.

As my host seemed disinclined to sleep again in the room or investigate further, I was delighted when Marian suggested that she and I should sleep there. I would not have slept in that room alone despite my desire for an explanation of the disturbance, but with her I felt I had a splendid ally. She suggested that on hearing the footsteps we should come out and investigate, and if, as she thought possible, they were due to some unhappy earth-bound spirit, we should question it and try to help it. I heartily agreed, not for the ghost's sake, but for those who were likely in the future to suffer from nervous troubles due to its noisy method of locomotion.

We retired about 2 a.m. thinking it wiser to be awake when the noise began, for waking suddenly we were more likely to lose our presence of mind. We nobly strove with sleep until 2.30 and then her answers to my remarks became fitful and wide of the mark and I myself slipped off into dreamland.

It must have been less than half an hour later that I awoke—fully alert in an instant without any intermediate state of dreamy consciousness. A sense of imminent danger oppressed me, but I heard no sound. As I lay apprehensive, waiting, ready for action, my whole attention concentrated on the return of the rhythmic terrible footsteps, I suddenly saw through all the intervening walls into the main hall on the floor below.\* At the foot of the stairs stood a *tall angel* with its arm upraised as though barring the way to *something* or *someone* who was striving to mount the stairs. I could not see what it was, for the angel stood between, with its long wings folded close to its body, its head bowed as though watching something which stood beneath. I never questioned the reality of what I saw, although the existence of orthodox angels with wings had not, even in my wildest flights of imagination, ever been conceived as possible. An impression that the angel was guarding me came forcibly as I watched.

\* I have since heard this described as momentary clairvoyance.

Then the vision faded and I became conscious that Marian was not in the bed with me. In the summer darkness I saw her restlessly moving about the room, and I wondered if she had heard or seen anything. I would not speak lest I disturbed any approaching phenomena. I still listened, and presently, when Marian returned to the bed, I simulated regular breathing in my anxiety to prevent her speaking. All the conditions seemed ripe for an explanation of these terrible footsteps if only they would begin.

Nothing further, however, occurred that night. After about an hour's watchfulness I fell asleep.

The next morning I questioned Marian and told her of my vision. Apparently she had seen and heard nothing, but Tom and Arkwright at the breakfast table thought my vision significant.

Night followed night, and despite further attempts to solve the mystery nothing more transpired.

One evening, two months later, I went to "Newton Grange." Seeing the French windows open which led to the lounge I entered the house that way instead of by the main door. As I stepped into the room I became conscious of something oppressive in the atmosphere—something evil, or at least inimical to human welfare. Tom Cavell was smoking and reading in his favourite arm-chair, and, as he saw me, rose and greeted me in his genial way.

"What do you think of Marian's latest fad?" he questioned smilingly, jerking his pipe towards the corner of the room farthest from the window.

I looked in the direction indicated and saw on the top of a tall cabinet a tiny statue of Pan. Before it burned the flickering light of a small sanctuary lamp, which in the dusk threw grotesque shadows like dancing fauns about the shrine. Leaves, flowers and fruit were draped around the polished top of the cabinet, making it a fitting setting for the woodland god.

I regarded it with horror.

"Take that thing out into the garden *at once*," I cried. "*That* is Pan's domain, not *this*!"

Intuitively I knew the source of the oppressive, evil presence. A memory of the thudding noise that July night returned, and I remembered my first impression of hoofs had been vaguely associated with a being of the nature of Pan.

Something in my voice must have aroused my indolent host, for he hurriedly and unquestioningly executed my command. When the statue was outside I breathed more freely. Marian



entered as Tom returned, and I explained why I had acted in this manner. For the moment she was sad at the breaking up of her shrine, but my earnestness impressed her sufficiently for her to step out through the French windows and carry the dethroned god still further away.

"I have put him in the Copse," she exclaimed when she returned. "He is remote enough from the house now for his influence to be negligible—my poor Pan," she added with a note of regret in her voice. "I think I must model a faun or two to keep him company."

"But there is something far more important to discuss," said Tom Cavell. "Marian's book is out."

"And she has the greatest pleasure in presenting you with a copy, with her dearest love and compliments," she said.

Joyously his wife picked up a book from a half-open parcel which stood on the table and placed it tenderly in my hands.

It was a small, artistically bound volume of verse which she had been writing ever since I had known her, and I rejoiced with her that it was at last reaching the public.

Hoping that reviews would be kind I turned over the pages, pausing to read one which she very kindly said had been inspired by myself. I was about to make some complimentary remark when, on the opposite page, I saw "To the Great God Pan." Not only one, but several of the poems I discovered were in part or wholly concerned with the worship of Pan. I had known that Marian was a great nature lover, but it came as a surprise to me that she should pour out such a wealth of adoration at the feet of the pagan god. It savoured too much of adherence to some new or ancient cult.

Both these incidents, however, soon faded from my memory and it was not till six months later that I had reason to recall them. One afternoon Marian Cavell called on me, and her usual pleasant manner was marred by a constraint which I had never observed before. I greeted her frankly, but her eyes as they met mine looked not quite normal.

"Anything wrong, Marian?" I asked in concern.

"I want to tell you something," she began abruptly, without replying to my question, "I have never told a soul, and I would never tell you, but I feel that perhaps you could help. Over and over again I have been about to tell Tom, but he would not understand, and I shall not blame you if you fail to do so. Yet if I do not share my secret with some one I may go mad."

Realizing something terrible must have occurred for my courageous, well-balanced friend to speak in this manner, I led her to a comfortable chair and sat down beside her.

"Tell me, dear,—you know I will help if I can," I said consolingly.

Then she commenced a strange tale which, if I had not known her to be singularly free from "nerves" and imaginative disorders, I should have attributed to a distraught, unbalanced mind.

"Night after night for over a year," she began, "a hooded figure has come to my bedside and has urged me to enjoy life, cost what it may. There is no immortality, it says, and all that men hope for after death is but a fantasy conjured up by those who have missed what life could give. As you know I have found in Ridgeway (a mutual friend who was often at the Cavells) many of the qualities which Tom, good as he is, lacks, and I know Ridgeway is fond of me. The figure urges me on to accept Ridgeway's love. I have answered that even if there be no immortality, for the sake of others, I will keep straight, and that he gives the lie to his own words by his very presence, for he is not mortal. He tells me he belongs to another order of beings, but for such as me there is no future life. I have refused to accept his statements and replied to his arguments with counter arguments, but sometimes I have felt I could endure it no longer. Yet I have never awakened Tom, although the impulse to do so has sometimes been more than I could withstand. Somehow I felt it was something I must conquer myself, and so I have faced and answered this dreadful being night after night, hoping that each visit would prove to be its last."

As she spoke I remembered the night we slept together and the vision of the angel preventing *something* from coming up the stairs and the impression that it was protecting *me*. Marian, I recalled, was restlessly moving about the room. Had she felt this Thing calling to her and could not sleep?

"Last night, however," she continued, "its power seemed to increase. I've never been afraid of it—I've never known what fear was—but last night, soon after it came, it seemed to take me away with it. We floated through the air a long, long way over cities and sea and came to Greece. As I saw the Acropolis beneath me and the horrid modern houses which had recently been built I felt it was desecration. Greece, the home of beauty, had fallen into the hands of Vandals. As we descended into the street another figure seemed to float down beside us. Together

we reached a house and entered a room. A woman looked up at me, startled and haggard, and said sorrowfully :

“ ‘So they’ve got you too !’

“ I said ‘ What do you mean ? no one has got *me* ! ’ I turned to the door by which we had entered and found it locked. The hooded figures had vanished. In the opposite corner of the room was another door, and I hurried towards it, but the woman interposed.

“ ‘ Wait,’ she cried. ‘ There is escape by that door, but it means either Annihilation or Life. I have been here for long ages, but I have never had the courage to go through that door.’

“ ‘ Better annihilation than remain in *their* power,’ I returned vehemently, and flung open the door. A pall of darkness lay before us, but without pausing I plunged into it and I felt she was following me.

“ I had scarcely taken half a dozen steps when I found myself in the full sunlight, and as I stood blinking there the two hooded figures swooped down through the air and stood beside me. But their power was broken. I knew it and rejoiced, and presently I found myself back in my own bedroom.”

I had listened half incredulously as she spoke, and if it had not been for my own inexplicable experiences at “ Newton Grange,” I should have been inclined to dismiss her story as something subjective which a visit to a psycho-analyst would put right.

But I realized that in some unconscious way, through her interests or her environment, she had fallen into the power of some forces which were certainly not of the highest. I could not fathom what they were, but they were obviously connected with Greece and probably attracted to her through her extravagant worship of Pan. I was astounded that she could have endured so long such a terrible visitation without confiding in some one who could help. Remembering “ There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy,” and feeling really alarmed about my friend, I returned with fervour to the safety of Christian teachings.

“ You have come into contact with something which apparently still exists of the cult of Pan either here or in other realms, and without being able to explain such things, I feel that the only protection possible for you is to go into the nearest church and dedicate yourself to Christ, asking *His* help in your extremity.”

I dare not let her know how concerned I was about her

spiritual welfare, for if it were possible to contact such terrible beings, to what lengths might their power not extend?

Promising me in a curious lifeless way to do what I asked, she left me. The parting malicious smile she gave seemed to be that of a stranger, and I felt for a moment that she hated me. Surely this strange woman could not be the Marian I loved?

Some power seemed already obsessing her, and in an agony of mind I fell on my knees and prayed to Christ that His power should conquer that of this terrible being who was striving for Marian's soul. Ignorant of any other method by which I could counteract his evil influence I prayed on and on until far into the night.

The following day Marian came again to see me.

"Whoever he is," she began without any preliminary greeting, "he hates *you*."

A sense of joy came to me as I saw her face less strained.

"Yes," I cried triumphantly, "I have been opposing his power with all my strength—and he knows it. Oh, Marian dear, why did you leave it so long? Didn't you ever realize the danger of delay?"

She shook her head with a wan smile, then continued:

"I went into a church on my way home, as you told me, and last night when he came I told him I was not afraid of him or his power, and commanded him in the name of Christ to go. He struck at me with something in his hand, and if I had not moved my head I do not know what would have happened, for there was a big gash in the pillow this morning in the place where my head had been!"

Despite this further attack I felt the battle had been won, and so it proved.

Whether it was her self-dedication to Christ, her renunciation of Arthur Ridgeway's devotion or her sudden abhorrence of Pan, or some other factor which entered in—I do not know, but the visits of the hooded figure ceased, and never since, although I have slept many times in the end room of the west wing, have I heard or seen anything which could disturb the rest of the lightest sleeper.

# THE FIXED STARS IN ASTROLOGY

By W. GORNOLD

FEW among even the versed students of the ancient science of astrology will be aware of the great deal that can be written about the stars and constellations until he has read Mr. Robson's book on the subject. Among modern students the ground covered by this exposition is very largely a *terra incognita*, and the great bulk of information on the nature and influence of the Fixed Stars has to be dug out of Ptolemy and the old Greek and Latin authors. The late Mr. A. J. Pearce was singular among modern exponents of astrology in his consistent use of the Fixed Stars as portents in horoscopy, but there were contemporaries who declared that their personal experience was against the idea of any such influence existing, and one author went so far as to say that, owing to the great declinations of most of the Fixed Stars, they could not form any aspects, a conclusion which is sufficiently erroneous to encourage us to question the value of his experience regarding their reputed influence.

That there is proof of the action of the planets of our system one upon another does not extend to cover the hypothesis of stellar action upon our planet, but conceivably the stars which make up the various constellations, not only along the ecliptic line but also north and south of it, may find a *point d'appui* on our terrestrial globe by means of the sun, which is a Fixed Star in itself and therefore belonging to the same system of sidereal overlords. On the other hand, a star or sun may exist for itself alone, and may "look down upon us from its so lofty sphere" very much as a great mastiff might survey its litter of cubs, in proud complacency. But the facts of astronomy, so far as they appear to be established from observation alone, seem to point to the conclusion that the solar system, considered as a unit, has a motion of its own in space, and answers presumably to the gravitational pull of a remote centre somewhere in the region of the Pleiades. In such case we can understand that the system has an orbit of its own, and following the analogy of the planetary bodies, moves in an ellipse about one of the foci. This involves the idea of a perihelion and aphelion, and therefore of acceleration and retardation, from which we may at once argue the approxi-

mate eccentricity of the orbit by reference to the observed acceleration of the precession of the equinoxes. If we can establish this relationship of our sun with one of the Fixed Stars we may go further and refer the proper motions of other suns or stars to their respective gravitating centres, and thus the whole manifest and visible universe of worlds becomes one vast constellation whose members are linked together by invisible but unbreakable bonds. In a new and extremely interesting work on this subject of the stars,\* Mr. Robson claims no degree of originality in regard to the various ascriptions of stellar influence in human life—the idea of influence apart from human cognition is not involved—but he certainly has succeeded in making a most thorough tabulation of all the material that is accessible on the subject, and has invested his subject with distinctive interest by applying it to the horoscopes of notable subjects whose lives and fortunes are well within our present knowledge.

Thus it is shown that at the birth of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, which occurred on January 27, 1859, at 3 p.m., Berlin, the ascendant of the horoscope was in conjunction with the star Pollux. This is number 37 in the list, better known to astronomers as *Beta Geminorum*, a star of the first magnitude and of the nature of Mars. This would astrologically account for the martial flair so strongly evinced by the fallen monarch. On the midheaven of the horoscope and in conjunction with the planet Neptune, we find the star Markab of the nature of Saturn and Jupiter, which endangers a great inheritance by means of revolution. The taste for poetry and the fine arts displayed by the ex-Kaiser is quite suitably indicated by the conjunction of Mercury with the star Vega, the great star in Lyra, which is of the nature of Venus and Mercury combined. It has been observed that at the outbreak of the war in 1914 the star Regulus, of the first magnitude and of the nature of Mars and Jupiter combined, was on the ascendant of the horoscope for that year. On this point I cannot refrain from quoting the very apposite dictum of Guido Bonatus concerning the influence of this star: "Consideration 145—That thou seest in diurnal nativities whether Cor Leonis (Regulus) be in the ascendant, that is to say, in the Oriental line or above it one degree or below it three degrees; or whether it be in the tenth (House) in like degrees without the conjunction or aspect of any of the Fortunes (Venus or Jupiter); for this alone signifies that the native shall be a person of great note and

\* *The Fixed Stars and Constellations in Astrology*. By V. E. Robson, B.Sc. London: Cecil Palmer, 49 Chandos Street, W.C.2. Price 7s. 6d.

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power, too much exalted, and attain to high preferment and honours, although descended from meanest parents. And if any of the Fortunes behold that place also, his glory shall be the more increased; but if the nativity be nocturnal, his fortune will be somewhat meaner, but not much; but if the Infortunes (Uranus, Saturn, Mars) cast their aspects thereto, it will be still more mean; but if the Fortunes behold it also they will augment the good promised a fourth part and mitigate the evil as much; yet still, whatever of all this happens, it signifies that the native shall die an unhappy death; or at least that all his honours, greatness and power shall at last suffer eclipse and set in a cloud."

In the horoscope of the ex-Kaiser we find Regulus rising in 1914 in square aspect to the moon and Uranus, which are in opposition to one another at birth, and on August 21 in that year there was a total eclipse of the sun, from which it was predicted that "the Kaiser will gather the Dead Sea fruit of an inordinate ambition, the Hohenzollerns will bite the dust, the Empire is going to an eclipse!"

The position of this star corresponds with the solar date August 21, and the eclipsed sun was therefore exactly on the place of Regulus (the Ruler). During the rule of this eclipse there were more rulers swept off their thrones in the dust-cloud raised by the Great War than has happened at any time in history. In this particular, at least, the significance of Fixed Stars would appear to be justified. Close to this fateful date of August 21, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was born, his birth occurring on the 18th of the month in the year 1830, when the sun, moon and Saturn were all conjoined within orbs of the star Regulus. It is significant that the Emperor was born only four hours before an eclipse of the sun. The sun was close to the place of the star Al Fard, which means "the Solitary One," and being conjoined with the sun foretells "power and authority, but suffering through his own acts and from enemies, loss of position and honour, overcome by enemies." In this connection the following forecast reads with considerable point: "The horoscope is singularly unfortunate owing to the sun and moon being in the same sign in conjunction with Saturn, and a more fateful reign has never been so remarkably prolonged as that of Franz Josef. Tragedy after tragedy has stricken down his relatives until he now sits in sinister solitude waiting for the blow which shall end his eventful career. That blow cannot long be deferred, for at the present time (1914) the sun has reached a bad aspect of Mars and this eclipse (of August 21, 1914) sounds the tocsin

of war and also the dirge." In the year 1914 the ascendant was in the 3rd degree of Sagittarius, and in conjunction with *Beta Scorpii*, a star of the nature of Mars and Saturn combined, known as *Frons Scorpii* or the Face of the Scorpion, and its rising is associated with "danger, violence, trouble and sickness."

Another instance of the influence of Fixed Stars seems to arise in the horoscope of the ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm, whose recent *débouchement* from exile in Holland has caused a flutter in political circles. At his birth the ascendant was in Sagittarius  $9^{\circ} 30'$ , close to the star Antares, which our author remarks has a "decidedly martial and malefic nature." It is the rival of Mars, and in this rivalry is seldom fortunate in the end, for "it makes its natives (those born under its rays) rash, ravenous, headstrong, and destructive to themselves by their own obstinacy," a categorical statement, surely, of the character and fortunes of the prince.

Whether the various descriptions of the natures of the stars, to be found in almost all the old astrological works, are to be regarded as "fixed" as the stars themselves, is a point upon which empirical knowledge alone can decide, but inasmuch as the so-called "Fixed Stars" have a proper motion of their own in space, and thereby are effecting a sort of flux in the constellations to which they severally belong, it is possible that some modifications may be required, as much because of this gradual change of relationship among the stars as because of the changes that are gradually being effected in human life and polity. If we study the influence of the stars on the broader lines of politics, we shall no doubt find that they have a place in our national life equivalent to that which is noted in regard to individuals.

Then again, we have to take note of the fact that if the stars have specific influences such as those referred to, and have effect in the character and destiny of an individual, they must surely have an influence upon the earth itself and upon its atmosphere. We find indeed that the ancients made great use of the stars for the purpose of predicting the nature of the weather, but they also took into account the positions of the planets, which are continually changing from year to year, whereas the positions of the stars are practically unchanged for years together. But for aught we know to the contrary, it is just this influence of the Fixed Stars that may account for our seasons, or rather the normal weather chart of each of the seasons, and the planets may be but modifiers, or, as they are called in astrology, "moderators." Thus it may be normal to have rain about the time that



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the earth is passing the conjunction with the Hyades or Weepers, and also when in opposition thereto, and this seems to have been the expectancy of the ancients when those stars were rising with the sun, while of the Pleides it is said: "If they rise wet they will set fine, and if they rise fine they will set wet." So that whether we elect to make our researches in this matter of the Fixed Stars among individual horoscopes, or in relation to the destinies of nations, or yet in regard to meteorology, we are faced with a considerable task and a tremendously interesting one, which, indeed, could hardly be begun without bringing together the material data so ably collected and displayed in the book to which this article is directed, a book that reflects the greatest credit upon its author.

After noting the name and longitude of a star, the process followed is clear and direct, and may here be cited as showing the general arrangement of the work and also the mode of application employed by the author. He first notes all the stars of the first to fourth magnitudes which are in conjunction with, or in opposition to, the principal places in the horoscope of birth, such as the midheaven, ascendant, the places of the sun, moon, and planets. The nature of the star is then referred to in the classified Table of the Natures of the Stars, and is found to answer to the single or combined influence of one or more of the planets of our system, whose natures are commonly known to students of astrology. The planetary signature being thus determined, reference to the planetary key is made and the influence of the star is thus known. In this scheme Mr. Robson has followed the traditional signatures of the stars as defined by Ptolemy and others in terms of our planetary system, but it is clear that only an exhaustive research can establish this empiricism. Ptolemy does not reveal by what means, or from what source, he gathered his information about the Fixed Stars, though he explicitly refers to the respective influences of the several stars as "observed by the ancients." But now that the whole of the material pertinent to the subject has been collated and set in order in the very masterly manner of Mr. Robson, students of astrology should find little difficulty in coming to a conclusion as to what, if any, influence is exerted in human life by the Fixed Stars.

# JACQUES AYMAR, THE DIVINER OF LYONS

BY R. B. INCE

RHABDOMANCY as a means of divination is as old probably as civilization itself. Cicero, in his *De Officiis*, has a reference to it, showing that it was a popular cult among the Greeks and Romans. "If all that is needful for our nourishment and support arrives to us by means of some divine rod, as people say, then each of us, free from all care and trouble, may give himself up to the exclusive pursuit of study and science." \* Tacitus tells us that the Germans practised divination by means of rods. "For the purpose their method is simple. They cut a rod off some fruit-trees into bits, and after having distinguished them by various marks, they cast them into a white cloth. . . . Then the priest thrice draws each piece and explains the oracle according to the marks." †

During the Middle Ages the divining rod was believed to possess a quality that could be utilized not only for the discovery of springs of water but also for bringing to light hidden treasures, veins of precious metal, thefts and murders.

Basil Valentine, a Benedictine monk of the fifteenth century, gives seven names by which the rod was known in his day: Divine Rod, Shining Rod, Leaping Rod, Transcendent Rod, Trembling Rod, Dipping Rod, Superior Rod. Andreas Libavius, a physician of Rotenburg who wrote a book (*Praxis Alchymicæ*) attacking the claims of Paracelsus, undertook a series of experiments with the hazel divining rod, and concluded there was truth in the popular belief.

Dechaes, a Jesuit, asserts, in his monumental *Mundus Mathematicus*, that there is no means of discovering springs so effective as the divining rod. And Saint-Romain, in his *Science degagée des Chimères de l'École*, writes: "Is it not astonishing to see a rod which is held firmly in the hands bow itself and turn visibly in the direction of water or metal with more or less promptitude, according as the metal or the water are near or remote from the surface?"

\* *De Officiis*, lib. I, cap. 44.

† *Tacitus German*, cap. X.

Debrío, in his *Disquisitio Magica*, claimed for the rod the power of picking out criminals, and it is this claim which has to be considered in connection with the strange history of Jacques Aymar, whose exploits with the rod roused the attention of Europe to a subject which had not before attracted very much notice.

On July 5, 1692, at about ten o'clock in the evening, a wine-seller of Lyons and his wife were assassinated in their cellar. Arriving on the premises next day, the officers of justice found a blood-stained hedging-bill beside the corpses. Not a trace of the perpetrators of the crime was to be found, and the magistrates were at a loss as to where to seek some clue to the murderer.

In the parish of Crôle near-by lived a well-known diviner named Jacques Aymar. This man had practised frequently with his rod, and sometimes with unexpected results. On one occasion he was looking for a spring of water when the rod turned sharply in his hands. On digging at the spot, instead of the expected spring, the body of a murdered woman was found in a barrel, with a rope twisted round her neck. The body was identified as that of a woman who had vanished four months before. Aymar went to the house where the woman had lived and presented the rod to each member of the household. When he came to the husband of the deceased it turned. The husband promptly took to flight.

In 1688 a theft of clothes had been made in Grenoble. Aymar's powers having attained local notoriety, he was sent for. On reaching the spot where the theft had been committed the rod turned in his hand. He followed the direction the rod seemed to indicate, and it continued to move between his fingers so long as he pursued the course shown, but directly he turned aside it ceased to move. Guided by the rod Aymar went from street to street. When he came before the prison gates the rod gave no further indication. Aymar was admitted, and the rod then directed him to four prisoners recently admitted. The four were ranged in a line and Aymar placed his foot on the foot of each in turn. At the first the rod made no sign. At the second it immediately turned. At the third nothing happened, and just as he was about to apply the test to the fourth the prisoner owned up. He stated that he and the second prisoner had committed the theft. The goods, he said, had been deposited with a certain farmer near Grenoble. The magistrates and officers thereupon visited the farmer and demanded the articles. He denied all knowledge of the theft as well as of the articles.

Aymar thereupon applied the rod and discovered the articles, and they were restored to the rightful owners.

The magistrates of Lyons, at a loss as to where to look for the perpetrators of the murders in the wine-shop, urged the *Procureur du Roi* to make trial of the powers of Jacques Aymar. Having been sent for he admitted possessing the power to detect criminals provided he was first taken to the spot where the murder had been committed.

Aymar was then conducted to the cellar, rod in hand. When he reached the spot where the body of the wine-seller had lain the stick became violently agitated. The same agitation occurred at the place where the second body had been found. He then left the cellar and, guided by his rod, went out into the street following an unseen track like a hound upon the scent. It led him through the court of the Archbishopal Palace and down to the Rhone gate. It was now dusk and too late to follow the pursuit beyond the city gates.

Next morning Aymar passed through the Rhone gate and followed the right bank of the Rhone. The trail led him soon afterwards to a gardener's cottage. He entered and made inquiries. The fugitives, he asserted, had entered the room, seated themselves at the table and drunk wine out of the bottle to which he pointed. The proprietor denied all knowledge of these occurrences. Aymar then tested each member of the household with his rod. It gave no indication until he came to the two children, aged nine and ten. Over them it oscillated. On being questioned, they reluctantly confessed that during their father's absence and against his express commands, they had left the door open and two men, whom they described, had come in, seated themselves and drunk wine from the bottle indicated by Aymar.

Despite this measure of success the *Procureur* continued sceptical in his attitude. His reputation for intelligence, were Aymar to fail, was not likely to be enhanced. He therefore determined on a further test. Three bills of precisely the same description as that found in the wine-cellar were procured from the same maker, and the four were secretly buried in the garden. Aymar was then blindfolded by the controller of the province and led into the garden. The rod showed no signs of movement until it approached the spot where the blood-stained weapon was buried.

Thereupon the *Procureur* was so far satisfied that he authorized Aymar to follow the trail and granted him a com-

pany of archers for protection. Aymar then continued his journey down the right bank of the Rhone till he was about half a league from the bridge of Lyons. Here he found the foot-prints of three men in the sand. A boat was then obtained and Aymar and his escort embarked. He found a difficulty in following the trail on the water, and it became necessary to put him ashore at intervals. In this way he discovered the places where the criminals had slept. Travelling slowly down the Rhone he came to the military camp at Sablon between Vienne and Saint-Valier. Though he was afraid to use his rod in the camp lest the men should take it ill, he felt violent emotional disturbance while there; his cheeks flushed and his pulse beat with abnormal rapidity. Unable to do more without special authority he returned to Lyons. The magistrates then furnished him with the necessary powers and he again visited the camp. But without success. The murderers, he said, were not there. Continuing in pursuit he descended the Rhone as far as Beaucaire. Here he traversed several streets. It was the time of the Annual Fair and they were crowded. Finally he came to a standstill outside the prison gates. Sceptics might argue that no great display of divination is involved in searching in a prison for a suspected criminal. But such an objection is superficial in view of Aymar's undoubted success. Why should he have gone to the prison at Beaucaire rather than to the prison at Lyons or anywhere else? He declared that one of the murderers was within, and that he would track the others afterwards. He was then taken into the presence of the prisoners—some fifteen in number. To each of these in turn he applied his rod. It indicated a hunchback lately imprisoned for theft committed at the Fair. The other two criminals, he said, had left the town by the Nîmes road. He did not follow this clue, but returned to Lyons with the hunchback and escort. The hunchback loudly protested his innocence, declaring that he had never set foot in Lyons. On the way thither, however, he was recognized at the different houses at which he had called for food or lodging. At Bagnoles the host and hostess of the tavern where he and his companions had passed the night swore to his identity and described his companions. The description they gave tallied with that given by the gardener's children. The hunchback then shifted his ground. He no longer denied all knowledge of the affair but admitted having stayed at Bagnoles a few days before in the company of two Provençals. According to his version these men were the criminals. He had merely been

their servant, and had kept guard in the upper room while they committed the murders in the cellar.

The hunchback was tried at Lyons and found guilty. According to his version the Provençals murdered the wine-seller and his wife with their bills, then rifled the coffer in the shop, stealing 130 crowns, eight louis d'or and a silver belt. They then took refuge for the night in the court of the Archbishop's Palace. They left early next morning, only stopping for refreshment at a gardener's cottage. A little way down the river they found a boat moored to the bank. This they took and continued downstream to the camp at Sablon. From here they went on to Beaucaire.

Aymar was sent in quest of the other two murderers. He resumed the trail at the gate of Beaucaire. But delay had given the fugitives their opportunity. Alarmed at what had happened at Beaucaire they had lost no time in quitting France. Aymar traced them to the frontier. Unable to continue farther, he returned to Lyons. The hunchback was broken on the wheel in the Place des Terreaux on August 30, 1692.

There are several circumstantial accounts of the murder at Lyons and Aymar's exploits in connection with it. M. Chauvin, Doctor of Medicine, published a *Lettre à Madame la Marquise de Senozan, sur les moyens dont on s'est servi pour découvrir les complices d'un assassinat commis à Lyon, le 5 Juillet, 1692*. This letter was printed at Lyons in 1692. The *procès-verbal* of the *Procureur du Roi* (M. de Vanini) was published in a work (*Physique Occulte*) by the Abbé de Vallemont. Pierre Garnier, Doctor of Medicine of the University of Montpellier, wrote a dissertation on Jacques Aymar which was printed at Lyons in the year of the crime. Le Sieur Pauthot, Dean of the College of Medicine at Lyons, also published a description of the events of which he was an eye-witness. He wrote: "We began at the cellar in which the murder had been committed; into this the man with the rod (Aymar) shrank from entering, because he felt violent agitations which overcame him when he used the stick over the place where the corpses had lain. On entering the cellar the rod was put in his hands, and arranged by the master as most suitable for operations. I passed and repassed over the spot where the bodies had been found, but it remained immovable, and I felt no agitation. A lady of rank and merit, who was with us, took the rod after me; she felt it begin to move, and was internally agitated. Then the owner of the rod resumed it, and passing over the same places, the stick rotated with such

violence that it seemed easier to break than stop it. The peasant then quitted our company to faint away, as was his wont after similar experiments. I followed him. He turned very pale and broke into a profuse perspiration, whilst for a quarter of an hour his pulse was violently troubled ; indeed, the faintness was so considerable that they were obliged to dash water in his face and give him water to drink in order to bring him round."

So much interest was aroused by these events at Lyons that Aymar was invited to the capital. Here, it has been said by those who refuse to give credit to any abnormal phenomena that the diviner's powers failed him. But considering that his investigators played false with him all the time that he was at Paris, his failures there are hardly to be wondered at. The Prince de Condé sent him to discover the perpetrators of a theft of trout made in the lake. The clue led him to the cottage of one of the keepers. The rod pronounced the keeper guilty. A boy was afterwards brought to Aymar and said to be the keeper's son. The rod rotated violently in his presence. It then transpired that the theft of fish (if there was one) had taken place seven years before, and the lad was no relation to the keeper. Another investigator broke a window in his house and sent for Aymar on the plea that he had been robbed. Aymar indicated the broken window as the place where the thief had entered. He was then thrust out of the house as an impostor. Such were the methods by which scientific investigations into occult phenomena were conducted in the seventeenth century—as they too often are in the twentieth.

At present applied psychology has not advanced far enough to be able to throw very much light on a subject so abstruse. There appears to be a close resemblance between the mediumistic sensitive, the psychometrist and the water-diviner. This resemblance seems to be borne out by the physical disturbance felt by many diviners : they are at times affected so violently that the rod becomes a superfluity. Psychology, the youngest and most elusive of the sciences, confronted with such problems, cannot speak with any assurance. But vast strides have been made since Aymar was subjected to quite childish " tests " in Paris. Water-divining is now known and recognized to be an historical and scientific fact. So are the gropings into past and future of the trained psychometrist. The exploits of Aymar would appear to partake of both of these.

# CROMLECHS

By GEORGE AUSTIN

THE recent discovery, by means of aeroplane photographs, of the true direction of the avenue at Stonehenge, has revived interest in the Druidical stone monuments of Britain. The most fascinating of these, if we except such elaborate structures as Stonehenge and Avebury, are perhaps the cromlechs. Standing stones and stone circles have their attraction, and many theories have been advanced as to the object with which they were erected. Sir Norman Lockyer has made out a strong case for the astronomical theory of stone circles. In his view the circles were observatories, and certain stars rising over one or other of the stones, observed from the centre of the circle, warned the priests of the approach of equinox or solstice in order that they might prepare for their celebrations, and, moreover, tell the farmer what time of year it was and what crops he should be sowing or reaping. The priests were, in fact, the keepers of the calendar and the stone circles their astronomical instruments.

Standing stones, or *meini hirion*, are more difficult to theorize upon. A single upright granite pillar standing alone in a field offers little in the way of a basis for speculation, and the best help that local tradition can give us is, more often than not, a legend that the stone was hurled into its present position by some infuriated giant.

The cromlech or dolmen is constructed of three or more perpendicular wall-stones surmounted by a horizontal capstone. This capstone is often a block of immense weight: a cromlech in the parish of Constantine, near Falmouth, had a capstone whose greatest diameter was thirty-six feet and its width nineteen feet. It was computed by Borlase to weigh 750 tons. Ingenious theorists have demonstrated on paper how easily, by means of rollers and inclined planes, these huge masses were placed in position; the fact remains that to lift a stone weighing 750 tons without steam or hydraulic appliances would be difficult even for an architect of the present day.

The smaller cromlechs were sometimes heaped over with stones and earth, so that the structure presented the appearance



of a cairn or barrow whose side was pierced by a narrow passage. Sometimes a cromlech is found in the centre of a stone circle. Of the two circles within the huge rampart of Avebury, one contained a cromlech, the other a single stone.

The word cromlech is derived from *crom*—curved, circular, and *lech*—a stone, the upper surface of the capstone being generally convex.

No archæologist as yet has been able to explain satisfactorily the original use of the cromlechs, and we may therefore give our fancy free rein in reconstructing the Druidical mysteries enacted within them, unafraid lest the stern hand of official history should put an end to our imaginings. Sir Norman Lockyer points out the similarity between the orientations of British and Egyptian temples. The axis of the temple of Amen Ra at Karnak was oriented to the setting sun at the summer solstice; that of Stonehenge to the rising sun at the same time of year. This similarity would suggest that the priests of both religions attached some peculiar significance to the first or last beam of light from the rising or setting sun, and built their temples accordingly. The climax of their ritual was the moment when the ray, passing through successive pylons or apertures, entered the Holy of Holies. It is possible that the cromlechs in the centre of stone circles may be sanctuaries of this kind.

The term "solar worship" is misleading. It is difficult to imagine that either the Druids or the Egyptians, with their great knowledge of astronomy, could have worshipped the actual physical sun as the supreme God of the universe. Such a view would put their mentality on too low a level, whereas we know from such fragments of their literature as have come down to us, for example the Book of the Dead and the Triads, that they were advanced metaphysicians. They paid reverence to the sun as a physical symbol of the life-giving power; the entering in of the ray into the Holy of Holies was symbolical also.

Other uses of the cromlech have been suggested. Some have supposed that the horizontal capstone was the altar upon which victims were sacrificed, others that the building was a cell of meditation to which the candidate for initiation retired in order to commune with his soul.

An interesting light is thrown on these speculations by the word "Ketti" or "Coit," a derivative of "Ked," which often occurs in connection with cromlechs as in Kit's Coity House in Kent. In the west of Cornwall cromlechs are still called "quoits,"

and in the Triads the cromlech is referred to as Maen Ketti, the raising of which was one of the three labours of Britain. Maen Ketti means the stone of Ked, the beneficent goddess, a British deity corresponding to Isis, the consort of the solar hero. There may be a connection between the chest or sarcophagus which figures in the myth of Isis and the enclosed sanctuary of Ked. Ked was the same as Ceridwen, and to enter into the womb of Ceridwen signified in the British mysteries to be born again through initiation.

There is finally the old and now more or less abandoned theory that cromlechs were burial-places. Although human bones have been found near some cromlechs, others have yielded no such remains. Had the stones been erected solely as funerary monuments we should expect to find bones under all of them.

The probability is that in certain periods it was the custom to bury chieftains within the precincts of the temple, just as we bury our illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. One would not however describe that sanctuary as primarily a burying-place.

When all theories have been advanced and all clues followed, when the Gaelic language has been tortured in order to make it yield up its derivations and the earth in the neighbourhood of British temples has been sifted and re-sifted, we are in the end not so very much wiser. The cromlechs remain, massively enigmatic, yet another unsolved mystery of the Welsh hills.

## 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.]*

OSCAR WILDE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I should wish with all courtesy, but also with all decision, to express my dissent from Mr. C. W. Soal in what he says concerning the style of Oscar Wilde. He had, as has frequently been pointed out, two separate styles, each very marked and individual, and each quite different from the other. The one is poetic, ornamental and artificial, with lovely word effects and a profuse use of colour. It is shown in the Script by such phrases as “from russet eve to apple-green dawn” or “the rose-flushed anemones that star the dark woodland ways” or “the May is creeping like a white mist over lane and hedgerow.” The second style is epigrammatic, witty, cynical and full of paradox. Here we have it in “Death is the most boring experience in life—if one excepts being married or dining with a schoolmaster.” “It is always bad advice that is given away.” “Even God does not know what to do with the industrious.” “The woman who was content merely to be was always charming.” It is difficult to note these close analogies of style and to doubt that an Oscar Wilde brain is at the back of them.

The idea that a weekly prize competition could produce a flood of Barries and Stevensons, with all the marks of the original, is surely untenable and could hardly have been meant to be taken seriously. It is easy to produce a short comic parody, by exaggerating the features of a style, but to write or talk in exactly the same style and with equally good matter, argues an equal brain, which would certainly exhibit itself in something more ambitious than parody.

Mr. Soal claims that he has traced all the allusions to their “probable sources.” In the case of a man whose life was so public and who has been the centre of a whole literature, it is difficult to imagine that there is anything of any importance in his life—anything which would now emerge from his own memory—which was not directly or indirectly alluded to in some quarter or another. But such an explanation would mean that the automatists had ransacked all the Wilde literature. We have their assurance that this is not so, and that their acquaintance with it was very limited. As to the suggestion, put into the mouth of a suppositious critic, that the writers memorize great sections of script, that would of course be a direct accusation of

deliberate fraud which is not justified by the character and position of the writers. Such suggestions are made far too readily and should be banished from the controversy.<sup>1</sup>

When I consider the various corroborations in this case of Oscar Wilde :

1. The reproduction of his heavy style.
2. The reproduction of his light style.
3. The reproduction of character.
4. The recollection of incidents, some of them quite obscure, in his own life.
5. The reproduction of his handwriting.
6. And (not least in my eyes) the similarity of the conditions which he describes upon the other side with those which our psychic knowledge would assign to such a man, I consider that the case is a very powerful one indeed. I quite agree that George Pelham and The Ear of Dionysius are very convincing, but to me the Wilde case is even more so.

Yours faithfully,

A. CONAN DOYLE.

#### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND THE BLAVATSKY ASSOCIATION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In reference to Mr. Ed. L. Gardner's letter in the March issue of this magazine, I should like, as a member of the Blavatsky Association, to make a remark à propos its final paragraph. Mr. Gardner is, I fear, repeating the old mistake that the Theosophical Society *as such* is entitled to our special veneration and respect. The name—nowadays—means nothing; what the T.S. *is* means everything. And in view of the known facts—certain of which were alluded to by the Editor—and the piquant contrast these afford with the original spirit of the T.S. as outlined by H. P. B. herself, I can only say (echoing certain of Mr. Gardner's own words) "one wonders what Madame Blavatsky herself would have said of . . . the Theosophical Society! It would be something of an education to hear it." It would be, undoubtedly. In fact, it is. History repeats itself, and years ago H. P. B. explicitly spoke her mind about the fetish-worship of the T.S. as such. Allow me to quote (*Lucifer*, Aug. 1889)—

It is pure nonsense to say "H. P. B. . . . is loyal] to the T.S. and to Adyar" (!?) H. P. B. *is loyal to death to the Theosophical Cause, and those great Teachers whose philosophy can alone bind the whole of Humanity into one Brotherhood.* Together with Col. Olcott, she is the chief Founder and Builder of the Society which *was* and *is* meant to *represent* the Cause . . . Therefore the degree of her sympathies with the "T.S. and Adyar" depends upon the degree of the loyalty of that Society to the Cause. Let it break away from the original lines and shew disloyalty in its policy

to the *Cause* and the original programme of the Society, and H. P. B. calling the T.S. *disloyal* will shake it off like dust from her feet.

Hence, in view of all the facts and as a matter of principle, the Blavatsky Association, very properly, offers its membership as *an alternative* to that of the Theosophical Society. This forms one method, at least, by which we can bear testimony to our belief in, and respect for, that great and misunderstood Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky.

Very truly yours,  
OLD THEOSOPHIST.

### THE MAHATMA LETTERS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

.DEAR SIR,—As Mr. Loftus Hare has coupled Mr. Jinarajadasa's name with that of Mr. Barker as publishing "confidential letters," the following extract from Letter XXXIX of the "Letters from the Masters of Wisdom," may explain the position:—

You may, if you choose so, or find necessity for it, use . . . anything I may have said in relation to our secret Doctrines in any of my letters to Messrs. Hume and Sinnett. Those portions that were private have never been allowed by them to be copied by anyone; and those which are so copied have by the very fact become Theosophical property.

Copies have been sent by my order to Damodar and Upasika of those that contained teachings.

Anyone is at liberty to take anything—whole pages, if thought proper—from any of my "copied" letters. . . . K. H.

As Mr. Jinarajadasa used copies made by C. W. Leadbeater and Miss Arundale, he worked under the expressed permission of the writer—and cannot be accused of publishing private papers. The case of Mr. Barker rests on an entirely different basis, and a large number of members feel strongly that those letters marked "Private" should never have been published.

Yours faithfully,  
K. BROWNING, F.T.S.

### "EYELESS SIGHT."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Many years ago, between 1884 and at latest 1895, I was constantly in the British Museum reading-room. It was when the late Dr. Richard Garnett bore sway over that beloved haunt, and his successor the late Mr. G. K. Fortescue was still rising towards the horizon. I think the probable period may have been during the later 'eighties, as regards the peculiar individual whom the publication of the French savant's researches on the possibilities of eyeless sight has recalled to mind, and these particulars are here given in the hope that some survivor of those days who had a more definite and explicit acquaintance with the fact than I was ever in a position to acquire

may now be persuaded to place his knowledge at the public disposal.

Among the habitués of the reading-room at that time was an old man, either a septuagenarian, or possibly a somewhat younger but still elderly man of the albino type. He was lean and spare, and moderately tall, with short white hair that still fell tolerably thick from a parting in or near the middle, and it runs in my mind that he had a thin scanty beard or whiskers, also white and short. His eyes seemed distinctly poor, as if he could not bear much light on them, but he could see well enough to move about more or less briskly. The peculiarity of him was that, when seated at one of the desks amid a pile of the Museum books,—I can still see him in my mind's eye at one of the top desks of a long row, with the catalogue to his right,—he not infrequently buried his head, literally, in their pages. In other words, he had the habit of passing the printed page across his forehead, as if he were reading it with his forehead itself, and passing it not at all slowly or laboriously, but at fair speed, that seemed to betoken real expertness in reading in that extraordinary manner. So far as one could observe without discourtesy in passing, he held the print either in direct contact with his forehead, or else so very close to it that any idea of his being physically able to focus his ordinary eyes upon the print seemed to be quite ruled out: he held the page much too high up, in any case. I never knew who he was, nor what may have been the exact explanation of this strange habit. He seemed to be taken quite for granted alike by the other habitual readers, the high officials, and the attendants who were constantly passing with books up and down between the long rows of the desks. In thinking it over later—for I too came to take him for granted uncuriously, as did the others—I have wondered whether he was in fact reading with the Cyclops eye of ancient tradition, the single eye situated in the middle of the forehead, which, according at least to the occultists, still persists beneath the outer integument, but has been disused for so many centuries that it has practically lapsed into the category of the rudimentary organs within the human frame. Whether physiologists recognize it in that sense I do not know. But, assuming that there is some such rudimentary organ still persisting in disuse behind the centre of the forehead, whether physiologically or psychologically, it seems not entirely improbable that its activity could be re-developed, given a strong and patient will driven by the menace of blindness of the ordinary eyes such as an old and solitary scholar might at some time have experienced and determined at any cost to overcome.

Yours truly,  
DELTA.

[Albinos are, I believe, invariably short-sighted. The description reminds me of a habit of Dr. Spooner's, also an albino.—ED.]

## PSYCHISM IN ANIMALS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—With reference to a letter in your December number of the OCCULT REVIEW, signed “Maude Annesley,” and referring to psychism in animals :

A friend (who possesses strong clairvoyant powers and on whose word I implicitly rely) once told me that she had seen the spirit of one of her deceased relations sitting in a chair in her room. Her cat came into the room, sprang on to the lap of this spirit, was much surprised to find the lap would not hold her, and fell on to the floor, greatly dismayed. This would seem to show that animals have difficulty in distinguishing between physical and astral beings.

This friend also told me that she had had a visit in the astral body from her father, who had died a short time before. His old dog was in the room at the time and rushed up to meet him, barking with joy.

S. RHODESIA, S. AFRICA.

Yours truly,  
R. D. McLEAN.

## BUDDHISM AND THE BUDDHA.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I cannot forbear writing you a few lines with reference to your recent notes on Buddhism. I have learned so much to respect the high philosophical qualities of mind of the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW and his versatile knowledge, that it is matter for regret to see in “Monthly Notes” a perpetuation of what seems to me to be a rather common error in regard to Buddhism.

Your belief in the “agnosticism” of Buddha is opposed to the whole tenor of *all* the Buddhist scriptures, Hīnayana and Māhayana alike, and is quite out of keeping with the positive claims to “enlightenment” made both by him and on his behalf, and his possession of divine powers of cognition (the siddhis). Further, it is contradicted by the whole course of the history of this religion and by its unparalleled success. Humanity is never much moved by agnosticism, of however noble a brand : witness the forlorn estate of that quaint combination of agnosticism and idealism which finds sanctuary in the Unitarian Church.

I have no hesitation in believing that the Buddha’s apparent agnosticism is traceable simply to the insufficiency of the discursive faculties to solve the metaphysical problems which the reason continually raises. Thus in regard to the question of the persistence of identity, to the thinker of pragmatic tendencies these questions must depend entirely upon point of view and practical issues, there being no “absolute” truth. The Buddha’s similes were no more than the parables of

Jesus, hints and suggestions, directed, in his case, chiefly to showing the limitations of the discursive intellect, and not meant to be taken too literally, or pressed too closely. They are "pragmatic."

I am acquainted with the quotation made by your correspondent in the January issue, but though rather startling, I cannot say that I have ever been seriously tempted to regard it as proof of agnosticism on the Buddha's part. Suppose you, Sir, were to lecture a class on the physics and chemistry of combustion, and after a long scientific discussion of the subject were to be asked by one of your class the question "What happens to the flame when a candle is blown out?" you would, I think, be tempted to regard your questioner as either very inattentive or a fool. To you the question would be meaningless. This, I think, parallels Dhammadinnā's question. There is a big difference between "I fail to comprehend the question" and "I do not know." To the Arhat the question is unanswerable precisely because it is meaningless. In the Sutta entitled "the Diamond-cutter" will be found matter still more puzzling and paradoxical. These puzzles, I am convinced, are not due to agnosticism but to supreme insight, and to the understanding of the fact that these metaphysical questions and puzzles are themselves the creation of the discursive intellect, and due to the attempt of that intellect to operate outside its proper sphere, which, as the Bergsonians and the Pragmatists have taught us, is purely practical. Surely to a student of occultism these things should not be incredible.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. ARUNDEL.

### HAUNTED HOUSE IN JAMAICA.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers have ever heard the strange story of a haunted house in Jamaica, West Indies?

The house in question—an old deserted mansion—is known as Rose Hall, and, many years ago, when I was staying in the island, we young people enjoyed discussing the mystery.

The house, we were assured, lay under a curse, because of the evil doings of a certain Mrs. Ann Palmer, a slave-owner of the olden days—1780 was, I think, the year of her death. Having absolute power over her slaves, she tortured and killed them whenever the evil spirit moved her. Rose Hall was, in the eighteenth century, one of the finest estates in Jamaica, but now it is a melancholy ruin. Ann Palmer is said to "*walk*." Her unquiet spirit goes through the scenes of her former crimes, weeping and lamenting. She was a sort of female Bluebeard, and was married three times—each husband dying under mysterious circumstances.

Before she could marry a fourth victim he began to have suspicions of "the fair fiend" who had enslaved him, so he caused the wicked



Ann to be strangled by her own slaves, who hated her, and thus got rid of the murderess just in time.

The friend, who first told us the story, went on to relate (amidst jeers of disbelief) that there was a marble bust of Ann Palmer set up in the parish church at Montego Bay, and on the anniversary of her death by strangulation *blueish marks could be seen on the throat!* The house was now possessed by Satan and all his imps—at times the whole place resounded with knockings from invisible hands, or the rushing and tramping of hundreds of feet in the halls and corridors. Sighs and groans were heard, and sometimes mocking laughter. Ghostly lights were seen.

We had the greatest desire to see the haunted house, but to reach it meant a long ride across the mountains, so we had to be content with listening eagerly to descriptions of Mrs. Palmer's "haunt." In the days of its splendour the doors and panelling of Rose Hall were all of precious woods, and there was a magnificent staircase all of sweet-smelling cedar. Some forty years ago there still hung in the ball-room three mysterious portraits. Nothing was known about them, and no one apparently could answer the oft-repeated question—"Who were the originals?" One of the paintings represented a sternly frowning judge in his full robes of office. The portrait which occupied the centre place was the likeness of an evil-looking woman with a Mona-Lisa smile; and the third portrait was that of a red-coated gallant with powdered hair. Though nothing was known, much could be imagined about these pictures. We were sure that the woman was Ann Palmer of evil memory. We could not "place" the judge, but the powdered gallant may have been one of Ann's husbands—or he may have been the lucky fourth who escaped from her clutches.

No one was ever punished for the murder of Ann Palmer, and even after her death the negroes so feared this strange and terrible woman that they refused to bury her. She was carried to her grave by neighbouring planters; and, apparently hoping to appease her wrathful spirit, some one went to the expense of erecting a marble monument to her memory in the parish church, near Rose Hall.

It seems to me that here are the materials for a really thrilling ghost-story. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me." Perhaps if any of your readers know the real story, they will correct any misstatements. One wonders what became of the fourth man who escaped from the evil enchantress. The old house still stands, I believe, in its neglected grounds, slowly crumbling and dropping away into ruins.

Yours faithfully,  
(Miss) G. D. DE MONTMORENCY.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IN the latest issue of its JOURNAL the American Society for Psychical Research has published two papers of exceptional importance and interest, the first being a brief autobiographical sketch by Signor Ernesto Bozzano, and the second his further contribution to the debate occasioned by Richet's TRAITÉ DE MÉTAPSYCHIQUE. We learn that Signor Bozzano has devoted nearly thirty-five years to the study and first-hand investigation of supernormal phenomena; that he has analysed, classified and compared the facts collected by himself in great numbers; that he has placed them in an order of ascending categories, culminating in "a group of facts literally inexplicable by quasi-naturalistic theory and, conversely, most explicable by spiritistic theory." He has been led, in other words, by a "convergence of all the proofs" to "give full adherence to the spiritistic hypothesis," namely, the existence and survival of the human spirit or soul. Originally he was a disciple of Herbert Spencer, and "a positive materialist of the most convinced and most uncompromising type." He is looking to publish the results of his long research in "a general synthetic volume." The criticism of Richet which follows these statements will call for consideration, when it can be compared with the reply which may be expected with confidence from the illustrious French expert. Richet's position is that "the existence of psycho-sensorial supernormal faculties in the human subconsciousness" offers adequate explanation of all occurrences apart from the spiritistic hypothesis; that of Bozzano affirms that the admitted existence of such faculties implies "a spirit independent of the material organism."

Those who are familiar with the early literature of spiritualism will remember a remarkable book entitled FROM MATTER TO SPIRIT, which appeared anonymously, but it is believed that the prefatory part was written by Augustus de Morgan, a well-known mathematician, and that the text itself was the work of his wife. We are reminded of it because LA REVUE SPIRITE has an article under the same heading in the last issue to hand. At the beginning it is an ethical discourse addressed to those who are convinced that man has a dual nature, otherwise body and soul. The idea of the path of virtue and the pursuit thereof carries the reader beyond ethical thoughts to the realization of Christ as our great pattern, because He of all men lived on the highest peaks of the spiritual, "in constant communion with God." We also are called into lofty regions of developed being, and a life which is led, as far as now possible, in harmony with this vocation, is that which will best prepare us for the extending horizons hereafter. From these considerations the discourse proceeds to the doctrine of the astral body, according to the school of Allan Kardec. The hypothesis is that every particular of earthly existence is registered, and

remains thereon and therein, as if in a reservoir—to our shame, as it is said, or our glory. The counsel is therefore so to pursue our course on this physical plane that the spirit shall rule within us, for it is thus, and thus only, that the inner or spiritual body will be prepared for life in the unseen. It is submitted that this is rational doctrine, to which we may add that it is by no means a creation of the chief school in French spiritism : it is old enough in the world, as witness the eastern teaching concerning the radiant body, and the risen body of adeptship in that of western theosophists like Thomas Vaughan, Robert Fludd and their precursors generally.

What then in reality is this astral body, this body of the soul ? It is certain on a priori grounds that if an immortal principle, understood as pure spirit, abides within us, its manifestation is in virtue of a vehicle : of what does this vehicle consist ? Our contemporary LIGHT gives account of a recent address by Sir Oliver Lodge, in the course of which he suggested that the ether which permeates our material bodies and all physical objects may be that "ethereal body" which leaves the physical on occasion and forsakes it permanently at death. He was asked subsequently why the human body does not disintegrate immediately at death if it is "held together by the ether" ; but a more important question, as it seems to us, is why the astral body, if composed of an all-permeating ether, does not return into the ether at the death of the physical part. A writer in LIGHT, who has been in correspondence with Sir Oliver, proposes that the soul's envelope is composed of a substance which may be called ethereal but is superior to "our ether," is not limited by our "space conditions," and has been provided "for the automatic translation of the ego" into those of "higher space." The speculation proceeds to postulate that a new ethereal body "has to be obtained for each degree of space conditions," and one "of the same substance as that level." Such views are not without interest, perhaps chiefly for the same reason as is offered by LA REVUE SPIRITE, namely, that they seem rational within their own measures ; but they are so obviously in the region of pure hypothesis that they must be left open questions. A collateral thesis suggests that the spirit, the true self, "the essence of individual existence"—as the essayist in LIGHT puts it—builds up its own vehicle, producing a psychic body corresponding to its own character. This is literally the doctrine of THE ZOHAR, that storehouse of Kabalistic theosophy ; indeed, the most suggestive of all these dreams is the rabbinical body of good deeds. That which redounds to their credit and that which makes them reasonable is that they are integrated in the idea of universal moral order. There is an interpenetration of worlds, by virtue of which the communion of spirits is of reality and not of imagination, and the consequences of that which is done here are carried over into other planes of being. The question of conduct is therefore always with us, and it behoves us to look thereto, because in the last resource we are ourselves that providence which shapes our

ends, and we build our own temples. Over against this rational, though tentative, understanding of the unseen future, the life to come, and the higher hereafter, there is the false glitter of the popular spiritualistic press, especially across the Atlantic, in which we hear perpetually about death as "a beautiful release from the limitations of mortality," but scarcely ever of the consequences hereafter of evil which is done here. It may be that there are states of attainment possible to the incarnate soul in which higher law annuls these consequences, but they are not in the counting for any practical purpose because they lie far outside the average scheme of human ability.

The concern of *PSYCHICA* in the possible survival of animals and psychic evidences which give colour to this view is illustrated in the new issue by a short study of totemism and an attempt to explain its origin by the materializations of animal souls. Examples of such occurrences—too few and too much like vestiges—are given in the first place, and are drawn from recent psychic happenings, after which there is a glance at records of the past concerning tribal sorcerers, rough designs of animals on the walls of caves and grottos, like those of Cabraretto and St. Martory, leading up to the suggestion that man, emerging from the anthropoid stage, saw brutes in his mediumistic trances, whereas we see human beings. It is not an impossible view, but the sketch is far too slight for a serious contribution to the subject. We need also better evidence for the materialization of animals than a subjective vision of something which looked like a dog seated on a table during the course of a *séance*, or the testimony of sitters to contacts like those of claws. There is a speculation of another kind in the *JOURNAL DU MAGNÉTISME*, namely, whether insects have wireless telegraphy. Some illustrative examples are given, one on the authority of Fabre, of bees and butterflies being drawn together from great distances, and under circumstances when it would be incredible to suppose that they were advised by a sense of smell. It is agreed in any case that the *antennæ* of insects must serve some purpose, the nature of which has long baffled entomologists.

THE HARMONIAL THINKER refreshes our sense of humour by terming itself "a monthly of quality," but from time to time there is something suggestive in its pages, if not exactly new. It has reminded us recently that "all down the centuries artists have been painting the face of Christ," but there is no adequate picture, because the aim has been to portray "the ideal man," and he has not as yet "come to outward expression in form." We have national types of Christ, and they mirror the spiritual experience of this or that people, but the Christ Who is truly Christ has not emerged in art. The artist fails, and we all of the Christian races have failed also. In attempting to follow the Christian Rule, we are painting Christ "on the spiritual self within" instead of on canvas, and we do it badly enough; but if we can grow in His grace and produce at last something which shall answer to Christ within, it will come to pass that our canvas pictures

will be more like unto the King in His beauty. The notion corresponds to what is called in another article and an earlier issue "the expression of God." He is passing into expression through all that is good in us, and our life will be truly transformed "when men consecrate all their manifold expressions—through the arts and sciences, through their labours and their play—to the revelation of the Good."

LE SYMBOLISME continues to offer various points of interest, though it moves at times some distance from its proper subjects, as in the new issue, which has comparatively a long article on artificial languages, Esperanto and so forth. Generally it keeps within its own measures, and provides real information on points of fact. For example, we learn further concerning the present relations between the Fascistic Government of Italy and Italian Freemasonry: it appears that the latter has gone over heart and soul to the new régime. When we read about *l'idéal initiatique*, and those who are capable of initiation, about the transmutation of profane lead into the gold of adeptship, and the preparation which should take place in the heart of every candidate before his battery sounds at the door of the Lodge, we cannot do otherwise than agree on the surface of these verbal forms; but we are disposed to wonder whether there would be a common ground between us if LE SYMBOLISME were really to expound its meanings in these respects. What in its own view are the relations, if any, between that which is called initiated life and the life of mystical attainment? . . . THE SQUARE has a controversial article of exceptional interest—possibly by a Danish Mason—on the claim of the Order to rank among universal institutions. It is recognized, of course, that this claim in the present position of affairs has long since become void; that Freemasonry is "broken up into sections"; and that these "seem to be drifting hopelessly apart." The consideration is limited to that particular bone of contention which has separated the Latin Grand Orients from most English-speaking and several Continental obediences, namely, that they have become "absolutely non-religious." It is suggested, as "a way out" or "a loophole of escape," that the old formula concerning "the Grand Architect of the Universe" might be restored to French and other Rituals on the understanding (1) that "to profess belief in God does not necessarily imply any special tenets as to His nature or His mode of action in the universe," and (2) that any conception of the universe could be reconciled therewith. It is very certain that Latin Freemasonry would reject such an eirenicon; it is very doubtful whether it would satisfy obediences which are militantly theistic, like the English Grand Lodge; and in any case, we question whether it would work for catholicity any more than—in our frank opinion—it could be said to promote sincerity. We prefer the position of Scandinavian and Danish Masonry, which is termed "dogmatically Christian" in the article under notice, and is "content to have no relations with the rest of the world." It offers us a clear issue, and we know where we are.

## REVIEWS

THE BUDDHA AND HIS DOCTRINE. By C. T. Strauss. Crown 8vo. Pp. 117. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS zealous, yet eminently reasonable, account of Buddhism and its place in the world's history would, we venture to think, have won the approbation of the Buddha himself.

For Mr. Strauss is resolute in his adherence to the more ancient line of tradition and in his rejection of all extraneous legend, and aims at setting forth the Faith as the Great Teacher actually delivered it. His book also gains much in interest and value, for the intelligent general reader, from the writer's quiet, but obviously intense, belief that Buddhism has, as well as a great past, a great future, and an active part to play in the modern civilized world. Throughout, he treats it as a living force and power to be reckoned with, as embodying a religion and philosophy which, if seriously studied and adopted, would solve many of the problems that trouble and perplex the social and political life of our day. In a final chapter—entitled *In Defence of Buddhism*—he gives some very excellent reasons for this belief.

The book is admirably printed; and there is an interesting frontispiece of an ancient Buddhistic statue, found in a ruined rock-temple in Western India.

It will be noted that Mr. Strauss suggests that Buddhism should be taught in the schools, as an integral part of general culture. If that day ever comes, we are confident that this excellent little volume will be among the manuals most in request. G. M. H.

THIRTEEN WORTHIES. By Llewellyn Powys. New York: American Library Service. Price \$1.75 net.

MR. POWYS is already known, to many English and American readers, as a writer of real scholarship and charm; and this little collection of biographical cameos cannot fail to enhance his merited reputation.

Some of his worthies are familiar folk enough; but in spite of all that has been written, in past days and present, on the life and work of Geoffrey Chaucer, Michel de Montaigne, John Bunyan, and Izaak Walton, Mr. Powys finds something fresh and unhackneyed to tell us about each of them; and tells it, moreover, in a very delightful and distinctive way of his own.

The old Scottish scholar, Sir Thomas Urquhart, and the Elizabethan traveller, Tom Coryat, are less well-known figures; but those who meet them for the first time will never again be able to regard them as strangers. Mr. Powys shows them to us in their habit as they lived, and makes us feel that we, too, have lived *with* them.

The essay on Nicolas Culpepper should be of especial interest to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW; and it is difficult to help thinking that the gentle ghost of this seventeenth-century herbalist, astrologer, and medical practitioner may be gratified by the sympathetic insight and judicious appreciation with which Mr. Powys has treated him and his life work.

How "Mars and the envious planets" intervened to mar Culpepper's youthful dreams of love and wedlock, and how, after brief soldiering, he devoted himself to study and to works of practical benevolence in "the East End of London," never refusing money or assistance to those who asked it, and never leaving a death-bed until his patient had "gotten out of life easily," makes delightful reading, and also helps us to have a higher opinion of human nature.

Mr. Powys pays warm tribute to Culpepper's untiring patience and fearless boldness in the pursuit of knowledge, and his courage in the face of hostile slanderers, who dubbed him magician and quack. Nor does he forget to tell us how, in the Valley of the Great Shadow, "this man of astrology and ancient lore was able as well as another to summon up his quota of faith," and to make a gallant and peaceful end.

The book is dedicated to Thomas Hardy, who also forms the subject of the final essay, and is the one living worthy selected to keep company with the memorable dead. Altogether, this book is one not merely to read, but to buy!

G. M. H.

LUXOR AND ITS TEMPLES. By A. M. Blackman, D.Litt. Illustrated by Major Benton Fletcher. Pp. 200. London: A. & C. Black, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

It is safe to say that few among ordinarily well-educated people know anything whatever of the science of Egyptology. The subject is, in a peculiar degree, the preserve of the specialist, partly because the connection between it and other branches of knowledge is not immediately and conspicuously apparent, and partly because those who are competent to write upon it usually do so in terms too technical for general understanding. But the widespread interest displayed in the recent discoveries of the late Lord Carnarvon and of Mr. Howard Carter near Luxor is evidence enough (if evidence were needed) that ancient Egypt exercises a powerful spell over the mind of everyone who possesses a particle of imagination. In these circumstances, there can be no doubt as to the reception that awaits a popular treatise on the subject, such as the work now under notice; and Dr. Blackman and Major Fletcher are to be congratulated upon an undertaking as timely as it is successful.

Ostensibly dealing with the temples of Luxor, the book is in effect a most readable account of the life and customs of the ancient Egyptian people. It is the kind of book which serves to dissipate false notions, to give a sense of historical perspective, to lay solid foundations of definite and reliable knowledge, and to whet the appetite for further and closer study. Its value to the general reader is, therefore, beyond question. The illustrations are numerous and attractive, and have been selected with a judicious regard for the prevailing spirit of the text.

COLIN STILL.

THE LOST FLUTE, and other Chinese Lyrics. Translated from the French by Gertrude Laughlin Joerissen. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Price 8s. 6d. net.

A WARM welcome is assured to this delightful collection of Chinese lyrics, now published in English for the first time from the French of Monsieur Toussaint. In a brief preface Miss Joerissen explains that she was not

moved to translate them by any ambitious desire to furnish material for the student of Chinese literature, nor does she offer anything in the nature of critical comment. Her task, as we can well believe, was undertaken for the sheer joy of direct and continuous contact with thought and feeling of extraordinary delicacy and beauty; but in the result she has earned the thanks of all true lovers of poetry, and especially of those to whom these lyrics would be inaccessible in any but the English tongue.

The collection is large and representative. Each of the poems is a model of simple and adequate expression—the swift distillation, as it were, of some fleeting mood or fancy; and through them all there runs the note of wistful tenderness and sensuous melancholy which seems to have persisted for nearly thirty centuries as one of the distinctive characteristics of Chinese poetry. Mention may perhaps be made of the numerous examples of the work of Li-Tai-Po and of his contemporary Tou-Fou (both of the eighth century), with a special word of admiration for “The Burned House” of Tou-Fou.

The book is charmingly produced; but an index of the names of the poets would have been convenient for the purposes of reference.

COLIN STILL.

**OUR SECOND AMERICAN ADVENTURE.** With Illustrations. By Arthur Conan Doyle, author of “Our American Adventure,” etc., etc. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THIS volume, the second of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Adventures, forms with the previous record of his Australian evangel, a trilogy which stands for determination, courage, and boundless energy, as well as for the generous whole-hearted sincerity which gladly shares its treasure-trove with all who will accept it. In one of his very interesting digressions, the author speaks of his growing keenness, as the years roll by, to impart what seems to him a necessary restatement, in terms of to-day, of the Message which came to earth two thousand years ago, though “in ethics it could not be greater.” For, he adds, “the ethics of Christ seem to me final.” Doubtless the old Puritans would have allowed that Satan must find a specially deadly foe in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, for the devil's chief weapon is materialism, and materialism is just what Sir Arthur is out to destroy. Whether to their bigoted minds the remedy would have seemed worse than the disease is another matter. “The truth is often sneered at because it comes in an unlooked-for form.” Sir Arthur reiterates his enthusiastic tribute to the powerful mediumship of Miss Ada Bessinet, through whom his mother materialized so perfectly that he saw her every feature with the utmost distinctness, and he gives detailed and sympathetic accounts of different sittings with various other psychics, including the Jonsons—discussing the pros and cons of the results, from his own and others' points of view.

As before, it was a cheery family party which accompanied the Knight of Spiritualism on his crusade, and the merry tale of their sundry vicissitudes adds not a little to the fascination of the book for the general reader. Lady Conan Doyle was asked to send out a broadcast wireless message upon spirit-teaching, while in New York, and in her splendid address she declared: “If I were offered all the wealth in New York in exchange for the knowledge which Spiritualism has brought me, I would rather live in a two-roomed shack than part with the intense comfort,



the glorious vision of that wonderful future world I know of which lies ahead of me."

In reading all this it cannot but recall to my mind that my dear old chief, W. T. Stead, set forth on his last voyage with the intention of telling American audiences something of what true Spiritualism had done for him, and what it could do for them. . . . Destiny had it otherwise. But, as he would say, "What matter, so long as they *are* told!" And long may Sir Arthur wield his own good broadsword against the dragon of Unbelief.

I cordially recommend this book to the consideration of all who value a very human presentation of a great Truth. EDITH K. HARPER.

THE MYSTIC'S GOAL. By Julia Seton, M.D. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6*d.* net.

THE name of Dr. Seton will be already familiar to many readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, as the founder of the religious body known as the "Church of the New Civilization"; and it is with the new civilization—its new ideals and outlooks, and, especially, its new interpretation of age-old truths—that this book is concerned. Dr. Seton takes an optimistic view of these troublous and complex times of ours, comparing the point which humanity has reached, in its long journey, to a mountain-peak, already aglow with the rays of the new illumination. In these days, as she tells us, we are developing new ideas of the nature of God, of Christ, and of man himself. "The risen consciousness of men has looked over the rim of a new world, and has seen the real dawn of creation." God is revealed as the omnipresent Cosmic Spirit, Christ as the fullest expression of cosmic consciousness in the race, and human life as "a cosmic adventure," in the course of which every one of us, if we but will, can attain to union with the Cosmic Spirit Itself. Needless to say, this "larger hope" is only justifiable by a belief in Re-Incarnation, and this belief is, obviously, and in a very real and practical sense, held by the writer.

No notice of this little book can be complete without a grateful word on its excellent *format*, the clear print so restful to fatigued eyes, and the strong yet light binding, which makes it easy to hold and to carry about for perusal at those odd moments whereon so many of us depend for much of our reading.

These, too, are the qualities which commend themselves in a gift-book, and a volume so instinct with the Easter spirit should prove a most acceptable Easter offering. G. M. H.

CREATIVE REVOLUTION. By Professor T. L. Vaswani. 7 in. × 4½ in.; pp. viii. + 166. Madras, India: Ganesh & Co. Price Re. 1.8.

THIS is, as might be gathered from its title, a highly controversial work, but it is, at any rate, of interest as showing how the doctrine of Non-co-operation is envisaged by a cultured and learned Indian who firmly believes in it. Professor Vaswani is a believer in non-violence, he is a Tolstoian pacifist, and by Revolution he wishes us to understand Re-evolution. "Indian masses—Muslims and Hindus," he writes, "have an inheritance of a refined culture and a civilization which places the immaterial values above material things," and it is to this inheritance

that he wishes India to return. His indictment of Western civilization is no doubt very bitter ; but that it certainly contains elements of truth must be regretfully admitted. Whether the method he advocates for effecting a reformation is advisable is, of course, another question. There is a chapter dealing with Mrs. Besant, whose ideals and motives Professor Vaswani admires, but whose policy he rejects, which will be of interest to Theosophists, even though they are unable to agree with all its findings.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE OTHER END. By R. Ellis Roberts. London : Cecil Palmer. Pp. 247. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE highest compliment that can be paid to the author of these short stories is to say that many of them are genuinely horrible. All are unusually well-written, and some—notably "The Ebony Box" and "The Samaritan"—display a dry and cynical humour. In just one or two—"The Rabbit Road," for instance—the horror does not quite convince, the thrill fails to "come off," but the successful ones are so successful that it would be mere carping to complain because all do not reach the same level. If, occasionally, the reader is reminded of Algernon Blackwood, that must be considered almost inevitable when a writer has made this *genre* of story so peculiarly his own. Mr. Roberts has not Mr. Blackwood's richness of imagination, but he has something of his sense of unearthly beauty, and a greater gift of terse expression. Opinions as to the comparative merits of the stories are likely to differ, but few will deny that "The Hill" is one of the most weirdly impressive. It contains a curious, but striking, comparison which is worth quoting. Speaking of the unholy "presence" which appeared in the glow round the Satanic altar, the writer says that it revealed a "complete lack of unity," and "reminded me of nothing so much as a cinematograph, that dreadful invention in which the mimicry of Life treads breathlessly and continuously on the heels of Life itself, and yet never attains it." In the same story is a notable description of the music of the Evil Powers:—

"It was music of the airless heights, of the wilderness, of the great wastes of sand, or the interminable vastness of evil waters where the greater devils meditate and morosely scheme."

"The Wind" and "Under the Sun" are both uncommonly clever ; "The Other End" and "The Cage" are harrowing in the extreme ; and perhaps "Robin" is the most humorous and enjoyable. But all who are attracted by really good occult stories will find enjoyment—of one kind or another!—in this book, which can be very highly recommended.

E. M. M.

SOMERSET HOLY WELLS, And Other Named Wells. By Dom Ethelbert Horne. London : 50 Ranelagh Road, Belgravia, S.W.1. Price 1s. 6d.

THIS booklet is number twelve of the delightful Somerset Folk Series which deals with "the dialect, ballads, songs, superstitions, legends, occupations and interests of the folk of the county generally." Through its pleasant pages Dom Ethelbert Horne leads his readers from one well to another, in the fair west county of Somerset. He suggests in his Introduction that "as the majority of these springs owed their title of holy to the fact that it was in them the first missionaries gave the sacrament

of baptism, so it was by these waters that the recipient came out of the blindness of heathenism into the light of faith. This spiritual sight which baptism was said to give to the soul was taken, as time went on, to mean sight to the eyes, and hence arose the common belief in the efficacy of the water from these wells for all complaints which affected the seeing."

Other wells are known as "Wishing Wells," and of these Dom Ethelbert opines that when faith had degenerated into mere superstition the prayer to the patron saint of the water gave place to "wishing," the wish being reinforced by offerings of pins or other trifles, thrown into the well. In Somerset a large number of these holy wells are found near parish churches, for obvious and manifold reasons. "Whether the church usually gave its name to the well, or the dedication of the well gave its name to the church, is a question that is now impossible to answer," says the author, adding quaintly, "We can be quite certain, however, that the spring of water must always be older than the oldest church." A real, pagan truth!

There are eight beautiful illustrations, and these, together with Dom Ethelbert's clear descriptions, make one long to set forth on a similar pilgrimage.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE PASSIONATE JEW. By Izak Goller. The Merton Press, Ltd.  
100 pp. Price 5s. 6d.

THIS notable volume contains a collection of verses upon a variety of subjects, but mainly upon the wrongs done through the ages against the Jewish people. Mr. Goller has a fine and glowing talent, and on his principal theme he writes with extraordinary force and feeling. To a sensitive Jew, contemplation of the fate of his race must bring intolerable pain, and the cry which rings through these verses is at times almost too poignant to be endured. One hesitates to intrude upon such emotions as those of Mr. Goller; but if his proud and passionate spirit does not disdain our sympathy, we offer it to him in full measure and in all sincerity.

To an unusual degree Mr. Goller seems to reveal his personality in his work. One gets the impression of a virile intellect that is violently swayed by the changing moods of a sombre and often savagely ironic temperament. It is in one of these strange and baffling humours that he has expressed the hope, conspicuously placed in the forefront of the book, that God will have more mercy on him than the Critic. Whether this hope is uttered in genuine humility or in bitter mockery, we neither know nor care. We are content to take the more charitable view and to pay him high tribute of respect and admiration.

Mr. Goller has included in the book a number of striking and suggestive illustrations of his own. Like the verses, they are strong and passionate, but somewhat uneven in quality. Among the best from the technical standpoint are those facing pages 56 and 74, although that which faces page 64 is extraordinarily effective as the expression of a definite spiritual mood.

COLIN STILL.

MOCK MAJESTY. By E. W. Savi. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Pp. viii + 338. Price 7s. 6d. net.

IN 1910 the late Mr. John Westrope (one of the brilliant men ignored in the Book of Snobs) drew my attention to the artistic beginning of

a Mrs. Angelo Savi. Hence I wrote for the *Daily Chronicle* (May 25, 1910) a brief notice of her little play "Love is Passing." And now she has sixteen published volumes (at least) to the credit of her industry and imagination. To say "a Mrs. Savi" would be now absurd: the definite article is obviously the right one. And yet one has rather a sense of competent industry than of inspiration in reading *Mock Majesty*.

It is an Anglo-Indian novel which, written by a loyal Englishwoman, reminds one forcibly of the racial antipathy which inflates an ugly thunder-cloud over "our Indian Empire." Mrs. Savi depicts vividly the new woman of India—the opposite of the mystical slave of man-pampering Hinduism. Her chief characters are a chivalrous Indian prince (Rasul Khan) and Jauhar his wife. When the story begins they have never cohabited, and the prince seems likely to win an English girl (Doreen) for his mate, though the latter is affianced to an English Commissioner. Mrs. Savi, however, easily evades the danger of irritating Mrs. Grundy and those who regard Eurasians as inferior to people of undiluted nationality. She draws characters sympathetically, a certain Begum being a droll and lovable creature. The wickedness of a licentious native agent and of a poisoner produce some stirring scenes, and some amiable comedy is provided by an impersonation which does not deceive the reader.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE KEY OF DREAMS. By L. Adams Beck. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. Pp. iv + 306. Price 7s. 6d. net.

WRITTEN apparently by a fervent admirer of Buddhism, this romance starts from a richly promising root, and flowers with perhaps more than average success. The hero, who is also the narrator, inherits the wealth of a person who had developed from a sensualist into a mystical sage. Both the dead man and his heir have the same name (Lancelot Dunbar), and for various reasons the former exercises a remarkable influence over the latter. The semi-Japanese mistress of the first Dunbar gravitates to the second Dunbar, and sidetracks him from the right road of love.

The author commands an eloquent style and depicts Oriental scenes and people in a masterly way. Admirable is a passage illustrating the power of a Chinese monk to produce illusions more wonderful than the mirage which deceives travellers in deserts. Humour, though in this romance sparingly used, is clearly one of Mr. Beck's gifts.

He does not allow Buddhism to prevent his romance from appealing to the mating instinct of the Occidental reader, but he does his best to make the passionless saint's halo as attractive as the hymeneal torch. The novel may be recommended to those who like to dwell, not austere, with high thought.

W. H. CHESSON.

PARODIES ON WALT WHITMAN. Compiled by Henry S. Saunders. Preface by Christopher Morley. New York: American Library Service. Pp. 171. Price \$2.25.

DELIGHT lies in wait for even the casual reader, but voluble bores noisily catch him on the high road of literature, often with academic tails to their names, sometimes with well-deserved laurels on their brows. The parodist may be regarded as an avenger possessing a technique sufficient for the

task of maliciously amusing imitation; and as the remembrance of mannerisms and a sense of humour are almost all that is required for the parodying of Whitman, it is not surprising that industrious Mr. Saunders was able to produce this volume by various authors, forty-four of whom are named or indicated by initials.

Whitman was a great thinker, but his poems are only a degree or two above the zero of art, and for Mr. Morley to term Swinburne "a much lesser poet" is as absurd (though not nearly so funny) as any of the parodies which follow his preface.

The items which have particularly entertained me include "Jack and Jill" (by Charles Battell Loomis), "Song of the L.S.P.M.," Helen Gray Cone's "Narcissus in Camden," "Whitmania," "Song of the Manuscript," and "The Boatrace." My friend Mr. G. K. Chesterton's Whitmanesque address to "Old King Cole" is seasoned by an admirable prosaicness, while it evinces a better understanding of brotherhood than is implied in a democratic apotheosis of Brown, Jones and Robinson. Miss Jean McIlwraith's dialogue between Omar Khayyám and Walt Whitman deserves to have been admired by Landor. To the critical occultist charm resides in these lines by an anonymous parodist:—

"All obfuscates around us,—there is as much as possible of a muchness;  
The entire system of the universe discomboborates around us with a perfect  
looseness."

Here the present critic may well leave his reader to seek relief in slumber from the shock of a statement so soothing to the consciences of Etna and Vesuvius.

W. H. CHESON.

BENGALI RELIGIOUS LYRICS, ŚĀKTA. Selected and translated by Edward J. Thompson and Arthur Marshman Spencer (in "The Heritage of India Series"). London: Oxford University Press. Pp. iv + 103. Price 2s. 6d. net.

In my infancy, Kālī, the wife of Śiva the Destroyer, was so closely associated with the evil ideality of Nana Sahib, the arch-villain of the Indian Mutiny, that I never supposed that her adorers could be other than frenzied homicides. But this fascinating volume of translations, to which Mr. Edward J. Thompson contributes a very instructive introduction, enables one to contemplate the allurements of her to whom Rāmprasād Sen enthusiastically exclaims, "Children are thy ear-rings." Kālī is a releaser from the torments and thralldom of fleshly life, and we are told that, call her what we will, "the Scriptures cannot contain her."

Rāmprasād Sen, apparently the most popular of Indian poets, died in 1775. Seventy-five compositions attributed to him are given in English prose, and they easily outweigh in bulk all that is selected from Dāśarathī Rāy and some others. It is impossible to deny, after reading Rāmprasād Sen, that Kālī triumphed by the divine feminine over the soul of a true poet. For instance, after reproaching his "Mind" for neglecting to till and sow, he says: "Now make of Kālī's name a fence that the yield may not be destroyed."

Until as a nation we do not confuse morality with narrow-mindedness and prurience with clear-eyed studiousness, we shall not know Indian

literature exhaustively through the medium of translations, but this richly annotated little book is a treasury for the student of the thoughts and images which feed and awaken some Oriental souls.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE IMMORTAL SPARK. By Jamsetji Dadabhoy Shroff. Bombay : D. B. Taraporevala, Sons & Co. Pp. 112. Price 2s.

FROM the contemplation of the Holy Fire "in the absolute silence of my Fire-Temple at Lonavla," Mr. Shroff, evidently a Zoroastrian, has deduced his philosophy of the immortality of the human soul, which passes (he believes) through the fire-ordeal on earth in order that it may be purged of all dross and finally rise as a pure flame into the spiritual realms. "From Thy Fire to Thy Light" is the inscription with which he closes the dedication of the book to his wife, who passed away in 1918, and to whose memory these pages stand. The four chapters on "Dreams and Premonitions," "Hypnotism and Spiritualism," "Spontaneous Generation?" and "Psychic Evolution," are written in wonderfully fluent English, though occasionally the author compels a smile, as when he tells us, with regard to the influenza epidemic, that "it so pleased the Divine Will that I should also have the smack of the ordeal and I got it." He expressly states that he makes no claim to originality, but he writes with sincerity and conviction, and has evidently read widely on the subjects that interest him.

E. M. M.

LES SECRETS VIVANTS. By Mme. Luma-Valdry, with Preface by Édouard Schuré. Paris : Aux Éditions Rhéa. Pp. 173. Price 6 francs.

THE critic of literature received through such channels as those open to clairaudients, automatic writers, etc., is usually obliged to concentrate on the art of what is before him, for statements and messages require credentials which cannot be supplied by the high character of the medium or their own dignity and charm. A sane and interesting preface informs us that Mme. Luma-Valdry has the impression of hearing with the solar plexus, and that all her life she has chatted with the vanished ones ("les Envoleés") as with terrestrial friends.

Solemn, sonorous, are the chapters which we owe to Mme. Luma-Valdry's strangely received inspiration, but when we encounter such statements as those on page 164 about the crucifixion we can only respond as to a novelist, for even Bible history is dependent for additions upon whatever prizes yet remain to be grasped by archæologists. Still the figure of Christ seems to become gigantically important from the cosmic background from which (thanks to this volume) we seem to see him.

The movements of the subconscious self are profoundly mysterious. Who shall say what beings are underneath the surface doer and prattler, ready to do and speak when the upper ego has slid off to stand apart and listen? But whether we explain Mme. Luma-Valdry's powers by one theory or another, her book remains curiously impressive and psychically stimulating, and I recommend it to those for whom wonder can be a variety of pleasure.

W. H. CHESSON.

WHEN HALF-GODS GO. By Letitia Withall. London: Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd. Pp. 175. Price 3s. 6d. net.

If this book is to be classed as fiction, the author may be congratulated on having breathed into it an ardour and a sincerity which give to the experiences described every semblance of reality. If it is not fiction but fact, one appreciates these qualities no less, while feeling, perhaps, a faint surprise at the frankness which unveils so personal a story of love and loss in the cold light of print. It is written in the first person, by one who has found a congenial home and surroundings in a wooden hut in the Cotswolds—evidently a member of a "Simple Life" community—and tells of the loss, through death, of her dearest friend; of the writer's efforts to take up life anew and fight down depression and loneliness; and of the help received by her from "the other side." Many of the messages, delivered by means of automatic writing, are given in full, and we are told that the book is the work of the dead friend as much as of the living one—"it is a little loom on which we have both plied the shuttle." Be that as it may, its chief charm lies in the vivid descriptions of natural beauty from the pen of the living writer—of wind and hill and tree, and all the changing pageant of the seasons.

From beginning to end it is pervaded by the true religious spirit which sees God in all things; and though the style may be too vehement, and the note of rapture sound at times a trifle forced; though phrase may be piled on phrase with an effect which, instead of being impressive, becomes almost hysterical, reminding us that a real artist in the use of words would have conveyed far more through the medium of a wise restraint; yet for all this we must admit that these pages are written by a genuine nature-lover, and thank her for some delightful glimpses of the "Simple Life" as lived in the Cotswold country. The book is charmingly got up, and will make a welcome gift for those in tune with its message.

E. M. M.

ON THE BORDERLAND. By F. Britten Austin. London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

A COLLECTION of short stories, dealing with various phases of the occult and the abnormal; and constructed with all the skill of a practised writer to the popular magazines.

The clever paper-jacket, with its picture of two youthful moderns gazing earnestly into that ancient instrument of divination, a crystal ball, raises eerie expectations which, we hasten to say, will not be disappointed by the book itself.

In truth, Mr. Britten Austin's twelve tales of the uncanny, and of ordinary people confronted by extraordinary things, provide some quite excellent thrills and surprising *denouements*; and though they cannot be said, from the occult student's point of view, to "establish any doctrine," or to do more than touch the fringe of any of the big problems they raise, the general reader will probably like them none the less for their limitations.

Two of the stories—the ingenious little post-war drama, *A Problem in Reprisals*, and the really gruesome suburban tragedy, *The White Dog*—are worthy of a special word of praise; and the book, as a whole, may be recommended as a companion for a tedious railway journey, a sleepless night, or a comfortably unemployed hour.

G. M. H.

THE NEW JAPAN. By James Cousins, D.Lit., Keio University,  
Japan. Madras: Ganesh & Co. Price 6s.

IN the volume under discussion Professor James Cousins spreads a most delectable banquet of the fruits of poetic thought, swift analogy, apt allusion and keen observation. He reveals Japan with her wondrous artistry, her primitive drawbacks and the passionate emotionalism she hides beneath a formal appearance of Oriental calm.

One of the happiest features of his sound English style is his Celtic knack for striking phrases, as witness his description of one of the many sub-terrestrial shocks he experienced in an earthquake-riddled land as "a tremendous kick and a good dog-shake." The account of his meeting with "Mrs. Koizumi," the widow of Mr. Koizumi (Lafcadio Hearn's Japanese name) is most fascinating, and so is his temperamental description of the death-mask of immortal Francis Thompson which, it appears, Mr. Francis Meynell presented to Yone Noguchi, the well-known Japanese bard and art critic.

This attractive author was fortunate to behold the silver crown of Fuji-Yama ere it vanished forever in the earthquake, whilst his description of the Great Bronze Buddha at Kamakura of which Kipling has sung so hauntingly, will appeal to most mystics. The holy monument to one of the world's teachers has survived two earthquakes, indeed in the last, the dread tidal wave was seen to "stop short at the feet of Daibutsu," as if subdued by some Messianic power which chained and enslaved all elemental force.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SWAMI RAMAKRISHNANANDA. Vol. I.  
Madras: Sri Ramakrishna Math. Pp. 271.

A COLLECTED edition of the lectures and writings of Swami Ramakrishnananda will be welcomed by all who are interested in Eastern religious teachings. The Swami was born in 1863 of an orthodox Brahmin family, but, after a brilliant college career, his mind became filled with questionings and doubts, and circumstances brought him into close contact with the celebrated neo-theistic preacher, Keshab Chandra Sen. Not until 1883, however, did he find real spiritual satisfaction through coming under the influence of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, who adopted him as a disciple.

The present volume consists of six lectures under the heading of "The Universe and Man," four on "The Soul of Man," and two separate papers entitled "The Path to Perfection" and "The Necessity of Religion." Great stress is laid on the universality of religions, which are, it is declared, merely different paths leading to the same goal—"whoever is true to his own religion will ultimately reach God." Though not always expressed in faultless English, these teachings contain much true wisdom. They afford an illuminating insight into the workings of the Hindu religious mind, and its general outlook on those problems of life, death and the soul which concern the thinkers of East and West alike.

E. M. M.

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THE SHADOW EATER. By Benjamin De Casseres. New York: American Library Service. Pp. 61. Price \$2.00.

A NOTE on the wrapper of this book informs us that Mr. De Casseres is an American "poet, satirist, epigrammatist, philosopher, essayist, and fantastic-psychological story-teller"; that his style is "creative, individual, revolutionary, lyrical, dynamic, and dithyrambic"; that his thought is "nihilistic, satirical, mystical." There seems little left for the reviewer to say. Let us take breath, however, and try to examine these weird poems (and their equally weird illustrations) with an unbiased mind. Poet and philosopher seem terms altogether too mild to be applied to their author. Fantastic they certainly are; revolutionary, nihilistic, even dynamic—and written, it need scarcely be said, in the freest of free verse. The trammels of metre, no doubt, are scorned by Mr. De Casseres with an annihilating scorn; and it must be admitted that metre would be ill-suited to the expression of his ideas. Fortunately he does not entirely scorn rhythm, but uses it with good effect in such pieces as "Tantara! Tantara!", "My Comic Perspective," "The-Circle-that-looks-like-a-line," and one or two others. On the whole, however, his work leaves the impression of an inchoate mass of frenzied ravings, interspersed with startling similes and metaphors, often clever, but sometimes revolting. He is, apparently, "up against" the Universe—"a

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