

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

WHO has not heard of Cagliostro? And yet who but a few students have any real knowledge of that mysterious character, of whom it may be said, as it was of Melchizedek, that he had "neither beginning of life nor end of days." Both, at least, like the king of Salem's, are wrapped in uncertainty, and though popular tradition, repeated again and again by the uncritical

historian, has identified Cagliostro's early life with COUNT CAGLIOSTRO. that of the Italian scoundrel, Joseph Balsamo, the evidence is as near conclusive as presumptive evidence can well be, that the two had no connection whatever with one another, beyond having married Italian wives with the same surname *—and that by no means an uncommon one—and the fact that Balsamo is said to have had an uncle of the name of Cagliostro. From what we know of Balsamo it may fairly be said that two people more opposite in character than himself and Count Cagliostro would be difficult to discover, and the identification of the two would seem to involve the assumption that Cagliostro had discarded his first wife and taken a second, a supposition which would render worthless the argument based on the identity of their surnames.

* The Christian name of Balsamo's wife was Lorenza, of Cagliostro's Seraphina. But the story is itself of doubtful authenticity.

Cagliostro's whole career, as far as we know it, shows a character in which generosity is perpetually being carried to the verge of folly. His credulity was constantly making him the dupe of designing knaves, in whose honesty he placed a pathetic faith, and had he ever had the misfortune to encounter his alter ego, a common rogue of the most ordinary type, it is safe to predict that he would not have escaped from his clutches till he had been fleeced of the bulk of his possessions. As late as the date of his trial in the affair of the Diamond Necklace, no suggestion of the identity of the two characters was even mooted. The story owes its origin to the fertile brain of one of the greatest scoundrels of whom European history holds record, the notorious blackmailer, Theveneau de Morande.

A short *résumé* of this arch-villain's history will probably be sufficient to dissipate any credence which has ever been placed in a narrative for which his assertions are our only authority. Theveneau de Morande was born in 1741, the son of a lawyer, at Arnay-le-Duc, in Burgundy. As a boy he was arrested for theft in a house of ill-fame. Subsequently he enlisted, obtained his discharge through his father's intervention, found himself once more in prison at For-l'Evêque, and was then confined in a convent at Armentières, from which he was released two years after at the age of four-and-twenty. Having shortly after lampooned one of the members of the government, he was compelled to fly the country and took refuge in England, where he arrived in a state of destitution.

Needs must when the devil drives, and, the pinch of poverty sharpening his wits, he now turned his attention to the black-mailing business, in the pursuit of which he was soon to evince a quite uncommon aptitude and adroitness. His talents in this direction were ably seconded by a facile pen and a command of vituperative language and personal abuse which the author of the letters to Junius could scarcely have outdone. His first effort of importance in this direction was *Le Gazetteur Cuirassé, ou Anecdotes Scandaleuses sur la Cour de France*. Those who would not purchase immunity by a lump sum down had their characters and private lives mercilessly torn to pieces in its pages. The book is said to have brought him £1,000. An attempt to blackmail Voltaire was less successful. The veteran *philosophe* published the blackmailer's letter with comments by his own satiric pen. The blackmailer's path has indeed its

ups and downs, and once he was fain to accept a horsewhipping and publish an abject apology, the price extorted by an offended French nobleman. Madame du Barry, however, Louis XV's notorious favourite, was made of other stuff, and in consequence the *Memoires d'une Femme Publique*, compared with which *Le Gazetier Cuirassé* was said to have been "rosewater," were never published. Morande accepted the sum of 32,000 livres in solatium for his wounded literary *amour propre*. Before, however, paying him his price the French Government had attempted to kidnap the audacious libeller. This was the ancient substitute for the more prosaic extradition methods of modern times. The plot, however, failed. With a dexterity worthy of a better cause, Morande, warned in time, was able to pose in the English press as a political exile and avenger of public morality. The sympathy of the susceptible public responded warmly to the unscrupulous appeal, and the representatives of French authority escaped with difficulty from the clutches of an infuriated London mob.

It not unfrequently happens with countries that have been at war, that the signature of the treaty of peace is followed after no long lapse of time by a formal alliance between the erstwhile foes, there being obviously two methods of gaining one's ends, the method of grab and the method of give and take, and the failure of one suggesting the advisability of adopting the other. So at least reasoned the French Government, and the payment of Morande's price was followed in due course by his employment on behalf of the said Government in the capacity of subsidized journalist, and spy. Morande was nothing loth to come to terms, and eventually blossomed out into the Editor of the *Courier de l'Europe*. This journal, originally started by Latour under the ægis of the French Government, was soon read in every corner of Europe. This

was the weapon which of all others the black-mailer desired for his purposes. "In it," says "THE
"COURIER
DE
L'EUROPE." Brisset, "he tore to pieces the most estimable people, and manufactured, or caused to be manufactured, articles to ruin any one whom he feared."

Cagliostro had—all unwittingly—made dire enemies of the French Court through his acquittal in the trial over the Diamond Necklace affair. To acquit Cagliostro, who had no more to do with the matter in question than the man in the moon, appeared from the royal standpoint to be tantamount to incriminating

the Queen, on whom, in fact, suspicion long and not unnaturally rested. Morande, therefore, received his instructions from Paris to ruin Cagliostro's reputation. The means ready to his hand was the *Courier de l'Europe*. Hence the story of Joseph Balsamo and his identification with the *soi-disant* Count Cagliostro. To say that the authority hardly seems adequate is surely to put it mildly. And yet Carlyle, and others before and after him, have quietly accepted the statement of the paid black-mailer as sufficient evidence of the character and history of his victim!

Who, then, was Cagliostro? The answer to this question must ever remain among the unsolved problems of history. There is, however, no reason to dismiss as incredible—even if there is reason to doubt—the account which he gave of himself on the occasion of the "Diamond Necklace" trial. From what

we know of Cagliostro we may, I think, say that his character was far too ingenuous for him to have been likely to invent so remarkable a tale. Everything, however, in his history points to the fact that he was just the person to take a record of the kind and colour it with the hues of his own fertile imagination. In any case the impartial historian, while dismissing as incredible the Balsamo fiction is bound to give some weight—however slight—to the only evidence on the subject we possess which is not manifestly untrue. Cagliostro, however, himself did not pretend to have knowledge of his parentage. "I cannot," he states, "speak positively as to the place of my nativity, nor as to the parents who gave me birth. All my inquiries have ended only in giving me some great notions, it is true, but altogether vague and uncertain concerning my family." The gist, however, of his story was that he spent his childhood in Arabia, where he was brought up under the name of Acherat. He had then, he states, four persons attached to his service—the chief of whom was a certain Althotas, a man between fifty-five and sixty years

of age. This man (whom it has been attempted to identify with a certain Kølmer, a Jutland merchant, who had travelled extensively and had the reputation of being a master-magician) informed Cagliostro that he had been left an orphan when three months old, and that his parents were Christian and nobly born. All his attempts, however, to discover the secret of his birth were doomed to disappointment. The matter was one which was treated as taboo. In his twelfth year (to follow his

WHO
WAS CAG-
LIOSTRO?

STORY
OF CAG-
LIOSTRO'S
CHILDHOOD.

own story) he left Medina for Mecca, where he remained three years, until, wearying of the monotonous round of the Cherif's Court, he obtained leave to travel.

One day (he narrates), when I was alone, the prince entered my apartment; he strained me to his bosom with more than usual tenderness, bid me never cease to adore the Almighty and added, bedewing my cheeks with his tears: "Nature's unfortunate child, adieu!"

From this date commenced, according to his own account, Cagliostro's travels, first in company with Althotas, for whom he ever expressed the warmest affection, afterwards with the wife whom he chose for himself in Italy. For upwards of three years he claims to have travelled through Egypt, Africa and Asia, finally reaching the island of Rhodes in the year 1766, and thence embarking on a French ship bound for Malta. Here he and his guardian were received with all honour, Pinto, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, giving them apartments in his palace.

**HIS
TRAVELS.**

It was here (he notes) that I first assumed European dress and with it the name of Count Cagliostro; nor was it a small matter of surprise to me to see Althotas appear in a clerical dress with the insignia of the Order of Malta.

The Grand Master Pinto was apparently acquainted with Cagliostro's history. He often spoke to him, he says, of the Cherif, but always refused to be "drawn" on the subject of his real origin and birth. He treated him, however, with every consideration and endeavoured to induce him to "take the cross," promising him a great career and rapid preferment if he would consent to do so. Cagliostro's love of travelling and of the study of medicine drew him in another direction, and on the death of his guardian, Althotas, which occurred shortly after, he left Malta for ever. After visiting Sicily and the Greek Archipelago in company with the Chevalier d'Aquino he proceeded thence to Naples, where he took leave of his companion. Provided with a letter of credit on the banking house of Signor Bellone he left Naples for Rome, where his destiny awaited him in the shape of Seraphina Feliciani, who shortly after became his wife, and to whom he showed throughout his married life a most unflinching devotion.* Cagliostro states that he was then (anno 1770)

**HIS
MARRIAGE.**

* It is perhaps almost superfluous to state that Joseph Balsamo got his wife locked up in jail, beside compelling her to lead a life of immorality.

in his twenty-second year, and he appears to have continued to pursue that nomadic life which was so dear to him, travelling from town to town on the continent of Europe till he at length emerges into the light of day in the city of London, in the month of July, 1776, in furnished apartments, in Whitcombe Street, Leicester Fields. London seems always to have been an unfortunate place for Cagliostro, and here he was destined, on the first of many occasions, to become the victim of his own too trustful and generous disposition and to be fleeced by a nest of rogues, who took advantage of a foreigner entirely ignorant of London, of the greater part of his possessions. Eventually he was rescued from this gang of knaves by a good Samaritan in the shape of a certain O'Reilly. Now O'Reilly was a prominent member of the Esperance Lodge of Freemasons, and here we first find Cagliostro brought into contact with that celebrated secret society, his connection with which was destined to play so all-important a part in the subsequent years of his life. O'Reilly, it appears, was the proprietor of the *King's Head*, in Gerard Street, where the Esperance Lodge assembled, and it was only natural

CAGLIOSTRO
BECOMES A
FREEMASON.

that one so fascinated with the occult as Cagliostro should be readily persuaded by his benefactor and rescuer to become initiated into the order of Freemasons. It is not necessary here to follow in detail the sordid intrigues of which, during his sojourn in England, he was made the victim. He was, however, glad eventually to escape from the country, with "no more than £50 and some jewels" in his possession, having lost in all, through fraud and consequent legal proceedings, some 3,000 guineas during his sojourn. Cagliostro's star, however, had not yet set and his all too brief spell of fame and triumph was still in front of him. Providence, in the shape probably of the emissaries of Freemasonry, was waiting at Brussels to replenish his purse, and the same Providence, probably in the same guise, replenished it many times afterwards with no niggardly hand.

From Brussels to The Hague, from The Hague to Nuremberg, from Nuremberg to Berlin, from Berlin to Leipzig, we trace the Count's peregrinations, gathering fame and founding Egyptian Masonic Lodges as he went. It is true he met with setbacks and reverses, and the capital of Frederick the Great would have none of him, but it is clear that, in spite of these, his credit and reputation as a healer and clairvoyant grew steadily in volume. It was, in fact, on these two gifts that his fame rested. Though he claimed to have been taught the secrets of occultism

by Althotas, or to have learned them from the Egyptian priests, there is no evidence * throughout the records of his career of his possessing anything but a smattering of such abstruse knowledge, and on several occasions, notably at St. Petersburg, there is something more than a suspicion that his attempt to make good his claim to the name of occultist involved him in serious humiliation and rebuffs. The tales, however, of his predictions and their fulfilments were handed on from mouth to mouth,

RISING REPUTATION OF CAGLIOSTRO. doubtless losing nothing on the way, while his reputation as a healer and the stories of the cures which he effected assured a perfect furor of enthusiasm in every fresh town to which he paid a visit. He took advantage of this enthusiasm to found fresh Masonic Lodges in all directions, and, while he consistently refused to receive payment of any kind for his cures, the shekels of an endless file of initiate converts poured into the coffers at the headquarters of Egyptian Masonry. Never was man at once more lavish with money and more indifferent to the comforts which money brings. "He slept in an armchair," said Madame d'Oberkirch contemptuously, "and lived on cheese." Whatever he spent, however, he appeared to draw from an inexhaustible widow's cruise. As in spite of his refusal to accept fees, he paid his own bills with the greatest promptitude; the problem whence this continuous stream of gold flowed excited unbounded curiosity, and many were the fantastic stories invented to account for it.

Meanwhile, after visiting Mittau, where he was enthusiastically taken up by Marshal von Medem, the head of the Masonic Lodge at that place, he passed on to Petersburg, Warsaw, and thence to Strassburg. Here he was destined to enjoy a great triumph and to win a powerful friend, who was eventually, through a pure accident, to prove the cause of his undoing. This was none other than the notorious Cardinal de Rohan. It is hardly

CARDINAL DE ROHAN. necessary to state that the ecclesiastical dignitary of the eighteenth century in France was not selected for his high office by reason of his exemplary life or his Christian virtues. To neither of these did Cardinal de Rohan make any claim. Yet honours had fallen thick and fast upon him. He was Bishop of Strassburg, Grand Almoner of France, Cardinal, Prince of the Empire, Landgrave of Alsace, in addition to being abbot of the richest abbey in France, the

* Unless indeed we accept the (doubtful) story of his transmuting metals for de Rohan.

Abbey of St. Waast Handsune. Of fascinating manner, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, there was no position in the kingdom to which he did not feel justified in aspiring. The fact that he enjoyed a reputation for dissipation and extravagance did not appear calculated to tell against him in such an age.

Surprising as it may seem, the Cardinal combined with a pleasure-loving disposition a passion for alchemy and the pursuit of the occult sciences, and the arrival of Cagliostro at Strassburg naturally enough excited his interest to no small degree. The Cardinal determined to lose no time in making the acquaintance of the man about whom and whose marvellous cures the whole town was already talking almost before he set foot in its streets. But Cagliostro was inclined to ride the high horse. "If the Cardinal is ill," he replied to the great man's messenger, "let him come to me and I will cure him. If not, he has no need of me nor I of him." In spite of the Count's stand-offishness, the Cardinal was not to be denied, and the acquaintance once made soon ripened into the closest intimacy. Cagliostro was told to consider the palace his own, and he and his wife resided there on the footing of the most honoured guests. Marvellous tales are told of the results of his experiments in the Cardinal's laboratory, how he manufactured gold and jewels, and finally showed de Rohan in the crystal the form of the woman whom he had loved. It is on these stories alone that the reputation of Cagliostro as an alchemist really rests, and in the absence of further confirmatory evidence one is inclined to take them with a grain of salt. However this may be, it is certain that the Cardinal was completely won over, and Cagliostro took care not to lose caste by assuming airs of humility or deference. Never,

CAGLIOSTRO
AND THE
DOCTORS.

certainly, was there less of a snob than this marvellous adventurer. "Cagliostro," says Madame d'Oberkirch, "treated him and his other distinguished admirers as if they were under the deepest obligation to him; but he under none whatever to them." As usual, our hero was besieged at Strassburg by those who would profit by his medical knowledge and skill as a healer, for he really appears to have possessed both, and as usual by obliging his clients he incurred the inveterate hostility of the medical profession. In all ages of the world's history the natural healer has had the doctor as his enemy and the prophet, the priest. Orthodoxy has ever closed its ranks against those who poach on its preserves. Doubtless it is the natural instinct of self-defence. For Cagliostro, however, it was extremely inconvenient.

The people would throng his doorsteps to be cured and make him heal them willy-nilly, and the medical profession were equally determined to make each place in which he practised



COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

(From engraving by Bartolozzi in British Museum.)

his medical skill too hot for him. Others might have been willing to let the dogs bark, but a fatal sensitiveness to criticism made the Count an all too easy target for their venom. They

CC

drove him from Strassburg as they had driven him from other places, in spite of the entreaties of de Rohan, who pressed him to stay and disregard their clamour.

We need not follow Cagliostro from Strassburg to Bordeaux and from Bordeaux to Lyons, where he added further laurels to his reputation and founded further Lodges of Egyptian Masonry. He might have remained indefinitely to all appearance at the latter place if it had not been for the solicitations of Cardinal de Rohan, who urged him to respond to the appeals of Parisian Society and visit the gay capital, where he guaranteed him an enthusiastic reception. He even sent a special messenger to back his request, and perhaps Cagliostro himself had heard the capital of cultured Europe a-calling. Anyhow he came, his evil fate—if not Paris—summoning him. Cagliostro declared that he took the greatest precaution on arriving there to avoid causing ill-will. However this may be, he immediately became

CAGLIOSTRO "the rage" in fashionable circles; people flocked
IN PARIS. to him by hundreds to be cured, and the stories of the miracles which he was supposed to have effected were the talk of every dinner-party in the capital. Mesmer had already left Paris with a fortune of 340,000 livres, made by his lucrative practice, in his pocket. Paris, craving for a new excitement, was ready to receive with open arms the wonder-worker of whom it was said that no one of all his patients ever succeeded in making him accept the least mark of gratitude.*

Cagliostro was here surfeited with flattery. Houdin executed his bust. His statuettes were in every shop window. His portrait was in every house. Those who claimed to have been cured by him were met with on all sides. Angels, it was said, and heroes of Biblical story appeared at his séances. No story was too absurd for Paris to believe about him.

But a train of events in which he had no hand, and a catastrophe for which he had no responsibility, were destined, while wrecking other reputations and undermining the throne itself, to bring his career of triumph to a sudden and tragic close, and eventually to drive him, a forsaken and persecuted outcast, to his final doom. Cagliostro, as already stated, had nothing whatever to do with the affair of the Diamond Necklace. But for all that, he was caught in the web of deceit that an unscrupulous woman had woven to suit her own purposes.

* Grimm.

The Countess de Lamotte-Valois, a descendant of a natural son of Henri II, and an adventuress of the most reckless type, had found a protector in the person of the susceptible Cardinal



THE COUNTESS DE LAMOTTE-VALOIS.

(Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

de Rohan. Now the Cardinal was by no means a *persona grata* at the Court of Versailles. As a matter of fact, he was never seen there except at the feast of the Assumption, when it was his duty as Grand Almoner to celebrate Mass in the Royal

Chapel. The cause of this was the enmity of Queen Marie Antoinette. The Cardinal had been recalled from the embassy at Vienna at the instance of her mother, Maria Theresa, and doubtless the mother had communicated to the daughter a distrust for the brilliant but pleasure-loving Cardinal. This was a fatal obstacle to de Rohan, whose ambition it was to become First

STORY
OF THE
DIAMOND
NECKLACE.

Minister to the King. The Countess de Lamotte saw her chance in the thwarted ambitions of her protector, and took care to pose as an intimate friend of the Queen, a story to which her frequent visits to Versailles in connection with a petition for the recovery of some family property which had passed into the possession of the State, lent a certain appearance of truth. She represented to the Cardinal the interest the Queen took in him, but which matters of policy compelled her to dissemble. In the sequel a series of letters—of course forged—passed between de Rohan and the supposed Queen. The Queen, through the intermediary of the Countess, borrowed large sums of money of the Cardinal, which the Cardinal, on his part, being head over ears in debt in spite of his enormous income, was compelled to borrow of the Jews. Finally, when the Cardinal was becoming suspicious

THE
WEB OF
INTRIGUE.

the Countess arranged a bogus interview, at which another lady—admittedly remarkably like her—posed as the Queen, and permitted de Rohan to kiss her hand. Finally Madame de Lamotte got in touch with Böhmer, the owner of the famous necklace. This she represented to the Cardinal that the Queen had set her heart on obtaining, but could not, at a moment's notice, find the ready cash. Would he become security? Needless to say, de Rohan fell into the trap. The first instalment of the bill fell due, and the Cardinal, who had not expected to be called on to pay, was unable offhand to find the money. At this point Böhmer, feeling nervous, consulted one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, who informed him that the story of the Queen having bought the necklace was all moonshine. He then went to the

WHAT THE
JEWELLER
DID.

Countess de Lamotte, who had the effrontery to say she believed he was being victimized, and advised him to go to the Cardinal, thinking, doubtless, that de Rohan would take the entire responsibility when the alternative was his ruin. The jeweller, however, instead of taking her advice, went straight to the King. The King immediately communicated with the Queen, who was furious, and insisted on having the Cardinal arrested forthwith. The

fat was now in the fire with a vengeance. The arrest of the Cardinal was followed by that of the Countess de Lamotte, of Cagliostro and his wife (whom the Countess in utter recklessness accused of the theft of the necklace), of the Baroness d'Oliva, who had "played" the Queen, of de Vilette, the forger of the letters, and various minor actors in this astounding drama.

In the celebrated trial that followed Cagliostro was acquitted, but not until he had spent nine months in the Bastille. There was, in fact, not a shadow of evidence against him. His wife was released before the trial took place. Cagliostro received an ovation from the people of Paris on the occasion of his release, as well as de Rohan, who was also acquitted, the popularity of the verdict being due to the hatred with which the Royal Family

THE
ACQUITTAL
AND ITS
SEQUEL.

were now everywhere regarded. But on the day after, by a Royal edict, de Rohan was stripped of all his dignities and exiled to Auvergne, while Cagliostro was ordered to leave France within three weeks. The Count retired to England, fearful lest worse might befall him; but even here the relentless malignity of the discredited Queen, who regarded his acquittal as equivalent to her own condemnation, followed his footsteps. The unscrupulous de Morande, as we have already seen, was paid by the Court to ruin his reputation and to identify him with the thief and gaol-bird, Joseph Balsamo. London was soon made so hot for him that he returned once more to the Continent, and made his home for a short time in Switzerland. Later on he went to Trent, where the Prince-Bishop, who had a passion for alchemy, made him a welcome guest. But the Count's day was over, and misfortune continued to dog his footsteps. The Emperor Joseph II would not permit his vassal to harbour the man who had been mixed up in the Diamond Necklace affair, and the Bishop was reluctantly obliged to bid him begone. Cagliostro now found himself driven from pillar to post, his resources were at an end, and his friends were dead or had deserted him. He turned his

ARREST OF
CAGLIOSTRO
AT ROME.

steps towards Italy, and eventually arrived at Rome. Here his presence becoming known to the papal authorities, he and his wife were arrested as members of the Masonic Fraternity. In those days, within the Papal States Freemasonry was a crime punishable by death. After a mock trial the death-sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, while his wife was confined in a penitentiary.

Rumour which wove a web of romance round all his doings,

did not leave him even here, and stories were circulated that he had escaped from his dungeon and was living in Russia. There appears, however, to be no doubt that neither Count nor Countess long survived their incarceration, and when the French soldiers invaded the Papal States in 1797 and the Polish Legion under General Daubrowski captured the fortress of San Leo, in which the Count had been confined, the officers who inquired after the once famous magician, hoping to set him free, were informed that it was too late and that he was already dead. The Queen, whose vindictive spite had ruined these two lives, went to her doom first ; but her instrument, the blackmailer Morande, retired to a quiet corner of France on his ill-gotten fortune, escaped the furies of the French Revolution, and ended his life surrounded by an atmosphere of the most unquestioned respectability.

And what of the man with whom not only his own fate, but the misrepresentations of history have dealt so hardly ? What manner of man was he for whom even those who denounce him as mountebank might not unreasonably, one would think, feel a passing sympathy. On two points we have ample testimony.

IMPRESSIONS OF CAGLIOSTRO. All those who knew him bore witness to the marvellous magnetism of his personality and to the fascination and beauty of his extraordinary eyes. "No two eyes like his were ever seen," says the Marquise de Crégnny, "and his teeth were superb." "He was not, strictly speaking, handsome," says Madame d'Oberkirch, "but I have never seen a more remarkable face. His glance was so penetrating that one might almost be tempted to call it supernatural. I could not describe the expression of his eyes ; it was, so to speak, a mixture of flame and ice. It attracted and repelled at the same time, and whilst it inspired terror it aroused along with it an irresistible curiosity. I cannot deny," she adds, "that Cagliostro possessed an almost demoniacal power." Not less noteworthy is the opinion of so hostile a witness as Beugnot, who confesses, while ridiculing him, that his face, his attire, the whole man, in fact, impressed him in spite of himself. "If gibberish can be sublime," he continues, "Cagliostro was sublime. When he began speaking on a subject he seemed carried away with it, and spoke impressively in a ringing, sonorous voice."

This was the man whose appearance Carlyle caricatured in the following elegant phraseology :—

A most portentous face of scoundrelism ; a fat snub abominable face ; dew-lapped, flat-nosed, greasy, full of greediness, sensuality, ox-like

obstinacy ; the most perfect quack face produced by the eighteenth century.

Carlyle, however, who would say anything or write anything in his moods of irritability, also alluded to the late Cardinal Newman as "not possessing the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit"; and the two statements may fairly be juxtaposed.

Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge, to whose recent book I am greatly indebted for material for this brief sketch of Cagliostro's life, well observes that "there is perhaps no other equally celebrated personality in modern history whose character is so baffling to the biographer." History has condemned him purely on the evidence of his most unscrupulous enemies. But while dismissing such one-sided portraits, it is no easy matter to arrive at an unprejudiced valuation of the real man. Of his new biographer's

CAGLIOS-
TRO'S
LATEST
BIO-
GRAPHER.

impartiality and candour as well as his careful research of authorities, it is impossible to speak too highly. His conclusions will be all the more widely accepted in view of the fact that he is himself in no sense an occultist. In spite of a rather long chapter dealing with "Eighteenth Century Occultism," we feel instinctively and at every turn that the subject is one in which he is obviously out of his depth. Indeed, only on the second page of his biography we come across the following surprising statement. Speaking of "theosophists, spiritualists, occultists," all of whom are unceremoniously lumped together, he observes:—

By these amiable visionaries Cagliostro is regarded as one of the princes of occultism whose mystical touch has revealed the arcana of the spiritual world to the initiated, and illumined the path along which the speculative scientist proceeds on entering the labyrinth of the supernatural.

Of course every occultist knows this to be rubbish. Cagliostro has never been regarded as an authority in any school of occultism. Many, if not most occultists, have been inclined to believe that he was more than half a quack. Mr. Trowbridge—it is to be said to his credit—has judged him in the light of the

ESTIMATE
OF CAG-
LIOSTRO'S
CHARACTER.

evidence more fairly than most occultists. The fact is, Cagliostro with all his good qualities, with all his generosity of heart, his human sympathy, his nobility—yes, it really was nobility—of character, was beyond and above all things a poser and a mystery-monger. He had a magnetic personality, a mediumistic temperament, and almost certainly some clairvoyant power, though it is noticeable that he invariably employed a little boy

or girl whose assistance was essential to his predictions. Beyond this, and, I think we must say, more important than all this, he had an incontestable natural healing gift, which he aided by no small knowledge of practical medicine. In these qualifications we have the secret of his success, and also the secret of his failure. He was excessively vain, and loved to impress the multitude. He loved, moreover, to impress them by surrounding himself with an atmosphere of mystery and posing as an occultist, which (probably) he never was. He has left no body of teaching behind him. He has left no followers, no disciples. He was merely the comet of a season, though an exceptionally brilliant one. It would be absurd to class him in the same category as such master occultists as Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus, or indeed even as Eliphas Levi. He was not cast in the same mould. He belonged to another and a lower type. But his was withal a striking as well as a sympathetic personality, a personality that makes appeal by a certain glamour heightened by the tragedy of his inglorious end, to all that is warm, and chivalrous and romantic in the human heart.

In a recent journey to America I have made arrangements with the Macoy Publishing Co., the well-known Masonic Publishers, of 49, John Street, New York, to handle the OCCULT REVIEW, and also a considerable number of my firm's psychic

NEW
AMERICAN
AGENCIES
FOR OCCULT
PUBLICATIONS.

and occult publications. This firm will supply the OCCULT REVIEW to subscribers either by itself at \$1.75, or together with the *Mystic Light Library Bulletin* at \$2. I have also made arrangements with the Oriental Esoteric Library, of 1,443, Q. St., N.W., Washington, D.C., who will supply the OCCULT REVIEW to any of their clients, as well as the large bulk of my firm's publications. The Oriental Esoteric Library also publish a Bulletin weekly, in which they give lists of books of interest to occult students, for sale and rent. Dr. Stokes, who is in charge of this rapidly increasing business, is widely known as one of the most eminent of American chemists. His interest in occult research, however, has led him to abandoning his lucrative profession for the purpose of building up an occult organization which will, I hope, in course of time have centres of activity in all the principal cities of America. Those who are interested in the literature of occultism cannot do better than write to these agencies for catalogues, specimen copies and other useful information.

It has occurred to me that my readers would be pleased to see a portrait of Mr. J. B. Shipley, to whose lamented death a brief allusion was made in my last issue. Mr. SHIPLEY. Shipley was in frequent communication with myself as Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW, and as already mentioned in last month's issue, had been a regular contributor to the paper. In this connection his ready and willing help was always at my service, and his decease adds another to the, I am afraid, rather long list of supporters of the magazine who have passed over to the other side since its commencement in January, 1905.



MR. J. B. SHIPLEY.

THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF THE SO-CALLED DIVINING OR DOWSING ROD *

By PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT, F.R.S.

IF any of our ancestors had visited the mining districts of Cornwall and Somerset a century or two ago they would have seen a strange sight. The position of the beds of underground ore was being sought for by certain men who were said to have a gift, peculiar to a few people, of finding the hidden ore by means of a forked rod of hazel. The lower ends, *a, a*, of this Λ -shaped fork were firmly grasped one in each hand, as shown in Fig. 1,

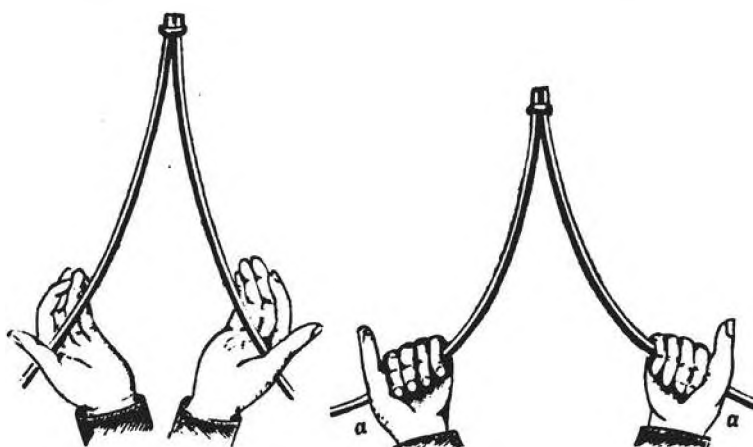


FIG. 1.

the palms of the hand turned upwards with elbows close to the side, so that the fork became horizontal, and at certain places, as the holder traversed the country, the free end would suddenly dip downwards, or *strike* as it was called; beneath these spots the expert said ore would be found. And he was usually right. In fact, so much esteemed were these ore-finders, or “dowsers,” as they were locally called, that Pryce in his great work on mining—a classical folio entitled *Mineralogia Cornubiensis*, published in 1778—tells us that experienced miners always employed a dowser before sinking a shaft or running an adit for a mine.

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Billingsley, in his admirable work on Somerset, published in 1797, gives a lengthy account of the use of the rod in locating the then extensive lead mines in the Mendips. Prior to either of these writers that eminent philosopher, the Hon. Robert Boyle, in one of his Philosophical Essays, published in 1673, refers to the use of the forked hazel rod or *virgula divinatoria*, for the discovery of underground lead ore in Somerset.

But nearly two centuries before Boyle the *virgula divina*, or divining-rod, was in general use by the miners of Saxony when prospecting for ore. In an interesting old treatise, which rewarded my bibliographical search in the British Museum Library, called Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, published at the beginning of the sixteenth century, will be found the first documentary evidence of the use of the *virgula* in the search for ore. A quaint picture is given in that work, showing an ancient dowser striding over the mountain side with a very unwieldy and uplifted forked rod.

It is, however, in G. Agricola's famous Latin folio on mining, *De re Metallica*, published in Basle in 1540, that we find the earliest detailed account of the employment of the forked rod in the search for mineral ores. Agricola gives an excellent plate showing how the rod is used, reproduced in Fig. 2, where at *A* the dowser is seen walking over the ground with uplifted rod, and at *B* the rod is seen dipping at the place where the ore is to be found.

Agricola calls the dowser's rod the *virgula furcata*, or forked rod, to distinguish it from the *virgula divina*, mentioned by Cicero and other Roman writers—a well-known ancient superstition—the casting of bits of stick for the purpose of divination or other form of "rhabdomancy." But in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a good deal of the superstition of the old *virgula* clung to the new *virgula furcata*, and so the name *virgula divinatoria*, "divining rod," has come down to the present time. In fact, the existence of the dowser at the present day seems very like the survival of a bygone superstition, and has naturally been so regarded by the scientific world. For the dowser does not rely upon knowledge or reason, but claims some instinct or power of intuitively discovering the hidden object of his search. And whilst science on *à priori* grounds, ridicules his claims, nevertheless experienced practical miners, as we have seen, undoubtedly believed in them. In fact, the use of the rod in prospecting for metallic ore was doubtless brought over to England by the experienced miners sent to Saxony in Queen

Elizabeth's reign to learn the best method of developing the mineral wealth of Cornwall. Now the colloquial German name for the forked rod was *schlag-ruthe*, or striking rod, and this term, translated into the dialect then spoken in Cornwall, was doubtless the origin of the local name *dowsing-rod*, by which it is still called throughout the South-West of England.* The



FIG. 2.

first mention of this term in literature occurs in one of the philosopher Locke's essays, published in 1691, where he speaks of the "deusing-rod"; Locke was a Somerset man and likely therefore to have seen the rod in use.

It was not until near the end of the eighteenth century that the dowsing-rod was used in England for the purpose of finding

* The word *dowse* is derived from the Middle English *duschan*, to strike: "dowse the sail" is still a common expression among Cornish sailors.

underground water, and from that time to the present its use for this purpose has spread over many parts of Great Britain, and is still most highly esteemed in Somerset and other localities where underground water is difficult to locate. But it was employed in the search for water springs in the south of France a century before its use in England for this purpose. There is a quaint old book called *La verge de Jacob*, published at Lyons in 1693, which gives a description, with plates, showing how the rod is used, and the success of the *sourciers*—as they were, and are still, called in France—in finding underground water.

The question now arises, what evidence is there, that will stand the test of strict scientific enquiry, to show that the "*sourcier*," or "dowser," is of any use in locating the site for a well? In many places he is, obviously, of no use at all, for where underground water exists, as it were, in sheets in a porous stratum, like gravel, over an impermeable bed, like clay, water will be found anywhere you choose to dig to a moderate depth. But in other places underground water runs in channels or fissures between rocks or other impermeable strata, and it is just in those places that the dowser is held in the highest repute. As an able geologist wrote to me: "This condition of fissure water which is the geologist's extremity is the dowser's opportunity," for with all respect to the learned geologists, who are consulted on the best site for sinking a well, the humble and often illiterate dowser has again and again been successful in certain regions where the best scientific advice has failed. Of this I will give a few instances later on. It was this singular success which attended certain dowsers, that led the Council of the Society for Psychical Research to invite me to examine and report upon the facts. At that time, nearly twenty years ago, I was not only sceptical but inclined to scoff at this "relic of an ancient superstition." However, having agreed to investigate the subject, with the help of geological friends, I found to my surprise that the evidence on behalf of the dowser was much more extensive and unimpeachable than I had imagined. The labour of making an exhaustive inquiry and conducting experimental borings to test the dowser's indications, was much more formidable than anticipated, and it took many years before I was able to pen my first lengthy report, which was published in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* in 1895; this was followed by a second long report in 1900, and abundant materials have since accumulated for a third report not yet published.

It is interesting to compare the strong convictions of those who can speak from experience of the use of the dowser, especially in the South-West of England, with easy-chair critics who have never taken the trouble to examine the evidence, and write contemptuous articles and letters in the daily papers with the usual arrogance of ignorance. De Quincey, who was a Somerset man, refers in several of his writings to the value of the dowzers, or "jowsers," as he calls them, in the search for water springs in Somerset, where he says, "nobody sinks for water without their aid." And to-day the same testimony is borne by numerous landowners and land agents in the South-West of England. Thus the Treasurer of the Merchant Venturers in Bristol wrote to me: "On the estates I look after we always employ a dowser, and I do not recollect any instance of their failure; in fact, we never sink a well without making use of the dowser," and another neighbouring landowner, Mr. Clifford Gibbons, writes to me to the same effect; he says, "The thing is altogether a mystery to me, as I spent very large sums of money fruitlessly in sinking for wells before I employed a dowser." Even so distinguished a judge and scientific man as Sir Edward Fry, F.R.S., informed me that he has on more than one occasion employed with success a dowser to locate the site for a well; the late Marquis of Salisbury and many other eminent men, who cannot be accused of credulity, have borne testimony to the success of the dowser on their estates when other means of locating underground water have failed.

There is thus a strong *prima facie* case on behalf of some peculiar gift or instinct possessed by certain persons in discovering the position of underground ore and water. The dowser himself usually believes some electrical influence is exerted which causes a sudden muscular spasm and so twists the forked rod, and in proof adduces the fact that the rod will not move if he is insulated from the ground. But electricity has nothing to do with it, for if the dowser *thinks* he is insulated, whilst really he is not so, the rod is still motionless, and it will freely move when he thinks he is uninsulated, though really not so. Nor can I find any peculiar sensitiveness to either electricity, or radio-activity on the part of the dowser.

What, then, is the explanation? At first I was disposed to think it was a shrewd eye for the ground; the conscious or sub-conscious detection of surface indications which led to his success, and in some cases it may be so. But this explanation breaks down when we find utterly inexperienced women and

children among successful dowsers. Moreover, some of the most remarkable cases of success have been in places where there are no surface signs, water being correctly indicated as running beneath paved yards or below a great thickness of boulder clay. Is the result merely due to chance coincidence?—lucky hits which are likely to be remembered whilst failures are forgotten? For the dowser is not infallible; he has failures, though he will rarely acknowledge the fact. But a careful statistical examination of the many hundreds of cases I have investigated with the special object of discovering failures, shows that this explanation also breaks down. It may account for the partial success of some who pretend to be, or think they are, dowsers, but it is wholly inadequate to explain the wonderful record of men like

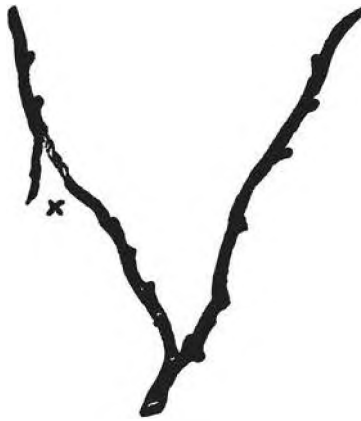


FIG 3.

Bleton in France a century ago, or the late John Mullins in England, or other successful dowsers still living, such as W. Stone of Spilsby in Lincolnshire, or Mr. Golding of Braintree in Essex, and many others.

In fine we may confidently assert as the result of a prolonged and critical inquiry, extending over Europe and America—for dowsers exist in all civilized countries—that the explanation of the success of a good dowser cannot be attributed to lucky hits, or chance coincidence, or the detection of surface indications of underground water. The true explanation, I am disposed to believe, is that the dowser possesses a faculty analogous to *instinct* among animals; a sub-conscious perceptive power, which gives rise to an instinctive (but not conscious) detection of the hidden object for which he is in search. This obscure, and

hitherto unrecognized human faculty, reveals itself by creating an automatic or involuntary muscular spasm, that twists the forked rod ; sometimes it produces a curious *malaise* or transient sickness, which furnishes some dowzers with sufficient indication to enable them to dispense with the use of a forked twig.

By many it has been thought that the sudden twisting of the forked rod was merely a little stage play on the part of the dowser in order to impress the ignorant. It is, however, nothing of the kind. The motion is quite involuntary, and sometimes so vigorous that the twig curls completely round, often breaking one limb in so doing, as shown in Fig. 3, which is from a photograph of a rod so broken in my presence. The rod twists, as an eminent French *savant*, Professor P. Janet, has remarked, " sans le vouloir et sans le savoir " on the part of the dowser. In fact, many amateur dowzers, among them we may cite eminent church dignitaries, distinguished writers, able scientists, well-known peers, acute lawyers and others, have told me that they cannot possibly control the gyration of the forked twig, " that it appears to be alive," and are inclined to believe some external force is moving it and not their own involuntary muscular action, which, as I have said, is the probable cause. The phenomenon is, in fact, a very curious illustration of automatic reflex action, or *motor automatism*. We are familiar with such actions in the beating of the heart and respiration, or when we instinctively close our eyelids if danger threatens the eye, or in the case of hiccough, or sneezing, or blushing, or pallor ; the two latter being due to some emotional disturbance, which evokes the reflex action that controls the flow of blood through the capillaries. It is probable that when the dowser is near the hidden object of his search a somewhat similar emotional disturbance is produced by his supernormal perceptive power, and this excites the reflex that suddenly twists his rod.

I will now give two or three striking cases of the dowser's success, cases, amid others, that I have carefully investigated.

The first case I will cite is a very remarkable one, and might be regarded almost as an *experimentum crucis*. It reached me through the kindness of the late Mr. G. H. Kinahan, F.G.S., at that time senior geologist in the Geological Survey of Ireland, and a well-known and able field geologist. In 1887 the proprietors of a large bacon factory at Waterford, Messrs. Richardson & Co., needed a larger water supply than they possessed ; accordingly, they had a well 62 feet deep sunk at the most promising spot, but no water was found. 1 They then obtained professional

THE DIVINING OR DOWSING ROD 333

advice, and, based on geological considerations, determined to have a boring made at another spot. This was carried out by a Glasgow firm, and a bore-hole 292 feet deep was sunk, and, as only a trifling quantity of water was obtained, the bore-hole was widened ; but it was no use, the yield of water was so insignificant that the bore-hole was abandoned. The next year, acting upon other skilled advice, they had a bore-hole, 7 inches diameter, sunk at the bottom of the 62-feet well. The work was undertaken by the Diamond-drill Rock-boring Company. With difficulty, 612 feet were bored through a very hard silurian rock, but no water was obtained. The boring was, however, continued 338 feet deeper, or a total of 950 feet, which—added to the depth of the well—made 1,012 feet from the surface. The result was a complete failure, and this bore-hole, which cost nearly £1,000, was abandoned. Then, acting upon Mr. Kinahan's advice, another spot was selected, and a bore-hole 52 feet deep was made. The strata encountered were, however, identically the same, and Mr. Kinahan advised the firm to go no further, as the quest was hopeless. These four failures cost the firm considerably over £1,300, and they were considering the advisability of moving their factory elsewhere when one of the partners urged them to try John Mullins, an English dowser, who had been wonderfully successful. Mullins was sent for ; he lived on the border of Somersetshire. He came over, and was told nothing of what had been done. He walked over the premises, about 700 by 300 feet in area, asked no questions, but traversed the ground silently, holding his dowsing-rod. Suddenly, at one spot, only a few yards from the deep bore-hole, the forked twig twisted so violently that it broke in his hands. Here Mullins declared there was an abundant supply of water, which he estimated would be found at 80 or 90 feet below the surface. At two or three other places the rod also twisted as he walked in and out of the curing sheds ; these spots were subsequently found to lie in one straight line, passing only a few feet to one side of the other bore-holes. Mullins returned to England that night, and a letter was written to Mr. Kinahan stating the foregoing facts. Boring was begun at the spot indicated by Mullins, where the rod broke. It was considered a waste of money, and a local geologist was asked to report progress to Mr. Kinahan. His letters, written at the time, I saw and was allowed to copy, and the result reads like a fairy tale. At a depth of rather less than 90 feet water suddenly rushed up the bore-hole, pumping was begun, and so great was the yield that the bore-hole was enlarged to a well, and from that time (1889) to the pre-

D D

sent an unfailing supply of excellent water, of from 3,000 to 5,000 gallons an hour, has been obtained from the dowser's well.

Mr. Kilroe, of H.M. Geological Survey, has kindly investigated the whole matter for me, and his report shows that Mullins must have struck a line of fault or narrow fissure in the hard ordovician rock, as the water-bearing points he fixed on all lie in a straight line. Through this fissure the water, no doubt, streamed from the adjacent high ground, but there were no surface indications of this fissure, as the rock was covered by 40 feet of boulder clay. If it be urged that it was merely a chance coincidence or lucky hit on the dowser's part, the doctrine of probabilities, after the previous unsuccessful trials, would place the chances against success by the dowser as almost infinite. But this case does not stand alone.

Sir Henry Harben gave me particulars of another remarkable success by the same dowser, the late John Mullins. Sir Henry had built a mansion, water towers, lakes for fountains, etc., on his fine estate near Horsham, in Sussex. He then had a big well, 90 feet deep, sunk, hoping to get water, but the well was dry. Acting upon expert advice, he next had a well, 55 feet deep, sunk in another place, with no result. As he was one of the Directors of the New River Company he was able to call in the highest scientific advice. This he did, and he was now advised to sink a third well at another spot; this was done, and a huge well, 100 feet deep, was sunk in the Horsham clay; alas, little or no water was found. The experts then advised him to run adits in different directions at the bottom of this big well. This he did at the cost of £1,000, but the result was a complete failure. Finally, in despair, he reluctantly sent for old Mullins. Sir Henry met the dowser at the station, drove him to his place, and gave him no information. Mullins perambulated the estate holding his forked twig, and, after searching for some time in vain, at last the dowsing-rod turned violently, and he asserted an abundant supply of water would be obtained at that spot at a depth of under 20 feet; another spot was found close by, and both were on a small elevation. Two wells were dug at these spots, through a hard sandstone rock, and an immense perennial supply of excellent water was found at about 15 feet deep. It is true, shallow wells are generally objectionable, but this happens to be an excellent potable water.

This sandstone cap over the Horsham clay was unsuspected, as it was covered with surface soil and grass. The explanation of the dowser's success might possibly have been attributed to a

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sharp eye for the ground, had it not been for the fact that the dowser was no geologist, was a stranger to the locality, and the spot had been passed over by the experts previously engaged.

The last case I will cite occurred in County Wicklow, about five miles from Bray. I was anxious to put the dowser to a severe test by asking him to locate places where water would be found and where it would *not* be found. A site was selected in a field



PLAN OF CARRIGOONA MOUNTAIN.

on the slope of Carrigoona Mountain, opposite the Great Sugar Loaf Mountain, where the most shrewd observer could not possibly predict beforehand the presence or absence of underground water at any particular spot. The rock is sandstone and quartzite, and water springs only occur in a few places. I sent for a good English dowser, Mr. W. Stone, who came over specially from Lincolnshire, where he lived. The field was covered with grass, and the bed rock was believed to be only a few feet below the surface. The dowser marched to and fro, and fixed on two spots where he said plenty of water would be found within 20 feet from the surface, and another adjacent spot where he said no water would be found.

Then I took him to another field on the other side of the mountain ; here he declared no water would be found anywhere, the forked twig refusing to move in his hands. A second dowser, a successful amateur, was tried a few weeks later ; he knew nothing of the previous dowser's visit. His indications exactly coincided with those of the first dowser. Boring apparatus was obtained and a set of bore-holes were made, first in one field, then in the

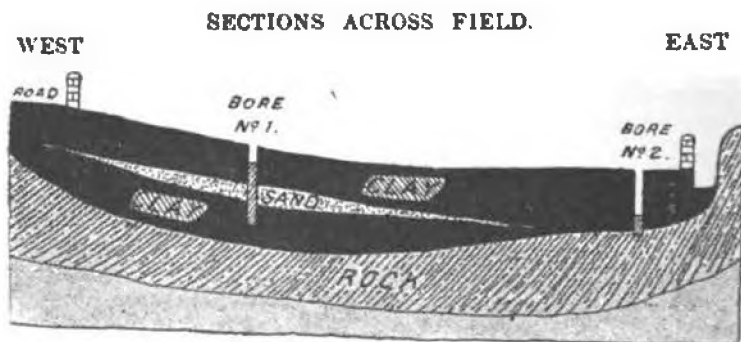


FIG. 4.

Horizontal scale 1 in. = 65 ft.

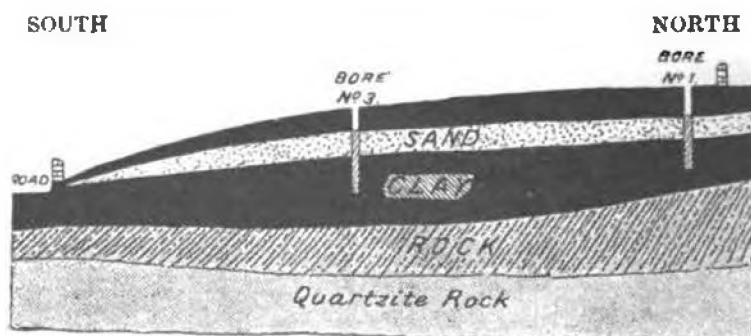
Vertical scale $\frac{1}{8}$ in. = 3 ft., or 1 in. = 48 ft.

FIG. 5.

Vertical scale $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. = 5 ft.

Vertical scale 1 in. = 48 ft.

Horizontal scale 1 in. = 45 ft.

other. The bedrock was deeper than we thought, and after boring through 16 feet of hard, dry boulder clay, at the spot where the dowser said water *would* be found, a splendid spring of water was encountered (No. 1, Figs. 4 and 5). At the spot, a few yards distant, where the dowser said there was *no* water, we bored down to the solid rock, and spent a week boring into the rock, but no water was found (No. 2, Fig. 4). At the third place, where he predicted water, we found on boring a splendid supply at 18 feet be-

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low the surface (No. 3. Fig. 5). The diagram gives the probable explanation, a hidden bed of permeable sand and gravel lying beneath the surface boulder clay. In the other field on the opposite side of the mountain, where the dowser declared no water would be found, we bored in several places down to the solid rock, spending a whole month over it, but not a drop of water was to be found anywhere.

It was in consequence of the unexpected and plentiful supply of water discovered by the dowser in the first field that I secured the land for the purpose of a country cottage, which I subsequently built and called "Carrigoona." Even in times of great drought, when most springs have run dry, my well has never failed.

These cases are only illustrations (though striking ones) of upwards of 100 other cases I have investigated of the dowser's success when other means had failed. No doubt there are rogues who pretend to be dowsers, and who hopelessly fail when underground water is difficult to locate; and, no doubt also, for a large water supply to a town it would be far better to seek skilled geological advice than trust even to the best dowser.

The upshot of the whole matter is (1) that those who really possess this curious faculty are rare, though pretenders exist; the good dowser is a case of *nascitur non fit*; (2) the involuntary motion of the forked twig, which occurs with certain persons, is due to a muscular spasm that may be excited in different ways; (3) the explanation of the success of good dowsers, after prolonged and crucial tests, is—like that of any other obscure human faculty or instinct—a matter for further physiological and psychological research, though provisionally we may entertain the working hypothesis I have already suggested, viz, unconscious clairvoyance.

S. WINEFRIDE'S WELL AND LEGEND

BY W. L. WILMSHURST

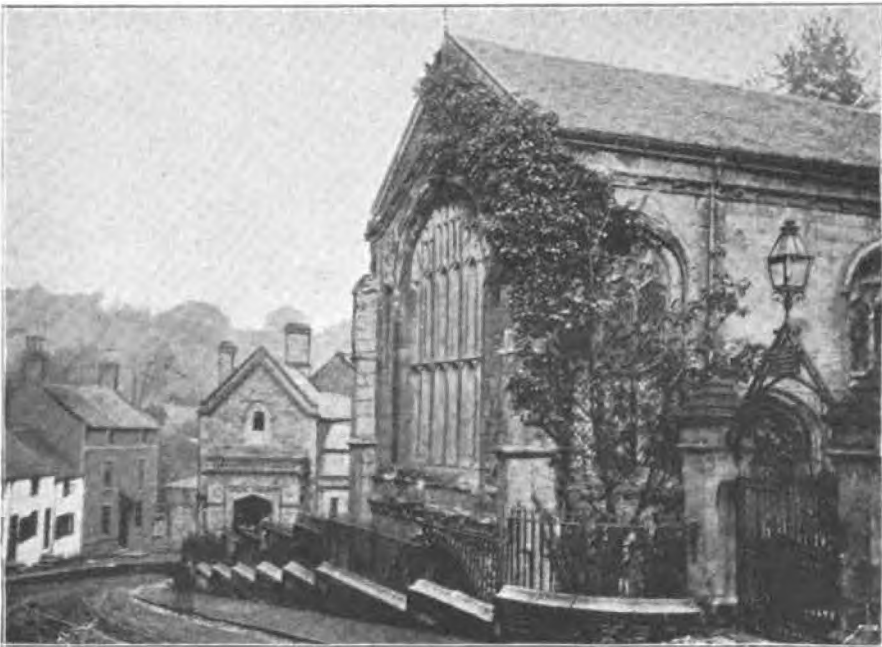
I. THE WELL.

S. WINEFRIDE, most admirable Virgin, even in this unbelieving generation still miraculous, pray for us! In the small Flintshire town of Holywell, overlooking the "sands o' Dee" these words are made to haunt one. Our habitual mental focus is not readily readjusted, but a visit to the Well and Shrine of the seventh century Cambro-British saint urges one to make the effort. The conditions of our times are such that they compel most of us willy-nilly to bow down in the House of Rimmon, and matters that to our forbears seemed reasonable and credible enough assume for us a quite contrary appearance. Probably—and some of us at least believe the assumption justified—however much man's mental focus alters from age to age the object of full and perfect vision is static and varies not. The pupils of humanity's eyes may see for the moment but a part of that object as through a glass darkly; may dilate with wonder, adoration and even, maybe, with credulity; or they may contract in criticism and denial, without affecting the totality of what lies waiting to be perceived. From a proverbial age of miracles we glide into one repudiating the possibility of miracle, and it comes about that to days that seem to us a monument of credulity ours would have seemed a corresponding miracle of unbelief. But since to talk thus is but to argue in a circle and to beg the whole slippery question as to what miracle involves, it seems safer to assert that each age is characterized by its own peculiar wonders, sees its own special visions, and is thereby self-blinded to those of other times; and he is wise who can adjust his own sight to shifting conditions and who can reconcile and synthesize in just perspective the varying perceptions of different periods.

Holywell is situate two miles from its railway station, at the English end of the North Wales *Riviera*, and is reached by a road leading uphill through a broad ravine known locally as Sechnant, the dry valley, for before the waters from the wonderful well began to stream down it fourteen centuries ago it was, as the name "sech" implies, waterless and dry. At the head of the valley stands a sixteenth-century chapel or oratory, in the crypt of which is the famous well, and immediately adjoining

S. WINEFRIDE'S WELL AND LEGEND 339

is Trefynnon, "the settlement by the Well," or *anglice* Holywell, whence one may look down upon the broad estuary of the Dee just about to join the sea. The place has few attractions; the valley renders the air close and relaxing; material prosperity seems to have deserted it; some factories and one of the chief hotels are closed and derelict, whilst detached blocks and entire streets of small and often squalid cottages are conspicuous and bespeak by sundry tokens the presence of many Irish, much poverty, and that unprogressiveness in social and temporal matters which, to whatsoever cause attributable, is so often



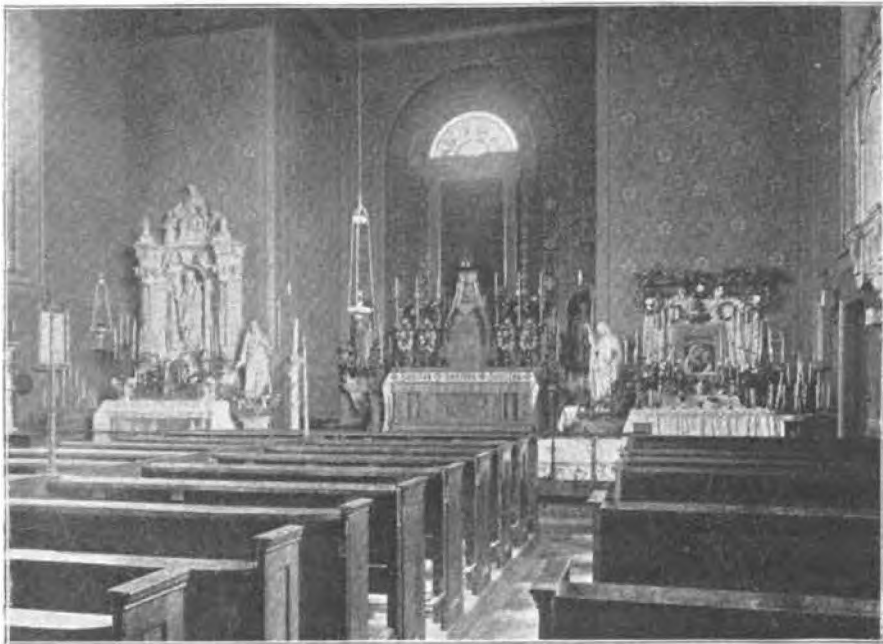
S. WINEFRIDE'S WELL, EXTERIOR; ENTRANCE LODGE (BELOW) AND CHAPEL.

found associated with a poor and largely Roman Catholic populace. Amid these slums, however, are an admirably kept and appointed Catholic church and excellent schools, at the entrance to which stands a large, impressive figure of the Saviour, beneath whose hands of welcome and blessing every child that enters must pass. It is well and to the honour of the Church whose foresight prescribes these things, that those whose lives are perforce spent in mean houses and cheerless conditions should be reminded, by the presence among them of such striking symbols, of unseen providences and of the promise of fair habitations and tabernacles not made with hands.

The Well is by the roadside and may be entered by a turnstile for twopence. Twopence more secures a towel and bathing-dress if you propose to bathe. You reach first an uncovered oblong pool shaped like a modern swimming-bath, stone built, surrounded by dressing boxes, and some three feet deep. The water is entered by some steps, near the foot of which and immersed in the clear water is an aged, irregular slab of rock, known as S. Beuno's Stone, upon which, as a centre of devotion, pilgrims are directed to kneel, and of which I shall say more presently. From this pool, an outer court of the Gentiles as it were, one passes into the inner sanctuary, which is the crypt of a chapel or oratory, once of great richness and beauty but now weather-worn and somewhat dilapidated, built upon the site of earlier premises shortly before the Reformation by Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII, in association with various noble families, in the style of the well-known chapel bearing that King's name at Westminster Abbey. In the centre of this crypt and surrounded by an ambulatory is a large hexagonal stone basin, some eight or ten feet deep, from the rocky floor of which wells, and has welled, it is said, for fourteen centuries, the miraculous spring of water, crystal clear, with a faint green tinge. Slowly, steadily, and with scarcely an indication of being in motion the water surges up; *labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum* at an even rate of 3,000 gallons per minute and at a mean temperature throughout the year of 54° F. From this hexagonal basin the water overflows through an iron grille into a *piscina*, intended apparently as the chief, as doubtless it was the original, bathing-place—a narrow grave-shaped hollow in the ground and overlooked by a large crucifix. The size of this bath allows of but one bather entering at a time, who descends into it by stone steps and after wading through leaves it at the other end by like means. An altar-shrine and statue of S. Winefride stand close to this bath for the devotional purposes of pilgrims, and daily service is held here at noon. The water then flows from the grave-shaped *piscina* into the large oblong bath already mentioned, after which it passes away from consecrated premises to discharge secular offices. It first provides an adjoining brewery with machine-power, and presumably with the fluidic constituent of beer; renders a similar service to a flannel factory a little further on; and after forming the water-supply of the inhabitants of the valley loses itself two miles away from its source in the broad Dec. The pillars and walls of the crypt covering the Well are festooned with candles, banners and votive

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offerings of crutches, splints, trusses, wreaths, written and even carved memorials contributed by grateful pilgrims who have benefited there. Many submerged stones of the Well show extensive stains or patches of rich red colour. The mythopœic tendencies of the ignorant in past ages have attributed these to the blood of S. Winefride, which, according to legend, was shed here and originated the Well, but modern critical scrutiny perceives them to be due to minute blood-coloured mosses. It is fair to the ecclesiastical authorities in charge of the place to say that the latter explanation is the one accepted by them,



CATHOLIC CHURCH, HOLYWELL. S. WINEFRIDE'S ALTAR ON LEFT.

as also that they recognize that the water of the Well yields to chemical analysis no properties whatever of a medicinal or specially curative nature. The spring is of ordinary water that has percolated down from the limestone uplands above Holywell and finds a vent in this valley, which forms its conduit to the Dec, the natural drainage system of the district. The large bath, I perceived, is not guiltless of the presence of sticklebacks; they are, however, innumerable, and for a pilgrim to catch sight of them is, I was told *pour rive*, a not unpropitious omen.

The fame of the Well to-day is, except perhaps among the Catholic community, at its nadir, largely doubtless in sym-

pathy with the general indifference of the age towards almost any but commercial and secular interests; in part also owing to the greater celebrity of the modern Lourdes; and in some measure perhaps by reason of the contemptuous attitude towards it of the Protestant community in the district, certain of whom described it to me as "the Catholic fraud." It is patronized, however, especially in summer, by a steady attendance if not by a large number of visitors, the majority of whom seem to be of the poor Irish Catholic class from our great cities and industrial centres. I propose to say little here of cures effected at the Well. Records of numbers of such cases in both olden and modern times are to be found in the literature of the subject.* In support of such claims in earlier times the well must have had considerable reputation as a healing centre in the sixteenth century to justify the erection by people of distinction of the present buildings; whilst since that time numerous cures have been less or more well-authenticated and the cumulative testimony creates a strong presumption in favour of so-called "miracles" having occurred.

Official bathing hours are appointed for each sex. Many pilgrims do not enter the water, but merely hold an arm or leg in it, bathe their faces or eyes, or drink of it; whilst many purchase specially provided cans to take water away for use in private or to despatch to friends at a distance. It must be remembered that all who come are not physically afflicted; the visit may be made as an act of faith or devotion or to secure interior grace. To quote from the *Pilgrims' Manual*:—

"Though most of the cures have been granted whilst bathing, it is by no means a necessary condition for obtaining signal favours and graces. Strong faith and persevering prayer are the first conditions. Many wonderful cures have been granted to those who have had a small quantity of the water sent to them at a distance. Others have been cured by external application of the water or of the relic of S. Winefride. No fixed rule can be given as to the number of baths. Many striking cures have been effected at a first bath; in other cases the cure has not come till after three or nine or twenty or more baths have been taken. Further, three separate visits at intervals of a year or less are recommended by the tradition of the promise made by S. Beuno to S. Winefride that 'whoso-

* Attention is called to the following procurable at the Well or from the Father Superior of the Catholic Mission at Holywell, whose courtesy I here acknowledge for permission to reproduce views of the Well; *Life of S. Winefride*, by Fr. T. Swift, S.J., 1s.; *The Story of S. Winefride*, and the *Pilgrims' Manual*, 1d. each; also to an excellent article in *Borderland* for November, 1895, since reprinted in *Essays in Psychological Research* by Miss X. (Redway).

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ever shall three times implore thy aid in sickness or misfortune shall at least at the third time obtain his request, if it be not opposed to the Divine Will.' It is quite sufficient to pass three times through the little well and to kneel for a few seconds on S. Beuno's Stone."

Undeniable and outstanding features of the scene at the well are the poverty of most and the intense sincerity of all those who come in quest of healing. There are cripples and blind, deformed and maimed, suffering adults of both sexes, and diseased infants but a few weeks old that one wishes had never been born. Many are here or are bringing their invalid friends or



INTERIOR OF CRYPT; ENTRANCE TO SMALL BATH IN CENTRE, AND S. WINEFRIDE'S SHRINE.

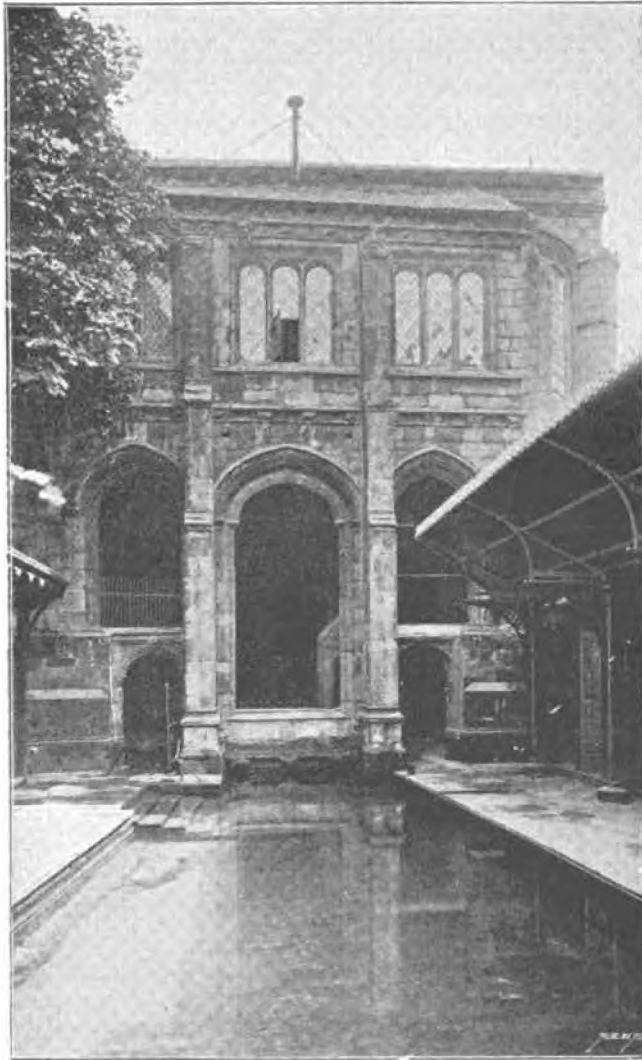
children here for whom no hope from medicine or surgery remains and who now, often after long periods of both physical and devotional preparation, have come in their trouble as to a last resource and in the hope that some signal favour may be vouchsafed towards their dire need. One sees pain of body and anxiety of mind concentrated here in an intensity sometimes almost maddening were it not irradiated by the splendid courage and the sacred simplicity of faith that is manifest amid the cruel distress and the pitiable infirmity.

I stand by the entrance-wicket, where literature, views, small

images of saints, medals and sundry accessories are purchasable, to watch and listen. A woman comes for a quart tin of water to take away; another for a bit of weed or moss from the submerged stones of the well and supposed to possess healing properties—is not the weed “S. Winefride’s hair”? The station omnibus draws up and discharges a medley freight of infirm devotees and their friends; one sees crutches and bandages, and discerns surgical appliances ill-concealed beneath the best-clothes. “A statue of S. Anthony, please, and what time will do for Mrs. McNolan to be brought down to be taken into the water?” A decent, sad-looking working man comes up bearing a girl with head and arms hanging invertebrately as a rag doll’s over his shoulder. He has brought her from Lancashire and has no women folk to look after her; he could manage to pay for her stay here for a few weeks if some one would kindly take her in, but he must get back to his work to earn the needful money. It is a case for the nuns at the local hospice, and the poor, undersized child with wan face and frightened, dark-glinting eyes—she looks five years old, I find she is eighteen—is taken to receive the care of the kind Sisters. (I saw her after her first bath; she had been carried through the water, after which she had already managed to stand up and was “doing very nicely”). Amid this crowd of poor and infirm, luxury hoots up in its motor touring-car, pays its twopences to enter, spends ten minutes in looking round, asks a few questions, shrugs its shoulders at the replies, and hoots away again. (*S. Winefride . . . in this unbelieving generation . . . pray for us!*) Here is an aged, wizened dame with a crutch and obvious cataract, breathing wheezily as she hoists her old bones very slowly up the steps on her exit from the premises. She is assisted by a niece, a third of her age, whom she is scolding for cowardice in refusing to bathe and so preventing herself from doing. (“She’s 94, and been to New Zealand six times,” says the niece aside to me, “comes here every summer she can and says she’ll go in the water to-morrow by herself if I won’t go with her; she’s that pluck!”) A message comes for the attendant to carry through the bath some child or a poor wretch impotent to walk. A nurse in uniform enters with a little well-dressed boy who runs about the place quite happily and apparently in the best health; but round one of his bare knees is, alas! a stained bandage; it is a case of lupus. And here are three bright, hatless girls arm-in-arm, evidently holiday visitors from the seaside, chatting and laughing with a pleasantry

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almost unbecoming here ; but no, the middle sister, I find, is totally blind. "The optic nerve has gone," they tell me, "and we understand what that means ; so if anything happens here, we shall know there has been a miracle."



LARGE BATHING POOL ; S. BEUNO'S STONE NEAR STEPS ON LEFT, IMMERSSED ;
CRYPT WITH SMALL BATH AND SPRING BEYOND.

Inside the large bath there is considerable commotion. There is the splash of water and now and again the scream of a child or girl upon being taken into the cold pool. One lady is in great request, and is constantly in and out of the water and dressing

or undressing. Presently I hear from her own lips that upon two separate occasions some years ago, she herself received here instantaneous relief that effected the elongation of a deformed leg in one case and in the other obviated amputation of the arm after an accident. As an act of thanksgiving she comes now each summer to encourage and give confidence to other sufferers, and leading them into the water she recites for them the litany of S. Winefride and calls upon the bystanders to make the prescribed responses.

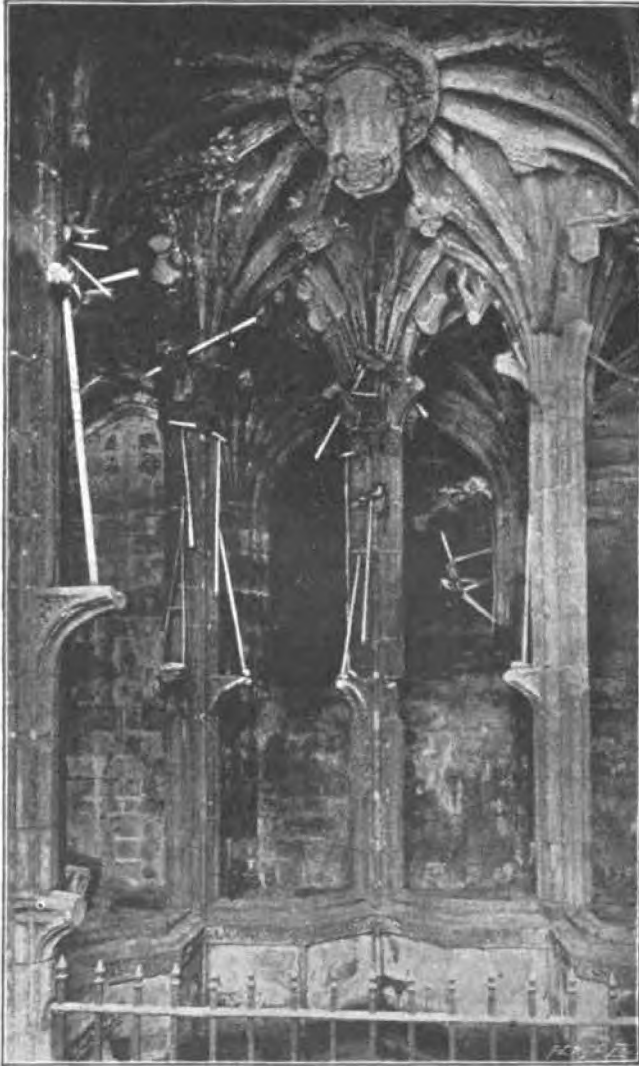
Upon another occasion a refined, handsome lady comes to take one of a series of baths. There happen for the moment to be no other bathers present, and she enters the water alone. I retire for the time being from the bath, but the door chancing to be opened by an attendant I catch a brief and involuntary glimpse of her standing in the pool with closed eyes and lips moving in intensity of supplication, whilst with one hand she dashes water upon her hip. Later on in response to a complimentary remark made in my hearing upon her robust appearance, her ready and frank answer was: "Oh, there's nothing the matter with *me*. I come in the interests of others who cannot come themselves or have not the means to do so. I have a boy at home with hip-disease, for whose sake I bathe my own hip, and there are many others whose infirmities I come here each season to remember. It is not for me to say how or why cures result from my agency to people at a distance, but the fact remains that several of those in whose behalf I have come have benefited remarkably."

Undoubted cures take place, and Protestants and sceptics no less than Catholics have benefited from the well. Of course there are many disappointments. Some cures are instantaneous, others occur gradually and after the patients have left the district for their homes. A few days before my recent visit a child of six, carried in in a splint made to extend to every part of the body, had left the well whole after a single bath—the complicated surgical contrivance of steel and leather being left behind at S. Winefride's altar, where it now hangs as a memorial; a blind man had regained his sight; whilst a young woman who had arrived yesterday on crutches had been able to leave them behind after years of use, and I saw her gleefully but clumsily running about in her bathing dress after taking a further bath in the hope of completely curing her thin, distorted legs. To all inquiries made from those in official attendance at the well the sole answer elicited, and it is quite frank and sincere, is an

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allusion to the power of faith and the mysterious working of the Divine Will.

Apart from all religious or scientific questions involved, one cannot witness such scenes as these without considerable emo-



S. WINEFRIDE'S WELL. CENTRAL SPRING IN CRYPT.

tion. In a great hospital one finds an even larger concentration of human wreckage and witnesses the grim business of surgery and medicine working in skilled, organized fashion to effect relief. Humanity in health of body and vigour of intellect is pitting itself to win as against humanity in pain and misery ;

there are recognized methods of procedure, rules of the game to be observed upon both sides to the struggle, and whilst the emotional aspect of the picture is not absent, the conditions which prevail prevent it from assuming emphasis, and it is neutralized by the predominating atmosphere of "business." But here things are different. The sense of tragedy is present; the pathos of it all is more poignant, and there are no conventions to restrain it. To those coming here scientific skill has as a rule said its last word, and that—one without hope. The demands made here are not those of the logical mind to the latest word of medical skill and to accredited methods of relief; they are cries to an ultimate unseen court of appeal, to potencies unknown and indeterminate; they are heartcries to something beyond the region of sense and logic; and far from appearing unworthy or unreasonable there is in them something of the quality of heroism from the fact that they are raised, and raised in confidence, in an age when the general tendency is towards stifling emotionalism and ridiculing all aspirations beyond the power of academic science to gratify. The purposes of a shrine of this nature are, I repeat, not restricted to physical healing alone, but since it is of physical relief that I speak for the moment, it must be recognized that in regard thereto two facts are patent; one, that the water of the well admittedly possesses no medicinal properties; the other, that cures, whether instantaneous, gradual, or of patients at a distance through the vicarious agency of their friends, are in fact effected. Wherein lies the explanation? Miracle, faith, auto-suggestion, shock, psychic influences, or what not? But this question we will defer in order to approach it again after taking into consideration such light as may be gained from ascertaining, if it be so possible, the original purpose of the well.

(To be concluded.)

“THE WAY OF THE SOUL”*

BY A. AUDREY LOCKE

IN the thick of the struggle of humanity to solve the problem of the Eternal Realities there are some men for whom the veil is almost lifted, and across the magic mirror of their minds glimpses of the Truth pass in symbolic imagery. With these symbols some formulate creeds, some make music, others weave word pictures or express in colour and living line the form of the reality that their eyes are opened to see. The mind is suffused with the vision of the Spirit that “impels all thinking things,” the Presence that is felt and seen and known. And it is this Presence, projected from the subjective to the objective, that has inspired this “Legend in line and verse” which Mr. Horton offers to us in *The Way of the Soul*.

Even in the days of the author's lonely childhood the Presence was with him, dwelling within him, speaking with him, filling him with dreams of joy and beauty and of unseen things. And through the days of his solitary youth, when, as he grew to manhood, the drab facts of material life pushed their way into his notice, the Vision was there, fainter, perhaps, and less defined but still there. Life offered him few of her bounties in these years, and there came a time when even the Vision seemed incompatible with Truth. Then he plunged down into the depths with his soul, until death seemed to offer the only solution. But the knowledge came that the eternal question could not be answered thus, the better way was to live on earth as though dead, patiently waiting for the day when the revelation should come, if come it would. Yet even into the dark places the Vision followed him and, as he lived from day to day, a human messenger brought him a token of the Spirit. His eyes were opened and he saw once more the vision of the Spirit drawing his Soul from the darkness. The human messenger left him unheeding, but the message had gone home, the Vision became clearer, forcing itself into expression in the symbols by which he might best learn of the realities he sought.

* *The Way of the Soul: A Legend in Line and Verse.* By William T. Horton. Crown 4to, 6/- net. Consisting of 48 full-page symbolical drawings with introduction and descriptive verse. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Thus we find the Soul of man coming to the edge of the earth (Plate I), questioning of the past, of the mystic symbolism of Egypt and the East in general, the why and the wherefore of the eternal yearnings, of the strange whisperings in the mind of the child and of the youth, and of the Vision that is above and below all life. And he hears the answer:—

“ Eternally the Mystic Rose
 Petal on petal doth disclose,
 Engraved with knowledge of all time
 Of every age and thought and clime.
 'Tis Circumstance that holds the key,
 Unlocks the door, the soul sets free.
 The Spirit rules the Circumstance
 And all is Law and nought is chance.”

With this new knowledge the Soul decides that Circumstance must be tested ; what will it yield ? The way is hidden, the land is barren, only one hope remains, the search for the Spirit, “ the Bride from on high.” Hence throughout Mr. Horton’s work “ the Bride from on high ” is the symbolic form of the Spirit, while the man, the searcher, is the symbolic form of the Soul. In the watches of the night (Plate II) or in the gloom of cruel circumstances it is the glimpse of the Spirit, the knowledge of the Presence that gives new strength and life to the Soul as from day to day it presses onward.

“ In the blackness of the night
 The Spirit opens wide a door,
 And in wondrous golden light
 Reveals the hoped for, distant shore.”

Men beckon the Soul this way and that, to walk “ cabin’d, cribb’d, confined ” in the crowd between the hurdles where the sun of the Spirit cannot shine, but the spells are broken one by one and the Truth is again revealed. Many times does the Soul mount to the hill-top, but the Concealed descends upon him (Plate III) and, even when his feet seem to be firmly set, the buffetings of Circumstance overpower him.

“ I, the Concealed, descend and move
 The hearts of men in ways unknown,
 Their strength of Soul I sternly prove
 Until full statured they have grown.”

Blindly he goes forward once again, knowing only one thing, that the Spirit rules and guides him towards Himself. The powers of Circumstance fail and the Vision is once again revealed to him. Thus in the triumph over self and self-desires the Soul

is raised to the stature of the Spirit and the union is complete (Plate IV).

“The Two-in-One with sword and shield
Stand set within the Living Fire,
They move and all before them yield ;
They move and ever mount yet higher.”

And having realized the Vision-Perfect, having seen the Holy Grail, the Soul, rising above all earthly things, learns of the Eternal Verities and of the everlastingness of Being, without beginning and without ending (Plate V).

“Ere the Earth received her form
Or the Elements in strife
Fought for mastery, I the Norm,
Dwelt in God's Eternal Life.”

By Love and Love only, Love unending, unashamed, unlimited and all-forgiving, the Soul is made Conqueror. So it returns to earth, the Spirit and the Soul are One, and the man walks on earth as a little child (Plate VI).

“A child among the ways of men
I choose to walk the Earth,
Shadows of evil from me fall
And flowers spring to birth.”

The simple verses by which Mr. Horton has chosen to tell his legend fit in well with the spirit of the whole, and best express his meaning. Of the other medium that he has chosen there is either much or little to say. To say much would mean to discuss the essential meaning of art and the relations between technique and vision. To say little is simply to state Mr. Horton's own position, and it is that which is the most valuable. The fine line, suggesting, rather by simple, direct definition than by any elaborate structure, the glory of the Vision which he would portray, is, he feels, the only way he may take. He has used, *en route*, many other methods, as is illustrated in his *Book of Images* (Lond. Unicorn Press, 1898), or in some of his wonderful coloured chalk drawings of a face which he sees in vision, the symbol of the “Bride from on high.” But he would need the colour power of a Turner and the skill of a Michael Angelo to depict in its fulness the Vision as it is revealed to him. This, perforce, he cannot give us, but he can give us, by his suggestive line, a link with his Vision that carries us with him to the threshold of the shrine where his Ideal is set. And as we meet him there, we know ; we do not ask for more.



PLATE I.

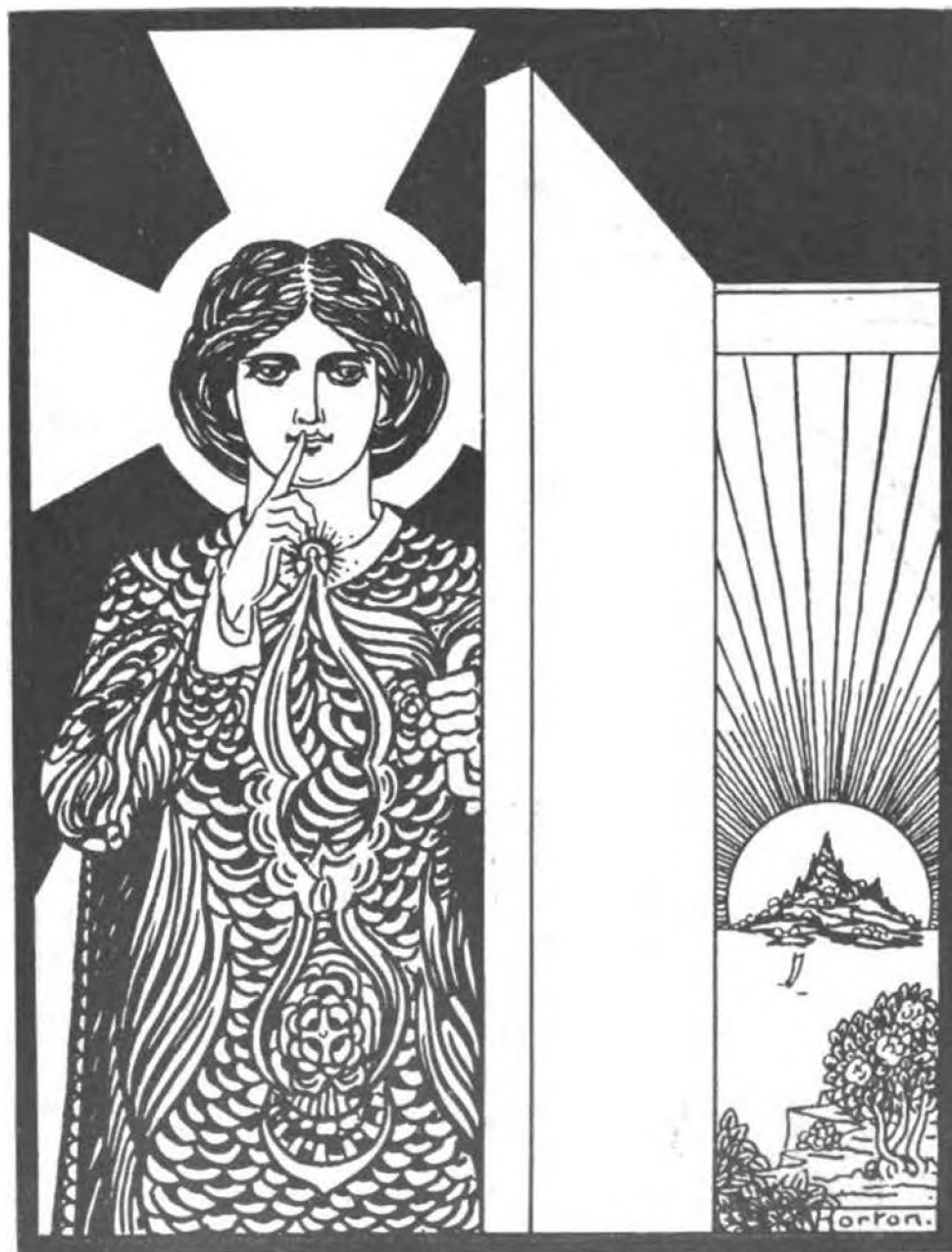


PLATE II.



PLATE III.



PLATE IV.

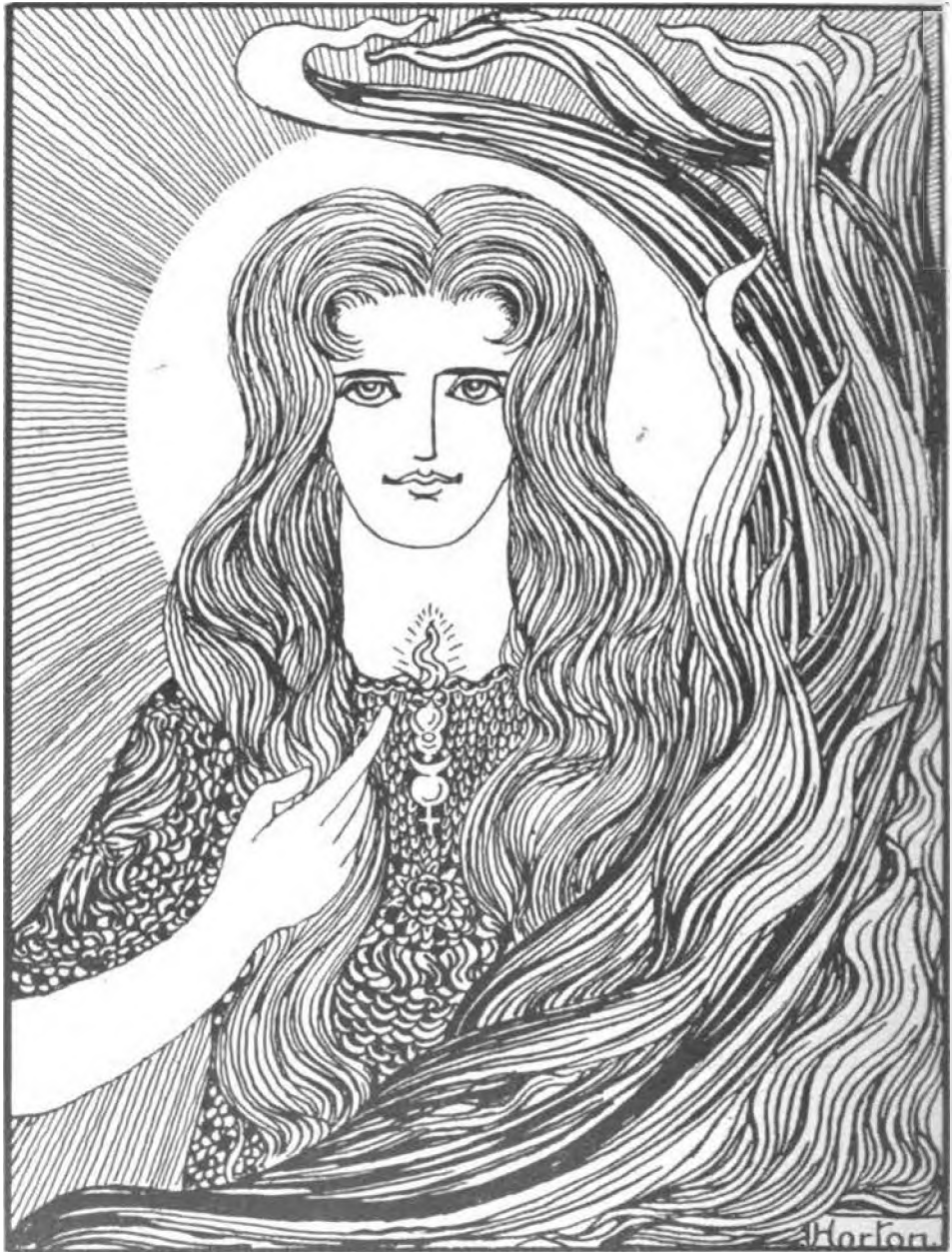


PLATE V.

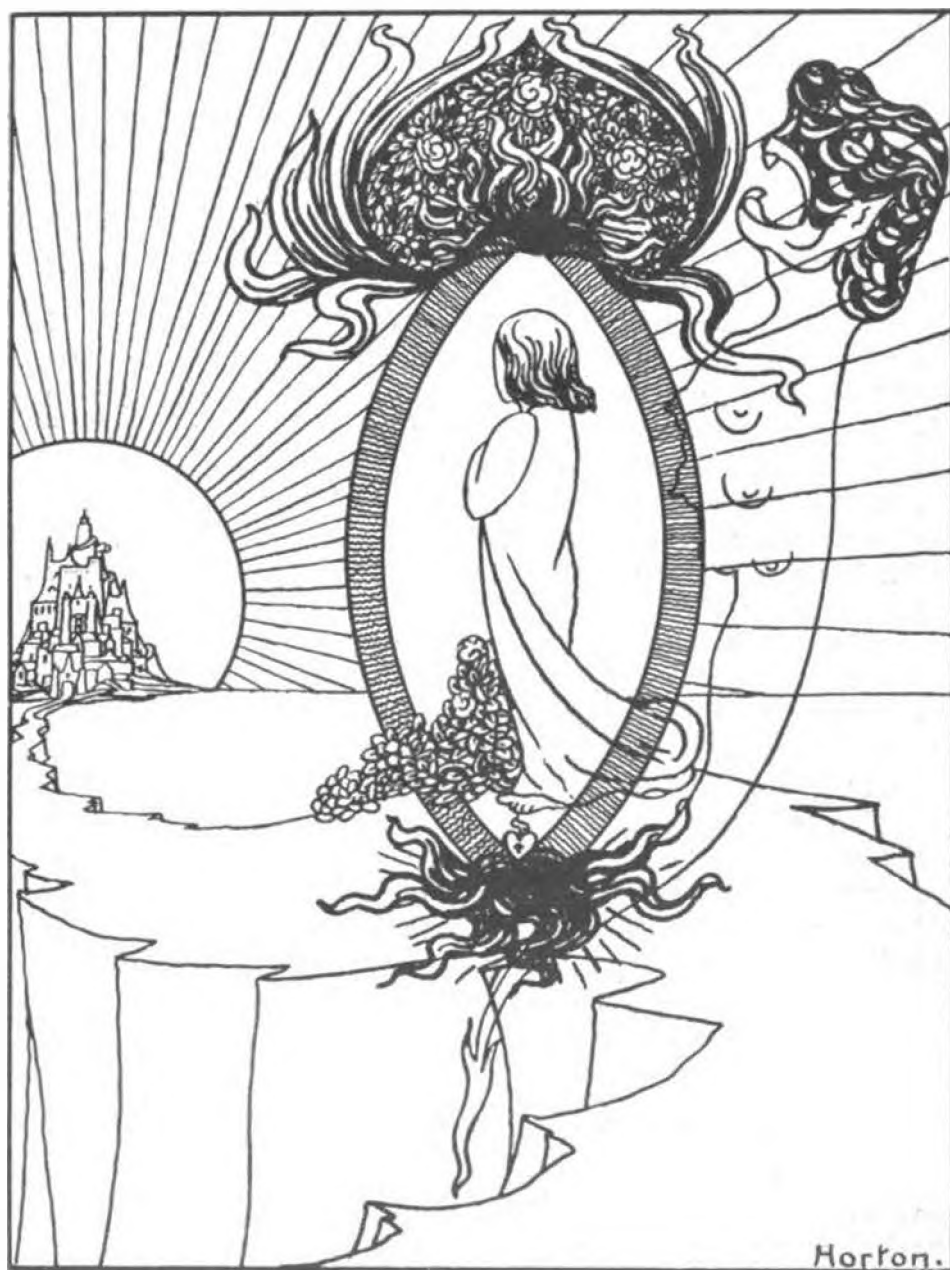


PLATE VI.

CHILDREN AND THE UNSEEN

By REGINALD B. SPAN

IT is a curious fact that some of the most extraordinary cases of psychic phenomena have occurred spontaneously through the unconscious mediumship of children—especially young girls of from ten to fourteen years.

There is a strange affinity between children and the Spiritual world. Is it because they have so recently come from the realms of the Unseen, and the prison house of clay has not begun to close around them, shutting out our "Divine Inheritance," or is it because their natures are so fully in accord with the mental and moral atmosphere of the Spiritual? "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," emphatically stated the Great Master, and "unless ye become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Where is this Kingdom but in the unseen world around us,—but unfortunately only a small part of it, as there are numerous other spheres of lower grades in much closer touch with this earth sphere, and it is generally from these lower spheres that many psychic phenomena proceed.

Joan of Arc was a child of between twelve and thirteen when the visions and voices from the Unseen first came to her—a merry, light-hearted winsome girl of rare beauty, thoroughly human and natural, but withal of a pensive, dreamy nature with a far away look in her clear, sweet eyes. When the Spiritual visitants first came to her whilst she was tending the sheep on her father's small farm or wandering in dreamy mood in the orchards, she was not in the least alarmed or surprised, but took it all as a matter of course, being one of those rare natures to whom the Spiritual is the natural and normal. These manifestations occurred to her off and on for several years till she was old enough to undertake the great and perilous mission which was put upon her. Then she emerged from her sylvan solitudes to face the world, no longer the laughing, winsome child with the half-mischievous, half-saintly expression, but a sedate, noble looking girl with high resolve, and clear shining faith stamped on her fair face. She was a good type of the "practical mystic."

The prophet Samuel when a small boy often heard a voice from the Unseen calling him. He was thus chosen at that early age to do the work of the Spiritual on this earth plane.

Coming to modern times and phenomena of a different order, we have the case of Angelique Cottin, aged fourteen, a native of La Perrière, France.

On January 15, 1846, at 8 o'clock in the evening she was busy silk weaving in company with other girls, when suddenly the oaken frame on which the silk was wound began to jerk and jump about in an extraordinary manner and they were unable to keep it still. As this went on for some time and there was no apparent cause or reason for its movement, they became alarmed and one after the other left the place and called in the neighbours. When they returned they found the frame quite still, but directly Angelique Cottin approached, it resumed its queer antics, whilst the girl, strangely enough, was attracted to the frame in the same way that a needle is attracted to a magnet. The influence or psychic power proceeding from this girl increased apace and not only wooden things, but everything else around her was affected by it, and thrown into active motion, whilst persons who came near her received electric shocks. Her parents thought she was "possessed," and took her to the Presbytery to have the demon exorcised, but the curate said it was not a case of possession but a manifestation of psychic power or some obscure natural force, and set himself to carefully observe the phenomenon. It was noticed that the effects were greatly diminished when she stood on a carpet, but when on the bare earth the phenomena became most remarkable. Anything touched by her apron or clothing would fly off as if endowed with life, and a scientist named Herbert (who was studying the case), when seated on a heavy tub was raised up with it when Angelique touched the article. The only place the girl could repose on was a stone bench covered with cork, and to keep her still they had to isolate her. A steel bar suspended in a horizontal position followed every movement of her hand, without any contact, as if being influenced by a powerful magnet.

The case attracted a great deal of attention, and numbers of doctors and scientists came to study the phenomena. The girl was taken to Paris to be exhibited, but on arrival there the phenomena ceased, and there was never any return of them, and they only lasted from January 15 to April 10.

The following is an abbreviated account of some strange manifestations which were reported at considerable length in

the *Morning Post* some years ago, in which a little Spanish girl was the unconscious and involuntary medium. This child, aged ten, was under the care of a Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and was being educated with their children in a house in Moscow Road, Bayswater. The family were remarkable for their piety and strict adherence to the ritual and observances of the Church.

One day soon after the arrival of the little Spaniard in their home, they were startled by unaccountable noises in the rooms, things apparently moving about of their own accord. A jug came off the hook on the dresser and was broken, then a china teapot with the tea just made in it glided off the table on to the floor and was smashed. A pewter one which was brought to replace it just after, began to jump about on the table as if bewitched and had to be held whilst the tea was being made for Mr. Williams' breakfast before leaving for his place of business. Then a picture in a heavy gilt frame fell to the floor without being broken. Ornaments jumped off the mantelpieces and were broken, cups and plates kept falling off the dresser and tables, and a regular wholesale smashing went on. The phenomena only happened when the child was in the house, and nearly always around or close to her—but as she was closely under observation any attempt at trickery would have been at once detected. On one occasion when the little girl's mug was filled with tea, the hot liquid was thrown into her lap, and when it was replenished the mug jumped off the table. A looking-glass hopped off a dressing-table followed by combs, brushes and several bottles, and a big pin-cushion flew across the room. All sorts of absurd and fantastic tricks were played by the invisible agency, which evidently had a keen sense of humour as well as a destructive tendency. The only way to stop these manifestations was to remove the child from the house when at once everything ceased, but no sooner did she re-enter than there was a general movement amongst the things in the rooms. Candlesticks would dance about on the table, then fly off, and bonnets and hats and sticks be flung about the rooms. The cause of these strange phenomena was never discovered. They ceased as suddenly as they commenced.

When first I heard of the remarkable phenomena which occurred in the little Welsh village of Llanarthney last January, and which were recorded in the OCCULT REVIEW, I was of the opinion that they were probably caused by the mediumship of little Mary Wilkins (the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW was of the same opinion). It was not until I went there personally to

investigate the case that I saw that it was not so, as that child was certainly not psychic, and besides, there was a distinct invisible personality at work whose footsteps could be heard passing to and fro through the rooms.

A very remarkable case occurred at Bishopwearmouth, near Sunderland, in the year 1840 which created a great sensation at the time.

A little girl named Mary Jobson, aged twelve years, of humble parentage (an industrious, pious child), became suddenly ill in November 1839, with fits which continued at intervals till January 1840. During this period her parents were disturbed by strange knockings, first in one place then another, and often around the girl's bed when she was sleeping. Then suddenly one day in January they heard a strange voice which told them about things they did not know but which later proved to be true. Then invisible persons were heard walking about the rooms, and a great rumbling noise like that of an earthquake, and showers of water fell over the floors from the air. The doctors and father were suspicious and a sharp look-out was kept for tricksters but without any result.

A loud voice next began to preach to them, giving them good advice and discoursing on religious matters, whilst the girl Mary lay in a trance condition. The voice did not proceed from the child but from the air in the centre of the room. Crowds went to see this extraordinary phenomenon, and it was reported that some people in their homes heard the voice which visited them and told them to go to the Jobsons' house. One woman named Elizabeth Gauntlett, whilst busy with housework in her home, heard a voice say: "Be thou faithful and thou shalt see the works of God!" Much startled she cried out: "O my God, what can this be!" whereupon a large white cloud appeared near her.

On the same evening, the voice came to her again, and said: "Elizabeth Gauntlett, one of your scholars is ill, go and visit her, and it will be well with you."

Later another voice, which was "soft and beautiful," came and announced itself as the Virgin Mary, and said: "Be good and faithful and keep the Commandments." This voice was accompanied by exquisite music.

The house where the child lay was constantly thronged with awe-stricken crowds who eagerly witnessed the phenomena and listened to the preaching of the spirit voices which rebuked the immoral, encouraged the good and gave words of wisdom

and good cheer. Once one of the voices said "Look up and you shall see the sun and moon on the ceiling," and at once there appeared a representation of sun and moon on the ceiling in glowing colours and lights of red, gold and silver. These figures remained there, but Mr. Jobson (who did not at all like the phenomena) insisted on whitewashing them over; however, in spite of that they still remained visible. The voice told them that though the child appeared to suffer she did not in reality, that the child's spirit was not in her body and another spirit had entered it for the purpose of producing the phenomena.

When the girl was in her normal condition she twice saw a "divine form" standing by her bed which spoke to her. A man named Joseph Ragg, who was a constant witness of the happenings there, saw a "beautiful and heavenly figure" come to his bedside at eleven o'clock on the night of January 17, which was surrounded by a brilliant radiance. It pulled back the curtains of his bed and gazed on him benignantly for about five minutes. When it left the curtains fell back into their original position.

During the space of four months the most beautiful music—as if from a choir invisible—was heard in the Jobsons' house, the strains of an organ divinely played being particularly noticeable. The words of holy songs and hymns which were sung by these invisible beings were distinctly heard. The father of the girl was always most sceptical, though signs and wonders were wrought before his eyes every day, but nothing would convince him that the phenomena proceeded from a spiritual source—which showed how extremely obtuse he must have been.

In June the voices told them a miracle would be performed on the child (who was then extremely ill, and wasted to a shadow); accordingly on the 22nd of that month at five o'clock after noon a voice ordered that the child's clothes should be laid out and everybody leave the room except a little child of three years. They remained outside the door for about twenty minutes, then a voice called to them to enter. To their amazement they found Mary Jobson completely dressed sitting in a chair evidently perfectly well, all signs of emaciation and illness having vanished. From that time she never had another hour's illness and remained always a particularly healthy, happy girl who grew up into a good and religious woman.

A detailed report of these phenomena was published in January 1841, by Doctor Reid Clanny, an eminent physician

who closely studied the case, and was attested by many reliable witnesses, amongst whom were doctors, clergymen and scientists. Dr. Clanny, by the way, besides being a physician, was a scientist and inventor. He was the original inventor of the safety lamp.

Demoniacal possession is fortunately rare; occasionally cases similar to those recorded in the Bible come to light, and though it is extremely rare to hear of children suffering in that way, there have been instances, and I will briefly relate two, the first being that of Rosina Wildin, aged ten, which happened at Pleidersheim in Germany, in the year 1834.

The child was taken ill with what appeared to be epilepsy, but she was horribly contorted and her face quite transfigured into that of some unknown being, whilst a man's deep voice issued from her lips, cursing and swearing and using language which the poor little child had never heard, and could much less use. This spirit generally spoke in the plural as there was another one with him which was a dumb devil. They plagued the child terribly, throwing her about in a most violent manner, twirling her round and round, distorting her features and making her groan and gibber in a weird and hideous manner. When thus possessed the child could perform wonderful feats of strength. She was eventually cured by magnetism and mesmerism.

Another similar case was that of Barbara Rieger of Steinbach, Germany, also aged ten, and happening in the same year. Two spirits also possessed this child and spoke in entirely different voices and dialects. When they spoke through her the child's eyes automatically closed, and when they were reopened after they had left her she knew nothing of what they had said.

One of these spirits said he had been a stonemason in his earth life, and the other a grocer. They often commanded food to be brought and made her eat it, also brandy which the mason consumed with avidity, and kept ordering more under threats of killing the child if their requests were not complied with. When the child returned to her normal condition she was not conscious of having eaten anything and was very hungry. The brandy had not the slightest effect on her in any way, it probably passed through her organism into that of the spirit without any of it being absorbed by her internal organs. In her natural condition the little girl had the greatest aversion to brandy. The occupancy of her body by these mischievous spirits caused several disorders, but at last the mason was cast out of her by magnetism. The grocer was more difficult to

get rid of, but eventually he was exorcised also, and the girl was never troubled again but became well and strong.

The magicians of old generally used children for crystal gazing and divination, as their powers were far superior in that line to those of grown-up persons. In Egypt and the Orient to-day children are employed in that capacity.

Monsieur Léon Laborde, the French savant and traveller, gives an account in his writings of an exhibition of clairvoyance he witnessed at Cairo when a small boy of eleven years; the son of a European was employed as the subject, the exhibitor (or magician) being an Arab named Achmed. The boy was told to look into a small pool of ink and saw many strange things which convinced the witnesses that it was genuine clairvoyance. During the operation the boy looked dazed with fixed starting eyes and perspiration dripping from his brow. One face he saw was horrible and caused him to shriek with terror.

I think it is a mistake to use children in psychical experiments or to develop their powers in any abnormal way. They are naturally close to the Unseen, but it is to the Spheres of Light they belong—to all that is bright, fair, innocent, and gay, so let them remain there under the protection and guidance of the Angels of Light.

HERALD OCCULTISTS

BY EDITH WARD

"The time draws near the birth of Christ."

In Memoriam.

THE approach of Christmas and the issue of a Christmas Number of the OCCULT REVIEW combine to suggest the propriety of discussing some theories of certain occult schools with regard to: (a) The Christ Mystery; (b) The Nearness of the Second Advent. Of necessity this can only be done in brief outline on the present occasion, but the subject is of far-reaching interest.

No one can be quite unconscious of the great stirring and seething in the interior cauldron of human affairs, for it has impressed people of every school with the conviction that the times in which we live represent an important forward movement in human evolution. A world crisis is deemed imminent, and although the prophet Baxter is dead, and we do not hear much of the Second Adventists, there remains a wide-spread feeling that the time is ripening for another special outpouring of spiritual energy. Perhaps it may be because with our entry upon the twentieth century since the birth of Christianity a two-thousand year cycle is running to a close; perhaps it may be because of rare planetary conjunctions, or other starry portents; perhaps because humanity seems in a fair way to achieve the conquest of the air and is assuredly coming into closer contact with the fifth element of the old philosophers—the ether—we leave the decision to wiser heads than ours, merely recording the fact of such a widely-spread feeling which affects not only Europe and America but the uncounted hordes of Asia, with their various non-Christian faiths, as well.

As an outcome there have recently been promulgated certain very definite statements, or teachings, from what one may roughly term an Eastern and a Western School of Occultism. The first is represented by the President of the Theosophical Society—Mrs. Annie Besant—the second by the writings put forward, under the ægis of the Rosicrucian Fellowship in America, by Mr. Max Heindel, and generally believed to be the same as the views held by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, whose reputation as an occultist

is now so high in Central and Northern Europe. Dr. Steiner's own writings on the Christ Mystery and the Second Advent are not available in English, and the writer does not personally vouch for the identity of the opinions they express with those which are here set forth as emanating from the Western School of Occultism.

Let it also be clearly understood that no brief is held for or against either view. Both are profoundly interesting, but both cannot be equally true as they differ fundamentally in several vital particulars.

Taking the Eastern view first, we find Mrs. Besant's public pronouncements may be shortly summarized thus:—

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHRIST.

A clear distinction must be drawn between the man Jesus and the Christ. Jesus was an advanced and very holy and pure, initiated disciple who voluntarily relinquished the body, which he had trained and specially guarded for thirty years, for the occupation of One who is referred to as the Supreme Teacher of gods and men. This "Supreme Teacher" is the Jagat-Guru of the Hindu, the Bodhisattva of the Buddhist, the Christ of the Christian, who in an especial way has unified his consciousness with the second aspect of the Trinity. He holds the office of spiritual teacher in the governing occult hierarchy of this world for thousands of years, and is always the true founder of a new type of religion designed for the spiritual enlightenment of a new sub-race of Humanity. He is one who has attained perfection in earlier humanities, not necessarily on this earth-chain, but in the cases of the present holder of the office and his immediate predecessor, they are affirmed to be of our humanity. The title Bodhisattva is the one used by occultists of the Eastern School, and the personal name of the present Bodhisattva is Maitreya. He followed Gautama Buddha, who was the previous Teacher, for it should be explained that the attainment of Buddhahood completes the official work and involves the passing onward to other spheres. The Teacher who was last known as Gautama Buddha had previously incarnated as the original Thrice Greatest Hermes; as the first Zoroaster (there were fourteen it is said) and as Orpheus, for the purpose of founding in succession the ancient religion of Egypt, of Persia and of Greece, *i.e.* of the second, third and fourth sub-races of the Aryan root-race. It was the Lord Maitreya who manifested as the Christ and founded the reli-

gion of the fifth, or Teutonic, sub-race. He is, however, equally the present spiritual teacher of *all* religions, while the Master Jesus, who has incarnated ever and again during nineteen centuries, is still the especial Master and Guardian of the Christian Faith.

It may here be noted that according to Mrs. Besant's view the birth of Jesus took place about a hundred years (105 to be exact) before the date usually assigned. This would make the cycle of two thousand years complete *now*, but the statement is flatly contradicted by the Western School, on the authority of the present incarnation of Christian Rosenkruz and the investigations of later Rosicrucians, and the 105 B.C. date is said to refer to another initiate with the not uncommon Jewish name of Jesus (or Jehoshua). Those who are interested in the point will find all the historical and documentary evidence fully discussed in Mr. Mead's scholarly book *Did Jesus live 100 B.C.?* His verdict is the Scotch one—"not proven."

ANOTHER MANIFESTATION.

We now turn to what is stated in reference to the next appearance of this great Teacher. On this point Mrs. Besant's statements have rapidly developed in precision. Speaking in 1909 she mentioned a period of, roughly, thirty to forty years, as likely to see the reappearance of the Supreme Teacher. But at that time no nationality was specified, and, in answer to a question she stated that it was not known to her whether an infant birth would be taken, or whether, as on the last occasion, the physical body of an advanced disciple would be used. Writing with the November issue of *The Theosophist* before us we see that "in the very near future" the Bodhisattva Maitreya, "clothed in an Indian form," is announced. Taken in conjunction with an editorial paragraph in the *Adyar Bulletin* of February last, one can only assume that the planetary conjunction of January 11, there referred to, is indicated as marking a point which may be either an infant birth, or some special development of an ego already destined to play the part of the disciple Jesus in the modern re-acting of the world-drama. With the further statement that the Theosophical Society is playing the part of John the Baptist the information so far made public ends. Our condensation is necessarily very bald and conveys nothing of the virility of the *ex cathedra* oratory of Mrs. Besant's winning personality. Readers will find the full presentation of the case for

the Second Advent in *The Changing World*, published last year, and students may also be referred to the third volume of Mme Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrines* for some curious occult information under the section "The Mystery of the Buddha."

Turning now to the Western School of Occultism we find its teaching in agreement as regards the non-identity of Jesus and Christ. Here is also the voluntary sacrifice by the disciple of the carefully prepared vehicles, but at this point agreement ends, for the Christ is no man of our humanity but "the highest initiate of the Sun-period." He could not be born in a dense body (physical and etheric of the Eastern School) because he had attained the human stage on a chain of globes which never reached the density of our physical earth, the lowest vehicle of consciousness being the desire-body (astral), and no entity can, by the hypothesis, build a body of matter of which previous evolution has given him no experience. After the crucifixion the vital body (etheric) was the vehicle in which he appeared, and "the vital body is the vehicle which He will use when He appears again, for He will never take another dense body." Hence the inference that in the approaching manifestation none will be able to contact the Supreme Teacher save those who have cultivated what we may call etheric sense.

It should here be noted that the American Rosicrucian Fellowship shows a divergence from Dr. Steiner, who, we learn at second hand, holds the thirty to forty years date as probable. Moreover Mr. Max Heindel's statements are somewhat at variance with one another. He tells us in his book, *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, that "the time of this second coming depends upon when the Church can free itself from the State," which of course localizes the matter to political activity in a few European countries! But in a more recent work we read that the time of the Second Coming "depends on how soon a sufficient number of people have become Christ-like." The inquirer is left wondering what is "a sufficient number."

To revert to the Nature of the Christ and His Mission. According to this Western occultist, when Christ had entered the physical and vital bodies of Jesus, He possessed all the twelve vehicles which this system of thought assigns to the seven worlds, or regions of the Kosmos, "therefore He is the only Being in the Universe in touch with both God and man and capable of mediating between them." His especial mission to earth was to supersede the race-religions of the past, which had all been formed under the guidance of Jehovah, the Ruler of the Race-spirits (or angels),

and the highest initiate of the Moon-period, and to establish a universal religion with Brotherhood for its keynote. According to this system, therefore, Christianity is to be the religion of the future—a glorified Christianity, for it is said hardly to have begun as yet.

But perhaps the most "occult" statement contained in this Rosicrucian theory is the insistence on the absolute need for the spilling of the blood of Christ, thus setting free the great Sun-spirit, Who by this means was enabled to diffuse His own desire-body (astral) over the planet and "thenceforth to work upon the Earth and its Humanity from *within*." He thus became the Regent of the Earth. All this, and much more, set forth in Mr. Heindel's Rosicrucian book is exceedingly mystical and cannot be explained here. A good deal of it reads as a kind of occult commentary on the Christian Scriptures, and is calculated to startle the ordinary believer.

The reader will have noted many points of divergence between the two systems as roughly outlined above. He can have no conception of the elaborate explanatory detail with which the quoted authorities amplify their arguments, which, in both cases, are built upon a theory of evolution in chains, globes, planets, rounds, races and sub-races, that Mme Blavatsky, Mr. Sinnett and other exponents of modern Theosophy have expounded in full. There is complete unanimity in the way that both authorities exhort to preparation for the re-advent of the Great Teacher, as the Forerunner of a new race which is asserted to be even now in its birth-throes.

To the older school of evangelical Christians it would seem gross impiety to put forward theories of the Christ origin, and it would savour of presumption, if not worse, to predict that day of which "knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father," but to all students the problems suggested are certainly interesting, and the more that there is a goodly proportion of those, even in middle life, who may entertain a reasonable expectation of witnessing the fulfilment, or chronicling the failure, of the prophecies involved. In any case the world is ready for—if not a new religion—at least a deepening and quickening of spiritual life; and whether that is to come from the East, as held by Mrs. Besant, or arise in the West, as the Rosicrucian view would seem to imply, is not for the uninitiated onlooker to determine.

As for the authority under which these far-reaching revelations are made, there is no "thus saith the Lord" in either case. Mrs.

Besant has always claimed to be psychically in relation with the Masters of Mme Blavatsky, and asserts that the two adepts who have been specially associated with the Theosophical Society are vitally concerned in the development of humanity's next great race, one of them being the destined successor of the present Bodhisattva. But, for the general public, the authority for all this, and much more, rests on Mrs. Besant herself. Mr. Heindel also claims to be psychically in touch with the original Rosicrucian Brotherhood of Adepts and to have his own clairvoyant powers of investigation, and we gather that the same claim is made for Dr. Steiner. The ordinary student is therefore left to weigh and compare the respective messages, and accept or reject them on their own value, aided by his own experience or intuition, and, as the Kingdom of Heaven cometh not by observation, we imagine that in a large majority of cases the conclusion will be in the words of a now famous phrase, "to wait and see!" But there is nothing to prevent, rather everything to stimulate, individual endeavour to work towards the religion of the future which, independently of all clairvoyant testimony, we have ample reason to feel sure will follow the lines of the nineteen-century-old message—

Glory to God in the Highest:
On Earth peace, and goodwill to men.

THE MERMAID

BY NORA CHESSON

HER hair is like a golden net
Spread out amid the foam,
She combs it with a silver comb,
And sings till fishermen forget
The harbour-lights of home.

She has no soul, and so her eyes
Are stainless blue to see
As icy pools where no fish rise,
Whose depths no diver ever tries,
And no sea-life can be.

She rules the freest world of all—
The empire of the sea.
The tides obey her at her call,
She has the currents in her thrall,
And pitiless is she.

She reaps her harvest of the waves :
The fisher-lads she drowns,
And takes their souls to be her slaves.
Men's lives she feeds on ; death she craves
As exiled kings crave crowns.

WOMAN AND MYSTIC DOCTRINE

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE appearance in recent days of a brief but brilliant book on *Modern Woman: Her Intentions* (Palmer, London, 1910) offers an opportunity to put forward, perhaps for the first time, some considerations which are not of less moment because, legitimately or otherwise, they may scarcely arise therefrom. They are rather an illustration of how certain burning questions strike a contemporary in his detachment. If it should happen that they are in the region of complete antithesis, it may be so much the better for the subject at large. I should make it plain at the beginning, however, that I am not writing a counter-thesis, an argument in contradiction, or anything that can be called by way of rejoinder and criticism. Miss Florence Farr's latest work, in its light touch and its paradoxical manner, will remind a good many of the *Dancing Faun*, published in those days when the *Keynote Series* spelt the highest expression of advanced thought, and it has attracted a good deal of pleased attention, including something on the part of those who, for all that I know to the contrary, may have a right to speak on the subject. I have no such right, for which reason, but more especially as it is (a) rather necessary to my point of view and (b) something of the matter of duty, I shall begin by presenting in summary the heads of the writer's own considerations, so far as it is possible without direct quotation. Against this I confess to a prejudice, because of its literal nature. In case I should do injustice unwittingly, I recommend the book to at least two classes of readers: (1) to those who being modern women confess to intentions, whether in correspondence or not with those which are understood by Miss Florence Farr; and (2) to those who would like to be instructed by the entertainment which she offers on the subject, though by sex or otherwise they may not enter into the previous category. Fortunately, or the reverse, I suppose that I am in neither class, and I have tried to make it plain otherwise that I am not in the seat of judgment.

The thesis is then as follows. This is to be the woman's

century, when she is to awake from her sleep and come into her kingdom, being firstly emancipated from the position created for her by Semitic religion and its reflections, the root-matter of which is the story of Adam and Eve and the Fall of Man. The modern woman has for this reason a long score to settle with Jews, Mohammedans and even the Christian dispensation itself. The fact that she has already awakened is shewn by the question of the vote; and the further fact that the vote has been refused is to bring about a great social revolution. The path of her redemption is by independence of the caprice of individual man; in respect of what is called love, it is by the removal of the stigma which now attaches to those who are not capable of lifelong fidelity; it is by the improvement in the marriage state which will follow the realization that it is not respectable for men and women to live together when their tempers are incompatible; it is by the simplification of divorce, when this is wanted on both sides; it is by some amelioration in the financial aspect of married life, by education in the laws of sexual health, and by making the care of mothers a national question. I have not specified every head of the thesis, because some of them might be difficult to discuss in this place, but what I have given is, I think, representative enough.

No one knows better than Miss Farr that her programme is quite incommensurate; no one perhaps in a sense may take it less seriously than herself. It has given her an opportunity to write a bundle of short papers which are full of clever things. Perhaps she is most serious when she affirms that the whole object of modern civilization is to conceal the fact that we are animals. On the contrary, its whole process has served to cloud and overlay the fact that we are divine, and my own thesis is that until we take this as the point of departure our processes of amelioration for man or woman are foredoomed to failure because they begin at the wrong end.

At the head of her book Miss Farr puts a quotation from W. B. Yeats, who says that "another fire has come into the harp" and that "it has begun to cry out to the eagles." The point is that the eagles do not answer—no, not even in the last resource. But having taken all mysticism for my province, I know that the fire which has come into the harp has begun to cry out to God, as deep unto deep crieth, and I know also that God answers. The hope of womanhood and manhood, the awakening, the redemption and the kingdom do not depend on the simplification of divorce—which for all that I see or care may be desirable

enough in the world of things as they are. They do not depend on the legitimation of licence or the freedom of all the cities of Belial to all the inclinations of sex, though till marriages begin in God the lesser evil may as well be recognized with the greater. They do not, in fine, depend on the encouragement of incompatibility of temper as a path of escape for distaste. They do depend on the mystic recognition of the sacramental nature and sanctity of that intercourse which is the outward expression of love within the sexes.

For all that I can advance to the contrary, it may be true that Semitic influence has been a barrier to the liberation of womanhood, but it is just as well that we should know what is the Secret Doctrine of Israel on this exotic subject. I proceed to recite it as follows :—

(1) The union which is manifested in Nature is the symbol of a more perfect union. It is designed to build the spiritual palace of love, wherein is the integration of all beings by their attachment to the Mystery of Mysteries. It is the sacrament of the union of all spirits with the Supreme Spirit. It should therefore be fulfilled only in the light of the Mystery of Faith.

(2) The marriages celebrated on earth should be enacted in the likeness of the celestial espousals, wherein the bride is adorned with crowns of light. They are then in the school of illumination; they confer and produce light. They make possible an union which is more than that of the earthly body, and in this sense they are eternal.

(3) When God said, Let there be Light, the word Light signified perfect love, and this is the Divine counsel to those who enter into the wedded state according to the law and the order.

(4) The work is one of continence and purity in the greater understanding of these terms. It is on such continence that the world is based. Happy is the man who guards this quality of purity, for therein he is united to the Holy One.

(5) Marriage is for harmony in the world. The birth of children is thus a work of sanctification, and the *Shekinah* dwells in the house of a man who is married in this sense.

(6) The mystery of sex is a part of the Great Mystery, but it is inaccessible to ordinary understanding and is therefore called the Mystery of Faith. It is in other words that mystery of love which constitutes the likeness of man to God.

(7) Hence also it is said (a) that the male and female principles must never be separated; (b) that the Holy One chooses not that abode where the male is apart from the female; and

(c) that no male is worthy the name of man until he is united with the female.

(8) There is another great mystery in the Secret Doctrine concerning the union of man's higher spirit with the *Shekinah* or Indwelling Glory, of which the union below is an image. When man has in view the *Shekinah* at the moment of his conjugal relations, that which he experiences is meritorious and it redounds to the glory of his celestial companion.

(9) I will add one point more. It is understood throughout in the doctrine that the union of married people must be continued as it is begun by mutual consent, by affection and tenderness, without which it is unsanctified. And as regards the question of equality, or otherwise, between male and female, man is compared to the written word of Scripture and woman to the Secret Doctrine. The doctrine comes out of the written word and does not subsist alone, but the external sense apart from the inward meaning is the body without the life.

It remains to say that the theosophy of Israel is at one with the theosophy of Christian Mysticism as to the deep things implied in the wedded state, and this is why I have cited it at some length.

These things are by way of intimation only, for again, by the necessity of the subject and a certain sacred frankness in the old Zoharic texts, it is difficult to give it full expression in the present place. If, therefore, we compare these rough and undigested notes with the catholic doctrine of marriage, understood mystically, some of my readers may see in what direction the path of redemption lies. It is in the consecration of desire, the exaltation of love to its true place as the manifestation of the Divine in Nature. And if ever the time should come when there can be schools of truly higher thought, where our young men and women can be instructed in the sanctity of human love, I think, in the words of Miss Florence Farr, that the social world will indeed be melted down and remodelled "nearer to the heart's desire." We shall be able to burn Nietzsche and the other quackeries about the revaluation of all values; we shall forget Mr. Harold Gorst and his *Philosophy of Love*—if any one happens to remember it; and we shall not require the nostrums of some one called Mr. Havelock Ellis, who is probably quite famous, as most people are of whom I refuse to have heard. We shall take part in the nuptial mystery as we take part in the other sacraments, and for ever and ever the outward signs will be transmuted from high to higher by their inward grace. Until then

there are many ways in which the counsels of this little book on *Modern Woman* may possibly tend to alleviate a situation which they cannot remedy. We have turned the greatest of God's manifest gifts into what proves too often a curse because we have misunderstood its office, and until we recur to the root and begin there we may go on altering and seeking for betterment, but it will continue to be a curse all the same. For the rest, the intentions of modern woman do not explicitly appear, for which Miss Florence Farr may be felicitated ; nor does she tell us what that kingdom is into which woman will come this century. If it is another kingdom of misrule, the change may be welcome ; man is sick of the old one as well as woman, and having been done well by now on his one side over the gridiron of things as they are, it may perhaps be a relief to be turned completely round and done as effectively on the other. It must, of course, be idle to suggest that any especial good is coming out of the woman of the twentieth century until she has been rooted in God ; but Miss Farr is much too wise, much too entertaining and too disenchanting by many degrees to hint that there is any particular good in anything. I do not know whether this can be counted to her for righteousness, but it makes her good reading, and that is the chief point about books when their subject does not matter in the ultimate and when the writer has the grace to know it.

This is how it strikes a contemporary *in spiritu humilitatis* and with a certain sense of dismay at having strayed so far from his proper subjects.

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION

By EVA M. MARTIN

GOD took a formless spark of Life Divine,
And made a soul ; touched it, and prisoned it
Within a cage of dull and heavy flesh.
The soul grew dim with fear ; it could not bear
The Splendour of His Face, could not endure
The Glory of His Touch. Shaking, it rushed
To hide within the warm, dark flesh—and found,
Once merged in it, that there was no escape.
“ Be not afraid,” some watching angel said :
“ This house shall be a haven, yea, a wall
To shield thy sensitive and starry ray.
The world that waits thee teems with sharpest pains
And keenest blisses, so impetuous
That they would shatter thy frail soul-substance
With silver swords of feeling, if they reached
It straight, undulled by passage through these nerves.
Hence thou art given body ; and the quick
Vibrations that would cause thee agony
Shall fail to pierce its unresponsive wall,
And thou shalt dwell within it, safe and glad.”

But the soul wept, torn by a great new fear.
“ I am alone ! I am alone ! ” it cried.
“ My senses all are dead. I cannot see
With these weak eyes the pure, ethereal tints
That made my world till now. I cannot hear
With these dull ears the perfect harmonies
That thrilled me with delight. Locked in this shell
So dark, so terrible, how can I reach
To Thee or any other soul ? O God !
I could bear every pain if I were free ! ”
“ Thou must bear pain, but canst not bear it free,”
One answered. “ See, thy fellow-souls are wrapp’d
In earthly bodies like to thine, that act
As shields between the violent world and them.
Each is alone, yet each can love thee still.
When thou hast learnt to rise above the flesh
Even while fettered to it, thou art free—
But this thou canst not learn except through Love.”

The soul looked out upon the crowded earth,
Helpless and hopeless—a dumb prisoner.

But, after long bewilderment, at last
 The joy of sight, the joy of lovely sound,
 The ravishments of scent and taste and touch,
 It learnt to know, and revelled in their use.
 It lived, and sinned; desired, and loved, and died;
 Not once but many times: and at each death
 Matter grew false, while Spirit grew more real,
 But in each life earth-joys seemed miracles—
 Because it had forgotten spirit ways.
 Yet there were times when memory flashed back.
 Ah, then the pent-in soul no comfort found
 In any of the body's dear delights.
 "I am alone!" it cried. "I am alone!
 I who could once plunge gloriously deep
 Into the Fount of Being! I who could
 Express all thought and joy and love without
 The use of barricading words! I who
 Could See and Hear and Know! I who could Sense
 All radiant Truth by growing one with it—
 I am alone, alone! There is no help!
 The souls I love are prisoners. Words fail,
 Looks fail, touch fails, to draw us close, to make
 One known unto another's inner Self.
 None can come near me. I can turn to none
 For help and comfort. I beseech Thee, God,
 Break down this body! Set me free again!"

But God kept silence, and the soul's flame quaked
 With terror of the soundless Universe.
 Held in the body's deadening embrace
 It could not hear the stars and planets sing,
 Nor the earth chant her slow, majestic psalm;
 It could not hear the sun and moon converse
 In waves of music over boundless space;
 It could not hear the sea call to the clouds,
 Or the wind speak to the still mountain-tops.
 It could not feel the flames of Thought, of Love,
 That swept around its walls, nor could it see
 Their iridescent colours flowing by.
 All seemed one deathly silence, void and black,
 In which it dwelt alone, dumb, deaf, and blind.
 "O God," it whispered, piteous and low,
 "Where art Thou? Hast Thou too fled far away?
 For Love's sake, speak! For Love's sake, come to me!"
 But God spoke not, nor came. Yet, suddenly,
 At that great name of LOVE the soul awoke
 Out of its dream of awful loneliness.

"When thou hast learnt to rise above the flesh,
 Even while fettered to it, thou art free.
 But this thou canst not learn, except through Love."
 Some angel brought the words back down a stair
 Of crumbling memory. . . . "Have I not loved
 Enough?" the soul thought sadly. "Have I not
 Learnt all Love's wonder, power, and cruelty?
 Love's passion and Love's calm? Love's hope and fear,
 And glory and despair? Can I learn more?
 Can I love more? . . . Love, teach me! Teach me, Love,
 Until I AM Love learnt and known and lived!"

And slowly the blank darkness passed away,
 Till e'en with body's eyes the soul could see
 Beauty and Love triumphing everywhere—
 Beauty and Love and Truth—the Three in One.
 Armed with new knowledge dimly it perceived
 That sin and pain were passages to Light—
 Dark ways that led, though surfeit of desire,
 From earthly things to heavenly. It saw
 That in a strain of music, a bird's song,
 A picture or a poem; in a kiss,
 A touch, a glance from loving eyes; in all
 Things that make Harmony, a soul may find
 Dim omens of the glories that await
 Its further growth, when freedom from the flesh
 For ever, not for moments, shall fling wide
 Infinite doors of wonder infinite.
 "God knew," it cried, "when He locked living souls
 In walls of flesh, that the worst grief to bear
 Would be this grief of mortal loneliness.
 He knew the dumb, fierce struggle that would rage
 Within each heart, the struggle to break through
 These long-resisting barriers of speech
 And touch and look. He knew the agony
 Of wild despair at failure, and the Fear
 Of Nothingness that would o'erwhelm each soul
 Pent in its blinding, stifling body-sheath,
 Cut off from God's Soul, and the souls of men.
 And, knowing this, He filled the world with cues
 For loneliness, to be found out through Love:
 First, Nature, with her fellowship of trees;
 The ocean's splendour, the embracing sky;
 The wind's touch, and the peace of mountain-lakes;
 The voice of rivers and the face of flowers.
 All these are Love, are Truth. Then human things:
 Kind actions; words from sympathetic lips;

Warm; understanding hearts; soft touches, smiles,
 Laughter, and little children's kisses; hands
 That clasp and cling. These too are Love—are God
 Speaking through Love. And more than these He gave.
 When man's despair accumulated, vast
 And ponderous upon the groaning earth,
 He sent great Spirits, each in their own time,
 Who, wrapp'd in veils of flesh, could yet show forth
 The Truth of Spirit, and could lead men up
 To soaring heights of sacrifice and peace. . . .
 Now do I see how Love's aspiring flame,
 Undimmed by any thought of self, shall lift
 At length all souls to union with God!
 I am no more alone! Through Love I am
 One with the heart of Nature, as I am
 One with the soul of Man: and at the last
 I shall be one with God, unveiled and free!
 I have been sore deceived by sin and death;
 Evil have thought and wrought—and learnt its fruits;
 Until my need for Light o'erpowered all else,
 And drove me from the evil to the good.
 My need less, my desire had been less, too.
 Ah, now at last I learn, I long, I grow!
 Through sin and suffering I grow towards Love! . . .
 The day will come—only through thee, O Love!—
 When I shall pass at will beyond the flesh,
 Though fettered to it still, even as now
 I pass from it in moments of pure joy:
 And then, again through thee, will dawn the day
 When I shall dare to front all things that are
 In heav'n or earth, without the body's shield
 Of slow, dense nerve and brain—to feel and know
 At last the Only Truth! Yea, I shall dare
 To meet God unashamed face to face,
 To stand before Him in a ring of light,
 While sounds and colours never dreamed before
 Throb, flash, and burn amid the radiant worlds;
 While old stars die, and new ones flame to life
 Around His Head; and Universes swing
 Beneath His Feet with unretarded speed,
 And suns and moons sail past His piled Throne.
 And on the wings of Love I shall be borne
 Between His sheltering and star-white Hands
 To nest within His Heart for evermore."

For countless ages the soul lived and learnt,
 Passing through many fleshly births and deaths.

And with each birth the body grew more fine,
 More sensitive to the surrounding world's
 Highest vibrations, till the low ones—those
 Of falsehood, cruelty, or avarice,
 Of hate, of all self-seeking—lost their power
 To penetrate so purified a shell.
 And at each death most joyfully it fled
 Away from matter, to the regions where
 Dwells nought but Spirit, glorious and free!
 Through the most exquisite and poignant waves
 Of joy and pain on earth, of bliss in heaven,
 The soul passed, gaining courage to endure,
 And strength to help and serve its fellow-souls;
 Until through Feeling and through Love it grew
 From a faint spark that quivered at God's Touch,
 First, to a flame of many-coloured joys,
 Then to a fire, pure-white, immaculate.

Thus, grown too fair and bright for house of flesh,
 It left the last illusory thin veil
 Of matter, and beyond the highest plane
 Yet known, it soared 'mid shining Presences
 To where God dwelt, made manifest in form
 Of Life and Light, Alone yet All in All.
 In wordless ecstasy of joy it stood,
 And gazed and loved and worshipped. . . . And God spoke:
 "Soul, now make choice. To realize thy dream
 Of sweet eternal unity with Me,
 Or to strive on, an individual life,
 To work and help, to yearn and agonize,
 Attaining heights of purity and grace
 And beauty vast beyond expression; there
 To find at last, through Love, the One Supreme
 Pure SPIRIT, Ultimate and Unmanifest,
 WHO speaks through Me, of WHOM I am the Voice
 And the Appearance only. Choose, O Soul!"

The Soul paused, hovering, amazed and dumb,
 At the Feet of God. Other souls, flame-like, rose,
 Passed and re-passed, fluttered and prayed, and hung
 Around His glorious Throne, adoring Him.
 Some sought His flaming Heart, there to enjoy
 Infinite rest and close communion;
 Some floated rapturously out through Space,
 Their radiant auras streaming in the Wind
 That blew among the worlds: but 'mid them all
 This Soul shone out in selfless beauty, far
 More Love-illuminated, spirit-like, and pure,

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Than any other. Kneeling at God's Feet
 In humble awe, it gazed upon the host
 Of wheeling planets, blue and green and gold,
 The crowded myriads of stars, the chains
 Of circling universes. Right and left
 Plunged comets, hissing fire; wild nebulae
 Swirled in the fathomless and vibrant Gulf;
 Star beyond star, sun beyond sun was there,
 Universe looming beyond universe,
 All hanging unsupported in the vast
 And limitless abyss, and yet all linked
 By one stupendous miracle—by Light!
 Light flying wingless over dizzy Space,
 Uniting star to star and world to world,
 Spanning the Void with Love made manifest!
 The Soul, beholding with enraptured gaze
 These Love-attracted, Light-united spheres,
 Pulsated with the cosmic Harmony
 That chained them each to each and all to God.
 Was not here scope for Love? . . . From looking down
 And out, the Soul looked up to where the Form
 Of God made Visible shone luminous—
 And lo! around, above, beyond, what sense
 Of Radiance more radiant than God?
 What breath of Truth and Beauty more supreme
 Than any yet endured? God beyond God,
 The WORD beyond the Word. . . .

"I choose to strive
 Further! I choose to suffer more! I choose
 Through help of Love to reach yet greater heights!
 I will forego the Everlasting Bliss,
 And, veiled once more in matter, will return
 To guide and help those countless myriads
 Of souls who climb through darkness towards the Light.
 O God of Infinite Love, receive my vow!"

So chose the Soul; and was o'erwhelmed with flood
 Of poignant and miraculous ecstasy,
 While all the suns and moons in rhythmic chant
 With stars and planets loud and louder sang:
 "A Soul has chosen to renounce his Rest,
 To suffer and become a Sacrifice.
 He would not enter in the Heart of God,
 But now God's Heart doth beat and burn in him.
 He shall be Light of a new world, and Lord
 Of a yet uncreated Universe.
 Through Love he chose: through Love he shall attain."

CORRESPONDENCE

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

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Some two years ago I was requested by a friend to go and stay at her house and take charge of her children while she went away for a rest. She had shortly before nursed her youngest boy, aged seven, through the measles, and he had slept in a little bed by the side of his mother's, in what was usually the visitors' room. It is a common experience with me that when I go from London into fresh country air, I have a vivid dream or astral vision of some sort. The little boy whom I will call Frank (not his real name) was sleeping, at the time of my visit, in another little bed in the next room to mine. It was summer-time, and the nights were short. The strong light early in the morning partially roused me, when I saw climbing up the end of my bed little Frank, who got inside the bed and placed his hand in mine, taking me, as I concluded, for his mother. I felt distinctly the warm soft hand with the moisture on it as that of a child in sleep or on just awaking. I said in a drowsy tone, "How did you get into the room? I did not see the door open," and rousing myself completely turned towards the child, and found—nothing. At breakfast I took the little hand in mine, and found it was the same hand. I said: "I expect you used sometimes to get into mother's bed in the morning, after you had the measles." "Oh! yes, often," was the reply.

The probability seems to be that the child's "subliminal consciousness" was aware, during his bodily sleep, of some one he took to be his mother sleeping in that room, and his desire to be with her led what was his separable part to her. It was no mere mental image or phantasm, but firm, warm flesh and blood that grasped my hand, and I can only explain it by supposing that in my half-waking condition I was still on the astral plane, as was the child, and that *astral is as real and substantial to astral*, as flesh, gross body is to gross body. Therefore, may we not conclude

that our first meeting beyond the veil with friends who have passed over, will be equally substantial and what we call real, and that that region will be no mere shadow-land ?

Yours faithfully,
SPECTATOR.

SYMBOLICAL DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Having been much interested in the articles and letters dealing with the subject of dreams which appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW of August and September, I feel that I should like to give you an account of two strange dreams which I have had.

The first came to me as a child of six. I dreamt that I looked up into the midnight sky, which appeared of an extremely deep dark blue. Against the background of the heavens I saw an enormous golden cross—apparently made of the purest gold. Above the cross, in letters also golden, appeared a text of Scripture. What the words were, I have either forgotten, or else I did not make them out clearly in the dream.

This same dream, in another form, came to me again about two years ago. As far as I can remember, the time of its occurrence was the month of October.

I dreamt that I was walking up an avenue well-known to me, and that I was gazing upon a most beautiful sunset sky—rosy-pink, with feathery white clouds. As I walked, my gaze became fixed upon a small pink cloud. I gazed and gazed, unable to avert my eyes from this one point in the sky.

Gradually the cloud took the form of a huge round opal, remarkable for its rosy lights. Still I gazed, fascinated. Then from the opal as a centre, there sprang a huge cross, in hue like the opal.

Still I could not withdraw my eyes, although I longed to, as far as I remember my feelings. Then the arms of the cross faded away, and in their place, from either side of the opal, there sprang two enormous snow-white wings, which seemed to cover half the sky. Then there seemed to come upon the scene some one whom I knew, and, crouching down beside her, and crying out in utter terror, I awoke.

Now, were those dreams in the nature of a warning, or what ?

I have described the latter dream to several people—one especially, a well-known poetess, who has much psychic lore at

her finger-ends, also much of the power, and who has had many strange experiences—but none could give me anything approaching an explanation.

Apologizing for the length of this letter,

Yours faithfully,

MARGARET THOMSON MACGREGOR.

LYNWOOD,

LENZIE, N.B.

REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Dudley Wright asserts that Boehme and Swedenborg believed in human reincarnation. Will he quote chapter and verse for his assertion? My reading of these two mystics, as well as conversations with their followers, have led me to the opposite conclusion.

Further he quotes the experiments of de Rochas as evidence. But de Rochas held a different opinion. In the *Annals of Psychological Science*, 1905, vol. ii., pp. 1-52, he describes his experiments and those of others; after which he says: "If we could prove that the personalities 'played' by subjects had really lived, we should have a proof of very great force in favour of the survival of the soul and of its successive reincarnations. Unfortunately, that proof has not been obtained: quite the contrary. . . . In the case recently studied by M. Bouvier (*Le Paix Universelle*) I have assured myself that Marguerite Duchesne, the last incarnation of his subject, who is said to have lived at Briançon from 1835 to 1855, in the *Rue de la Caserne*, where her father was a grocer, never existed. . . . As for the preceding incarnations, they swarm with improbabilities. Thus one of these personalities who lived in the middle of the eighteenth century, says that he has passed the council of revision, and that he is a newspaper carrier. A preceding incarnation goes back to the time of François IV, speaks of the Court being held at Versailles, etc., etc. . . . How are we to explain why physical causes, such as longitudinal and transverse passes, should have absolutely certain effects on the memory of the subjects between the moment of their birth and that of their present life; and that they produce phenomena which do not rest on any basis of fact?—We see the true and the false intermingle in a way calculated to drive to despair those who do not reflect upon the darkness in which all observers have to struggle at the beginning of every new science."

The fact is, that a hypnotized subject can be made to believe anything, by the process of suggestion.

Mr. Dudley Wright has reversed the performance of Balaam. He came forth to "bless" the doctrine of reincarnation, and has succeeded in "cursing" it.

Yours truly,

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

193, GLOUCESTER TERRACE,
HYDE PARK, LONDON, W.

'AN HEREDITARY THOUGHT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am reading Pierre Loti's *Le Roman d'un Enfant*, and in it he says, in the early chapters, that when he, at two years old, got lost in long grass he had a distinct *remembrance* of having been in a jungle *long before*. When he first saw the sea a few years after he had the *same remembrance*. In his later books he says when he went to the South Sea Islands, *that* seemed where he had been before; and he sums it all up, roughly translated, as follows: "Evidently in all this, there is either a vague remembrance of a previous existence or *they are ancestral thoughts*."

This seems to me a new idea that thoughts of what happened to *our ancestors* may continue in *us*.

Yours faithfully,

W. W.

ASTROLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I find great difficulties, met with in the practice of astrology, are not cleared up by any of the works or textbooks of astrology. Take any author upon this subject and let the work be ever so excellent, yet the predictive portion and method is essentially lacking in reliability and precision.

From a serious study of the science I make the following observations:—

1. The predictive portion is yet far from perfect, each system presents so many methods and some of them are mixed up with Hindu, Arabian and Chaldean systems so that one is at a loss as to which one is correct and gives better results in predictions.

2. The planetary combinations and their significations are wanting, such as 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 planets in any one of the twelve houses.

3. Jupiter and Venus are considered to be fortunes, yet a number of instances may be given when they have produced fatal and adverse results to a native born under them, and all the books say very little or nothing on the subject.

4. All planets are capable of inflicting death, or giving good or bad results according to their position in the horoscope, yet most of the works upon astrology attribute all the evil to Uranus, Saturn and Mars, and all the good to Jupiter and Venus. This is puzzling.

5. Take as an instance the sixth house, which denotes evil, such as debt, disease and sickness, etc.; a conjunction of η and δ should increase the evil indicated by that house through this aspect, but I have three horoscopes with such a position and the natives are enjoying excellent health, free from debt and have faithful servants. The question forces itself whether evil planets in evil houses cut away the evil, or good planets in evil houses promote the evil?

As the most important and serious branch in astrology consists in the predictive portion, which in my estimation is the root and soul of astrology, I should feel much obliged if any of your able students would enlighten me on the above subjects.

Yours faithfully,

C. H. COOKE.

MORADABAD, INDIA.

ASTROLOGICAL THEORY

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—It is not the fashion among the wise men of the West to admit that there is anything to investigate in astrology. Nevertheless, even the greatest authorities in science are not infallible all round the compass, and it is known by all who have made this subject their study that there is a real correlation between the events of life and the aspects of the planets. This can be verified by any one who will take the trouble to examine a few nativities. Having then ascertained the fact of this correlation, and finding it constant like a law of nature, the question arises, how is it to be explained? how can it be fitted into the general scheme of natural law?

Some astrologers, like the talented author of *The Soul and the*

Stars, deny that there is anything "occult" about astrology, and treat it as an empirical science. They assume that an influence proceeds from the planets which impresses itself on the native at birth, and accounts for the variability of character as heredity accounts for or summarises the observed similarity. It is truly said that this influence may be imaginary, but is not occult, as it may be tested empirically by observation. If astrology only claimed to discover a new set of forces to be reckoned with as part of the environment which moulds the individual, the matter might be left here. No occult theory would be required to explain it beyond the supposition that the planets transmitted new forces analogous to light, heat and electricity. But I submit that it can be easily shown that this theory of direct influence is quite insufficient. It is well known that cases of violent death are found to be marked in the nativity as well as the characteristics of the native. (*The Soul and the Stars* gives several instances of this.) Is it then to be supposed that the planets at birth can impress a liability to be murdered? The above theory would appear to explain why the murderer should have bad aspects at his birth; but why should his victim have them also?

It would be very interesting if you, Mr. Editor, would give us your views of the true theory of planetary action, for it is difficult to believe in facts that will not fit into our general scheme of possibility.

Your obedient servant,
LIBRA.

[I hope to deal with some astrological problems in my Notes at an early date.—EDITOR.]

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ORIGINS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I once more trespass a little on your space with regard to the subject of Mr. Dixon's interesting letter in your last issue?

There are one or two points in that letter which appear to me to invite a friendly controversy.

I quite agree with Mr. Dixon when he asserts that if he were to deal with all the charges made against Mrs. Eddy, he would require to fill many issues of your REVIEW. But there are

other points in his letter with which many, I feel sure, will find it far harder to agree.

Mr. Dixon asserts that Christian Science is founded "on the Bible" and that "the deduction that the belief in the power of good and evil is sin"—is a logical deduction from the teaching of the Bible.

This language is used with regard to the book of Genesis—a book which all the best authorities on the subject regard as being allegorical and mystical in its nature. To hold such a view is not, of course, in the slightest degree to diminish the value of the book itself or to obscure its deep spiritual teaching.

Surely, then, a certain amount of latitude should be allowed when we approach the study or the elucidation of such a book. But, as I understand Mr. Dixon, no such latitude can be allowed. For him the book of Genesis is valuable because from it can be drawn the logical deduction that "a belief in the power of good and evil is sin."

Moreover, logical deductions are very easily made, but they are not necessarily true in their assertions. Fortunately for us the phenomena of life cannot all be reduced to terms of logic.

To revert to the book of Genesis. I might take the assertion "dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," and deduce from that statement that our bodies are wonderfully constructed out of the material atoms, but Mr. Dixon will not agree with me in such a deduction—dust being in his view of life (subject to correction), an illusion of mortal mind. And yet I think the deduction is not illogical.

Again, it is very nice, no doubt, to associate Mrs. Eddy with Socrates, Galileo, Stephenson, and the other giants of the earth, but surely she stands on a pedestal by herself. These others were only humble seekers after Truth, whereas Mrs. Eddy has been able to discard their humility and to demonstrate the complete and final truth.

Finally, Mr. Dixon assures us that Christian Science is devoting itself to proving the truth of its own doctrines by its results. This is interesting, but can doctrines be proved to be true by their results? I might hold a fantastic belief that the earth is square and flat and that in order to be healthy it is necessary to hold that belief, and I might gain adherents to the doctrine. I might then assert that the holders of the square and flat doctrine owed their bodily health to their belief. No doubt it could be proved by logical deduction and results, but still their enjoyment of robust health might be traced by sceptics to quite different causes.

I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Dixon for his letter, but must confess to remaining utterly unconvinced by his logic.

Yours faithfully,

FAREHAM, HANTS.

R. B. INCE, M.A.

WHY CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MUST FALL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—While returning from Norway on the steamer *Tasso*, I came across a book called *Science and Health*, by Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science. A glance through the book revealed chapters on "Mesmerism" and "Spiritualism," to both of which Mrs. Eddy clearly shows herself absolutely antagonistic, in the brief and superficial references she makes to those important sciences, her knowledge of which is very small. That which astonished me most of all throughout the book was the arrogant dogmatic insistence as to what was divine and what was false, without the smallest evidence in support of her assertion, beyond a reference to the Bible without quotation; while the crude statements on all subjects in the book exhibit her in the light of a mere plagiarist.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Eddy's history was in the form of an account of her initiation into spiritual matters during a severe illness, in which she states that her recovery was due to the interposition of an angel or spirit, who appeared to her, touched and cured her; and afterwards proceeded to teach her. She therefore owed her life to spiritual action, and her later fame was due to spirit teaching and power. Yet she is a renegade to Spiritualism! Why? She has been the medium of a hierarchy of spirits, who act through her to uphold religion in the world, and who demonstrate the power of prayer through certain mediums, but fail to act through others, who merely pray professionally for a fee. Any thief, murderer, or other vile character, could as easily recite a prayer for a fee, as a Christian Scientist. The case in Manchester of the man Petty, clearly establishes this. The Christian Science which proves that remarkable cures are effected by certain members of their cult, will have their powers positively withdrawn from all calling themselves by this name, because they, through Mrs. Eddy, sin against the Holy Ghost, in denying the means by which their cures are effected. The laws of cause and effect must be studied to explain the causes of failure; and they are not only not explained, but badly obscured

by such books as the one referred to. Like all other religious revivals, Eddyism will subside as soon as the money fails to come in ; but there will remain numerous selected persons who will be favoured by spirits, who will develop their spiritual faculties, and so prepare the ground for a future revival of spiritual demonstrations. This is what is meant by " Many are called, few are chosen." The apostacy of Mrs. Eddy from her spiritual foundation will be the ruin of her sect and creed. It is the unpardonable sin. She will justify herself as being so taught by her familiar spirit, although her followers will probably cause a great outcry (according to their understanding) at the base insinuation. Nevertheless, all such public religious teachers have a familiar spirit ; and wonderful is the power they possess to experiment on a large scale in public affairs by the use of such means. Among other things, these spirits severely test their medium's credulity and vanity, as well as ambition ; they inflate them to the full with assurances, backed up by marvellous miracles, until the time arrives to withdraw the mask, when their pupils, chelahs, mediums, neophytes, or whatever sectarial term is preferred, find they, too, must descend into Hell to learn the knowledge of good and evil, or cause and effect. The terrible denial that God does not control evil as well as good, which these Christian Scientists preach, is fraught with woe to all of them in their blind faith born of vanity. As one who has been shown such Hells as Dante was shown ; as one who has been struck down with disease by spirits and made whole again in an incredibly short space of time, as a demonstration of spirit-power ; who has been written to for help from the four quarters of the globe, and has been by the aid of those spirits who work through him, enabled to do such work as the Eddyites claim only for themselves, I issue this warning. The travels of Dante through Hell revealed the fact that the most despised of all those in Hell, whose condition was the most debased and pitiful, were those who had knowledge of the spiritual gifts and did not acknowledge them. God does His work by His accredited messengers ; and this insult by Mrs. Eddy, her pretended superiority and denial of the source of her power, will culminate in catastrophe and lead to the obliteration of herself and her sect.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. EDWARDS.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Theosophist (October).—Mrs. Besant, in outlining a system of Universal Religion, selecting the doctrines common to the various Scriptures of the world, has accomplished that which, in another sphere, the International Language Delegation have achieved for the European languages—the establishment of a common neutral basis; the quintessence of the world religions on the one hand, and the quintessence of the European languages on the other. The same causes operate to bring about similar results in either case. “In ancient times the various countries of the world were much more separated from each other than they now are, and religions were national and local. . . . Nowadays the ease and swiftness of communication between the countries of the world no longer permits any religion to remain isolated and unaffected by its neighbours. “Thought” (*and language, we may add*) “is more and more becoming international, cosmopolitan.” Hence the possibility of a World-Religion and of an Auxiliary Language (“*Ido*.”) The fundamental points of contact between the various religions are enumerated thus: The Unity of God; the Manifestation of God in a Universe under three Aspects; The Hierarchies of Spiritual Beings; Incarnation of the Spirit; the Law of Causation; the Three Worlds of Human Evolution; The Brotherhood of Man.

“Rents in the Veil of Time” is another instalment of the long series of lives of “Alcyone,” in which the imagination is staggered by the way in which time is apparently eliminated, periods of thousands of years being spoken of as nonchalantly as a few hundred days.

The speculation as to the probable effect of the life of a great spiritual Teacher upon the life of the world will be read with interest by many, whilst Mr. Leadbeater's notes on the various modes of individualization are characterized by his usual lucidity and conciseness.

Amongst the vast number of interesting articles we have only space to mention a few:—Education and the Will; Reincarnation, an Islamic Doctrine; the Religion of Goethe; Ancient Indian Medicine; and others, the number being well freighted with substantial “matter,” as becomes the leading Theosophical magazine.

In *The Word* for October Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregaard, dealing with "The Inner Life and Jesus, the Christ," says:—

The "Mystery of the Christ" is a genuine Theosophic subject . . . It can give the searcher with "The Mystic Quest" much to ponder upon if he keeps clear of ecclesiasticism, and it will prove a most fascinating quest to many because its beauty lies in our own hearts and not outside ourselves. It deals with a most personal question, that of "salvation," a question baffling many. Few understand that the real self needs no salvation, and that the ephemeral self cannot be saved because it is illusory. Few understand that salvation is a peculiar kind of movement of growth in which the true self can only be found in proportion as the "personal" self is lost.

This extract sufficiently indicates the character of the most prominent feature of the present issue. Amongst various other articles may be cited: "Atmospheres," by the Editor; "A Dream of Atlantis" (poem), by A. Le Plongeon; and "The Sepher Ha Zohar," by N. de Manhar.

In the *Metaphysical Magazine* for September, Dr. Alexander Wilder's translation and annotation of Iamblichus on the Mysteries constitutes the leading feature. "Salvarona," in continuing his study of the "Geometry of Hunger," declares that Hunger, "to be true to all the effects, must be studied in the psycho-physiological sense." "While the longing of Hunger to transmute food," he continues, "seems to be a purely personal longing, it is in reality universal;" it is "the expression of a real and actual, vital, constructive energy, and geometrical process"—hence the curious form of the title of the article.

The Open Court for November is full of interesting matter. The place of honour is given to an appreciative article by Dr. Vogel (translated from the German) on the life and character of Fichte. "The fundamental feature of Fichte's nature was an imperious will of a moral tendency and inseparably bound up with bold thinking that delighted in speculation." His character "appears as an ellipse with two foci: thinking and willing, the joy of speculation and the impulse to action." The summary of the evidences in favour of the existence of a Pre-Christian Jesus, although brief, will be read with interest by students of Christian origins, whilst the Editor contributes a valuable study of the Synoptic Gospels from the point of view of the Higher Criticism.

Revue Du Psychisme Experimental (October).—We welcome the advent of this new review, the programme of which may be outlined briefly as consisting in the study of super-normal phenomena of what kind soever: Magnetism, Hypnotism and Suggestion, Mediumship, Psychology, etc., under an influential

editorial committee, including the names of Drs. Boirac, Bonnaymé, Boucher, and Mantin, and Mr. Van der Naillen (to mention only a few). The active management of the magazine is in the hands of Messrs. Gaston and Henri Durville. We wish the new venture all success.

Modern Astrology (November).—The principal items of this number are "Zodiacal Types as revealed in Appearance and Temperament," an endeavour to classify mankind in seven great types, corresponding with the Fixed, Cardinal and Mutable, and the Fiery, Airy, Watery, and Earthy signs; and "The Tabulation of Horoscopes," a record of the work of classification of nativities with a view to eliciting the common element in all the members of the same type, which forms the basis for the conclusions put forward (tentatively) in the preceding article.

The Co-Mason for the October quarter forms somewhat heavy reading for the uninitiated, but the Fraternity should welcome the results of Masonic investigations recorded in such articles as those on "The Rites of Circumambulation"; on the "Swastika"; on Lord Bacon; and last but not least, Mrs. Besant's interesting contribution on the rules of an ancient Brotherhood said to have been drawn from the Massraphi-La, or Chaldean Kabbala.

Ultra (Italian) for November contains an interesting article by Dr. Hartmann on "Some Evidences for Reincarnation"; a translation of Mr. Mead's article on "Initiation"; the concluding instalment of Augusto Agabiti's "Music and Occultism"; articles on "Prophecy and Premonition"; "The Theosophical Society and the present time"; and the concluding series of extracts from the Bhagavad Gita, Vishnu Purana, Mahabharata, etc., under the heading: "Aryan Morals."

In *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine* for September, Srimat Sacchidananda Swami commences a series of articles on the "Theory and Practice of the Tantra," that mine of Indian Occult Science, whilst articles on "The Value of Spiritualism"; "India and her Magic"; "Curative Mesmerism," etc., go to make up a most interesting number.

The Vedic Magazine gives the place of honour to a collection of extracts from the Vedas bodying forth the "Vedic Conception of Government," by S.D.S., of which the present is the first instalment. "An Indian Nationalist," alluding to a lecture by the Rev. W. Scott-Moncrieff, M.A., in which it was pointed out that "there are many throughout the world, men of different races and religions, looking from different points of view for the coming of a Great Teacher," declares that "the World Redeemer

has come and gone. He was Rishi Dayananda, the inspirer of the whole world's spiritual life," and proceeds to show how the following of that Teacher's precepts would lead to the redemption of the world. Well, evolution proceeds but slowly. Teachers have come and gone, and there is still need for others.

In *Theosophy in India* for September is commenced a study of "The Bhagavad Gita on Matter and Energy," by V. Shankara Mennon Rao. The Editor, in his Monthly Message, alluding to the "Book of books," the Bhagavad Gita, says that "its pages are cyclopedias of spiritual knowledge, sometimes volumes being pressed into a few shlokas," and that "here is the reason which makes it cosmopolitan, makes it a Bible of Humanity," "far beyond the pale of sectarianism and denomination." Apropos of Mr. Rao's article, he regards the Sun as the "sign manual of cosmic Energy, the representative of the Ineffable," and that "we have in this glory of the heavens the visible agency of the Great Being in whom we all literally live and move and have our being." Other articles are: "The Way to Proper Meditation," and the "Monads from the Moon," the latter being an excerpt from the *Adyar Bulletin*.

La Revue Theosophique Belge for November allots the greater portion of its space to translations from the writings of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, whilst Monsieur Armand Rombauts, dealing with the question of the "Radiations" of Becquerel, Crooks, Currie, Rutherford, Le Bon, and others, points out how the teaching of modern Science on the constitution of matter is more and more closely approximating that of occult Science, which sees everywhere Spirit-matter inseparably linked together, manifestations of the One beyond all cause.

Amongst other periodicals must be mentioned our esteemed weekly contemporary, *Light*, of which prominent features in the last four numbers are "Mediumistic and Psychical Experiences," by E. A. Tietkens; some interesting discussion anent the Thomsons and their phenomena; and the life and experiences of the late Mr. Dawson Rogers; *The Two Worlds* for October 21 and 28, in which the romance of the Indian Yogi, Srimanta Swami, by the Rev Denham Robinson, tells how a Hindu becomes a Christa-Bhakta; the *Journals of the English and American S.P.R.* for October; *Old Moore's Monthly Messenger*; *The Kalpaka*; *Self-Culture*; *The Psychic*; *La Revue Spirite*; *The Wise-Man*; *The Mystic Magazine*; *O Pensamento*; *Reason*; and *The Vedantin*, the fourth number of a new magazine devoted to the exposition of the Vedantic philosophy.

H. S.

REVIEWS

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. By Edward Scribner Ames, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Chicago. London: Constable & Co., Ltd., Leicester Square, W.C., 1910. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THIS work undertakes an investigation of the religious aspect of normal human experience, from the point of view of functional psychology—i.e. it does not trouble itself about a definition of consciousness, but simply seeks to discover the stages of growth, the various types of reaction to different objects and situations, and the functions of the mental life. The "psychologist of religion" accepts as actual facts the temples, priests, sacred books, ceremonies, faiths and customs, which exist in such profusion throughout the world, and seeks to know the needs, desires, and impulses from which these facts arose. He shuns metaphysics, and becomes anthropologist.

Dr. Ames deals at some length with "the origin of religion in the race," describing various taboos and magical ceremonies, and quoting the classical works of Frazer, Jevons and Lang. He becomes more interesting, however, when he touches the modern phenomena of conversion, which have only recently become the object of scientific study.

In this department he closely follows Starbuck and James, though placing less emphasis on the implications or value of mystical states in general, than does the author of the famous *Varieties*—treating them, in fact, scientifically rather than mystically. He shows that some such "awakening," or sudden consciousness of revelation, may and does occur in reference to non-religious ideas, and that it is dangerous to plunge into metaphysics from that particular spring-board. As to the conversion-methods of revivalists, they are really hypnotic, and steadier methods of education are preferable, for in hypnotic experimentation by people without psychological knowledge there is grave risk. The plastic mind of a sensitive young person is not a thing to be carelessly handled.

Dr. Ames touches the "subliminal" theory very gingerly, preferring to follow Professor Jastrow both in his terminology and his general attitude. For him, accordingly, the "subconscious" is a kind of consciousness in which the same laws obtain as in ordinary mental life, and which can be explored similarly, if less directly. Into the domain of alleged *super-normal* phenomena he does not enter.

The book is clearly written, and, though containing little that is new, constitutes a useful exposition as introduction to the subject.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE RESURRECTION NARRATIVES AND MODERN CRITICISM. By Thomas James Thorburn, D.D., LL.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., Dryden House, Gerrard Street, W. 1910. Price 6s. net.

THIS is an erudite and closely-argued critique of the subjective-hallucination theory which Professor Schmiedel, following Strauss and Renan, propounded in his article in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. Schmiedel admits the historical character of the *visual* experiences of the disciples, but denies the historicity of the recorded *auditory* and *tactual* phenomena. Dr. Thorburn shows that there is no ground for this distinction in the

narratives themselves, nor in the psychology of hallucinations, for persons liable to visual experiences of the kind may be liable to auditory and tactual ones also. Certainly these latter are common enough. It follows, then, that there is no justification for accepting one kind and rejecting the other. We must therefore either accept the evidence and admit that there was really something "there" which impressed three senses of some of those present, or must fall back on the assumption that all the experiences, visual, auditory, and tactual, were centrally initiated and corresponded to no external reality. Dr. Thorburn defends the former position.

As to the nature of that Presence, the author discusses the three objective theories: (1) *Revivified Body*, (2) *Pure*, or "*Materialised Spirit*", and (3) *A Spiritual Body*. He shows that (1) does not harmonize with the recorded facts, such as the sudden disappearances of Jesus; that (2) does not fit because the Appearances were not caused by, or connected with, magical or spiritualistic practices on the part of the disciples; and that (3) the Pauline theory alone satisfies the requirements. The run of the whole argument, so far as it is psychological and not a matter of textual criticism and exegesis, shows significantly what a powerful weapon the recent psychical research advances have put into the hands of apologists. We are reminded of Myers's remark in *Human Personality*, vol. ii, p. 288: "I venture now on a bold saying; for I predict that, in consequence of the new evidence, all reasonable men, a century hence, will believe the Resurrection of Christ, whereas, in default of the new evidence, no reasonable men, a century hence, would have believed it."

Theologians must, however, bear in mind that while this evidence supports their belief as to the facts, it does not support any theory of the *superhuman* nature of Jesus. It points rather the other way. There are well-evidenced cases in which a deceased *human being* has affected several of the percipient's senses at the same time, as in Mr. Lang's famous "Mrs. Cloughton" case. But it really does not matter. If we do not know what a *man* is, it is absurd to pronounce that any individual was *more than man*. We are not yet acquainted with the full potencies of a human soul. "Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line, Severing rightly his from thine, Which is human, which divine." Emerson had the truth of it.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS. By Bertrand Russell, M.A., F.R.S. 8½ in. × 5½ in. Pp. viii + 185. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. Price 6s. net.

THIS work consists of seven essays, six of which are reprinted, with some alterations, from various periodicals. The first three, "The Elements of Ethics," "The Free Man's Worship" and "The Study of Mathematics," are of an ethical nature, the latter of these (which, by the way, we like best of all those in the book) being included in this category in virtue of the fact that it is concerned primarily with the *value* of mathematics. On this subject the writer has some fine things to say: "The true spirit of delight," to quote one example, "the exaltation, the sense of being more than man, which is the touchstone of the highest excellence, is to be found in mathematics as surely as in poetry"; and he has some

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interesting remarks on the teaching of mathematics. There is one statement in this essay, however, which is certainly erroneous: "... mathematics takes us . . . into the region of absolute necessity." This is a fallacy which J. S. Mill exploded long ago. It is well to remember that, whatever its superstructure may be, the foundations of mathematics are *inductive* truths. Indeed, Mr. Russell himself admits, in the following essay, that "Induction, though it cannot give complete certainty, underlies all the sciences, even pure mathematics"; and this being so, there can be nothing of necessity in any mathematical laws.

The second essay, judged aesthetically, is by no means wanting in beauty; it is the call of a pessimist to the worship, in a (supposed) stupid and evil world, of the Ideal, the Beautiful, the Good. Judged from the philosophical standpoint, however, it seems to us to be utterly unsatisfactory and erroneous. The mere fact of "law" or order in natural phenomena shows us that nature must be the outcome of Purpose, and such statements as man's "origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms", and "no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave", have a curious old, nineteenth-century flavour.

The last four essays deal with the problem of the meaning of Truth. The author criticizes Pragmatism and the Monistic theory, and in the last essay briefly sets forth his own view of Truth.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE RUBÁ'İYÁT OF HÁFIZ. By Syed Abdul Majid, LL.D., and L. Cranmer-Byng. "The Wisdom of the East" Series. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. pp. 60. Price 1s. net.

THIS is an interesting addition to an admirable series. The life-story of the famous Persian poet who wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of Háfiz is concisely and pleasantly told, and the literal translations of some short passages from his works are very striking, and certainly help to bear out the popular esteem in which he was, and still is, held in his own country. Edward Fitzgerald said of him: "Háfiz is the most Persian of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character. . . . Háfiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true metal." The second portion of the book consists of sixty-five Rubá'iyát rendered into English quatrains of the kind Fitzgerald made famous. Mr. Cranmer-Byng has been very successful here, as is shown in an interesting way by comparing some of his verses with literal prose renderings of the originals. There are a few lines overcrowded with syllables to an extent that jars on the ear, but very trifling alterations in the text would remedy this. The verses as a whole are melodious and full of beautiful imagery. Here are two typical examples:—

"Sweet, you have moulded me to please the foe;
I was like spring that now like autumn grow.
Once in your quiver still and straight I lay
Till passion came and bent me like a bow."

"Your eyes, where lies and magic play their part,
From whose false dusk the swords of battle start,
How soon they weary of my constant sight!
Stones that were tears now strike me from your heart."

Háfiz, moreover, was not only a poet, but a philosopher also, and those who can read the hidden, symbolical meaning of his lines will find in them an inner beauty to correspond with the outer beauty of expression.

E. M. M.

MAETERLINCK'S SYMBOLISM : THE BLUE BIRD ; AND OTHER ESSAYS.
By Henry Rose. London : A. C. Fifield. Price 1s. net.

DESPITE the enthusiasm which *The Blue Bird* has aroused in this country, very few critics have ventured to attempt a symbolic interpretation of the play. Mr. Rose's essay on *The Blue Bird* symbolism is the most complete and the best I have read. Apart from the interpretation, its chief value lies in making the reader realize how wonderfully each part of the play is correlated to every other part, thus forming a flawless, harmonious whole. Maeterlinck, although a great mystic, does not try to mystify his readers ; everything he writes has a precise and definite meaning, and perfectly corresponds with his philosophy.

Next comes an interesting, well-written essay called " ' Pippa Passes ' : The Optimism of Robert Browning," in which the author ventures to steer the reader through the perilous passage between Fate and Freewill, the Scylla and Charybdis of the soul. He points out how the disciples of Browning are only too ready to distort the sense of his utterances to suit their own convenience, thus furnishing an excuse to lead the idle, self-centred lives of those whose religion degenerates into the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. It entirely depends upon the point of view with which we regard Browning's teachings, and for that matter those of all great teachers.

The book closes with an essay on " The Musical Mind : A Study in Social Harmonies," which draws attention to the fact that most of our great poets, artists, and art critics have during some portion of their lives evinced a passion for reform. Having themselves a well-ordered, harmonious mind, they waged a passionate warfare against the discords of life.

MEREDITH STARR.

TALES OF MEN AND GHOSTS. By Edith Wharton. London : Macmillan & Co. Price 6s.

To mention the name of Henry James in connection with these stories is not in any way derogatory to the writer. There is in the short stories of both the same subtlety of characterization and delicate intricacy of psychological analysis, but in those of Miss Edith Wharton there is less epicurean dalliance of language and a swifter motion forward of the event. All the tales in the book are good and they fulfil that test of sound work, which has been remarked also of the stories of Guy de Maupassant, an unaltered impression of excellence after repeated examination. Among the ten stories, *The Daunt Diana*, *The Legend*, *The Eyes* and *Afterward* must certainly be regarded as little masterpieces, but all have a quality of power and distinction which will rarely be found in any short stories of the present time. How refreshing it is to be confronted with this admirable form of art worked with a skill so exquisite that the result resembles a fine intaglio ! There are two ghost-stories in the book, *The Eyes* and *Afterward*. The former has a lurking resemblance to *The Picture of*

Dorian Gray, but is more sinister and more subtle. *Afterward* belongs to the same wonderful class as the ghost-stories of Henry James, which are the best ever written.

B. P. O'N.

MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE. London: Methuen & Co. Price 5s.

THIS is a book which should certainly be read by all those interested in eugenics, in education, and in that problem of physical deterioration which is so marked a feature of the age. Mr. Alexander's contention is that evolution having brought us to a point at which it has ceased to be the ruler and become, more or less, the ruled, it behoves us to learn how best to enter upon our kingdom. And this he argues—speaking, as it is only fair to add, from the basis of personal experience acquired in a large practice—can only be efficiently done in one way, viz. by the quickening of the conscious mind. It must be noted that he rejects the usual theory of the subconscious self as an entity within an entity (and more especially the conception of the late F. W. H. Myers, who really confused it with the soul), and regards its manifestations as functions of the life force which are now passing from automatic to conscious control. That is to say, the trend of evolution in the future should be towards the lifting of the subconscious into self-consciousness—a task not to be accomplished by putting the conscious mind *hors de combat*, which is to ignore the very crucial fact of the interdependence of mind and matter, but by lifting it to a sphere of wider and deeper control. Against hypnotism and many of the various systems of faith-healing obtaining to-day, the author urges that the method employed is not only unnecessary but contrary to the law of self-preservation and that it involves a degradation of the objective mind from its high estate. His own rather revolutionary theory has at least the advantage of freedom from the mental and moral and often physical dangers attendant upon systems based on any form of "suggestion," and its practical application is simplicity itself. Its bearing upon eugenics, education and physical fitness is dealt with very clearly and concisely in the present volume and with an absence of technicalities which makes it perfectly intelligible to the average reader.

THE HOUSE OF THE SLEEPING WINDS. By Enys Tregarthen. With 27 Illustrations by Namie Preston. Small 4to, pp. xii., 223. London: Rebman, Limited.

THE winds in their sleeping are full of the enchantment of Fairyland; the winds in their awakening breathe elfin measures, falling into soft, faint and far lingering cadences. The book is "a thing of beauty," and the joy in it has a liquid voice, which sounds like a sweet anthem ending in those words—"for ever." Yes, in its own manner, the book seems "a joy for ever." Those who have issued it must have felt something of the spell and have designed to make it in appearance that which it is inwardly—a talisman, a symbol of enchantment. A sense of unmeasured distance may be communicated, to those who can receive such gifts, in one tale of few words concerning an Enchanted Field. A melody seldom heard outside the secret palace of the human heart pipes through the Wishing Song. Even the mallet of the pesky shoemaker—when it is heard away and away—has a strange echo of a prince who is to come, knocking

at a gate of entrance which we have seen in our visions—some of us. It is a gate of marble halls and the gate of a glorified temple. The world is a world of aromatic incense and wine of magic. One of the ways in is to eat the food of the fairies. Such kind of bread can be broken to a good purpose in this book.

A. E. WAITE.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. By John Tauler. Done into English by T. R. Morell and published in London by T. Fisher Unwin, 1910. Sq. 12mo, pp. xxxix., 328.

THE translation is a work of great care, and the preface is not only full of scholarly acquaintance from the bookman's point of view, but has a suggestion of authority on the subject-matter. Its purpose in this respect is to show the conformity of Tauler and some other mystics of the fourteenth century with earlier saints and doctors of the church. This is not unimportant, because Tauler has been mentioned in other connexions by those who knew him scarcely, but thought the word mystic carried the general suggestion of heresy. The kind of Following is that of "the poor life" of Christ, and the poverty concerns chiefly the state of detachment. This is a door of entrance leading to the conversion of the will and thereafter to the mysteries of experience in contemplation. There are very deep intimations concerning this state and what is attained by its means—the discourse of God in the soul and the perfect manner of Divine Love, with the union that consists therein. The sermons of Tauler are the best known of his works in English, but this *Following of Christ* seems to have greater gifts of the Spirit. People should not make a comparison between it and the *Imitation* written by St. Thomas à Kempis, because there could not well be two more different books under one title. Both at the same time are books of gold.

A. E. WAITE.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE KABALAH. By W. Wynn Westcott. Cr. 8vo, pp. iv., 66. London: J. M. Watkins, 1910.

Two points are more especially brought out by Dr. Wynn Westcott in this concise and summary account of a very large and difficult literature. One of them is the Practical Kabbalah, and the other is the doctrinal side—here termed Dogmatic. It may be suggested to the unfamiliar mind, by an accident of priority in description, that the first is the more important part, and seeing that this is in no sense the case—nor can it be intended by the writer—there is an adequate reason to put on record that the wonder-working or magical side of Kabbalism is only one phase of the secret tradition in Jewish theosophy—and it is then only that phase applied to a corrupt purpose. The *Sepher Ha Zohar* or *Book of Splendour* is the chief storehouse of Kabbalism, and it knows comparatively little of the infamous arts drawn into the spurious literature of ceremonial magic. In the later part of his thesis Dr. Westcott presents the doctrinal side of his subject in a very clear and readable manner. Some useful diagrams accompany this section. It should be understood that the impulse which led to the study of the Kabbalah by Christian scholars in Europe was the belief that its secret doctrine constituted a plenary testimony to the Divine mission of Christ. It is to this feeling that we owe the entire Latin

literature of Kabalism—the works of Rosenroth, Reuchlin and others mentioned by Dr. Westcott in the course of his account.

A. E. WAITE.

MYSTICISM: ITS TRUE NATURE AND VALUE. With a Translation of the "Mystical Theology" of Dionysius, and of the Letters to Caius and Dorotheus (I, 2 and 5). By A. B. Sharpe, M.A. 8vo. 5s. London: Sands and Co., and Edinburgh. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

MR. SHARPE, writing from the point of view of Catholic orthodoxy, defines mystical contemplation as "the sight of God." It is not mere intellectual perception, because what is "seen" is not an idea but a living reality. It is analogously to the soul what sight is to the body, and is guaranteed by a similar but even stronger feeling of irrefragable certitude. During the state of ecstatic vision the soul is held to be in actual contact with the Deity. St. John of the Cross says that "the soul seems to be God rather than itself, and indeed is God by participation." The author fully admits the possibility of self-delusion, and guards against it by insisting that only such ecstasies be recognized as possibly genuine which include a direct consciousness of the divine presence, are preceded by no emotion or excitement, can be probably traced to no physical or mental cause, and are incapable of being fully described in words. He somewhat grudgingly admits the apparent genuineness of the mystical experiences of numerous "heretics," and, perhaps for this reason, but in my opinion very rightly, lays down the rule that doctrines claiming a mystical origin or sanction are not to be uncritically accepted.

The problem of ecstasy is a real and important one, but it must be dealt with on empirical, not, as here, on scholastic lines. Mr. Sharpe is a learned man, but his conception of mysticism is narrow, and his book was rendered obsolete in advance by the work of the late Professor James.

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