THE

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

OURSELVES.

CIRCUMSTANCES have combined to compel me to defer to the June number several articles which I had intended to insert in the present issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. I am thus holding over the final article on the Merionethshire Mysteries by Mr. Beriah Evans. The article on Telepathy is also again postponed and will appear in the final number of this volume, which will also include an introduction by Miss Goodrich Freer to a series of articles to commence with the July issue, entitled "Occultism in the Nearer East."

GHOSTLY TALES.

The present issue will be found to contain a narrative under the title of "The Palazzo C," dealing with a rather remarkable case of haunting at Florence. I may perhaps mention that a letter has been handed me from the "Mr. Champneys" of the narrative (his real name is not given) in corroboration of the facts. This gentle-

man's real name, as well as that of the owner of the Palazzo, has also been given me in confidence.

I have also obtained detailed statements and names with regard to the persons concerned in the story of Malling Abbey and the other stories included in the same article, and I have no doubt that the facts could, if it were desired, be further investigated by competent authorities.

VOL. I.

I have already touched upon the fact that the June issue of the OCCULT REVIEW will complete the first volume. This number will include the title page and the list of contents of the six numbers, and I shall have a certain number of completed volumes bound in cloth.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT LAHORE.

Those interested in seismology will do well to note the exact fulfilment of a prediction based on the eclipse of the Moon on February 19 anent the recent earthquake at Lahore. The prediction occurs in "Zadkiel's Almanack," p. 68, and runs as follows: About the 74th degree of east longitude where Saturn is on the fourth angle, a sharp shock of earthquake will soon be felt, most probably at the latter end of March and beginning of April." The 74th degree of east longitude passes through Lahore, and the recent earthquake, as will be recollected by all, occurred during the first week of April.

The investigations of the late learned Commander Morrison, the founder of "Zadkiel's Almanack," into this recondite subject deserve more attention than they have hitherto obtained. And the above is only one further confirmation of his dictum that earthquakes follow close on the heels of eclipses. While fully admitting the fascination which the study of spiritualistic phenomena exercises upon many minds, those who have explored both fields will be the first to admit that from a scientific standpoint the facts of astrology, in view of their mathematical basis, the accessibility of the evidence with regard to them, and the great names of their exponents in days gone by, occupy an altogether higher position from the point of view of pure science, and constitute a study destined to appeal in the near future as it has appealed through so many ages in the past to the very highest intellects of all Time. May I add that my assent to astrology as a system based on readily verifiable facts, does not imply an assent to the ways and methods of most modern astrologers?

THE EGO

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

SINCE Pope wrote that the proper study of mankind is man we have learned a little of ourselves. Perhaps the most important addition to human knowledge which has been made within the time indicated—richly as investigation in the material field has been rewarded—is that which relates to the constitution and the faculties of the mind. With the discovery of the subliminal mind we have found a whole continent of inquiry opened to our gaze. This new continent has no recognised Columbus. The knowledge of its existence has been borne to us imperceptible as the dawn of day, but we do at last possess it as truly as we own the knowledge of any of the physical facts by which we are surrounded. That we have come to an understanding of the whole structure of the mind it would be more than absurd to say, but we have had laid bare before us a hitherto unsuspected portion of its mechanism, and many of the secrets of its methods are revealed. It is now quite safe to assume that the working intelligence which we consciously exercise is inspired and fed from a vast reservoir of recorded thought and experience which has passed into oblivion so far as the surface mind is ordinarily concerned—that there is, in fact, within each one of us, an historiographer who has omitted to set down no solitary item of experience since our identity began.

What we call the supraliminal or conscious intelligence is not able to draw from this reservoir at will, and we are, as yet, only partially aware of some of the conditions under which the hidden sources spray upward into consciousness. It seems probable that what we speak of as genius, and all the widely varying degrees of what we know as talent, are regulated by the power to draw upon this hidden store, and that what we commonly describe as intuitions reach us from the same deep source as the result of some actual experience which has escaped the record of the surface mind. If we could imagine a personality which has forgotten nothing, which includes within itself all the discoveries and all the wonders of childhood, all the vague wild aspirations of the boy, all the tumultuous thoughts of youth,

all the experience, all the reading, all the thinking of accomplished manhood, we should transcend the genius of Shakespeare himself, even though we started from a quintessential distillation of the commonplace. Could we spade down into our own depths—could we in any way realise the riches that lie within us, there is enough in the meanest of mankind to furnish forth an epic of inexpressible splendour.

The surface mind forgets much. The subliminal mind forgets nothing. It has no well of oblivion in all its province. In the experience of all of us the upward spray of the fountains of unconscious memory is incessant. We continually discover that we have not in reality forgotten things which have seemed to be clean obliterated from our minds. A spring is touched by a chance hand, and instantly an obstruction to vision leaps aside. We see, as clearly as if it were before us, a face we have not recalled for years, or an episode of our life re-transacts itself as vividly as if we were once more engaged in it.

There are instances of lost personality by the hundred, but the normal affords the rule to go by, and the normal is within the common knowledge of us all. Insanity in many of its phases will be found to resolve itself into a division of the two forms of intelligence. These may be divorced and re-married times without number. The lucid intervals of madness are the result of a temporary reunion. The severance between the subliminal and the surface mind is often produced by obscure causes, into which the pathologist in mentality as yet peers in vain, but it is frequently the result of a discernible pressure on the brain, or of some lesion in that organ, which may or may not be curable by the mere flux of time and the imperceptible labours of those less than microscopic entities which are constantly engaged in every portion of our bodies in the work of repair or change. Arguing from what we know to that which is not known, we may believe that a disturbed mentality is invariably accompanied by some disordered condition of the physical organ of mind. There is every logical and scientific inference to draw upon for this conclusion, and there is absolutely no evidence against it in all the annals of surgery.

Now I take it that in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW we have two plain rules by which to regulate ourselves. First it is our business to stimulate inquiry, and next it is our duty to discourage credulity, or the leaping at conclusions which are not authorised by evidence. So far as we can ascertain by trust-

worthy means, we find that all apparent changes in the individuality of the person are traceable to purely physical causes. In an earlier number I dealt with the phenomena of spirit possession, and I am not disposed to recoil from the position at which I then arrived, but it is to be observed that even if we grant the reality of such possession we discover no trace of the loss of personality. The individual possessed retains his individuality. It is *he* who is torn by the indwelling spirit, *he* who is at war with—or in subjection to—a something not himself. There is no displacement of the ego—the reality of whose existence is indeed sharply accentuated by the consciousness of suffering.

For my own part I find it difficult to conceive anything less called for by the nature of the cases inquired into than the hasty and immature speculations of Messrs. Sidis and Goodhart in their recently-published volume on "Multiple Personality," * which they describe as "an experimental investigation into the nature of human individuality." That resolute traveller on the Borderland, Mr. W. T. Stead, has expressed his belief that these two learned and laborious gentlemen have discovered a mare's nest, and, with the book before me, I am exactly of the same opinion. The most striking of the instances on which Messrs. Sidis and Goodhart base their case for a multiple personality, and the one into which they appear to have made their most painstaking research, is that of the Rev. Thomas Carson Hanna, who, on the evening of April 15, 1897, met with an accident to his head, as a result of which he remained unconscious for two hours. When he regained a partial knowledge of the world, it was found that he had to begin it all anew. Whatever he had learned from his former experience of life had passed away from him, and he was as ignorant as a child new born. From this condition, with many partial submergences, he gradually returned towards his former self. He had to re-acquire all he had lost, and there became present to his mind the idea that another individuality had replaced the one which had originally belonged to him, and that there was an actual struggle going on as to which should take permanent possession—the new personality or the old. The case is minutely dealt with, and as a psychopathic study it is extremely interesting, but there is not the faintest reason for the founding upon it of any novel theory as to a possible interchangeableness of one ego with another. The

* London: Sidney Appleton, Bedford Street, Strand.

man in alighting from his carriage falls upon his head, and suffers some injury to the brain. The apparatus of thought and memory is disorganised, and is gradually restored to its old functions, a familiar process enough, and amply explainable on purely physical grounds, so far as the processes of thought are to be explained at all. The conclusion arrived at is that on the occurrence of a physical disaster Mr. Hanna lost himself and found somebody else, that the real Mr. Hanna had a prolonged stand-up fight with the intruder, and that finally the real Mr. Hanna and the false Mr. Hanna merged into one another, and the two separate entities resolved themselves into one.

"I am a man beside myself," says the escaped lunatic in the old story, addressing the doctor and the keeper who have captured him, "and we too will fight you two." In this sense, and in this sense only, Mr. Hanna was two people after falling on his head, and remained two people until such time as Nature had repaired the injuries he had received. There is no mystery apart from the old mystery, and for its solution the latest freak of pathological science has done nothing. That the mind has its organ in the brain has been as clearly established as any fact in physical science, but the actual processes of thought will probably rest unexplained until the crack of doom.

The only real importance of the novel suggestion seems to me to be in this: that whilst it pretends to all the dignity of a scientific inquiry into observed fact, it waves all the rules of scientific inquiry on one side, and leaps to an opinion which is not in the least degree justified by the facts observed, and that in effect it seeks to establish on altogether insufficient grounds one of the grosser forms of materialism, even whilst it affects to deny that of which the researches of material science have made us most certain. If we know anything, we know that the possessor of an injured brain is not capable of thinking along a straight line. The idea of setting *it* to an analysis of its own impressions is of almost all conceivable ideas the most absurd, and the attempt to base upon evidence so acquired an argument directed against the permanence of the Soul is worse than ridiculous. The attack is futile, but it is aimed in that direction. Because a man from causes the effect of which has been familiar to us all from childhood has lost touch with old associations; because until he recovers from his injuries he suffers from the hallucinations we know to be inseparable—in one form or another—from his confessed condition; because when he has

recovered from his injuries, he has demonstrated the fact by the abandonment of his delusions, we are asked to believe that whilst he was subject to those delusions he was "not himself at all" but a wholly new and separate person, who came into being when his brain was cracked, and went out of being when the cracked brain healed. "Multiple Personality," quotha? Multiple rot and nonsense, say I. The man was the man from start to finish. The man's soul was the man's soul, clouded and hidden even from his own eyes, but not the less in existence because in abeyance in obedience to those laws which bind the anima of man—the something which feels and thinks, which reasons and wonders, the mysterious something which joys and sorrows—to this corporeal frame.

To me this permanence of the personality looks vital. Examining all the evidence, I find nothing which makes against its probability. I find all the inductions I can draw from Science in its favour. As I have recently been arguing elsewhere, we accept the indestructibility of matter as a truism, and we have no logical right to believe that a law which is indisputably true in the lower realm is not true in the higher. Beyond all that we can say or dream the personality of man at its highest manifestation is the noblest thing that Nature has yet produced. Why, in a world where all else is scrupulously conserved, should the loftiest of all its products be thrown away? That God—or Nature, or what force you will—should have made circumstance so conspire as to result in the personality of a Plato, a Verulam, a Shakespeare, and should then cast that supreme and perfectest of all creations "as rubbish to the void" is not to me a thinkable thing. I find it easier to believe that a great purpose is somewhere being fulfilled, and I can but hold that even the humblest and least considered personality is separate, sacred, and inviolable, in its progress from state to state of its existence.

ASTROLOGY IN SHAKESPEARE—II

By ROBERT CALIGNOC

WHEN we read in the daily newspapers, as we continually do, that the Japanese attribute their successes to the virtues of the Mikado, we may perhaps understand that the influence of one person's horoscope over that of another, and especially of the sovereign's over those of his subjects, is in question. Henry VI. was afraid that the people of "this blessed land" were suffering for his own bad horoscope, and there is a certain sense in which he was possibly not far wrong. Conversely, Clarence reposed himself on Warwick's good fortune, which was at any rate worth a butt of malmsey to him. Sebastian, in *Twelfth Night*, quits Antonio's company because his stars shine darkly over him, and he fears that the malignancy of his fate might, perhaps, distemper that of his friend. Again, in *Henry VI.* (Part I.), we read that Talbot, meeting his sovereign in Paris, makes the (from an anatomical, though not from an astrological, point of view) somewhat extraordinary announcement that "this arm"

> "Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet; [*Kneels*
> And with submissive loyalty of heart
> Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
> First to my God, and next unto your grace."

It is evident that Talbot not only believed in the "divine right of kings" (the true source of which belief, like the true source of so many other beliefs, is to be found in astrology), but that he also wore his heart upon his sleeve.

The casuistical, or even cynical, use to which astrology may be put by the unscrupulous is well illustrated in *Richard III.*, where, of course, there is ample opportunity for this sort of thing. When absolutely driven into a corner about the murder of the Princes in the Tower, Richard puts in a cheerful defence:

> "Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite."

The idea of "good stars" being "opposite" seems to be Richard's rather slovenly way of saying that the Princes had bad horoscopes, for he uses a similar expression later in the same scene:

"Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding."

The astrology of "smothering" is possibly still an open question, but I should certainly think that, unless the "planets of good luck" were opposed to the planets of bad luck, there would not be much business done in the smothering line. It is true, however, that the cross-aspects of Venus and Jupiter to the luminaries require closer study than they have hitherto received. Venus cannot, of course, afflict the Sun otherwise than by "semi-square," an aspect which is supposed to make the native vain. But Jupiter can be in full-blown opposition to the sun at birth, as in the sad case of Cardinal Rampolla, who, however, was not smothered by anything worse than a telegram.

Numerous stray passages, or single lines, scattered all over the plays, go to prove that Shakespeare was aware, to a superficial extent at any rate, of some of the characteristic doctrines of astrology, while a few of the opinions enunciated are either peculiar to himself or else drawn from the current beliefs of his day. His evident lack of acquaintance with, if not actual failure to comprehend, the details of the science, and his apparent want of insight into the true import of some points, quite bear out the admission made in Sonnet xiv., which begins with the words

"Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck, . . ."

the latter part of the second line of which sonnet is sometimes divorced from the context and quoted in detail by persons who must either be over-ardent admirers of Shakespeare or over-zealous partisans of astrology. In *The Winter's Tale*, the perhaps rather questionable doctrine of "planetary hours" finds a place. The doctrine of "planetary hours" is, I take it, the doctrine that particular planets have a particular influence over the world in general at particular hours in the day; a notion, one would think, which, whether true or not, must be uncommonly difficult of proof. Such phrases as "Happy star reign now!" or, "There's some ill planet reigns," which issue from the lips of Camillo and Hermioné respectively, certainly seem to point to a recognition of the existence of this strange doctrine. The same play furnishes us with an allusion to the belief that planetary action influences the weather, a theory which is known, when it is in full-dress uniform, as the science of astro-meteorology. The expression—"the hottest day prognostication proclaims"—which occurs in one of Autolycus' speeches, might, if spoken in the present

century, be thought to refer to the Clerk of the Weather and the mysteries of the thing known as an anti-cyclone. But, in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, it probably referred to astro-meteorology and to astro-meteorology alone.

The existence of the belief in the influence of the planets over mental and bodily health seems to receive recognition in Shakespeare. Iago, in the account he gave to Othello of the beginning of the brawl which led to Cassio's disgrace, says that it broke out as suddenly and unexpectedly

> "As if some planet had unwitted men."

So Timon, in his rage, bids Alcibiades be a "planetary plague,"

> "When Jove
> Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
> In the sick air, . . ."

which recalls Berowne's apophthegm on the *dénouement* in *Love's Labour's Lost*,

> "Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury."

One may, perhaps, be allowed to confess to a general acceptance of the truth of the astrological principle without being therefore in honour bound to digest anything and everything served up for one's consumption by the imaginations of poets. So, in this case, one may decline to believe that Jove would perform all these horrors alone and unaided, that is to say, apart from some severe "affliction" by at least two of the so-called "malefics." In this connection, I think I remember reading somewhere that a conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus coincided with the Black Death. It would be interesting to learn if the truth of this matter could be definitely settled by retrogressive calculation, so as to place it once and for all beyond the region of doubt. I may, perhaps, add that I once inquired into the astrological conditions of a case of "sunstroke." I found that at the time of the attack Saturn and Uranus were conjoined (by transit) on the place in the zodiac held by Mars at the birth of the patient—from an astrological point of view a rather ugly combination of evil influences!

An illustration of the belief in the influence of the planets over character is to be met with in one of Autolycus' speeches in *The Winter's Tale*, where the rogue is obliging enough to inform us that, being "littered under Mercury," he is "likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles"; and also in that somewhat

underrated comedy, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where Juliet refuses to harbour her maid Lucetta's suggestion of Proteus' possible unfaithfulness, since, in her fond opinion

"Truer stars did govern Proteus' birth."

Alas! poor Juliet. You should not only have studied the cue with which the very name of Proteus might have furnished you, but also, with the help of an astronomical ephemeris, have considered the comparative strength of Saturn and Uranus in his horoscope, before you allowed the old Antonio to send him "racketing off" on a trip from Verona to Milan!

Shakespeare may also have been acquainted with the astrological opinion (for it is something more than a mere fancy, and can, to a certain extent, be made the subject of experience, if not of experiment) that the various nations of the earth are ruled by different signs of the zodiac. At any rate, he must surely have known that England is ruled, as a whole, by Aries, for he makes the dying John of Gaunt in *Richard II.* speak of "this seat of Mars," and Aries is what the popular astrologer would call one of the "domal dignities" of Mars. The apparently quaint notion that a planet can lead a person to a place (a notion, however, which, when properly understood and rationally appreciated, will probably be found to have a certain basis of fact) is to be met with in *Titus Andronicus*. In that most sanguinary of tragedies, Aaron, the arch-villain, speaks as follows to the brothers, Chiron and Demetrius, the budding blackguards in the universal riot:

"And now, young lords, was't not a happy star,
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?"

There can be little doubt that Place, as well as Time, is an appreciable factor in the sum-total of human destiny. I remember once looking up the places of the planets at the birth of the editor of a fairly prominent London "weekly," who had announced to an astonished public that he "came to London to find fortune." I discovered the Sun in the twelfth degree of Aquarius (that is to say, next door to the degree which is believed by astrologers who have interested themselves in the matter to be the cusp of London's Mid-heaven) exactly conjoined with Mercury, and separating by only three degrees from the trine of Uranus. I may add the "curious coincidence" that the only Lord Mayor, with the planetary positions at whose

birth I happen to be acquainted, had Jupiter in the very degree of Aquarius in which the Sun and Mercury were at the birth of the editor who "came to London to find fortune." May we not, after this, be pardoned if we seek to dally with vain surmise respecting the natal figure of that other Lord Mayor who, in the company of his certainly harmless, but, as fable would bid us suppose, entirely necessary cat

> "At night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
> Saw in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn."

We might now very briefly notice two instances of the poet's more playful treatment of matters astrological. In *Twelfth Night*, that pair of Inimitables, Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, indulge in the following little dialogue:

> "SIR ANDREW. Shall we set about some revels?
> SIR TOBY. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?
> SIR ANDREW. Taurus! that's sides and hearts.
> SIR TOBY. No, sir, it's legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper."

Here, of course, Shakespeare has an eye to casting a little, perhaps not entirely unjustifiable, ridicule on the beautiful vagueness of popular medical astrology, in which Taurus, by the way, is neither "sides and hearts," nor "legs and thighs"; but "necks and throats," as he possibly very well knew. That the different parts of the human organism are in some way influenced, *cap-à-pie*, by the different signs of the zodiac, is a proposition the non-acceptance of which by orthodox science at the present day is due rather to a hearty disbelief in the zodiac, generated by the existence of real difficulties as to its exact nature and mode of influence, than to any serious lack of *a posteriori* evidence to support the main contention. The evidence for the zodiac's influence has been neglected on the ground that the very notion of the zodiac is a ridiculous absurdity. Intellectual conclusions, based on *a priori* judgments of this kind, are perfectly intelligible. That they should be drawn by the votaries of a physical science whose whole mission has avowedly been to teach us to beware of *a priori* judgments is an impressive object-lesson in the frailty of human nature.

But to leave the "frailties" and return to the prescribed path, let us note yet one more instance of that lighter vein which Shakespeare is capable of assuming towards the perennial question of planetary influence. There is some more or less

happy astrological banter between Parolles and Helen in the first act of *All's Well That Ends Well.*

"HEL. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
PAR. Under Mars, I.
HEL. I especially think under Mars.
PAR. Why under Mars?
HEL. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.
PAR. When he was predominant.
HEL. When he was retrograde, I think rather.
PAR. Why think you so?
HEL. You go so much backward when you fight.
PAR. That's for advantage."

Those who have been at pains to observe the kind of occurrences which take place when Mars transits sensitive points in a horoscope will not require to be told that Mars is not exactly a charitable star. On the other hand, the passage about "predominant" and "retrograde" involves, *primâ facie*, a difficulty of interpretation. For since the terms "predominant" and "retrograde" are not in the least degree mutually exclusive, it being quite possible for a planet to be both predominant (*i.e.*, culminating) and retrograde at the same time (as, for instance, was Saturn in the horoscope of Napoleon III.), we have to ask ourselves the question—what did Shakespeare mean? There are two obvious alternatives:

(*a*) That by the term "predominant" he meant the contrary of "retrograde"; *i.e.*, moving forward through the zodiac, "direct."

(*b*) That he did not know what he was talking about.

Neither of these alternatives seeming quite satisfactory to me, I happened to mention the fact, in the course of casual conversation the other day with an astrologer of considerable attainments, when I had the good fortune to extract from him the following reply, which I now append:

"Parolles says: 'When he was predominant.' Helen catches him up, and replies: 'When he was retrograde, I think rather.' In other words, she means: 'Not only when he was not predominant, but even when he was retrograde' (*i.e.*, doubly weak)."

This, it seems to me, is a perfectly clear explanation, and possibly, if not probably, the correct one.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE PALAZZO C.

By A. G. A.

I WAS visiting friends in Scotland, and the train of thought I had been indulging in was the result of a conversation I had had at luncheon with a pleasant, well-informed man who sat on my right.

Mr. Champneys knew Florence well, and loved it "au bout des doigts." It was a bitterly cold, but brilliantly fine day early in January. After lunch the gentlemen started to walk across the hills to witness a curling match, and the ladies decided to drive in a closed carriage to do some shopping at the nearest town. I declined to accompany them, as I preferred to walk. Accordingly, having wrapped myself up warmly, I sallied forth for a brisk constitutional.

Every now and then I stopped to draw in a deep draught of the pure invigorating air, and at the same time to admire the lovely scene. The sky was perfectly cloudless and of that deep intense blue which is only seen in the British Islands in very cold frosty weather, and the snow-covered mountains were sharply silhouetted against it.

As I stood for the last time to watch the sun, which like a huge ball of fire was slowly sinking out of sight, I saw a man enveloped in furs walking rapidly towards me—it was Mr. Champneys. As soon as he was near enough to hear, I said, "Is not this a delicious health-giving day?" He made a grimace and replied:

"Every one to his own liking; for my part I find it neither the one nor the other. I *hate* the cold, and if I could cut myself in two my better half would certainly be found far away from here."

"In Florence, perhaps," I remarked, with a sly glance at him.

"In Florence, undoubtedly. You have no doubt already discovered my partiality for that lovely city. I have every reason to love it, some of my very happiest days have been spent there, and I found much in many ways to interest me, and indeed one of the most weird and interesting experiences of my life came to me there."

"Weird and interesting!" I echoed. That sounds like the prelude to a thrilling Christmas story, and unless you intend to gratify my curiosity at once and relate *your* weird and interesting story, I shall think you most unkind even to have hinted at it!"

"You shall hear it, by all means."

"Very well then, there is no time like the present, and on a day like this there is no place like the fire-side for listening to a story." So saying I led the way to my hostess's special sanctum, where I knew the cosiest chairs and the brightest fire would be found, and we should be secure from interruption.

Mr. Champneys drew two chairs up in front of the blazing fire and ensconcing myself in one with my feet on the fender, I prepared to listen.

"It was in the autumn of 18— that, listening to the advice of friends who knew my passionate love of music, I determined to go to Florence for a lengthened stay and go in seriously for the study of my beloved art. I had been well recommended to an excellent and most reasonable hotel, and without loss of time I made all my arrangements for a prolonged sojourn. I had been furnished with a few good letters of introduction, and soon found myself in the midst of a congenial circle of acquaintances, with two or three of whom I speedily became on terms of real friendship. Amongst these latter was a very charming widow, Mme. de T. (for obvious reasons I will mention no names connected with my story). At a very early age she had married M. de T., an extremely wealthy and well-born foreigner. After a brief but happy married life he died, leaving her a young and wealthy widow. Having no ties, she had gratified her love of travelling, and for many years she had wandered about, sometimes alone, sometimes with a sympathetic friend. In one of her visits to Florence she had determined upon having a *pied-à-terre* there, partly for the sake of feeling that she had a home, but perhaps more especially for the purpose of arranging her wonderful collections of curios from all parts of the world.

"After many disappointments she at length discovered exactly what suited her in the Palazzo C., situated in one of the main streets which run up from the Lung' Arno. The three upper storeys of this beautiful Palazzo had been converted into flats, leaving the lower portions of the house for the family to live in. Mme. de T. secured the top flat, and in spite of the warnings of one or two friends, who told her that the flat had a bad name, and was haunted, she resolved to settle in it at once.

"And now I must diverge a little and describe the situation of the rooms. On gaining admittance to the flat you entered a large square hall; at the furthest right-hand corner you went up three steps and found yourself at the beginning of a long passage. Turning at once to the left, you went through a door which led into an ante-room; opening out of this on the right was a fine drawing-room, with a beautiful loggia looking out on the Arno; to the left of the ante-room and also opening out of it were the dining-room, another sitting-room, and then came some bedrooms. Now let us retrace our steps, and we find ourselves again in the long passage leading out of the hall; to the left of this, just as you ascended the three steps I have already mentioned, there was a small recess—at the furthest end of the passage are the kitchen and some bedrooms. The reason for my describing the plan of the flat so particularly will become apparent later on. Now to return to my story.

"Having secured the flat, Mme. de T. at once commenced what was to her a most congenial task, viz., the unpacking of her treasures. She had a catholic taste in furniture, and in her wanderings had acquired many unique and costly specimens of Chippendale, Sheraton, Adams, and Hepplewhite, as well as of Vernis Martin and Louis Seize. Such a collection might have reduced a less clever woman to despair in her efforts to arrange it as a harmonious whole; not so Mme. de T. In the art of hanging pictures, brocades, and tapestries, and the arrangement of furniture, she was a past mistress; and her unerring judgment, helped by her skilful hands, soon evolved order out of chaos, and her flat speedily became "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Here was a superb Vernis Martin cabinet, filled with a priceless collection of fans; there, a fine one of Chippendale displayed behind its glass doors a wonderful collection of early English silver; and yet again in other costly receptacles were to be found an unique collection of gold snuff-boxes, étuis, châtelaines, and bonbonnières, enriched with precious stones and enamels, whilst exquisite miniatures were inserted in the lids of the boxes. There, behind a silk curtain to protect them from the light, was a collection of historical miniatures that a museum might envy. The few paintings that hung on the walls had been chosen with consummate taste, and the beautiful brocades that draped the panels but served to enhance the beauty of the pictures. No flaunting gas threw its garish light on these beautiful and costly objects. Five very old and beautiful silver candelabra were

suspended from the ceiling, and on the walls were fastened silver sconces, so that the room was equally lighted in all parts, and the effect of the numerous candles when lighted was soft and beautiful in the extreme.

"It was in this charming room that I found myself one evening in December, at the hour of 7.30, in obedience to an invitation received from Mme. de T. the previous day to form one of a *partie carrée* at dinner. The two other guests were: Mr. M., a pleasant Englishman, who had Florentine history at his fingers' ends, and Count B. K., a handsome young Pole. We proceeded without a moment's delay to the dining-room, and were soon discussing the admirable dinner provided by Madame's chef, whose motto was 'Nulli secundus.' The conversation flowed easily, and as we all possessed similar tastes in a love of the occult, it quickly passed from topics of the day to palmistry, clairvoyance, table-turning, &c.

"'What do you say?' said Mme. de T., 'to our having some table-turning this evening?' 'Delightful,' we all exclaimed.

"'Very well, then; as soon as you can hurry through your coffee and cigarettes we can begin.' In a few minutes we were all in the drawing-room, and having chosen a suitable table we sat down in perfect silence, with our fingers resting lightly on it, to await events.

"In a very short time the table began to move, and to rap. We asked who was speaking, and it rapped out 'Cardinal de B.' This was the name of an old Florentine family.

"The Cardinal spoke in old Italian, which at first made it difficult to understand him, but after a little time we found it easier.

"He said he had a great favour to ask of us—he had been Archbishop of Florence. . . . At this moment, Mr. M., who, as I have already said, was thoroughly versed in Florentine history, inadvertently declared that there had *never* been an Archbishop of Florence of this name, whereupon the Cardinal declined to make any further communications, or to answer any questions.

"This ended the *séance*. We determined, however, to go on the following morning to the National Library and look up the names of all the Archbishops of Florence. *The Cardinal's name was not amongst them!* We decided to meet again at night and call the Cardinal up, and see if he would come, and then we could ask for an explanation.

"Accordingly, that evening saw us all sitting silently round the table as on the previous evening, and after some time the Cardinal

came. He sternly reproved us for doubting his word, and said he would have nothing further to do with us, but finally relented, and in answer to our inquiries he told us to go and call at a certain house in the Via M. We were to ask to see the master of the house, and also to see a certain book, and in this we should find all the information we were seeking, and moreover in the dining-room of that house we should find over the mantelpiece his coat-of-arms, which he described.

"We found the house in the Via M. at once, and through Mr. M., whom we constituted spokesman, we asked for an interview with the master, which was unhesitatingly granted. We explained, with many apologies, the reason of our visit; and our host, who evinced the liveliest interest in our story, took us to the dining-room, where we at once recognised the coat-of-arms over the mantelpiece; he next produced the book, and at first could not find anything; but at length, in a footnote, we came across the extraordinary statement that the Cardinal de B. *had been Archbishop of Florence for twenty-four hours!*

"We met again that evening for our third *séance*, and called the Cardinal up.

"He came, and after saying that we might have trusted him, he blessed us and proceeded to tell us what he wanted us to do.

"There had lived in this palazzo about the fifteenth century a very lovely girl, a daughter of the C. family, ancestors of the present owners. At that period the C.s were at great enmity with the Medicis. A handsome youth of the Medici family, about twenty years of age, was desperately in love with the lovely daughter of the C.s. He disappeared, ostensibly to go to Rome, but in reality he entered the C. family disguised as a page. The two lovers lived for some time in a fools' paradise without being discovered. At length his hiding place was suddenly found out by the Medici, and one night he was murdered in the hall and buried under the tessellated pavement there, but as he had died unanointed and unannealed his spirit could not rest. This had happened while the Cardinal was in power, and he therefore felt himself responsible for the unhappy state of his soul. What he wanted us to do was to have a priest to say the mass for the dead, over the spot where the boy was buried. This we solemnly promised to do. Madame de T. asked permission of the *padrone di casa* to have the stone flooring taken up so that we might verify the Cardinal's story, but this was refused. A priest came and said the mass for the dead.

"We then invoked the Cardinal again. He thanked us for what we had done, and again blessed us. We asked him, if he would tell us or show us how this murder had been committed, and he said the details were *so horrible* that he would *rather not*, but that it could be done. As we persisted in our wish to know more, he said that Count B. K. would have to come along on a Tuesday night, and lie on the sofa in the hall, and he would see the whole tragedy re-enacted and could afterwards tell us.

"This the Count was quite ready and willing to do, as he was fully as anxious to know as we were. Accordingly on the following Tuesday night, we met at 11.30. The Count went into the hall alone and lay down on the sofa, and we waited in the drawing-room.

"For nearly an hour nothing occurred, and we were growing impatient, wondering how much longer we should have to wait, when suddenly an awful scream, like nothing human rang through the hall!

"We rushed out into the hall to find the Count, who was an extremely handsome man, lying in a semi-conscious state on the floor, while his face was distorted with a look of the most awful horror! We at once carried him into the drawing-room and administered various restoratives, which for some time had no effect. At length he recovered.

"As soon as he was able to speak, the recollection of what he had passed through came back, and with it that look of unutterable horror; and he declined to say one word that night as to what he had seen, but promised that he would on the following night tell us as much as he could remember.

"It was very disappointing to find that he would only give us a sketchy account of the event of the previous night, but he had been too deeply affected. He refused to dwell on it, and assured us most solemnly and emphatically that *nothing in Heaven or earth* should tempt him to submit to a similar ordeal again.

"The main facts we gathered from him were as follows:

"You will remember that, running up from one corner of the hall were three steps leading into a passage, which communicated with the kitchen and certain bedrooms. At the present day, on going up the steps and entering the passage, there is, on the left-hand side, a small recess about two feet high and one foot broad in the wall. In the vision that the Count had, this recess was over six feet high and four feet wide, and concealed in here stood the emissary of the Medici. The entrances to the

passage and the recess were both hung with arras. The page came along the passage from what is *now* the kitchen, and as he came to the entrance of the passage, having just passed the recess, the assassin concealed behind the arras stabbed him in the back as he reached the three steps, and after having foully mutilated him, buried him under the stones at the foot of the steps. The Count would give us no more details, but he described certain doors and windows no longer there, but which we proved without doubt had existed and had been filled up. From that time, though we invoked him more than once, the Cardinal never came back.

"To the best of my belief, Madame de T. still lives in her charming flat, undisturbed by the ghost of the murdered page."

OCCULTISM IN FRANCE

By G. FABIUS DE CHAMPVILLE

FOUR months have gone by since my last communication and we have to record the death of an occultist (if the designation be permitted) in the person of Eugene Ledos, who was a melancholy prophet on a number of different occasions. One recalls with some emotion the visit he paid in 1860 to the Marquis de Boissy, who, being on familiar terms with the Imperial family, showed him a portrait of the young Prince Imperial.

"This child will never reign," said Eugene Ledos. "He will die prematurely and violently." In England, as in France, the memory of his death at the hands of the Zulus is vividly remembered.

It was Eugene Ledos also who, in 1864, on the occasion of a walk to the Tuileries when the Emperor was at Fontainebleau, suddenly exclaimed, in the presence of Prince Murat, the Duchess of Otranto and two Ministers of State: "The time will soon come when there will not remain a single stone of this edifice standing!" And now visitors are shown the place where the Tuileries once stood.

In studying Eugene Ledos closely, we shall readily perceive that he was less of an occultist than an adept physiognomist. To him Phrenology and Physiognomy were at once a science and an intuition, a perfected experience and an instinct. He took the theories of Lavater as his foundation, and restated them with considerable modification and amplification. Connecting Astrology with Physiognomy he divided men into eight principal types, viz., Saturnian, Jovian, Martian, Venusian, Apollian, Mercurial, Lunar and Terrene. His works, of which we may have opportunity to speak more fully at a future time, do not adequately represent his attainments.

They neither give his own value nor the results of his experience, nor do they add anything to the methods of Lavater, Gall, d'Arpentigny, Desbarolles and Alexandre Dumas. It should be observed that Ledos, above all other methods of investigation, judged and gauged an individual at a glance. He was like a physician who forms a diagnosis on the appearance, and to whose judgment everything is an indication of character: the line of

the body, the form of the forehead, of eyes, nose, mouth, ear or chin. The speech, looks and deportment, the gesture, the shape of the hands and feet, all formed an essential part of his study. If he had occasion to inquire further he had recourse to Astrology, and we may say without indiscretion that he has deduced from his observation a large body of important conclusions on the theory and practice of this venerable but imperfectly understood science. Eugene Ledos was a great believer in the power of the human will. He regarded it as belonging to the moral domain, the greatest of all forces in man, by means of which we may bridle all the passions of which our poor bodies are the playthings. And if we should pursue him a little further in close discussion, he would avow that for him the will was the greatest as well as the least known force in man. It pained him to notice what trouble we give ourselves in order to teach children a lesson of indifferent obedience. He would have preferred to instruct them in the art of willing. And in truth he was right!

Upon all sides we are alarmed in these days by diseases of the will, and if we would seek the initial cause for this defect of individuality it is to be found in irrational constraint and the continually decreasing use of the will-power.

We cannot too much impress upon parents and masters the importance of developing the will. It can and ought to be cultivated, and in guiding the will towards the good, the beautiful and the true, children should be taught how to exercise it for themselves. The decline of sustained volition is apparent among the great majority. Consequently they no longer know how to love or hate truly. They are liable to display at times violent emotions in one direction or another, and these may even be carried to the verge of criminality, but they are mere momentary aberrations or temporary resuscitations of a will which has been emasculated by the banalities and hypocrisies from which our present humanity suffers. The use of the will is lost to such an extent that for the most part those occult sciences which depend upon the employment of natural forces by means of the will have fallen into desuetude. We speak of them academically, as one speaks of dead languages—interesting in an historical sense, but that is all.

It is quite another thing to practise them; and in this respect Ledos claims our attention, for he frequently affirms that "faith only removes mountains because it is itself an incontestable resultant of the will." Sincere faith and conviction are forms of

will, and in the compelling eloquence which sways a multitude we see this exercise of the higher magic which enables the will of the individual to impregnate the minds of all others. Moreover, it is evident to how great an extent the task of an orator is facilitated when he is sustained by the consensus of a like will in others who are affected by the same feeling as himself and have the same end in view.

Interest continues to be taken in the study of Magnetism. No new facts are in evidence, but not a month passes but that some ancient discoveries are confirmed. Orthodox science throws light upon its problems in conclusive researches, and we are upon the eve of a truly wonderful recognition of the use of that sublime force—the vital fluid. Radio-activity and N-rays are carrying science to certain conclusions of which for some time past we have been publishing material and incontestable proofs. The successful treatment of numerous maladies by means of Magnetism is meanwhile progressing steadily. In the middle ground of Occultism there is a return to the use of simples, with evident benefit.

Along with the phenomena of the exteriorisation of thought we are brought into contact with those of Spiritism. There are no newly authenticated facts. Students are working quietly, and even the mediums talk less of themselves, because they are affected with greater seriousness. In certain centres manifestations are of daily occurrence. Evidence of duplex personality and mind, in addition to reports and proofs of materialisations signed by names of persons who are above suspicion, are communicated to us.

Still as regards facts and evidence, it must be acknowledged that it is to America and England in especial that we must look for records concerning the tangible phenomena of Spiritism, of materialisations, *apports*, &c. In France and the Latin countries, the Catholic religion, with its mystical aspects and its pagan reminiscences, does not countenance Spiritism. It places to the credit of angels and saints, if not to that of demons, all and sundry of extraordinary or inexplicable phenomena which occur. In Saxon and Anglo-Saxon countries, truth slowly makes itself visible, and all the more easily because the individual there is not circumscribed by a rigid and rigorous faith which imposes its dogmas while forbidding free inquiry. Thus it is that England and America are able to record the greater number of conclusive phenomena.

It does not surprise us that in Italy a group of Protestant students of theology have brought to Florence the medium Politi, with regard to whom Professors Caccia and Palmarini have made a written attestation regarding a series of remarkable phenomena in which a table weighing 18 kilogs. was transported from one room to another, while direct writing, phenomenal lights, &c., were also in evidence. The report was read to us ten days ago at one of our experimental *séances*, in which we were studying some phenomena of magnetism and radio-activity, with the aid of a medium who is not as yet thoroughly trained. Our subject, whilst in the magnetic sleep, made the following statement commenting on an observation that we had made on this head: "In 1905 and 1906 you will learn much more concerning these things. You will then better understand the relationships of X-rays, N-rays, the electric fluid, the magnetic fluid, and the phenomena of radiation." We should like to think that this promise may be realised.

Some days since I was talking with a friend who makes a study of Spiritism, and who informed me that M. David, the assistant director of Gobelins, introduced to MM. Delanne and Fabre, the distinguished composer, a musical medium known by the pseudonym of Aubert.

For some hours the medium, who in his normal condition is incapable of interpreting the works of the great masters, produced the most beautiful harmonies with consummate skill and mastery, each piece having a special character and answering to a particular inspiration, the influence of a different invisible master. These were compositions of an extremely profound and technical nature, which would not come by any amount of training, but which the medium played with perfect art. While the arms and fingers of the medium are abandoned to a frenzied action, the face and body of the artist remain perfectly impassive and immovable. It is true mechanical mediumship, accompanied by anæsthesia of the arms from the finger-tips almost to the shoulders. The medium indicates by blows struck upon the keyboard of a piano the names of the invisible composers, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Chopin, Rameau, Stradella, whose unpublished works he does without doubt play, whether under their direct influence or that of some incomparable and invisible executant. M. Aubert will be made the subject of study by a committee of physicians and savants. At the conference in honour of the centenary of Alan Kardec,

which took place on February 12, M. Aubert held the audience under his spell for an hour and a half. More than one hundred and fifty people were turned away for want of room.

With regard to recent publications "La Science alchémique" of F. Jollivet-Castelet, as being actually the most concise work on alchemical science, certainly demands attention. It is published by Chacornac. After perusing the works of Schronn on the life of Crystals, those of Lockyer, Lebon, Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge on the constitution of Matter, the work of Jollivet-Castelet is so much the more interesting in regard to those new horizons which have been opened out to official science by this Occultism of ours which foresaw and described both radium and the X and N rays.

"La Mort l'au delà et la Vie dans l'au delà," translated by M. Hoemmerlé from the original by Carl du Prel and published by the same Library as the above works, is a remarkable study of psychic phenomena.

At the moment of closing this report I learn that a new edition of "The Kabala" ("La Kabbale") by Papus is to be published by Chacornac. Those who are acquainted with "The Kabala" will know that the work of our colleague in Occultism is one in which they may make abundant research. Following upon the new appearance of "The Hebrew Language Restored" ("La Langue Hebraïque Restituée") by Fabre d'Olivet, also published by Chacornac, "The Kabala" is necessarily a work of undoubted interest.

OCCULT MEDICINE

By E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

THE triple law of Homœopathy has been expressed by the formula, *Simile, Simplex, Minimum.*

Simile: the medicine which can produce a symptom on the healthy, will best cure it in the sick.

Simplex: that medicine must be administered alone, neither combined nor alternated with any other.

Minimum: it must be given in an infinitesimal dose. This last definition is imperfect. Hahnemann at first thought that the dose of the homœopathic remedy must be reduced, merely to avoid aggravation of the symptoms; the patient being rendered, by the disease, abnormally sensitive to the action of the "similar" remedy. But later he discovered that the process of minute subdivision not only removed the crudely toxic effect of the medicine, but developed both pathogenetic and curative potencies in it which were previously latent. This process he termed the dynamisation of medicines, believing it to be a discovery of his own. In the note to section 280 of his "Organon" he says: "The homœopathic medicine becomes dynamised at every division and diminution by trituration or succession; a development of the inherent powers of medicinal substances which was never dreamed of before my time." Hahnemann was so scrupulously just in crediting to his predecessors even the least glimpse of the truths of homœopathy, that it is evident that his reading, vast though it was, had not extended to the realms of alchemy, where this scientific method had already been described.

In the "Golden Treatise of Hermes," said to be the most ancient alchemical writing extant, we read in the third section: "The dead elements (which a spirit inhabits) are revived; the composed bodies tinge and alter, or are altered; and by a wonderful process they are made permanent."

On this the Greek Scholiast, who was of the age of the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, comments thus: "The bodies of the metals are domiciles of their spirits; . . . when their terrestrial substance is by degrees made thin, extended, and purified, the life and fire hitherto lying dormant is excited and made to appear. For the life which dwells in the metals is laid, as it were, asleep;

nor can it exert its powers or show itself unless the bodies (that is the sensible and vegetable media of life) be first dissolved and turned into their radical source. Being brought to this degree at length, by abundance of their internal light they communicate their tinging property to other imperfect bodies, transmuting them into a fixed and permanent substance. And this is the property of our medicine, into which the previous bodies of the spirits are reduced: that, at first, one part thereof shall tinge ten parts of an imperfect body, then one hundred, then a thousand, and so infinitely on. By which the efficacy of the Creative Word is wonderfully evidenced; and by how much oftener the medicine is dissolved, by so much the more it increases in virtue; which otherwise, and without any more solution, would remain in its single or simple state of perfection. Here, then, is a celestial and divine fountain set open, which no man is able to draw dry."

Similar teaching exists in chapter 8 of the alchemical treatise, *Introitus Apertus*, and also in the *Opusculum* of Trevisanus. These, and all such, should be republished and suitably edited.

Paracelsus taught the same doctrine: "Nothing of true value is located in the body of a substance, but in the virtue. And this is the principle of the Quintessence. . . . Hence the less there is of body, the more in proportion is the virtue" (Waite's translation, i. 5).

About thirty years ago, Dr. Lobethal made research concerning *Medicina Spagyrica* in the library at Breslau, in the province of Silesia, Prussia. His discoveries were published in Hirschel's *Neue Zeitschrift fur homœopathische Klinik*, xxi. 38, 57, from which the following extract is taken: "Remedies administered according to the principle *similia similibus* should be given only in the form of an arcanum; that is, all matter, in contrast to their spirit or dynamic power, should be removed from them."

One of the arguments urged by the materialists against the doctrine of the dynamisation of medicines, was that somewhere between the twelfth and eighteenth centesimal potency, the ultimate atom of matter was reached; consequently beyond that point success was only to be obtained by the fortunate individual who caught the atom. The obvious answer was that if the ultimate atom were really reached at that stage, and yet the remedy continued to act, its properties were due to some form of substance whose atoms were still more subtle than those of what we ordinarily call matter.

This hypothesis, which I once evolved for myself—though

doubtless it has occurred to many others—has now been verified by exoteric as well as esoteric science.

In the "Growth of the Soul" we find this theosophical teaching: "Our molecule of physical matter is a congeries of ultimate physical atoms, and the ultimate atom itself constitutes the ether of the physical plane, and is still of the physical plane, although already beyond the reach of any instrument of research designed up to the present time. That ultimate physical atom, however, is found to be itself a highly complicated structure, consisting of atoms of astral matter. These atoms, in turn, we may feel sure from reasoning and the analogies of Nature, are themselves constituted of similar aggregations of Devachanic matter. . . . Vehicles of force on the Devachanic plane are of a potency in inverse ratio to their tenuity, because they become the souls, so to speak, of forces on the lower planes" (1896, pp. 236–7).

Later still, about 1901–2, it was proved by scientists that the atoms of electricity were finer than those of hydrogen. We wait for the next step in advance.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF THE SUPERNORMAL

By ALICE ISAACSON

WITHOUT attempting in any way to explain the inexplicable and mysterious link that undoubtedly exists between the physical and spiritual worlds, or to theorise upon the why and wherefore of ghostly apparitions, the following absolutely true and well-authenticated incidents are recorded as being notable examples of supernormal experiences.

Although less than forty miles from London, Malling is one of those pleasant old country towns in the picturesque "garden of Kent" that still preserve more than a suggestion of remoteness from the metropolis. The historic interest of the place centres in its ancient abbey. Founded in 1090 by Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, Malling Abbey became the home of a community of Benedictine nuns, who rapidly increased in power and importance, making their influence felt for good amongst the children who came to be taught in their schools, and the sick and destitute who sought their kindly ministrations from far and near. It is a quaint illustration of feudal tenures under the Norman kings, that the Abbess of Malling held the abbey lands upon condition of sending annually to the Bishop of Rochester 10 lbs. of wax gathered from the beehives in the convent garden, together with one wild boar, acorn-fattened from the woods surrounding the Abbey.

With the Dissolution, the cloistered quiet of the nuns was rudely broken; they were dispersed abroad, and the Abbey, shorn of a portion of its rich domains, was granted to Archbishop Cranmer. Through succeeding centuries it suffered many vicissitudes, until such fragments as remained of the conventual buildings, together with the modern dwelling-house that had risen phœnix-like amidst the ruins, were purchased by the Akers family; were eventually sold again to Miss Boyd, and through her instrumentality reverted in some sense to their former purpose; for the Abbey precincts are now the property of and occupied by a Benedictine sisterhood, in communion with the Anglican Church.

There is but little trace of Bishop Gundulf's foundation ; the cloisters with their broad trefoiled arches (of a later date) form part of the modern mansion ; the chapter-house, where the nuns were wont to meet in solemn conclave, has long been degraded to the domestic purposes of kitchen and scullery, while the former is, or was, paved in part with stone slabs from which the monumental brasses have disappeared. Adjoining the Gate-house is an old pilgrims' chapel, and this has been restored and re-consecrated for Divine service.

It is not astonishing that credulity and superstition should have woven traditions around a locality in whose past history reality and romance have been so strangely intermingled ; and there was a time when Malling Abbey had the reputation of being haunted, when in fact, to quote the words of one who often stayed there—a man not given to imaginary terrors—it was "reeking with ghosts." Stories were told of unlooked-for sights and unaccountable sounds ; of impressions so vivid yet so curiously at variance with ordinary experience that they could be attributed only to supernatural agency. One incident in particular is vouched for by a lady as having occurred during her residence at the Abbey. On a certain summer night she was aroused from sleep, and felt impelled by an impulse she could not resist to rise from her bed and to draw aside the curtains of her window. The garden below was bathed in moonlight, and there, in the centre of an open space, she saw distinctly a little group of ghostly figures garbed like nuns, who were digging what appeared to be a grave. Even as she gazed upon the scene, the apparition vanished ; but so deep was the impression it left upon her mind, that the following day she ordered the identical spot to be dug up in reality. Several feet beneath the surface of the ground the remains of a female skeleton were found, with a nun's ring still encircling one bony finger. There was documentary evidence to prove that the spot was not, and never had been, the consecrated burial-place of the long dead Benedictine nuns, and one can but conjecture what had been the life-story of that poor relic of humanity. Had she, like the frail vestal of ancient Rome, forsworn her vows and suffered the dread penalty of being interred alive ? Who can tell. At any rate the unhappy spirit must have been assoiled at last, for the bones were reverently gathered up and reinterred, and the phantom group of grave-diggers was seen no more.

Although the most appropriate environment for a ghost story

is popularly supposed to be some feudal castle, historic mansion, or other ancient building with a traditionary "past," it is by no means impossible for a modern dwelling-house to be haunted, as the following incident, in which a personal friend of the writer was concerned, will testify:

Mrs. C., the lady in question, lived with her husband in the early days of their married life in a village not many miles distant from Birkenhead, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. Their house, which was small as befitted somewhat straightened means, was semi-detached, and differed in no material respect from those of their neighbours. On either side of the front entrance were the drawing-room and dining-room; the latter was an ordinary apartment, not large, and with no specially distinctive feature. One day, not many months after Mrs. C. and her husband had settled in their new abode, the former, who had scarcely recovered from a tedious illness, was resting on a couch in the dining-room, when quite suddenly she felt an instinctive sensation that she was not alone. She looked up, and to her amazement saw a little man dressed in a light grey suit of clothes standing just inside the closed door. As she gazed at him for the moment speechless, wondering how such an intruder could possibly have entered the house and room unheard (for that it was an apparition did not at first occur to her), the figure moved slowly across the room towards the fireplace, taking no notice seemingly of her presence, rested an elbow on the mantelpiece, then turned, and as it reached the door—disappeared. Released as from a spell, Mrs. C. rushed out to interrogate her one servant; the latter had neither seen nor heard anything unusual. This, though the first, was by no means the last time the ghostly visitant appeared; indeed so familiar at length did both Mr. and Mrs. C. become with the phantom that they grew to regard it with indifference. The manifestation was always the same; the grey-clad figure appeared within the dining-room door, moved slowly across the room, paused for a second by the mantelpiece, turned back again, and vanished out of sight.

Time passed on: circumstances caused the removal of Mr. and Mrs. C. to another part of the country, and the ghost-story of their early home, for which no explanation had ever been found, became a mere memory. It was after a lapse of several years that they chanced to be spending their summer holiday one year in Scotland. At a much-frequented hotel they made the

acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. H., a lady and gentleman travelling like themselves for pleasure. Drawn together by a community of interests, the C.s and their new friends soon grew intimate. Items of personal history were interchanged, until one day, Mrs. H. referring to some period of her past life, casually remarked to Mrs. C. that she and her husband were at that time living in a house which proved to be haunted. Further inquiries elicited the fact that, by an extraordinary coincidence, the couple had not only lived in the Cheshire village where had been Mr. and Mrs. C.'s early home, but that they had actually occupied the identical house tenanted by the latter at a subsequent date; and that *they* also had seen, without the possibility of self-deception, the apparition of the little man in grey which had first appeared to Mrs. C. There was this difference, however, in the sequel. Mrs. H. was so terrified and unnerved by the inexplicable occurrence, that she and her husband left the place almost immediately.

Now here were two sets of people, strangers to each other until thrown into chance companionship at a summer resort, who had at different periods lived in the same house, and could therefore prove by absolutely independent testimony that the supernatural manifestation each had witnessed was not a delusion. Why that particular house—modern, commonplace as it was in every respect—should have been haunted, and whose was the apparition that in such strange fashion became visible to mortal eyes, others more learned in psychical research may possibly determine.

Not the least extraordinary of the strange "happenings" that appear to connect the seen with the unseen world, are those curious premonitions of impending or of actual disaster that are sometimes experienced by people, of which numberless instances supported by irrefutable evidence might be related.

The following perfectly true story may serve as an instance. Mrs. E. was the daughter of a British merchant resident in Valparaiso. Married when a mere girl to a merchant-captain commanding his own vessel, it had been arranged that as her husband's frequent voyages would leave her much alone, she should still continue to make her home under the paternal roof. Captain E. was devoted to his young wife, and to the little son who came to complete their happiness; although a thorough sailor, he was never so happy as when enjoying her society during the brief intervals he spent on shore. They had been

married about three years when the captain was obliged to make a coasting trip from which he expected to return within a month or two. One afternoon, not more than a week or so before the ship was due at Valparaiso, Mrs. E.'s elder and unmarried sister, Miss T., was entertaining a friend in a room on the ground-floor of the house (Mrs. E. being at the time alone in the nursery on the floor above with her baby boy, whose nurse had gone out). Suddenly a knock was heard on the sitting-room door; Miss T. naturally called out "Come in!"; no one entered, but the knock was repeated, both friends hearing it distinctly; and then as it seemed to them footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. Miss T., wondering who the mysterious visitor could be, hurried to the door and opened it, to find no one there. At the same moment she heard her sister scream as if hurt or alarmed. She rushed upstairs and found Mrs. E. in a state of violent agitation bordering on hysterics. It was some time before Miss T. could soothe her sufficiently to obtain a coherent explanation of the cause.

It then transpired that Mrs. E. had also heard, as she believed, a knock on the nursery door; had exclaimed "Come in!" but no one appeared, although she was instantaneously impressed with the conviction that some person beside herself was in the room. "And oh! Barbarita," she added, "I felt all at once as if somebody had taken a bucket of cold water and thrown it over me, or as if a great wave had struck me, and I was drenched from head to foot." In confirmation of the speaker's statement, her teeth chattered and convulsive shudders shook her frame.

The entire circumstance was so extraordinary and so inexplicable that Miss T., having at length succeeded in restoring her sister to composure, went back to her friend, and together they noted down the exact hour at which it had occurred.

It was not until the following day the sad news was received of Captain E.'s death by drowning in the harbour of a port on the northern coast of Chili, through the capsizing of a small boat in which he was being conveyed from the shore to his own ship. He was an expert swimmer, but it was inferred that he must have been in some way stunned as he sank at once. His body was afterwards recovered, when it was found that his watch had stopped at the identical time at which his sister-in-law heard the mysterious knocking, and his wife experienced the strange sensation she so graphically described.

Is it too much to believe that the spirit of the drowning sailor had come, at the moment of its passage from life to death, to take a last farewell of the being who had been dearest to him on earth ?

Among all the varied aspects of supernormal phenomena there is probably not one that has awakened deeper interest in thoughtful minds than the possibility of a promise made by the living being kept when death has intervened. As an illustration of such a case the following true incident is worth relating.

A few friends were one day discussing the subject of spirit-communication with the material world. Opinions were sharply divided ; at length one of the party closed the conversation with the remark : " Well, if I should die first, I promise faithfully that if it is permitted me to make some manifestation to you, I shall do it."

The words were uttered gravely with no hint of levity or trifling ; the speaker—Mr. R.—was a man in the prime of life ; his hearers included his wife and two intimate friends (the Misses M.). It so happened that these ladies were spending the following Christmas with relatives in a north Lancashire town ; the R.s were wintering in the south of England. On the morning of Christmas Eve the younger sister (Miss H. M.) was going after breakfast to her bedroom, the door of which facing the staircase was half open, the room being well-lighted by a window on the other side. As she approached (with merely a narrow landing between), she saw distinctly a figure pass across the open space, but so quickly that she received no accurate impression as to who or what it was. Taking for granted, however, that probably it was a servant engaged in ordinary domestic duties, she entered the room, addressing a remark as she did so to the supposed housemaid. To her surprise and bewilderment the room was unoccupied. It seemed incomprehensible, so completely convinced was she of having seen some person pass between the window and the half-open door. At that moment her sister came into the room. To her Miss H. M. related the circumstance, adding, " I do believe I have seen a ghost ! "

The sisters talked the matter over, not, however, for a moment connecting it with their friends, the R.s, from whom they had within a day or two previously received Christmas greetings. What then was their consternation and grief when, late on the afternoon of the same day, a telegram reached them from Mrs. R. announcing her husband's death, which had taken

place that very morning between nine and ten o'clock, about the exact time when Miss H. M. had seen the mysterious figure.

From later and more detailed news it transpired that Mr. R. had undergone an operation for appendicitis; at first all went well, then came a sudden and unexpected change for the worse, and, as already stated, he passed away on the morning of Christmas Eve. It had been by his express desire that no hint of his malady and of the impending operation had been given to any friends; hence, the Misses M. were in utter ignorance of the fact, and it was not until the first shock of the painful intelligence had subsided, that they recalled with a feeling akin to awe the solemn promise made to them by their departed friend. Was it possible that promise had been redeemed?

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN SCIENTIFIC AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

By W. L. WILMSHURST

III. NEW FACTORS TENDING TO RECONCILIATION (*continued*)

PSYCHOLOGY with us Western races is the latest born of the Sciences, and so little advanced in its conclusions that it has been said to be only in the same position to-day that astronomy and chemistry were 400 years ago. Its function is to investigate and co-ordinate the phenomena of consciousness; a manifestly difficult task inasmuch as it entails the examination of something by the very thing that is examined, namely, the mind itself. A living mind cannot be dissected by the same methods as a material brain; its operations can only be investigated by studying and comparing its phenomena, and by subjecting consciousness to empirical tests. Still, the student in the psychological laboratory meets with as great orderliness and sequence among the facts of emotion, or memory or reasoning, as the physicist in *his* laboratory, and he finds it to be beyond doubt that there is no event in consciousness, that is, in the spiritual life of man, which does not occur in accordance with immutable laws. Basing his efforts on physiology and the knowledge of the physical mechanism through which human consciousness works, he collects innumerable specimens of human experiences with a view to deducing the common factors. For individual human experiences are partial revelations of the infinite life, and as it is only by the study of many outcrops of rock that the geologist is able to picture the strata beneath the surface, so from the study of many mental phenomena can be predicted something of the universal Mind of which every individual is a participator. And on investigating the phenomena of consciousness with a view, not to resolve the mystery of religion, but to bring so many of them into orderliness that the facts may appeal to our understanding, and in order to ascertain the *rationale* of religious aspiration, the psychologist finds certain defined lines of growth

in religion; that is, towards a religious ideal. He finds them developing at childhood; that they are traceable by very marked characteristics as they pass through the concomitant periods of physiological growth to youth and adolescence, and that they culminate sooner or later as the physical area of brain-centres of consciousness enlarge into the birth of a larger self, of a new and spiritual consciousness of its relation to the universal Mind.* An infant knows nothing of mind; its self consists largely in physiological mechanism, and in experiencing physiological sensations it has to traverse in a few years the path which has been passed over by the race in as many million years, and there is something of a miracle in producing in this short time an essentially spiritual life as much above the life of childhood as the complex physiological functioning of a mammal is above that of a protozoon. A measure of spiritual growth is observable in the majority of people. But some persons seems to have no, or but an uneventful, development; they perhaps never wake up to an immediate realisation of religion. But where the development occurs to a marked extent, the individual comes to recognise the circulation of the Infinite Mind through corporate humanity as practically as he believes in the circulation of the blood through the corporeal man; he sees that we are "mortal atoms of an immortal consciousness." Let us take a few concrete instances. The first shall be that of an undeveloped or atrophied consciousness; a type of hard-headed, practical intelligence, capable indeed of steering its way through the lower and every-day channels of worldly life, but as little conscious of spirituality as a brute. I cull it from that epoch-marking work, Professor William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." The following somewhat inhuman document was written in answer to a series of questions on religious experience submitted for *bonâ fide* scientific purposes. The man under investigation replies as follows:

"Religion to me means nothing, and it seems, so far as I can observe, useless to others. I am sixty-seven years of age, and have resided in X. fifty years, and have been in business forty-five; consequently I have some little experience of life and men, and some women too; and I find that the most religious and pious people are as a rule most lacking in uprightness and morality. The men who do not go to church or have any religious convictions are the best. Praying, singing of hymns, and sermonising are pernicious. They teach us to rely on some supernatural power when we ought to rely on

* See Starbuck's "Psychology of Religion," p. 252.

ourselves. I totally disbelieve in a God. The God-idea was begotten in ignorance, fear, and a general lack of any knowledge of Nature. If I were to die now, being in a healthy condition for my age, I would just as lief, yes, rather die with a hearty enjoyment of music, sport, or any other rational pastime. As a timepiece stops, we die ; there being no immortality in either case. God, heaven, angels, &c., convey to me no ideas whatever. I am a man without a religion. These words mean so much mythic bosh. There is no agency of the superintending kind. A little judicious observation as well as knowledge of scientific law will convince any one of this fact . . . Mankind is a progressive animal. I am satisfied he will have made a great advance over his present status 1000 years hence. Sin is a condition, a disease incidental to man's development not being yet advanced enough. Morbidness over it increases the disease. My temperament is nervous, active, wideawake mentally and physically. Sorry that Nature compels us to sleep at all."

As the professor drily remarks, "If we are in search of a broken and a contrite heart, clearly we need not look to this brother. His contentment with the finite incases him like a lobster-shell and shields him from all morbid repining at his distance from the Infinite."

Now let us imagine a mind undeveloped in religious experience, be it that of a youth or of an adult whose mental growth for some reason has remained atrophied as in the case just quoted, to be brought into contact with some forcible experience or other of sufficient impressiveness and the like of which it has never previously felt. The experience may be one of a hundred different kinds. It may be one that would affect different natures differently, according to temperament, heredity, or other predisposition, and the resultant change may be gradual or instantaneous. It may be brought about by the influence of art working upon one's æsthetic perceptivities ; or by the influence of scenery or the impressiveness of natural phenomena ; it may arise through the solution of intellectual difficulties or religious doubt, by bereavement or by shock, or even by enlarged knowledge of human nature and the ways of the world. Most of us sooner or later become broken on the wheel of life by suffering, either in mind, body, or estate. But whatever may be the causal influence, the individual, when he has successfully survived the experience, emerges from it a new man, with higher ideals, a broader charity, and a clearer outlook upon life ; he develops reverence, or rather, Goethe's three reverences—reverence for that above him, that within him, that beneath him. Like the Psalmist, he says, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble, that I may know Thy statutes." The psychologist

recognises this phenomenon of mental change, and, seeking for a physiological cause for it, finds it in a corresponding development of activity of previously dormant nerve-cells and an increase in the area of the centres of consciousness in the brain. Thus psychological science finds that she has hit upon the phenomenon which the religionist implies when he speaks of a man undergoing "a new birth," of his being "born again of the Spirit." This process is popularly known as "conversion," but it is not limited to changes wrought in the conscience by the appeals of religion in the narrower sense of the term. Any awakening of the soul "from its dead self to higher things," every fresh perception of and aspiration towards what is nobler than oneself marks a stage of growth towards the Ineffable and Supreme. It has no better illustration than the thoughts Kipling has imagined as harboured by a soldier who has gone through and is returning from the South African War. The superb poem, "The Return," should be read in its entirety and studied for the sake of its deep psychological truth.

"Peace is declared, an' I return
To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same:
Things have transpired, which made me learn
The size and meanin' of the game.
I did no more than others did,
I don't know where the change began;
I started as a average kid,
I finished as a thinking man."

This, perhaps slum-bred, warrior, transported to the illimitable veldt, goes on to relate the effect wrought on his mind by a larger vision of Nature; the utter silence of the wilderness, the solemnity of the star-splashed nights—"These may 'ave taught me more or less"; the daily scorch of the African sun, the continual contending with huge distances, the face-to-face meeting with men of his race and blood from colonial regions which to him had been but a name, the bustle of the fight, "the pore dead that look so old an' was so young an hour ago"—these and many other new experiences "are the *things which make you know*," and open the consciousness to the presence of some indefinable spiritual force which is

"So much more near than I 'ad known,
So much more great than I 'ad guessed;
An' me, like all the rest, alone—
But reachin' out to all the rest;"

until at last he emerges, inarticulately eloquent, wiser and

humbler, purified and exalted, having caught the first glimpses of a Reality higher than he, yet to which by some mysterious tie he is indissolubly connected.

> " So 'ath it come to me—not pride,
> Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
> (If such a term may be applied),
> *The makin's of a bloomin' soul.*
> But now, discharged, I fall away
> To do with little things again.
> Gawd, 'oo knows all I cannot say,
> Look after me in Thamesfontein!"

We recognise here—unconcealed, indeed rather embellished, by the slang—evidence of profound truth to nature. This man could never be again quite what he was before his experiences. His brain is bigger, not only metaphorically but literally; for certain dormant cells in it have been stimulated into activity, thereby enlarging his range of consciousness. He has been "born again," through finding his own spirit responsive to a greater spirit which, without his being aware of it, has wrapped him round. In the case quoted that greater spirit was but the sentiment that binds together the citizens of a terrestrial empire; but, *mutatis mutandis*, when the individual human mind comes through moral affinity to respond to the vibration of the Infinite Mind, then the owner of it begins to recognise his relationship to God. Science, observing the phenomenon, asserts that the man has achieved an enlargement of consciousness, has given birth to a consciousness of something transcending knowledge; Religion describes it by saying he is "not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

It would seem that the too exclusive and habitual exercise, within narrow limits, of purely intellectual methods is largely accountable for the non-recognition by scientific minds of the reality of religious experience in others. The late Professor Geo. Romanes in his "Thoughts on Religion," a most significant confession of his own religious growth, writes: "Never was any one more arrogant in his claims for pure reason than I was, this being due to contact with science, without ever considering how opposed to reason itself is the assumption of my earlier argument as to God Himself; as if His existence were a mere physical problem to be solved by man's reason alone, without recourse to his other and higher faculties. . . . Not so much by any above-board play of syllogism, as by *some underhand cheating*

of consciousness, do the accumulating experiences of life and thought slowly enrich the judgment."

But there is an even higher type of developed consciousness, a type as much loftier than the last as the first quoted was below that. It is a condition attained, perhaps attainable, only by a few; a state in which the human consciousness can virtually dissociate itself from the "muddy vesture of decay" which "doth grossly close it in," and dwell for a brief period in the empyrean of the Eternal Mind and commune with it. Such communion is now explicable on perfectly rational and psychological grounds, though we have been wont to describe it as emotional, transcendental, mystical; to think of it as the product of superheated imagination rather than to regard it as a normal, if unusual phenomenon. Well-known instances of it occur in the cases of St. Paul, Swedenborg, Boehme, and Wesley. Tennyson, in "The Ancient Sage," and some of the Neo-Platonist writers, Plotinus and Porphyry to wit, speak of the occasional withdrawing, as it were, from their bodies of their whole consciousness, of its temporary absorption into the sphere of the spirit that animates the world as our spirits animate our bodies, and of its inability sometimes, upon returning to its ordinary abode, wholly to remember and recount its experiences during its abstraction. Much in the same way anæsthetics are known to detach a man's consciousness from his physical body and place him in surroundings he cannot recall upon resuming normality.

Apart from the comparative study of religious experience, psychological science has a great deal to show us in other departments. Indeed, the more it unfolds its results, the more apparent is our absolute ignorance of the potentialities of mind and of the abysmal deeps of human personality. It is well, and doubtless providentially purposed, that knowledge of the material universe should have preceded investigation of the invisible world, and for this reason the tidal wave of agnosticism is not such a misfortune as one might imagine. We have been walking hitherto in darkness, but now when the darkness is at its blackest we are beginning to see a great light. A century ago no one would have believed in the possibility of obtaining such results as we now produce by telegraphy or telephony. Ten years ago one would have doubted the possibility of communication over thousands of miles without the help of a cable to conduct the electric current. To-day it is a demonstrated possibility that that result can be obtained between brain and brain

by the power of telepathy, the process of thought-transference. Just as in the great ocean of ether above us

> "Star to star vibrates light; so soul to soul
> Strikes through a finer element of her own."

Here, as Sir Oliver Lodge says, is the beginning of a wider conception of Science. "The distance between England and India is no barrier to the sympathetic communication of intelligence in some way of which we are at present ignorant; just as a signalling key in London causes a telegraphic instrument to respond instantaneously in Teheran, which is an every-day occurrence, so the danger or death of a distant child, a brother, or husband may be signalled, without wire or telegraph clerk, to the heart of a human being fitted to receive the message." This borderland between physics and psychology is a theme of stupendous interest and wonder, involving absolutely new conceptions of the structure and capacity of the human mind. To use a rough and ready illustration, the mind may be compared to a gloved hand. Coming into contact with a certain object one experiences the sense of touch. Strip off the glove and grasp the object, the touch is all the more sensitive; peel the skin from the fingers and expose the nerve-termini, previously covered by the glove and skin respectively, and the sensation will be so acute as to be painful. The ultimate *Ego* appears to be involved in a similar series of integuments, and as vibrations beat upon it from without, they are carried forward by the vibratory action of the thought-coatings and result in sensation. Ordinarily the various thought-sheaths are tuned unconsciously by habit to a certain pitch, and as they respond to external impressions we experience only our normal every-day sensations. But when by some such process as suggestion, anæsthesia, or self-induced passivity, the vibratory action of one or more sheaths can be suspended and the others kept active, then impressions foreign to normal sensation can be experienced through the receptivity of the active sheaths, just as one string of a violin touched at one end of a room will awaken the same musical note on the corresponding string of another violin placed at the other end of the room, the remaining strings of both instruments continuing soundless. To put it in another way, just as a beam of white solar light can be split up into a gamut of rays, so the mind can be split up into a gamut of states of consciousness; and just as we know that both above and below each extremity of the gamut of rays con-

stituting the sunbeam there are other rays imperceptible until established by finer means than ordinary perceptivity recognises, and of infinitely greater potentiality than those with which we are ordinarily acquainted, so there are subliminal and supraliminal departments of the mind capable of registering perceptions and fulfilling functions outside normal experience. With the knowledge of the powers of these undeveloped faculties much that is supposed to be mysterious, miraculous and supernatural, becomes perfectly intelligible; with it one approaches the Scriptural records almost as if they were new truths, and objections to many of the miracles on the ground of impossibility entirely vanish. We recognise how, through our Western methods of life, our practicality and habits of business, and the part we have played in developing the terrestrial world and performing the elementary functions of the race, we have lost sight of and allowed to become atrophied mental faculties known to and utilised in civilisations of antiquity and still known and utilised by many Orientals of to-day.

Huxley might be said to be the scientific Moses of our time. He led scepticism to the confines of a new world of reconstituted religious thought without being permitted to enter it himself. His clear-sighted and insistent recognition of the fact that over and above *Kraft und Stoff*, the ultimate elements of Force and Matter of Materialistic philosophers, there was a *tertium quid*, to wit, Consciousness, which they ever left out of reckoning and which he himself could not explain, is of the utmost importance. It indicated that he recognised the existence of the unoccupied territory upon which are being erected the abiding-places of more recent explorers. In a remarkable passage, he imagined the possibility of beings rising higher and higher in intelligence, the consciousness ever expanding, and the reaching of a stage as much above the human as the human is above that of the black-beetle. This is not a flight of scientific imagination; it is a description of fact,* as is becoming more and more plain in the light of recent research. So also Herbert Spencer, who on being asked how his great synthesis of the workings of the material world would stand if survival after death were to become

* A fact recognised by the compilers of the Common Prayer Book. See the passage in the Office for Holy Communion—perhaps the most majestic passage in the English language—commencing "Therefore with Angels and Archangels and with all the company of Heaven;" and the collect for St. Michael and All Angels' Day.

scientifically established, replied: "Precisely where it does"; implying that evolution in so much of the universe as he termed "knowable" is so marked a feature as not to discount the probability of its continuance in what he had marked off as at present "unknowable." The question of the persistence of post-mortem consciousness is a deep and difficult one. I cannot dwell upon it here, beyond calling attention to the published researches on the subject by Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace; the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research and especially to the luminous and colossal work of F. W. H. Myers on "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death." Of the moral and religious aspect of the subject I will not speak at all, but the purely scientific consideration of it points unhesitatingly to the fact that in accordance with perfectly natural law human individuality continues its unintermitted progression after the incident of death. Just as in the realm of pure physics we can watch the decomposition of one form of matter and trace its transformation by some as yet unimaginable chemistry into some other form (for the self-conversion of radium into helium is but an instance of what is presumed to be the property of other kinds of matter), so in the realm of organic life the evidence points to the fact that out of the corruptible body evolves an incorruptible; that the mortal puts on immortality. In some secret plane in the unknown every experience of the human brain seems to become registered in perpetuity by the delicate mechanism which enshrines the conscious part of man, his persistent indestructible *Ego*. Every thought, word and deed proceeding from him throws out, as from a substance electrically energised, its vibrations into the universe around him, and at the period of bodily dissolution, that inmost *Ego* or soul of man passes by a natural transition out of the tenement that hitherto has held it and stands clothed with the met-ethereal aura that for good or ill it has built up for itself during its span of earthly existence. "To die is as easy as to be born, and to a little child the one is as painful as the other," said Bacon; and there should be little intellectual difficulty in assuming that by the very law of evolution, that unerring process which we have learned to recognise and to follow in every other department of thought, human personality is continued into a realm that has hitherto seemed inexplorable but which in the light of research is very real and very near to every one of us. If modern doubt and scepticism have done nothing more, they have at least resulted

in forcing investigation into the sphere of the unknown and demonstrating the fact for which humanity has had no other authority than its own dim intuition and the half-doubted Scriptural assurance that "there is a natural body, and there is a pneumatical (or spiritual) body"; that the first man is of the earth, earthy; that he develops a second man possessing all the attributes of individuality in the world invisible. Doubtless in time we shall become habituated to this new outlook upon human destiny. We shall modify, if we have not already done so, the obsolete conception of an infinity of bliss or misery, and learn to contemplate the wise and rational order of things in which our personalities are enabled to pass by easy and natural transition into a state where, engaging

> "In those great offices that suit
> The full-grown energies of heaven,"

they may work out to completeness the law of their being; where imperfections of character may be rectified, and the aspirations of humanity fulfilled; the inequalities of mundane life adjusted; the crooked made straight and the rough places plain.

Let me touch for a moment on another subject to which the scientific spirit has been exceedingly antagonistic—prayer, which Science has derided, failing to see any chain of cause and effect between the uttering of a petition and the happening of an event. There are few people, I suppose, who imagine that underlying so solemn and private a matter as prayer there is a basis of natural law. Investigation is now revealing that it is reasonable to believe in the physical efficacy of prayer and that the antagonism of science has been unjustified. Eminent scientists boldly express their faith in the power of prayer and say we have not yet even begun to find out what is possible through its medium. Only it must be prayer with the whole soul behind it, convinced of its own strength and perfect as knowledge. There exists around us a spiritual universe, and that universe is in actual relation with the material. From it comes the energy which maintains the material, the energy which supports the life of each individual spirit. Prayer, says Professor James, or the inner communion with the spirit of the higher, be that spirit God or Law or Nature, is a process wherein work can be done and is done and from which spiritual energy flows in and produces effects, psychological or material, within the phenomenal world. Prayer, whether consciously exercised desire or meditative aspiration, so it be of sincerity and absolute freedom from

all doubt, which is fatal to it, sends forth vibrations into the great reservoir of intelligence that interpenetrates the visible world and finds there a sympathetic liberation of energy, a responsive vibration synchronous with itself. Here again, then, a perfectly natural and intelligible rule of law obtains, a law absolutely consistent with our knowledge of physics and psychology.

"That the person who prays does not understand the machinery he sets going in no wise affects the result; he may be even an immoral or irreligious person. A child who stretches out his hand and grasps an object by the mere effort of his puny will does not understand the working of his own muscles, nor of the electrical and chemical changes set up by the movement in muscles and nerves, nor need he elaborately calculate the distance of the object by measuring the angle made by the optic axes. He merely wills to take hold of the thing he wants and the apparatus of his body obeys his will though he does not even know of its existence. In like manner, the desires of the human mind, so they be morally in harmony with the Intelligence around it and be projected in unwavering assurance of their capability of fulfilment, can be accomplished with the same positive certainty as attends the transmission and receipt of a message by our commonplace methods of electrical communication." *

Thus we have scientific confirmation of the scriptural admonition: "Ask and ye *shall* have; knock, and it *shall* be opened unto you." To quote Huxley once more, man plays the game of life with an invisible power. "The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated, without haste, but without remorse. Nature's discipline is not even a word and blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed." The problem for each of us then is to find out the rules of the game. If ever a man yearned to discover them it was the Hebrew Psalmist, with his repeated cry, "O teach me Thy statutes"; and if any one wished to write a succinct epitome of, say, the 73rd or 119th Psalm in modern colloquial language he could hardly improve upon Huxley's unconscious paraphrase of it just quoted.

* See the chapter on the subject in Mrs. Besant's "Esoteric Christianity," an earnest and suggestive book, which throws great light on modern religious problems.

(*To be concluded*)

REVIEWS

By SCRUTATOR

OBJECTIONS TO SPIRITUALISM. By H. A. Dallas. London: London Spiritualist Alliance Ltd., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

In attempting the task of answering the many objections raised by well-disposed but unsatisfied critics of modern Spiritualism, Miss Dallas gives evidence of some experience in dialectics and no small grasp of her subject.

It is admitted that the phenomena, when referred to the source from which they are said to arise, are subversive of cherished beliefs and attended by no small degree of danger to the researcher, and in the pages of this book it is shown to what extent, and why, cherished beliefs are thus subverted, and by what means the chief dangers may be obviated. Miss Dallas assumes the non-committal attitude of the scientific researcher in respect of the origin of spiritualistic evidences:

> "Readers must not expect to find in this little book any arguments or evidence to prove the spiritualistic origin of either the communications or the phenomena referred to. This evidence must be sought elsewhere: it is quite beyond the scope of this small work to deal with it. My object is not to prove that these communications and physical effects have a supra-physical origin, but to remove, if possible, certain preliminary difficulties which hinder serious persons at the very outset from giving the subject the attention which it deserves."

Then, as to the *cui bono?* of the impartial inquirer, who perhaps admits the facts without being able to give them their true value and place in his system of thought, the author confesses that the "messages from the other side must be estimated in the same way as the teachings we receive on this." The homogeneity of the universe and the continuity of spirit, whether incarnate or disincarnate, is claimed to be established. But surely this is begging the question already left in abeyance as a moot point, inasmuch as it supposes the messages and manifestations to proceed from an intelligence other than that of the medium or recipient of such communications. It leaves behind the whole ground of debate involved in the problem—for it is still a problem—of "multiplex personality." It must inevitably occur to the reader that, despite the intention of the author to leave certain problems out of the field of discussion, she is nevertheless at all points influenced and directed by an inherent conviction of the source and nature of the phenomena of spiritualism. Because of this one finds the subject-matter befogged rather than elucidated in many passages.

A healthy tone is taken in regard to the dangers of research

and exploration. The author does not deny these dangers. On the contrary it is affirmed that not every one is qualified, mentally, morally or physically, to indulge in such investigations :

> " Every one is not called upon to open up fresh territory as an explorer, either in physical regions or psychical. I am not maintaining that psychic investigations should be pursued by all regardless of their physical and mental and moral qualifications—very far from it, but I wish to emphasise the fact that every fresh development serviceable to man has been accompanied by dangers peculiarly its own ; so that especial risks have to be met in connection with fresh experiences ; and they should be met courageously."

The act of birth, of falling in love, of going to war, of opening up new business enterprises, is dangerous, but nobody is going to shirk his duty on that account. It is well to know what the specific dangers are to which the spiritist researcher is exposed. They are apparently only accentuated forms of common dangers to which every one is more or less subject ; and briefly stated, they may be said to consist in automatism on the one hand and excess of zeal on the other. In the first case the subject is apt to fall under control of hypnotic suggestion from disembodied spirits, and in the second case the subject is disposed to auto-suggestion of a nature likely to ride the hobby-horse to extremes at the cost of the physical and mental health of the over-zealous rider. It is questionable whether psychic research differs in these respects from purely physical investigations (except to the medium, as to whom spiritualistic circles accept a grave responsibility), but to wander into foreign territory without aim or purpose and without some knowledge of ways and means is dangerous to the extent that the country and its inhabitants are unknown to one. And of the evils of furious driving, be it intellectual, psychic or physical, we are all well aware. Then as to the objection that the " communications "—again we are to suppose them as from a spiritual source or at least supra-physical —are in most cases commonplace and contain nothing new as regards the world beyond and nothing directly in the nature of a revelation as regards the world we live in, the author conceives that a demand for novelty is based upon a fallacy, while a close study of the communications regarding the other world will conduce " to alter the aspect both of the life after death and of our present relation to the departed." In regard to the " purposeless phenomena " which too often convert circles of inquiry into circuses of buffoonery, the author would have us be patient and wait for further light. We are only on the threshold of the matter, at the beginning of a new science, and fifty years have been allowed to elapse during which " these psychic phenomena have not been treated as a science or studied methodically at all."

The title " Objections to Spiritualism " is certainly misleading. " Objections to Spiritualism Answered " would better convey the idea.

There is much of interest in the book, even to those who do not share the author's point of view.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST. By Edith Ward. London: George Bell and Sons, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

This bijou volume contains extracts from all the chief Ethical scriptures of the East, arranged under twelve heads, among which we find such familiar Christian themes—and this volume shows them to be in no way exclusively or peculiarly Christian—as "The Conquest of Self," "Returning Good for Evil," "Earnestness," etc. In the Introduction there is a clear and succinct summary of Buddhistic teachings and philosophy. The author forces a particular advantage by citation of passages from the New and Old Testament Scriptures at the head of each chapter. Some extracts go beyond the reach of Western Scripture, as for instance the philosophic wit of the chapter entitled, "On the Fool and his Folly," which has this trite saying:

> "The fool who knows his foolishness is wise at least so far.
> But a fool who thinks himself wise, he is called a fool indeed."

And this calls to mind the fact that the Buddhist had a fine metaphysical appreciation of the time-sensation and distance-sensation as a variable factor depending on the state of consciousness in the individual, which in relation to the fool and his folly is referred to in the *Dhammapada*: "He who walks a mile with a fool suffers a long way." It would be difficult to improve on some of this ancient wisdom or the form in which it is expressed.

In this little collection of Oriental writings Miss Ward appears to have shown considerable power of discretion and has evidently had a wide reading in the Sacred Books of the East.

PERPETUAL HEALTH. By P. M. Heubner and F. W. Vogt. London: L. N. Fowler and Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus.

How to secure a new lease of life is in the minds of probably every one who has reached the borders of the valley of shadows to which humanity is impelled by the changeless law of Change, which, "changing all, itself endures for aye." Thousands of sufferers from the despair of premature old age have expended hordes of money and have manifested unexpected energy in the pursuit of health. Countless remedies and panaceas have been exploited to meet the requirements of these sufferers and sustain their derelict hopes and faith in the new miracle. Their individual case is always different from others, surely the hand of Time can be set back once in the course of ages! Alas, "the things we have we prize not to the worth the whiles we have them." We would reform ourselves, call back the past, regain our wasted energies and make a new use of misspent time. Here, then, is something which may attract attention, a book upon perpetual health, showing how, by the use of the will-power and—since will is expressed in effort and human frailty requires a something to which it may pin its faith—the "combined Cantani-Schroth Cure."

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Dr. A. Cantani, Professor of the Naples University and Physician to the University Hospital of Naples, discovered a treatment of several diseases, including oxaluria, gout, rheumatism and diabetes, which placed him upon the pedestal of fame some years prior to his death in 1898. Successful treatment is own daughter to correct diagnosis. Cantani traced all disease to concretions of undigested, unassimilated and toxic matters in the system. Overfeeding, in which feeding is in excess of the requirements of the system, and improper feeding, wherein quantity has no proper relation to nutriment, were proved by him to be the source of disease.

Cantani mainly sought, and found, a variety of acids in the matter concreted in the system, and of these acids he closely investigated the most important, viz., primarily, oxalic acid and uric acid. Oxalic acid, we are told, is either introduced into the body with the food or with medicines, or develops in the blood of its own accord, as a product of decomposition. As a result the nervous system is run down and the cardiac nerves especially are affected. Accumulating in the kidneys it produces renal colics and forms calculi of oxalate of lime. Hence it becomes important to know what foods produce oxalic acid in greatest quantity, and a list of vegetables and medicines in which it is found to predominate is given in the book under review. In a word, Cantani's system amounts to this: Given a proneness by heredity to gouty habit, all the conditions of that disease will be traceable to "excessive quantities of food and drink." The overloaded system loses its responsiveness, and the combustion of albuminous bodies stops short at the formation of uric acid, which speedily saturates the blood. Cantani's method of treatment consists in rejecting the milk diet as productive of the acid element, and the substitution of a flesh food diet from which fat is to be rigidly excluded, while as drinks, only alkaline waters are favourably regarded.

There is a touch of waggish satire in the regimen, as the following passage will show:

> "Assiduous, hard and continued brain-work also involves the consumption of many albuminous bodies. For these reasons, a person afflicted with gout should sleep little, and never after meals."

Briefly, then, Cantani would have us consider the quantity and the quality of our food and drink, exercise freely, think deeply and protractedly, and avoid sleeping after eating. This is good advice at any time, whether in disease or health; the only difficulty is in persuading men to follow it. Cantani had the power of persuasion and so effected cures.

In Schroth's system we have the same fundamental conception of disease as the result of surfeit, and of the means provided by Nature for the elimination of effete matter from the system. Schroth makes use of one, viz., evaporative excretion through the skin, for the purpose of assisting Nature in her work. Hence

the system of treatment by "compresses," the "dry diet" and the "thirst diet" with which the authors of this work are concerned. Professor Harless is quoted as saying: "Give me the power to create a fever at need, and I will cure any disease." This invaluable power of creating a fever at will we now happily possess, if we may accept the statements of our authors, and we are indebted for its discovery to good old Father Schroth, the untutored village physician. And here is the sum of the matter in the author's words:

"It has been aptly said that 'dirt is matter in the wrong place'; and a no less appropriate definition might be this, 'disease is concreted matter in the wrong place.' Out, then, with these disease-breeding concretions if you will secure and retain the greatest blessing on earth, *viz.* good health and perpetual youth!"

If either Cantani or Schroth had made it as easy to follow out their systems of treatment as the authors of the present work have made them understandable, those interested in life-insurance concerns might sell out to-morrow.

"ASTROLOGY: How to Make and Read your own Horoscope." By Sepharial. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 1s.

This is a useful and clearly written little handbook on the most ancient of the sciences; and the author's name is a guarantee that it has been prepared by one with many years' experience of the subject upon which he writes. Full instructions are given for calculating horoscopes; the nature of the influences attributed to planets and zodiacal signs is clearly explained; and the rules for forming judgments and making predictions under all the usual heads dealt with by astrologers—character, health, wealth, occupation, marriage, travelling, and the rest—are lucidly set forth. As the writer remarks, "'Hitch your waggon to a star' is good advice if only we hitch it to the right one"; and the reader who is seeking a book suitable to serve as an introduction to the practical study of the mystery of times and seasons is not likely to find a better one than this for his purpose.

ASTROLOGICAL MANUALS NO. II. What is a Horoscope, and How is it Cast? London: Modern Astrology Office, 9 Lyncroft Gardens, W. Hampstead.

In the title of a small manual of some ninety pages, Mr. Alan Leo strikes a note of interrogation which he does his best to answer; and to those whose inquiries lead them in this direction the manual can be confidently recommended as a valuable digest of all the more elementary statements of the art of prognostics.

AROUND A DISTANT STAR. By Jean Delaire. London: John Long, 13-14 Norris Street, Haymarket, W.

This volume belongs to the order of scientific romances made familiar to us by Jules Verne, Camille Flammarion (to

whom this book is dedicated), and H. G. Wells. In many respects it shows much originality of conception, and is throughout decidedly sympathetic and attractive. The book is divided into two parts: "Children of Earth" and "Children of Space." In the first part we are introduced to the remarkable scientific speculations of Royal Staunton, a type of the intellectual hero essential to a story of this nature, whose researches culminate in the invention of the most powerful projectile ever conceived by man. The principle involved is that of a positive opposed by a positive force, the energy being electricity. A conical "airship" of aluminium and steel is constructed, and the hero and his companion, his sister's lover, are carried through space to a Distant Star, which they call Kalistos, whence, having outsped the passage of light, the history of the earth in the first century is actually viewed as in progress by means of a specially constructed etheric telescope which forms part of the voyagers' equipment. The scientific dream of Royal Staunton is fulfilled, his religious aspirations satisfied, his doubts resolved. There, in the wilderness of space, in a world so young that the human has not yet fully evolved, the drama of Calvary is represented to his gaze. Eighteen centuries are annihilated, millions of miles are spanned, and the bioscope of life is re-enacted in the rays of light newly arriving at that Distant Star. This, the second part of the story, is wonderfully realistic. Jean Delaire makes you see as you read, things about which, apart from the story, you may have reasonable doubts. The author creates and makes you live under conditions which are entirely foreign to your experience, upon a planet in a far-away universe. The climax is reached when, on seeking to return to earth, it is found that one of the two voyagers must remain behind in order to actuate the propeller, which in the first instance is manipulated by the hero's sister. On the confines of the universe, therefore, the author is compelled to leave the genius she has created, monarch of all he surveys, thenceforth to be the elder brother and god-like instructor of a race of ape-like creatures which formed the incipient humanity of this strange and uttermost world. Jean Delaire has given us a novel which is singularly adapted to the trend of modern thought and most suitable for Easter reading.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE TWO WORLDS : Manchester : 18 Corporation Street.

The issue of this interesting journal for April 14th contains some pertinent notes in "Our Diary," among them being a question to Mr. Andrew Lang on the subject of his article in the OCCULT REVIEW relative to the experience of "hauntings" as probably due to the establishing of "local centres of permanent possibilities of hallucination," in which the Editor of the *Two Worlds* asks how the learned propounder of that theory accounts for the "laying of ghosts" if the "ghosts" are merely such centres of hallucination. Mr. Maskelyne is also quoted as admitting telepathy, which he once scouted, and thinks that "it would probably be a good thing if this could be regarded as an established science." The fact of course is established. The laws governing its working are now the subject of deep study among the most reputable scientists. The number also contains a synopsis of the case of multiple personality which recently came before the Society for Psychical Research and which practically constituted a new order of psychological phenomena. It is a question, however, whether the label has not been affixed to the species too hurriedly. The personality is clearly not changed, and the phenomena can only be referred to the individual or individuals functioning through it at various stages. There is the whole matter. The "individual or individuals"—meningitis, insanity, blindness and aphasia, or obsession. That there is anything in the nature of a multiplex personality, however, must be scouted by all who have respect for the distinctions already derived from pyschology. The mediumistic experiences of Mrs. Keeves-Record will be found worth pondering, especially those having relation to telepathic vision.

MODERN ASTROLOGY. London: 9 Lyncroft Gardens, West Hampstead.

The issue for April has some contents of more than usual interest, among them being the "Observatory" notes on the horoscope of the Tsar and the destiny of that unhappy ruler. This tails off into a discussion of Fate and Freewill, which, as is usually the case, reads somewhat weak and inconclusive. Bessie Leo writes on "Mars, the Energiser," the god of battles coming out with a fairly good report to his credit. H. S. Green contributes a prophetic article on "Saturn in Pisces," the ingress taking place on April 13. Sepharial continues his translation of "Degrees of the Zodiac Symbolised." "Practical Astrology," by Aphorel, and "Peculiar Horoscopes," by H. S. Green, also add to the attractiveness of the number. Astrology is perhaps one of the most satisfactory aspects of Occult Science, and the possibility of submitting it to immediate mathematical test renders it of exceptional acceptance at the hands of

psychologists and students of supernormal phenomena. Whether it can ever be divorced from the serious study of mental and psychic phenomena without hurt to the latter is a question to which *Modern Astrology* should be capable of affording an answer.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. (London: 161 New Bond Street, W.)

The April number of this journal has some critical notes "On the Watch-Tower" concerning the revelations of Mr. Perceval Landon about Tibet, in the course of which the Editor makes it plain that if Tibet had never existed on the map or in the imaginations of men, there would still have been abundant grounds for belief in the existence of "Masters" and the possession by them of miraculous or abnormal powers called in the Sanscrit "siddhis." This is not the most interesting aspect of the ground which the British Mission may open up to us. The point is well put in these words:

"That which is of chief interest is the question whether or no, under the many forms of debased Buddhism in Tibet, superimposed on the indigenous superstitions, legends, and folk-lore of that part of Central Asia, there may not be some deep-down deposit of a very ancient tradition which H.P.B. (Madame Blavatsky *c'est a dire*) once characterised as the Chaldeo-Aryan Tibetan."

"Echo," writing from "A Student's Easy Chair," assures us that he has seen "Two 'real' Japanese 'Masters of the god-arts' at a well-known place of amusement in London" perform the so-called trick of the levitation of a cataleptic subject. He then explains that,

"As it was introduced in a farcical way, to amuse the British schoolboy, this public exhibition of an occult phenomenon was allowed to take place by the English law. If the Japanese "jugglers" had told the truth about what they were doing, they would have been prosecuted for fraud and for getting money on false pretences; whereas so long as they looked idiotic and hoodwinked the public they were left alone."