

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

THE terror of being condemned as unscientific stands to many people as a bogey in the path of true scientific progress.

There is nothing unscientific in adopting a sympathetic attitude towards the problems you are investigating. It is better to be deceived for a moment than to lose your grip of one essential truth. The man who investigates should not be all brain, for it is not the intellect alone that responds to the vibrations of the external world. When the Lord appeared to Solomon in a vision, and asked him what gift he would choose for himself, he did not ask for a brilliant intellect, but for a wise and understanding *heart*. It is to be feared that the scientist of the present day would have asked for something less acceptable to the Lord and—shall I not add?—something less likely to be of service to the cause of real scientific truth. The man who would reap those fair fields of science which are as yet unharvested of man, must keep his eye less on the traditions of the science of to-day and more on the eternal principles of that truth which is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. It is extraordinary how rapidly the would-be investigator of unexplored scientific territory is frightened off by a few cheap

sneers. If there is one man I would condemn unheard it is the man who sneers. To sneer is a sign of narrow sympathies and of a warped judgment. Hear the words of a *poetess, a poetess who has but lately passed from our midst :—

Heed not the human sneer: the world lives on
 Long after those who jeer are dead and gone,
 And the ripe product of the fertile brain
 Shall live and reproduce fair fruit again.
 Thus shalt thou sow that other hands may reap
 Long after thou perchance art sunk to sleep.
 No matter: Truth is life, it can not die,
 And men *shall* honour what they now deny.

This one point, above all others, is worth bringing home. In the mental attitude of the investigator lies the secret of the success or non-success of the investigation.

With reference to my promise in the May issue, I subjoin the names of the competitors who were mentioned in connexion with the OCCULT REVIEW Essay Competition, awarded last month.

PRIZE
 COMPETITION—
 NAMES OF
 WINNERS.

The winner of the £5 prize, "Taibhse," is Miss Maud Joynt, of 4, Oakley Road, Dublin, who has received a cheque for that amount and to whom I have pleasure in tendering my editorial congratulations. The two *proxime accessits* "Lux" and "Mark Fiske" are Mr. Edwin Lucas, of Whitton Park, Hounslow, and Miss Dallas, of 116, King Henry's Road, South Hampstead. The others mentioned in their order are Inkster Gilbertson, of Paignton; E. T. Bennett, of Port Isaac; F. C. Constable, Wick Court, Bristol; the Rev. Alex. Brown, of Aberdeen; and H. S. Redgrove, of Tottenham Court Road, London. I print Lux's Essay in the current issue, and hope to find room for Mark Fiske's in July.

"A Southern Rector" writes in the current issue asking for any records that may be forthcoming of the appearances of animals after death, or of the evidences of their continued existence in another sphere. He cites one experience himself, and readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will remember that Mrs. Chesson recorded another and still more curious experience of her own with a favourite cat in the July number [1905] of this magazine. At the same time another correspondent and contributor

* Lady Florence Dixie.

makes the suggestion that I should choose this subject for my next prize competition. I think the idea is a good one, provided that due weight is attached in the award to the evidence on which the stories are based. I propose therefore to offer a prize of £5 for the *best and best authenticated* record of the appearance of an animal after its death in visible form.

The days are probably past, or nearly so, when it was assumed and taught that the main distinction between man and the animal kingdom was that man had an immortal soul and the animal had not. But no effort has as yet been made, so far as I am aware, to catalogue and systematise evidence bearing on the subject of the survival of animals in a future state, and it would be very interesting to see how far records touching on this curious subject might bear investigation, and how far a strong *prima facie* case for the survival of the animal consciousness might be presented.

Some criticism has reached me from those who are anxious to avail themselves of the services of the OCCULT REVIEW Psychometrist of the conditions under which this offer is made, and I have decided, for this month at any rate, to insert a Psycho-Coupon for their convenience. Four of these sent up to the office of the OCCULT REVIEW will entitle the sender to have two questions answered by the Psychometrist. It is understood that the copies from which the coupons are cut will be dispatched to people who may take an interest in the contents of the magazine. It should be borne in mind that the offer may be discontinued at any moment, and coupons no longer inserted. The first batch of answers to questions will appear in the July issue. I am giving full particulars of this offer, and also of the new prize competition, on another page.

"I have been credited by certain organs of the daily press with having started a competition on the question, "*Should Ghosts Wear Clothes?*" One well-known daily paper has even gone so far as to print a set of verses treating of this purely imaginary proposal. This "rather curious subject," as it is well called by an eminent evening journal, would doubtless elicit some entertaining expressions of opinion, but I am afraid that a disquisition on the *Convenances* of Borderland is quite beyond the powers of the present Editor. I should as soon venture to express my sentiments on the desirability of mixed bathing on the astral plane—or indeed on this—for I hold that where the proprieties are concerned, the ladies are the only properly qualified judges!

BORDERLAND
PROPRIETIES.

The present number ends the third volume of the OCCULT REVIEW. I hope to have bound volumes ready by the second week in the month. I shall also have a supply of binding cases for those who wish to bind up their monthly parts. I still continue to receive applications for binding cases for Volumes I and II, and have ordered a fresh supply of these to meet readers' requirements, so that bindings for any volume will now be obtainable post free for one shilling. The title-page and contents for Vol III is included in the present number. The price of the volumes is, as usual, four shillings and sixpence, net, post free.

I suggest that the subscriber who intimated to me that he thought there was too much Latin and French in the OCCULT REVIEW should skip the following note. With all deference to him, however, I feel myself bound to repair an omission in my last month's reference to Dr. Richard Garnett, and by doing so I trust that I may at least earn a mead of gratitude from Smith Minor. I do not know if Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon still enjoys that reputation which it once possessed among schoolboys as an oracle of wisdom and knowledge from which there was no appeal. But I take it that it is at least enveloped in a very respectable halo of awe and reverence. However this may be, it is interesting to note that Dr. Garnett more often than once caught that renowned authority very badly tripping. The famous pair might have translated μέλας *white* without a word of comment from the OCCULT REVIEW. But their total failure to comprehend the meaning of Greek astrological terms which Dr. Garnett so pitilessly exposed can hardly be allowed to pass us by.

The principal errors of Liddell and Scott arise from their failure to understand the Greek astrological meaning of ὥρη and ὠροσκόπος. Both of these words mean the "horoscope" in the sense of "ascendant," that is, the degree of the sign on the eastern horizon in a natal figure, as in the lines :—

εἰ καὶ τὴν ὥρην ἐν τετραπόδεσσι καθέυροις.

(If you find the ascendant to be in one of the (so-called) four footed or quadrupedal signs),

and again

ἦν δὲ Κύπρις μερόπων ὠροσκόπα φέγγεα λείσση.

(If Venus throws an aspect to the ascendant).

The word *κενοδρομέω* was also a complete baffler to the Greek Lexicographers. This is identical with the familiar astrological phrase "void of course," referring to a planet which has no aspect to any other. Readers of Manetho should also be warned that *ὁ ἀναβιβάζων* and *ὁ καταβιβάζων* signify the ascending and descending *nodes* of the moon—in astrological jargon, the Dragon's Head and Dragon's Tail—and that *ἕψωμα* and *ταπεινώμα* are the "exaltations" and "falls" of the various planets, that is, the signs in which they are strongest or weakest, not the ascensions and declinations as these words are most erroneously rendered. Those who wish for further information on the subject are referred to Dr. Richard Garnett's article, "On some Misinterpretations of Greek Astrological Terms," in the *Classical Review* of July, 1899.

An astrologer with a fair knowledge of the Greek language could not have been guilty of the blunders of Liddell and Scott. The context over and over again leaves no doubt as to the meaning. But a most extensive knowledge of Greek *alone* proved an insufficient safeguard against the gravest slips. This fact will not surprise those who, having any special knowledge of an out-of-the-way subject, have had occasion to observe the mistakes of amateur trespassers on the domains of their pet hobby.

I understand that Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes, of 60, Chandos Street, London, W.C., are about to publish a book of poems entitled *Noctis Susurri*, by the author of *Ultima Verba*, a volume (now out of print) which appeared in Mr. Fisher Unwin's Cameo series, and which met with very favourable comment in the Press at the time of its publication. The new issue will include all the poems which appeared in the earlier one with much additional matter. I subjoin, by permission, the verses entitled "The Pantheist," the spirit of which will probably appeal to not a few of the readers of this REVIEW.

NOCTIS
SUSURRI.

THE PANTHEIST.

I SEEK the Deity: I wrestle most;
I who sit scorned outside the temple gate—
In vigils of the night I keep my post;
Others are sure—I only watch and wait.

I supplicate—Who answereth my prayer?
He doth—in murmuring waves or not at all—
In clouds he is transfigured in the air;
Through the dense forest echoes his foot fall—

The amazing stars, each is a heavenly sphere ;
 The ineffable surrounds each mountain height—
 In the vast Universe, or far or near,
 Throbs the great heart of all, by day and night.

As I go to press I observe that the worthy Dr. Bickersteth, late Bishop of Exeter, has passed away. Whether he cherished to the very end his enthusiasm (I can call it nothing else) for the doctrine of Eternal Damnation I do not know.

Perhaps consciousness of his own proximity to the life about which he was wont to be so dogmatic may have somewhat modified his views. At least we may charitably hope so. In any case I understand he was not the author of the following lines :—

Perdition is needful. Beyond any doubt !
 Hell fire is a thing that we can't do without !
 We must keep it up if we like it or not !
 And make it eternal, and make it red hot !

The mental attitude of Dr. Bickersteth and that even of the orthodox Church of to-day—are they not the poles asunder ? And yet Dr. Bickersteth belonged not to the epoch of the ichthyosaurus, but to a quite comparatively recent past. Huxley has not been long dead. Would not Huxley open his eyes wide at the changed intellectual standpoint of the science of to-day ? Surely there is warning to us here not to be over-confident or over-dogmatic in our assertions, but to live in wholesome awe of the ridicule of our grandchildren. It is a chastening reflection to have to make, but we become more ephemeral every day, and what was written yesterday will prove as likely as not out of date by to-morrow. Fame, as it was once understood, we dare not look for ; fortunate if we achieve a brief notoriety before we go hence and are no more seen.

ERRATUM.

I fully expected to have my attention drawn to a slip in the Notes of the Month in the May issue. The opposition of Uranus and Neptune recurs approximately after a lapse of 170 years, not 300 as stated.

A PRIZE OF £5

is offered to the reader who sends up to the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW what is, in the Editor's opinion,

the best and best authenticated record of the appearance of an animal in visible form after death.

As on the previous occasion the Editor will consult a well-known authority on Psychical Research before making his award.

It is understood that any record will be disqualified which has already appeared in print.

This Competition will remain open until the 10th of July, and the award will be made, if possible, in the August issue.

All competitions must be type-written. A *nom de plume* must be adopted by the writer, and his real name enclosed in a sealed envelope bearing the *nom de plume* outside.

This will not be opened until the award has been made.

Records sent in competition must be marked on the outside "PRIZE COMPETITION."

The Editor reserves the right to print any of the communications he may receive. Competitors whose records are printed will be entitled, if they wish, to receive one bound volume of the OCCULT REVIEW.

OCCULT REVIEW PSYCHOMETRIST.

THE following offer is made for the present month, and may, or may not, be continued. Any reader desiring to have questions answered by the OCCULT REVIEW Psychometrist, must cut out, and send up, not less than four coupons such as that given below, and dispatch the copies from which they are cut to friends who may possibly be interested in the subject-matter of the magazine. Each querent will be entitled to ask not more than two questions. Any reader desirous of having his, or her, character and general conditions psychically diagnosed, will be required to send up not less than eight coupons, and double space will be allotted to these diagnoses. Readers who desire to avail themselves of this offer should send either a glove or tie, or piece of ribbon that they have worn constantly, or failing this an ordinary letter. Whatever is sent must be done up in a separate parcel, marked with the name or assumed name of the inquirer, and sealed. This separate parcel should be sent under the same cover as the letter containing the inquiry and the necessary coupons. Care must be taken that the article or letter is kept away from contact with other influences previous to its dispatch, as these tend to confuse the Psychometrist.

PSYCHO COUPON.

June, 1906.

DANTE'S "BEATRICE": OCCULTISM IN THE "VITA NUOVA"

BY SAMUEL UDNY

THE *Vita Nuova* is for many reasons to be accounted one of the world's classics. Even in our own language it possesses a large circle of readers (scattered through English-speaking lands) who make no further acquaintance with its author, but to whom this little book is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Its extreme modesty of compass and the shadow of its mighty authorship combine with its intrinsic fascination—perhaps one ought to add with the beauty of Rossetti's version in which it is accessible to the English reader—in giving it a place on shelves where the *Commedia* itself is unknown. Dante, moreover, is loved by many for the sake of one imperishable creation, his "Beatrice." And the *Vita Nuova* is to them her chapel, albeit the *Commedia* may be her cathedral. Its intrinsic fascination is, however, the real title of the *Vita Nuova* to its classic claim. And the real nature of this fascination is the immediate motive of this article. That fascination too is due neither to the substance nor the form of this little book, unique though both may be—unique in their beauty and therefore classic in their character. It is due rather to the indescribable atmosphere in which the book is bathed and which the reader's spirit breathes. There are elements in its form and even in its substance which would otherwise repel rather than attract the English reader of to-day. The form is too formal, the sentiment sustained at too high a pitch to appeal, one might have thought, to modern and northern readers. Yet somehow the fascination triumphs over these drawbacks and holds the reader captive. The mountain-air of Dante's idealism makes it possible for the reader to breathe freely among these elements.

But this theme of ideal love is with Dante no "insubstantial pageant" or "baseless fabric." His "actors are all spirits" it is true, yet to Dante such actors are more substantial than flesh and blood to others. He makes them so to us. And we are fain to ask of what this strangely beautiful and vivid transcript of

this ideal love really is a symbol if it be impossible to accept it according to the letter,—as I think a true taste forbids our taking it, on purely artistic grounds.

Let us first glance at Dante's symbolism in the *Vita Nuova* before we attempt to indicate where an answer to this question must be found. The first phrases of the *Vita Nuova* strike the key-note of this symbolism.

In that part of the book of my memory before the which is little that can be read, there is a rubric, saying, *Incipit Vita Nova* (Here beginneth the new life). Under such rubric I find written many things; and among them the words which I purpose to copy into this little book; if not all of them, at the least their substance.

New Life, that is the theme. The Mind or Memory, that is the stage of action. This little book is the substance of what New Life has enacted there. It is thus that Dante prepares the reader for his story. He must not look for it within the walls of Florence, it belongs to a city not made with hands. This city, he tells us clearly in the *Convito*, is "the City of the Good Life." New Life, that will be his story. The story of a Life that is born not of flesh and blood but of love ("desire") and of the mind's noblest part ("intelletto"), as he tells us often in the *Commedia*,—a Life of which he "finds written many things" in "the book of Memory," the substance or essence of which alone he vouchsafes to transcribe in this little book. And immediately he proceeds to make his meaning clearer. In a picture replete with delicate psychical symbolism of form and colour, of space and time, of passion and quaint lore, he brings before us the "glorious Lady" who is to impersonate his devotion to the New Life. Of that New Life he cries ("Ecce deus," etc.) "A god mightier than (the) me, who cometh to bear lordship over me." She is "that most blessed one" whom he declares a moment later "not to be the daughter of mortal man but of God," and of whom he vows, ere he lays down his pen, "yet to write concerning her that which hath not before been written of any woman." Nay, she is the "glorious Lady of my Mind," now "made manifest to mine eyes," called "Beatrice" by many who know not why she was so called; though Dante knows well, because she is the Vision of his Bliss.

The point which I want especially to bring before the reader, as Dante himself brings it here, is the fact that "Beatrice" herself is a symbol of New Life, and not a Florentine maiden, who became according to tradition another man's wife. This fact Dante is bent on already conveying to us, I believe, in the delicate

workmanship of this exordium. It is his delight, as I have just said, in the *Vita Nuova* to elaborate his thoughts as a mediæval illuminator or goldsmith elaborated his delicate colours and forms. To trace these subtle workings of his thought, however, is altogether beyond the scope of a magazine article.

But there is certainly room for the trial of a clue, and a clue should be sought at our entrance upon the threshold of the *Vita Nuova*. Before, therefore, we leave the exordium of the *Vita Nuova*, let us glance once more at its contents.

"I say," Dante continues, immediately after his descriptions of the "chambers" in which his New Life had begun its tumultuous career, "I say that from this time forward Love quite governed my soul, which was immediately espoused to him, and with so safe and undisputed a lordship (by virtue of strong imagination) that I had nothing left for it but to do all his bidding continually." Here once more we find essentially the same clue which he has already given us in his language about the "book of Memory" and the "chambers" of the Mind. It is "Love" and no mortal woman who governs his soul. It is "by virtue of *strong imagination* that Love's mastery comes." And Dante links "his glorious Lady" to this psychical description by telling us that "oftentimes 'Love' commanded me to *seek if I might see* this youngest of the Angels," and that "her image which was an exultation of 'Love' to subdue me was yet of so perfect a quality that it never allowed me to be overruled by 'Love' without the faithful counsel of Reason." Again it is difficult to sever the "image" of Beatrice from Dante's strong "imagination." "Immaginazione" in Italian retains its original meaning of "the power to create images." "Love and the noble heart are one same thing," Dante tells us elsewhere. It is Dante's own heart which, at the first close touch of New Life, creates this image of the "Daughter of God," this "youngest of the Angels."

But the real value of this clue to the nature of Dante's "glorious Lady" in the *Vita Nuova* lies in the light it pours upon otherwise quite unintelligible features of the book. Let us look at one or two of these, singling out those broad features which affect its whole structure, and are at the same time appreciable by the reader who has not the close knowledge of Dante that would enable him to follow more minute though perhaps more convincing points in its symbolism. One of those broad features which fascinate yet baffle every reader of this strange love-story is its constant symbolism of time and number. Dante never tires of telling us that his visions and imaginations occur at

certain periods of life, seasons of the year, hours of the day. And these "times" appear to be bound up with the very being of "Beatrice" by a mysterious number, the "Nine" which is, he says, "her own self." This symbolism of the "Nine" begins with the book itself and pervades his whole work henceforth. He is himself nine years old when the "glorious Lady of his mind" first appears to him. "Beatrice" too is "almost at the beginning of her ninth year." "Nine years are exactly completed" when she again appears, dressed no longer in that "most noble colour . . . of subdued and goodly crimson" (nor yet clothed in the tunic of living flame, the mantle of myrtle, and the snow-white veil in which she will be royally arrayed when she reappears in Purgatorio), but "dressed all in pure white." "The hour of her most sweet salutation" was then "exactly the ninth of that day." "Betaking himself to the loneliness of his own room" (the words are rather to be rendered "the loneliness of a certain chamber of mine own" and strongly suggest "the most secret chamber" of which he has just been speaking), Dante instantly has the famous vision of the "Flaming Heart"—his own heart in the hands of "Beatrice" who is borne in the arms of "Love" and covered only with a blood-coloured cloth. That hour of his first dream-vision is also "the first of the nine hours of the night."

It is at the moment of her "departure," when "Beatrice" enters upon her "Second Age" and when Dante already in this transcript of the "substance" of New Life begins to sound those fuller chords of his theme which prelude the *Commedia*, that we hear most about the mystic "Nine." "Not, as it might appear, without reason hath the number often had mention in what hath gone before"; but it "seems also to have borne part in the manner of her death." Dante tells us first in a mystical way that "her most noble spirit departed" on the ninth day of the ninth month of that year of our Lord in which "the perfect number was nine times multiplied within the thirteenth century of Christians." Then he goes on to give reasons for the "alliance" of his Lady with the "Nine." It was, he says, "for the purpose of signifying that at her birth all the nine Heavens were at perfect unity with each other as to their influence." Nay, "according to the infallible truth . . . this Lady was accompanied by the number nine to the end that men might *clearly perceive* her to be a 'Nine,' that is, a miracle, whose only root is the Holy Trinity"—"which being Three, are only One."

Now that a chain of coincidences such as Dante here narrates actually existed as material for this towering symbolism is

simply incredible. The common but confused and arbitrary notion that he is twisting actual coincidences into accordance with "scholastic" theology I will not stop to consider. If, on the other hand, he builds the story of "Beatrice" in the *Vita Nuova* upon some vast conception of the nature of the soul and its relation to God, which he here symbolises in number, he is simply anticipating his method in the *Commedia*, which rests structurally upon this very numerical symbol and identifies the being of Beatrice with such a conception. But a single expression in the *Convito*, which contains Dante's mystical commentary upon the whole method of his "Art," will show us how familiar to him was the significance of the mysterious Nine in connexion with human and divine life. "We see," he writes in the *Convito*, "that Plato (who may be said to have had the best of natures, both as to its perfection and as to his [beauty of] face, which made Socrates love him at first sight) lived for eighty-one years according to the testimony of Tullius in his *De Senectute*. And I believe that if Christ had not been crucified, and had lived out the term of His life, as allotted by nature, He would have been translated in His eighty-first year from a mortal to an eternal body." The reader of the *Vita Nuova* will recognize its author in these expressions—the "beauty" of Plato, the "translation" of Christ, the mystic number, nine times "multiplied merely by itself," which is the "term" of perfect life; all of them recall the story of "Beatrice." Miss Hillard, an American lady, conversant with Italian and Mystic literature, from whose version of the *Convito* I quote, adds to this passage an admirable note, which will prove to us that Dante is drawing upon an idea common to mystical thought: "Eighty-one years being nine times nine," she remarks, "is called the 'perfect age' by all the mystics." After commenting on its connexion with the *Vita Nuova*, she proceeds: "It is a curious coincidence that Petrarch, speaking of the death of Laura on the anniversary of her birth, says, 'Plato died when his eighty-first year was accomplished—a surprising thing on the anniversary of his birth'; and he adds, 'Certain *magi*, who happened to be then at Athens, offered sacrifices to the dead philosopher, judging him to be of greater than mortal destiny, inasmuch as he had attained *the most perfect number*, which is the sum of nine times nine.' And Seneca says: 'To attain (*consummare*) the perfect number, which is the sum of nine times nine.'"

Cicero and Seneca, Dante and Petrarch—the former of their "Philosopher," the latter of the "Philosopher" and their

"Ladies," Petrarch of the *Magi*, Dante of the "Christ"; but in all the same thought. Truly a consensus, which might be immensely reinforced, had we time to call as witnesses the Mystics of East and West, to the significance of the mystic Nine! A coincidence, too, which is matter of literary fact, not of fictitious narrative. Is it a coincidence, I will merely ask, that Dante, in his eighty-first line of the crowning canto of the *Commedia* (the hundredth canto; one hundred is his more perfect number, "multiplied merely by itself"), records the consummation of his representative Pilgrimage of Man to God in this exultant cry:—

I joined
My aspect with the Glory Infinite.
(*Paradiso*, C. XXXIII, i. 81).

Now we must count it one of the "curiosities of literature" that so direct an intimation on the Author's part of the true character of his story as this symbolism of number in the life of Beatrice should have escaped the majority of its modern readers. Their reluctance to face the Author's own intimations there (to say nothing of his express and constantly reiterated demand throughout his work that it should be mystically understood) probably arises from an aversion to any recognition of that occultism in Art apart from the consideration of which no great literature in the world's history will yield its final secret and beauty. The reader must not imagine, however, that this symbolism of number is the only or indeed the chief occult element in the *Vita Nuova*.

Dante's symbolism in space, for instance, is more beautiful there, though less formal, than his symbolism in time. I have alluded already to those mysterious chambers (*camere*) of his which are the scene of so many visions, dreams and imaginings. Dante dwells upon their loneliness, their secrecy and the deliberation with which he retires to these places of "weeping" and "sighing" in a manner which cannot fail to catch the reader's attention. But his indications of space and place are throughout the *Vita Nuova* very mysterious. We pass from Heaven to earth, from vision to waking reality, without passing from these "chambers." Now we are on a "road of sighs" on which "Love" crosses Dante's path, now we are in a marvellous house of Alcinous in which "his friend" leads him "to the last verge of life" and "sets his feet on that point of life, beyond the which he must not pass who would return." Now we are at a "window" which can be none other than "the balcony of the lady

who inhabits the edifice of the body, and who is the soul, because here, although as it were veiled, she often shows herself," of which he speaks in the *Convito*. Perhaps the most mysterious and beautiful of these "places" is one in which Dante twice finds himself, "along a path which lay beside a stream of very clear water." It was upon this "clear and rapid river" that "Love's" troubled eyes "were sometimes turned," and by these waters that Dante's "tongue spake as though by its own impulse" (there having "come upon him a great desire") that famous song which crowns him the Poets' Poet in Purgatory:—

Ladies that have intelligence in Love, etc.

The reader of the *Purgatorio* will remember that Dante himself regards this song there as the beginning of that "sweet new style" about which he makes a yet more famous claim:—

One am I, who, whenever
"Love" doth inspire me, sing, and in the measure
Which he within me dictates, go, uttering mysteries (*significando*).

When indeed we consider the manifold symbolism of "clear waters" in the *Purgatorio*, consummated by its closing verses about the "sacred river" and "most holy water," from which he returned "regenerate . . . pure and disposed to mount towards the stars," we can hardly remain in doubt about the significance of this mystery of "clear water" in the *Vita Nuova* to which Love's eyes were turned and by which Dante's tongue was loosed. It is the mystery on which Dante's whole psychology of New Life is based, and to which he consecrates the philosophy of the *Convito*, that "the operation of Divine Love," of which "operation" or "miracle" "Beatrice" is throughout his Art the symbol, is impossible save by "the purity of the receiving soul."

But I have shown cause, I hope, in these brief notes upon two of the broader features in this symbolism of the *Vita Nuova*, for my belief that this chief source of its fascination gains in intelligibility and certainly does not lose in beauty from a psychical rather than a merely personal interpretation of Dante's passion. It is time to ask of what this psychical symbolism is really a representation, and what the mystical "Beatrice" really is to Dante.

Let me, however, first remark that to plead for a deeper conception of "Beatrice's" personality,—to claim that in her and her story as well as in the other spirit-actors of the *Vita Nuova*

Dante has dramatized his own mystical consciousness of New Life,—is by no means to rob his imperishable creation of its vitality. That Dante had loved with a human love,—such as ideal souls only experience and as he here portrays with exquisite fidelity, no reader of the *Vita Nuova* can for a moment doubt. Such an experience is the basis both of his story and of that higher experience which he can symbolize only through the experience of such a love. For by this higher "Love," says Dante himself, "we may know what is *within the soul*, seeing *in the world without* what things it loves." But to plead for the reality of that higher experience as well as of the lower is to exalt, not to diminish Dante's glory and reality as a lover. Love is to Dante the "Alpha and Omega" of Life. But Dante wrought in the *Vita Nuova* both as a Seer and as an Artist as well as a Lover. He works so everywhere. And we must never lose sight of the fact that his Art is always the supreme consideration in his work, the only vehicle of his thought, the one revelation in which he communicates himself; for Art he holds to be to man what Nature is to God—self-manifestation. This story of New Life is his earliest self-manifestation ("Here beginneth the New Life"), the mirror which he first holds up to that highest work of Nature in himself, the "operation of Divine Love" in the "purity" of his own "receiving soul." And this is the source of its fascination—that Dante shows us in this mirror the form of this "youngest of the Angels," who lives and moves and has her being, as the *Convito* tells us, in the "Mind, that ultimate and most precious part of the soul which is Divinity."

What then, the reader will ask, is this New Life, this "operation of Divine Love"? I will not attempt an answer. I undertook at the beginning of this article only to point out in what direction an answer must be sought. I must content myself here with merely saying that Dante's New Life is the New Life of which all the Seers speak or sing in every age and every land. Dante himself has sung of it in the *Commedia* and spoken of it yet more clearly in the *Convito* or "Banquet" of Love. But my concern has been simply with the symbolism of the *Vita Nuova* and this secret of its fascination. And I have been anxious rather to start the reader on winding his own way into the maze than to track my clue through its passages. If the reader seeks some definite and conclusive assurance that the clue here put forward is Dante's own clue, let him go to the *Convito*. There both in song and speech Dante reiterates the same tale of his love:—

Love, that within my mind doth hold discourse
 Of this my Lady, filled with strong desire
 Doth often tell me wondrous things of her,
 The mind, bewildered, fails to comprehend.
 But such sweet music soundeth in his words,
 My soul that listens and that feels their power,
 Saith, "Woe is me who cannot tell again
 What I have heard of this dear Lady mine."--(Canzone II).

"This Love," he writes, "that is, the union of my soul with this noble Lady, in whom so much of the Divine Light was revealed to me, is the speaker that I tell of; since from him continual thoughts were born, studying and searching into the virtue of this lady who was spiritually made one with my soul." "To say that it is in the mind," as Dante acutely adds, "does not explain it any the more"; but when in the midst of his psychical interpretation he exclaims that "the soul by virtue of this sovereign power is so ennobled that the Divine Light, as in the Angels, can shine through her," we perceive that he is speaking of the "Beatrice" both of the *Paradiso* and of the *Vita Nuova*.

The *Vita Nuova*, however, is our subject here. I return to the immediate motive of this article, the real nature of its fascination. And I venture to assert that the occultism of the *Vita Nuova*, by which I mean the psychical mystery in Dante's imperishable creation of "Beatrice" (or in other words, the mystery of Dante's New Life), is at the bottom of that fascination. The reader, who cannot but yield to the purity and passion of this true classic, is still somewhat disturbed, as I said at first, by its twofold character of formalism and ecstasy. It is one, however, of the many services which an occult or psychical line of interpretation renders to such works of Art that, it is able to remove such reproaches by revealing the *raison d'être* of these apparent blemishes.

I have not been able to touch that fascinating but most bewildering problem of Dante's ecstasy—his sighs, his long-drawn plaint of pitiless disdain at Beatrice's hands, his ceaseless fears and his agony of impending death. I have not been able to show how these strange discords resolve into subtle harmonies when the real nature of this psychical music makes itself heard. But I have pointed out the subtle psychical beauty which hides behind the formal veil of his symbolism in time and his somewhat less formal symbolism in space. What Pater once called, I believe, the "indissoluble element of prose" in Dante's Art is

in fact the indissoluble element of the mystic's certainties. His formalism, like his ecstasy, springs from the same source as Music, where number and passion are at one. Dante was assured of that certainty.

And they who would read aright this classic of New Life must read it throughout, as Dante tells us his "New Intelligence" sought her in its crowning sonnet, "like a pilgrim-spirit, going up spiritually." Their "thought" must "rise" like his "into the quality of 'Beatrice' in a degree that intellect cannot comprehend, because intellect is towards those blessed souls, like our eye weak against the sun." Yet, like "the sigh that his heart sends above," their search after "her admirable essence, veiled in a speech so subtle and so fine," must not rest till, when they too have "reached the end upon untrodden ways," they see

A Lady round whom splendours move
In homage,

and until

by the great Light thereof
Abashed they stand at gaze.

SOME SIDELIGHTS ON OCCULTISM

By A. G. A.

FROM the very earliest times down to the present day the study of "the occult" has always possessed a peculiar and powerful fascination for mankind, one of its chief charms being doubtless the wide field it presents for investigation. There is always something new to be learnt, some fresh phenomena to be discussed and, if possible, solved. Many have the courage of their opinions and boldly avow, in spite of, or perhaps *because* of, the sceptic and the critic, their firm belief in occult manifestations and will give chapter and verse for such belief and relate curious and interesting experiences, either personal or coming from incontestably authentic sources.

Among the many faculties possessed by psychics there are some which are more widely known and practised than others. Amongst these we place: Clairvoyance, crystal-gazing, second-sight, palmistry and cartomancy, or divination by cards.

I have often been amused to hear persons say, "Oh! of course, *any one* can do these things, they merely require practice." I unhesitatingly declare that this is not the case. The faculty *must* be inborn, and though latent will spring into life when occasion offers, and *then* practice will quickly develop this power as it develops everything else. But you might as well tell a person who cannot draw to take up a palette and colours and paint a picture, or one who has no idea of music to sit down and compose a sonata, as to expect any one, who has not the gift, to be a clairvoyant, a palmist, etc. Many people class "clairvoyance" and "second-sight" as one and the same thing, but this is not the case.

"Clairvoyance" requires the aid of a medium—by this, I mean either personal contact with the inquirer or by holding some article of dress, or a letter that has come into close and personal contact with him, before it can develop itself. Whereas "second-sight" is at *first-hand*—as when on going out of doors one perceives the trees, houses, and human beings, so the seer who has the gift of second-sight at once beholds a vision of things to come. I will mention two authentic instances which were related to me. At a friend's house in Wales, we were discussing the occult and a lady related the following:

“My doctor told me that one day (I think rather late) riding home from visiting a patient, he felt himself beset by a multitude of phantom mourners; they pressed in so closely on every side that it was impossible to escape. His horse, covered with sweat and foam, trembled and snorted in an agony of fear. The rider and his horse were swept irresistibly along till the wide open gates of a fine country residence were reached; in the twinkling of an eye the host swept in at the gates and up the avenue. The horse, the moment it felt itself free, tore homewards like lightning. A very short time afterwards the owner of that fine place died and a *real* funeral procession paced solemnly down the avenue and out of the gates, through which the phantom mourners had so recently passed.”

The second incident was related to me by a friend who lives in a village on the coast in South Wales. She gave permission to a servant to go home for the night on the understanding that she was to be back at a certain hour on the following day. The next day, at the given hour, the servant did not arrive and my friend, as time went on, felt uneasy. At length the maid arrived, looking very tired. Before her mistress could ask for any explanation she said: “Oh! I *am* sorry to be late, but I had an *awful* experience last night. Just after I left the village and was walking through the lane, I was overtaken by a funeral procession.

“I was so frightened, but could not get away; it seemed to fill up the whole place, and they crowded in and jostled me, and I felt so bruised, and when at last they went on and left me, I was so tired and sore I could hardly get home, and scarcely closed my eyes all night.” My friend told me that the woman was quite sober and she could rely on her word. These processions are seen before a death. I will add a curious instance of second-sight on my own part. I say *curious*, because it seems objectless.

Staying a few months ago in the South of Scotland with friends, my host, one morning at breakfast, announced his intention to take a refractory pony out for a very long drive to tame it. I did not see him start, as I went into a room to write. After a short time I went up to my own room and whilst there I felt impelled to look out of the window, and to my astonishment I saw my host driving home!

I said to myself, “He certainly has not had time to go for that sixteen miles drive, but the pony is thoroughly conquered and is going like a lamb.” I turned away from the window and walked to the door, but *twice* again felt constrained to go back and look out of the window and watched the cart drive round in front of my

window and out of sight towards the stables. I ran down and told a lady who had been sitting in the library with me that our host had already returned, and that though he had been out so short a time, the pony seemed thoroughly tamed.

"You have made a mistake," was the reply, "for I have been sitting here the whole time and he could not go to the stables without passing these windows, and he has never done so." I still held to what I had told her, adding: "Something made me go back *twice*, after the first time I saw him, to look again, and I watched him drive right round." She again declared that I was mistaken. I told two or three others: they also said that our host had not returned. When at length he came into the room, I laughingly exclaimed, "You *have* been an age at the stables." He looked surprised and said: "I have only just returned." On my telling him what I had seen, he remarked: "At *that* time I was just thinking of turning homewards."

Palmistry I have always been keenly interested in, and my friends are good enough to say that I possess a particular gift for this and for cartomancy. I have always exercised these, simply as an amateur for my own amusement and for that of my friends, and have made a good deal of money for charity, at bazaars and sales of work. People constantly say to me: "Of course you have studied palmistry deeply? Who taught you?"

To both these queries I answer in the negative. I have neither studied the science, nor have I received a single lesson in it. The power was *there, latent*, till opportunity like a match fired the train and the flame burst forth. I have tried, in answer to many requests from friends, to impart some of my knowledge to others, but, as I have already remarked, it is impossible to develop what *is not there*. It may interest some readers of the OCCULT REVIEW to hear how I first became aware of the faculty I possessed. It is now many years ago since the revival of interest in things occult, and I met just at that time a lady who had learnt palmistry. She read my hand and I was deeply interested and exclaimed: "I wish I could do palmistry!" She replied: "Why not study it?" and told me the names of three of the lines, *not a word more*. A short time after, I, together with a friend who was visiting me, went to spend the evening with some old friends. On entering the room I saw that in addition to the family two gentlemen were present, one an old acquaintance, the other, his cousin, a military man. As soon as the little commotion caused by our entrance had subsided, the conversation, which it seemed had been on occultism, was resumed, and presently palmistry came

on the tapis. My guest said : " I know something about it." At once the officer, who far from ridiculing occultism, avowed a great interest in it, held out his hand and said : " What do you see here ? " The lady, after looking at the lines, said : " I see you had a love affair which caused you sorrow." He began to laugh and said : " Excuse me, but that is a bad shot. I have never been in love in my life." All this time something kept on urging me to look into his hand. I felt I *must* ask to do so, and accordingly with much hesitation and feeling astonishment at the urgent inner prompting, I said : " I know *nothing* about palmistry, but may I look at your hand ? " The moment it lay open before me I saw everything clearly, and said : " It is not a love affair that has troubled you, but when you were quite a boy, some very near male relative, through no fault of his own, had a great misfortune with regard to money, and this has handicapped you all your life." With a look of great surprise he turned from me and said : " *Every word of this is true.* My father, conjointly with a solicitor, was trustee for a wealthy young lady. The solicitor bolted with all her securities, and my father had to pay the penalty." Never shall I forget, not so much the amazement of my friends, but my own surprise at what I had seen and said ! From that day I have never been allowed to hide my light under a bushel. I have repeatedly been asked to write a book on palmistry, but have declined. I read many things in hands, but *how* I cannot explain—it is an intuition, an inspiration if you will, which comes to me and for which I can give no rule. I will give a brief example. Within the last four months I met a lady at a friend's house. I knew absolutely nothing of her. After lunch she said : " I have heard so much of your power, would it bore you very much to look at my hand ? " I did so, and told her of a very serious illness she had had. I described the appearance of her doctor, and also told her that he was intensely sympathetic, and that there was something almost tragic in his death. She said. " Every word that you have spoken is true, but *how on earth* did you see all that ? "

I was much interested to read Mr. Fellows' article " The Occult and the Law," in a recent number of this magazine, and specially note the following : " A very celebrated gipsy palmist told the writer she read the line of life in the hand chronologically upwards, whereas the followers of Desbarolles read it downwards." This is *precisely* what I do, and hundreds of people, I may say, have remarked : " But every one else reads the lines the other way, and *you* only look at the left hand ; why do you do that ? "

"For the very good reason," I reply, "that I have never *learnt* palmistry, that it all comes to me naturally, and that the left hand supplies me with all the information I require." Whereupon the invariable remark is: "You are a witch, and if you had been born a century earlier you would have been burnt."

Psychic healing is a faculty which I exercised all unconscious of the gift. From early childhood people used to like me to stroke or to hold their hands or their heads if they felt ill and always remarked: "You have such a soothing touch." I felt often very tired, though my friends would say: "You have done me so much good." If this happened away from home, on my return there I would be greeted thus: "What have you been doing? You look as if you had seen a ghost." I could only reply that I had done nothing, except to hold a sick or troubled friend's hand or head, that I had felt intensely anxious to relieve her sufferings and could only suppose that *this* made me look pale and tired. Some years later a friend asked me to go with her to see a well known clairvoyante whom she knew. On entering the room the clairvoyante exclaimed: "I feel a *very* powerful magnetic influence in the room—one I have not felt before," and said to me: "Will you let me hold your hand?" I went to her, and as soon as she took my hand she said: "You have a marvellous gift of healing. You have never yet developed half the powers that you possess." After a moment's pause she continued: "It is a strange thing to say, but you *could almost bring the dead back to life.*" She then begged me to exercise care in using this power and always to put my hands into cold water afterwards, adding: "People will feel your strong magnetic influence the moment they come into contact with it, and all unconsciously will draw the magnetism out of you, as water is squeezed out of a sponge."

This remark at once made clear to me the cause of the fatigue of which I have spoken, and this must have been what Christ meant when He said: "I perceive that virtue is gone out of Me."

With regard to divination by cartomancy, I have exercised it for years for amusement and have foretold many curious things which have been literally fulfilled, showing that, in spite of the ridicule cast upon it, "there is more in it than meets the eye." To those who take an interest in this form of occultism, I would recommend the study of *The Tarôt of The Bohemians*, which claims to be the most ancient book in the world. Divination by the Tarôt cards is much more complicated, I believe, than by the ordinary ones. A Tarôt pack consists of 78 cards, 22 of which correspond in some way to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

The oldest Tarôt is that of the Egyptians, but there are Italian and French Tarôts, the latter adapted to his own method by a French barber called "Etteila," who achieved a certain reputation. But once again I must say, that to be in *any* way successful in this or other forms of divination rests in one's self. The inspiration *must* come from within. Before closing this article I will relate an incident which I think will interest. I once met a *very* pretty and charming French girl. She told me that she had long wished to meet me, and to ask me to read her hand. Needless to say that I gladly did so and read her fortune by palmistry and cards. She assured me that everything was true. I asked her, as she seemed greatly interested, if she did anything of the kind. She said: "The only way I can tell fortunes is with pins. "With pins, I echoed, *how* extraordinary, *how* did you learn?"

"From an old Italian nurse, when I lived in France with my grandmother; if you like I will tell yours." I was only too delighted. Going out of the room she quickly returned with seven ordinary dressing pins. One was a little larger than the rest; she bent this and one other, the remaining five she left straight.

"You must choose a crooked one for yourself, the other will represent any one you like; place all seven pins in the hollow of your left hand, then put the other hand, hollowed, over it and shake the pins up and down to shuffle them; when you have done this, turn them out on the table." I followed her instructions exactly, and when I had put them on the table she began at once to tell me what she saw. I went through this little performance three times and was astonished at what I heard, some of the predictions coming true *almost immediately*. Of course she was gifted with *immense* intuition, or whatever one may call it—the pins were only her medium!

There are many who know nothing whatever of the things of which I have written and class them all as "*rubbish*," if not worse. To these I would say that the smallest faculty is as surely the gift of a beneficent God as "beauty, intellect, or wealth," and can be used to benefit one's fellow creatures or the reverse.

In this rapidly progressive twentieth century it is impossible to say what further developments or discoveries will be made to link, in the bonds of a closer fellowship of communion, this material, temporal world, with that unseen world behind the veil, but one thing is certain: it is not so much to savants and scientists that we must look for results as to those of whom it is written "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

THE ORIGIN OF THINGS

BY SCRUTATOR

LIFE AND MATTER. By Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Williams & Norgate, 14, Henrietta Street, W.C.

STRANGE that in these days, when even cold-drawn science is disposed to justify the rather free use of the imagination and when speculative philosophy is the vantage-ground of any one claiming to have an opinion on modern problems of life and mind, there should be found serious people willing to spend time and energy in discussing the origin of things, to advance an *ultima ratio* concerning life and matter, as if our opinions about them were fundamental to a system of thought or exerted a direct influence on problems of modern psychology, or were essential to our religious beliefs. I submit that they hold no such position and that what was abandoned hundreds of years ago as useless probing of the great secret of life, the vain quest of an *ultima thule*, is not likely to find a satisfactory solution at the hands of modern theorists, inasmuch as there can be no final test of truth.

Professor Haeckel has written and has been extensively read upon "The Riddle of the Universe." It is claimed for him, and allowed by his critics, that he has affected the youth of this age to a considerable extent, and in so far as his principles are incorrect, to that extent his influence has been adverse. Hence the burden of *Life and Matter* which Sir Oliver Lodge throws against the teaching of Haeckel in the scales of modern opinion.

Haeckel has sought to prove that life, the peculiar form of energy which lies at the back of organic action, is itself a property of matter, and therefore only in mode of expression to be dissociated from cosmic energy and all other forms of activity in material bodies. Matter is for him the one thing in existence, and force is its attribute. The collocation of material particles, under laws which are evident enough but wholly inexplicable, results in the genesis of the organic cell whose activities give rise to what we know as consciousness. But instead of the Haeckelian postulate of material energy as responsible for all mental and

psychic phenomena, some would prefer the Vedantin trilogy of life, substance and consciousness, which are by the oriental mind regarded as prime coordinates. Perhaps the transcendentalist, who regards all material things as the product of mind, is as far from the real state of affairs as the materialist who looks upon mind only as a bye-product of matter. In any event, our relation to the things of our consciousness remains undisturbed by what we may think as to their ultimate nature and origin. If I look upon a scene of surpassing beauty, its effect upon me as environment is the same whether I think of it as an effect of ideation or as having an existence per se. But so far as regards the work of Sir Oliver Lodge, we find that it is intended to confute two errors which are prevalent :—

1. The notion that because material energy is constant in quantity, therefore its transformations and transferences—which admittedly constitute terrestrial activity—are not susceptible of guidance or directive control.

2. The idea that the specific guiding power which we call "life" is one of the forms of material energy, so that directly it relinquishes its connexion with matter other equivalent forms of energy must arise to replace it.

Under the latter of these heads Sir Oliver argues that at the back of material existences there may be—and in his conception there is room for—a fundamental substratum, which, "if it can be reached, will be found to be eternal." This, as far as it goes, is an argument for the imperishability of the ego, the persistence of the individual unit of consciousness—as of Deity, conceivably at the back of human existence. So far as the argument applies to the material universe, however, we are led to the conclusion that "it is the ether only which persists." It is the substratum of matter as far as we know it. The accidental collocations derived from its differentiation are impermanent. The thought that arises naturally in the mind from a consideration of this position is somewhat startling, though it is far removed from any conclusion to which Sir Oliver would have conducted us, no doubt. It is that, if matter disintegrates and material bodies are finally resolved into their etheric substratum, what prevents that the individual mind, with its collocation of perceptions and memories, may not also be resolved, broken up, and referred back to the universal mind, or whatever we may choose to call that substratum of the various centres of consciousness called "minds"? The Buddhist entertains some such effect as the result of the destruction of the *ahankara* or self-regarding instinct in man.

When Haeckel says that "attraction and repulsion seem to be the sources of *will*—that momentous element of the soul which determines the character of the individual," he concedes a good deal in favour of the orthodox view of what is called "appetite of mind" without in the least helping us to determine what was the prime motive power which gave rise to selection in primordial matter. To Sir Oliver Lodge it appears a grotesque fancy which regards matter as moved "not by external forces, but by internal likes and dislikes." But clearly it is as conceivable that matter is invested with qualities which give rise to likes and dislikes, sympathies and antipathies—to use an old phrase—as that it is impelled by forces external to itself so as to be under "directive control." The ancients appeared to hint at chemic affinities under the allegories of the "loves and hates" of the gods, as we see in the Greek mythologies. May not the behaviour of the "atom" be regarded as the result of the activity of its impounded electrons? As to the permanent substratum to which Sir Oliver would refer all manifestations of impermanent matter, an old philosopher has said: "The material and immaterial are identical in everything but name." The view of Sir Oliver Lodge is, in all essentials, sustained by the Mystics and Hermetists, as by the Vedantins of the East who hold that "matter is the ultimate expression of spirit as form is that of force," whence is derived the correspondence between spiritual forces and their material forms. Berkeley went so far as to say that all matter and motion have their origin in consciousness and are nothing but "forms of consciousness." Even Haeckel admits that if he were compelled to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, he would feel "compelled to choose the latter," whereby he metaphorically turns a somersault off his *terra firma* of rigid materialism over the heads of the theists and lands safely on the ground of the transcendentalist. But here Sir Oliver declines to follow him. In following Sir Oliver Lodge, however, the reader occasionally meets with arguments which, taken in the light of the most recent scientific discoveries, leaves him wondering whether the distinguished author has availed himself as fully as he legitimately might, of the argument from analogy. Thus it is said:—

In order that a planet may by gravitative attraction control the roving atoms of gas, and confine their excursions to within a certain range of itself, it must have a very considerable mass. The earth is big enough to do it. The moon is not . . . So also it may be said that a sun differs from a dark planet only in size; for it is just the fact of great size which enables its gravitative-shrinkage and earthquake-subsistence to generate

an immense quantity of heat and to maintain the mass for æons at an excessively high temperature, thereby fitting it to become a centre of light and life to a number of worlds. The blaze of the sun is a property which is the outcome of its great mass. *A small permanent sun is an impossibility.*

Can this be held as a statement of fact having regard to the known properties of a grain of radium? But when Sir Oliver applies this effect of size to the phenomena of heat and light production he may, for aught the man in the street can say to the contrary, be perfectly within the bounds of legitimate science. The conclusion, however, when applied to the problems of life and matter, the origin of consciousness and the nature of individuality, comes dangerously near conceding the whole ground, of debate to his opponent. He says, arguing from the chemical effect of mass —

Properties can be possessed by an aggregate or assemblage of particles which in the particles themselves did not in the slightest degree exist.

From this argument Haeckel might very well derive his consciousness as a bye-product of living matter, or his individuality as the aggregate results of cell function. This effect of things in the aggregate, or mass-results, if accepted as taught, might lead to speculative conclusions quite at variance with scientific fact supposed to be illustrated by it.

Sir Oliver is always lucid in his argument, even when not wholly convincing, and in his consideration of the relations existing between man and nature, shows himself to be naturally optimistic and deeply affected by the spiritual view of things. In this part of his work he has some fine passages, the truth of which appeals to us more intimately because they reflect our own innermost thought and are in a measure things of common experience. The fact that nature does not cease to exist where we cease to perceive her, is well stated in the following notable passage :—

The universe is in no way limited to our conceptions ; it has a reality apart from them ; nevertheless they themselves constitute a part of it, and can only take a clear and consistent character in so far as they correspond with something true and real. Whatever we can clearly and consistently conceive, that is *ipso facto* in a sense already existent in the universe as a whole ; and that, or something better, we shall find to be a dim foreshadowing of a higher reality.

This is as much as to say the future exists and that we are attaining to it in the process of evolution, but whether the universe has a reality apart from our conceptions or not, is the whole

question in debate between the idealist and the theist. The position of the former is well defined by Emerson in his essay where he says : "The idealist views the world in God. He sees the whole circle of persons and things, not as painfully accumulated, atom by atom, act after act in an age creeping past, but as one vast scene painted on the instant eternity by the hand of God for the eternal contemplation of the human soul." This, or passages like it which are to be found in Sir Oliver Lodge's work, are surely better reading and more satisfactory food for thought than the futile discussion of hypotheses regarding the ultimate nature of life and matter. Neither Haeckel nor Sir Oliver Lodge help us at all to understand why there is diversity of opinion as to the origin, nature and destiny of the human soul, or need for controversy upon the world problem. All we know is that where two theories are diametrically opposed, both cannot be right, and in the absence of any criteria one is as good as another. It is because I doubt whether a man's views regarding the origin and nature of life and matter have any the least bearing on his moral and intellectual status, his usefulness in the world, or his ability to probe for himself the mysteries which are nearer to him and his immediate needs, that I have questioned the *cui bono* of the present production. Nevertheless, these problems will always have their fascination for a certain class of high thinkers and incidentally the reader will derive much information which cannot fail to be suggestive and useful to him.

The radical relations between God, man and nature cannot in the least degree be affected by our views concerning them, nor can our attitude towards the problems of futurity affect in any permanent manner the natural working out of these problems within the scheme of the universe as regards the human race. Nevertheless a bold consideration of these ultimate questions cannot but have an elevating effect upon the mind, and possibly may lead to the better appreciation of those problems which lie more nearly to the threshold of our daily life, and for this reason Sir Oliver Lodge's views on "Life and Mind" will doubtless be read with serious attention wherever culture of this kind is in progress.

TELEPATHY AND PRAYER

SOME EXPERIENCES AND A MORAL

BY H. C. D.

OVER a quarter of a century ago my brother went to learn farming in the United States. I forget whether it was that year or the next that my mother (in London) woke one night (she was most emphatic that it was *not* a dream) with the impression that he was in danger, and she felt it a direction to offer special intercession for him, which she at once did; and noted the date in her diary next morning. In course of post came a letter to say that at that time (allowing for difference of longitude) he had what might easily have been a fatal accident. Coming from the hay-field on the top of a load of hay along a path on the edge of a gully the load shifted and he was thrown off on his head and was within an ace of breaking his neck; as it was he suffered severely.

A dozen years after this occurrence, I had retired from my profession into a farm in the country where I had erected a small iron room which is used as a private chapel licensed by the bishop of the diocese as we are some seven miles by road from our parish church. The following incidents in connexion with it render it needful to say that in course of time this chapel was designated the "Oratory of Continual Intercession," and our memorial services also, and the offices for the dead were and are asked for from many parts of England.

During the war in South Africa there was continual intercession for the success of our arms and special prayer for eleven men known by name who had gone from us and three sons of a widowed friend of mine. Eventually every one of these fourteen men returned without loss of even a limb—one was slightly wounded the other day in Nigeria. Some of them offered thanks at a special service in chapel afterwards, and it was good to hear them say "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle" in the special Psalm.

That year came the terrible illness of the King. A few weeks after that fateful June a cousin of mine (well-known in the world) had a somewhat similar illness. Special intercession was made

and continual telegrams reached us about him. One Saturday afternoon an inexplicable direction urged me to do what I never did before or since, viz., put on full chapel garb before lighting the altar candles and having a special private vigil before the altar in chapel—I often go in to pray in every-day dress. I was too busy afterwards with the usual chapel routine and preparation for Sunday work to think about that action being unusual. It occurred to me two or three days later, and I wrote to my cousin (the wife) and mentioned what I had done and said it would be interesting to know whether anything particular had happened about then, and I got an immediate reply that it was the very crisis of the illness and from that afternoon recovery had set in.

The next year my mother died aged nearly seventy-nine. Her father and mother and four brothers had all died under fifty. My mother's life had been spared time after time in direct answer to prayer. On one occasion, on a visit from Sir James Paget to fix the date for an operation he said, "Why, what have you done? It is not now necessary"; and at the last, over twenty years later, after months of terrible suffering in her eyes, there was an hour's intense agony and then unconsciousness for twenty-six hours before she passed away; and an hour or two after she became unconscious there arrived a telegram that the oculist would come to operate during the afternoon. She was spared that.

The last item of my experiences is as follows. I had been having a friend, executor of my will, to pass the evening, discussing my testamentary dispositions, reading old letters as to certain trusts of forty years ago, etc. I went to bed about 12.30 and woke at 3 a.m. after the following *dream*. I was at the lectern-pulpit of my private chapel and illustrating the address (as I often do) by reading some letters, when the said friend came up to me and said, "You've been going on long enough, don't you think?" I looked down on my book from which I had been reading and saw on the left-hand page about a quarter of a page of what I took to be the last letter I had read, but it was not signed, then a separate letter signed "Bernard" in big black capitals, and the rest of that page and the whole of the right page was full of printing, so I looked up and said (as to the congregation) aloud, "I will end for the night and take the matter up another time." I should say that the book was printed right across the page and seemed to me like the old wills one sees bound in volumes at Somerset House. I used often to have to examine them some twenty to twenty-five years ago.

' And I woke and thought it curious and wondered how "Bernard" had got into my mind! Quicker than it takes to write the words I remembered that ever since some two or three months previously I had read a published letter of peculiarly pathetic interest about his failing health from *Bernard*, Bishop of X. We had had his name on our intercessions list but he was only mentioned as Bishop of X. in my announcements and here was his Christian name alone without his title. This was Saturday; on the previous Sunday after weeks without news I had been able to give out that he was better, and since then work prevented my thinking of him.

In the few minutes that I was awake at 3 a.m. I resolved to note in my diary this event. On waking again about 7 a.m. my mind was full of my work for the day and the dream quite forgotten. When my letters and papers came about 9 a.m. I opened one of them at a portrait and announcement of the death of the said bishop which occurred the previous afternoon.

From what has preceded in these notes you will not be surprised at my considering the dream as a message from him that he knew of our sympathy and wished to direct us to transfer his name in chapel intercessions to the *next* clause in the prayer "for the whole state of Christ's Church," i.e. "We bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy Servants departed this life in Thy Faith and Fear." So the next evening, Sunday, I duly made this above statement in chapel after the third collect, when giving out intercessions as usual, and it was listened to with amazement, and I had added the bishop's portrait to the memorials of the dead in chapel which little wall space now has portraits, memorial cards etc. of some representative men of various phases of thought. Cardinal Newman, Mr. McKinley (President, U.S.A.), Fr. Dolling, and two dear boys (twins) killed some time ago in a railway accident, and last, of Archbishop Temple and his mother.

Another week passed after that Sunday with—to me—its usual much occupation and travelling, and on the following Sunday in perusing a Friday's weekly paper I came across an obituary notice that fulfilled the actual two pages of print I had seen in my dream, making allowance for the difference of the columns of a newspaper and a book printed right across the page, i.e. (1) a preliminary notice, (2) a letter or will, (3) further notes and personal reminiscences, and it was announced that the bishop's sufferings had been much less, no doubt, in answer to prayer.

The letter was *only* signed "Bernard," without his title, and it *was* a kind of will to those left behind! And thus I had fulfilled my words in my dream: "I will end for the night and take the matter up another time," and that evening in chapel I read the exhortation or will written by the bishop to his clergy just before his death, "in the light of the eternal world," to use his own words.*

The following is remarkably appropriate:—

OCCULT REVIEW, Jan., p. 19, E.H.B.—"The spirits of the just are at rest; and only as ministering spirits are they allowed still to have communion with earth and the friends they have loved so well there! And then, it is to *individuals* they come, *not to localities*; to help and cheer and advise them; to show them that love is immortal and to demonstrate to certainty, beyond shadow of doubt, the truth of the life beyond the grave!"

* These experiences may appear disconnected and parts of them irrelevant to telepathy, but the underlying thought which to my mind connects them is intercession—one of the main objects in my chapel—offered continually for souls whether in the body or out of the body, and that all prayer whether for body or soul has untold recompense to the soul that intercedes as well as unfathomable power for others, besides "mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won." It is to be noted, one revelation was an accurate description of one who had passed away, the other was only the Christian name of one unknown except by name.

IMMORTAL OR IMMORTALIZABLE?

By MAUD JOYNT

NO words have been so current in all ages and all tongues as the words "personal immortality" or their equivalents; no hope seems to be more widely spread or to have a firmer hold on men's hearts than that implied in them—the hope of continued existence as a self on the other side of the grave. Yet it may be questioned whether any phrase has been so little understood by those who use it. When we come to reflect dispassionately on the meaning of the words, the vision they conjure up is rather terrifying than otherwise. There are many of us who feel our personality to be rather an obstacle to higher development than a thing to be held fast and who look forward to death as a possible escape from it; to such the prospect of an endless connexion with it seems a fate like that which legend assigned to Ahasuerus. And the light thrown by spiritistic phenomena—if they may be accepted as testimony—on the continuance of the discarnate personality does not tend to make the prospect more attractive.

The words suggest two questions: What is personality? What is immortality? Let us take the latter question first; in seeking to answer it we may find some solution of the former.

Immortality, as popularly understood, means existence indefinitely prolonged in time.

This raises another question: What is time? Most persons not trained in metaphysics conceive of time as something real, having an objective existence. But the philosophers since Kant (and, indeed, many before him) tell us that time is simply a form of our consciousness, that it is engendered by the succession of our sensations and thoughts. A little reflection on our own inner experiences, on the state of sleep (in which consciousness and with it the perception of time may wholly cease), or again of dreams, in which the events of hours, days, years may be concentrated into a moment, brings home to us its essentially subjective nature. But since it is the experience of the majority, not of the individual, which furnishes our test of validity, and since, moreover, the material world, in its changes, furnishes us with an objective standard by which to mark the lapse of time,

we regard it as something existing independently of consciousness.

My notion of time, then, is engendered by my consciousness of change in myself, or indirectly, by my perception of change in the material world around me. The only time which has any real existence for me is the present moment : that is to say, my actual state of consciousness ; and I am rendered aware of the lapse of time only by the continuous flow of my consciousness. When through any cause that flow is checked, time ceases to exist for me.

Now if we denote the momentary or actual state of consciousness by a point—that which has position, not magnitude—the obvious symbol for time is a line, the travelling path of the point ; and this was the symbol which Kant used to denote it. But we know that if a straight line be produced to infinity it will return on itself and generate a circle. That which has no end cannot have a beginning. And we can scarcely avoid an analogous conclusion with regard to time. Any attempt to prolong its lapse indefinitely in thought, either backwards or forwards, seems to lead us to a conception, like that of Nietzsche, of an endlessly recurring cycle.

The conception, then, which is involved in the popular notion of immortality, of an individual existence having a beginning in time but no end, will be found, I believe, on reflection impossible. The belief in immortality ought logically to bring with it a belief in pre-existence.

It may indeed be that a consciousness freed from a material environment (as we may assume that our consciousness will be if it survives death) measures the lapse of time by a standard different from ours. Cardinal Newman has tried to convey this idea in his *Dream of Gerontius* :—

Not so with us in the immaterial world ;
 But intervals in their succession
 Are measured by the living thought alone,
 And grow or wane with its intensity.
 And time is not a common property ;
 But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
 And near is distant, as received and grasped
 By this mind and by that, and every one
 Is standard of his own chronology.
 And memory lacks its natural resting-points
 Of years, and centuries, and periods.

But here the notion of time and the manner of its generation are essentially unchanged ; the difference lies solely in its com-

putation. In fact, we cannot conceive of consciousness—as we know it—apart from time. And we cannot conceive of a state in which we exist as a *personality* except as something analogous to our present consciousness.

For *personality*—and here we come to our second question—is nothing else than the main bulk of our consciousness: the sum total of our emotions, thoughts and volitions, both fugitive and abiding; the never-ceasing and ever-changing current of impressions which follow and obliterate one another and the permanent mental habits which they create as they flow. For what we consider our permanent qualities are determined by the trend of our consciousness from moment to moment; what we are is the result of what we think.

Our *personality* is, in a word, that of the self which is *manifested*; that by which we know ourselves and by which (through the medium of speech and action) others know us. It unfolds itself gradually and in succession of time; it is latent in infancy and assumes a definite character as years go by. The experiences of life are the agents which call it into manifestation, and in a certain sense consciousness might be defined as the gradual unfolding of *personality*. Further, its development is strictly limited by the physical organism (more especially the brain) with which it is associated. Our body is at once the symbol of our *personality* and the instrument through which it works; and as the latter develops itself in the course of life, the habits of the inner man stamp themselves on the outer man.

Personality must be distinguished from *individuality*. The *personality* corresponds in the main to the supraliminal self; it includes all feelings, thoughts and memories, which can be called into the field of active consciousness; it may be more or less multiplex; most of us are aware of different strands, so to speak, in our inner fibre. The *individuality* lies deeper and is, perhaps, the co-ordinating power which holds together the various elements of our nature; it is latent, unevolved; and perhaps our evolution consists in the acquisition and bringing into manifestation, on the part of the *personality*, of the underlying strata belonging to the *individuality*. Perhaps this evolution may be continued in a future state—whether as a discarnate *personality* or in successive incarnations. Perhaps when Mr. Gladstone used the term “immortalizable” he was thinking of the gradual realization of the *individuality*.* But the fact

* Many of us are conscious that the space of a mortal life and the restrictions of circumstances do not allow us to develop all our potential

which I want to emphasize here is that personality acts and manifests itself *in time*; that whether in incarnate or disincarnate beings, it involves the notion of a more or less fluent or changing state.

Let us turn again to the circle which furnished us with a symbol for endless time, and let us conceive of the unit of personality as a point moving along its circumference. Such a point would be aware of nothing outside itself (i.e. outside the actual field of consciousness at the present moment); every other point in the circle (past and future) would be outside its ken. But we can conceive of the centre of the circle as a consciousness to which every point of the circumference stands in an equal relation, which "intuites" the whole. Such a consciousness would be changeless unity; the distinctions of present, past and future would have no meaning for it. To it the whole course of terrestrial evolution would be apparent simultaneously, the perfected type at the same time with the gradual unfolding. I use the term "consciousness" for want of a better, for of course such a consciousness would be wholly different from ours. To it intuition and thought would be the same thing. It would be the eternal consciousness.

"Eternal" then, as opposed to "immortal," implies not endless succession, but unchanging unity. It denotes a state which is outside time altogether.

Now, far as this conception may be above our minds, we may yet find an analogue for it in human experience. Genius and its outcome art, and the higher intuitions of science, philosophy and religion, provide us with such an analogue.

Genius in its highest manifestation is the power of discovering unity under difference—of seizing the eternal and immutable elements in that which is changing and transitory. In the work of genius (be it picture or poem or music) the fleeting forms of the material world become the symbols in which the abiding and spiritual element—the type, the idea—is enshrined. "A poem," says Shelley, "is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth . . . the creation of actions according to the unchangeable forms of human nature, as existing in the mind

qualities, that our present personality is, so to speak, only a selection of possibilities. It was a feeling of this sort which led Goethe to believe in immortality (see Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, Feb. 4, 1829). Doubtless Wordsworth had the distinction between personality and individuality in his mind when he wrote the last Duddon sonnet:—

"We feel that we are greater than we know."

of the Creator, which is itself the image of all other minds." The greater the genius, the more universal and lasting the truth of its utterance, the less power have the lapse of time and the changes in men's thought to impair or invalidate it. The same holds good of all the sublime intuitions to which gifted thinkers have attained; they are truths viewed "*sub quadam specie aeternitatis*," as Spinoza says. So too in the sphere of feeling and conduct: the spiritual genius, he who becomes a teacher and uplifter of mankind is he who recognizes his affinity and oneness with other men; who recognizes, too, the imperishable grandeur underlying all human depravity and sees the divine type even in its most debased embodiment.* Such men attain the highest outcome of personality, which is to transcend and annul itself.

This I believe to be the goal spoken of in the fourth gospel as "eternal life"—spoken of, be it noted, in the present tense, not as something relegated to a future existence. "He that believeth on the Son *hath* eternal life." Perhaps we are all fragmentary units of an all-embracing consciousness, now borne along on the current of manifestation—on the ever-revolving wheel of time; and it may be that the ultimate destiny set before each of us is to escape from isolation, from ceaseless change, realizing in succession those profounder reaches of consciousness which shall bring us nearer the Eternal Centre and Self of all.

* The power of transcending the limits of time and of the particular—

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour,"

as Blake expresses it—seems to be a fundamental characteristic of all mystic states of intuition, religious or other. Religious mysticism has been defined as "the attempt to realize, in thought and feeling, the immanence of the temporal in the eternal, and of the eternal in the temporal." (Inge, *Christian Mysticism*, Lecture I.)

PSYCHIC RECORDS

THE Rev. G. H. Johnson, M.A., Late Chaplain of Monaco, sends the following record, entitled "A True Story" :—

Mrs. J— D— occupied an old palazzo in Florence. In the other wing of the same palazzo lived a celebrated writer. To this wing was adjoined an old chapel, formerly the family chapel of the mansion, which had for a long time been disused. A view of the windows of this was commanded from Mrs. J.— D—'s apartments. One evening the latter, having returned late from a party, was going upstairs to bed, when, on passing a window, to her great surprise she saw the windows of the chapel most brilliantly illuminated. She called her son, who came and also saw the same thing. The light was very bright, and conveyed the idea of the chapel being illuminated as for a festival. Also small blue lights of an unearthly appearance seemed to dance on the pavement outside. Three domestics joined them, and for some time all five stood watching the spectacle. Though thinking it very strange, they do not seem to have realized at the time that it was of a supernatural character.

However, next morning, Mrs. J— D— called upon her neighbour, and asked, "Why did you have the chapel illuminated last night?" The lady stared in utter astonishment, and said, "I cannot think what you mean. The chapel was not only not illuminated last night, but it is never used or entered. Come and see it." They did so, and found it was just in the state of a building which is never entered. Dust lay heavily upon everything, and there was absolutely nothing which could be used to give light. It was plain that no natural explanation of the appearance could be given. But a death was taking place in the palace at the very time the phenomenon was witnessed; and it was afterwards found out that a similar appearance had been more than once witnessed when a death was occurring in the palazzo.

Of this, however, none of the witnesses of the appearance had ever heard. This, I think, is an unusually well-attested case. Five persons saw the appearance, all in good health and normal in every way. Two of them are personally known to me.

Mrs. K. Henry Anderson sends the following from her son :—

“ On November 23 last year, I was about to cross from the corner of Prince’s Street, Edinburgh, into Hanover Street. At the other corner, opposite a large shop, stood a horse and brougham ; the horse was turned towards me and about twenty yards away. Suddenly from the gutter, where it falls into the drain, rose a vague black shape about 4 feet long and 2½ feet high, without legs. It was shaped like an hour-glass and moved like a huge caterpillar, or the body of a galloping horse, towards the horse, about fifteen feet off. The movement was very rapid. It sprang to the throat of the animal, clung there like a limpet for an instant, and disappeared. The curious part follows. The horse, in evident terror, reared violently straight up, throwing out his hoofs as if to strike something. A passer-by went to his head, and I succeeded in quieting the terrified creature. The streets were brilliantly lit with electric light, and shop-windows rendered the illumination greater.

“ I cannot account for the appearance. My mind was occupied with simple every-day subjects of no great moment. I have excellent sight, and I do not wear glasses, which sometimes cause strange shadows of objects beyond their limit.”

GODFREY H. ANDERSON.

The son to whom the above happened had another experience of an unusual sight. He, with his two sisters and another girl, were staying in St. Andrews in July, 1904. The younger sister Violet and Miss Drummond went out one afternoon, about two o’clock, and did not come back till after four. At tea-time Violet stated, in the course of conversation, that she and her friend had been for a good long walk along the sands. To her amazement Godfrey said that was impossible, as he had seen her in the dining-room at a quarter to four, in an armchair near the fireplace—that she was reading a book when he entered, but, to his surprise, said nothing. Before leaving the room he looked at her a second time. It needed both her own and Miss Drummond’s assertions to convince him that whatever he had seen *she* was not there, but at the moment that he saw her she was at least a mile or more away from the house. She remembered having noticed, when walking on the sands, that the hands of the clock on the Royal and Ancient Club House pointed to a quarter to four, a sufficient proof that she was *not* in the room where her brother thought he saw her.

WHY DO GHOSTS WEAR CLOTHES

BY LUX

THE subject of the inquiry propounded by the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW stated in his own terms is as follows :—

“ Is the fact that ghosts appear in clothes conclusive proof against all evidence to the contrary that the ghosts so appearing are hallucinations or the stories concerning them concocted inventions ?

“ If not, how do you justify such appearances in the light of reason and common sense ? And to what theory in connexion with apparitions does the appearance in the clothes they wore when alive appear to point ? ”

In considering this subject it may be advisable to reason backwards from the effects which we do perceive in the visible world to the causes which produce those effects—which we do not perceive—and which have their origin in the invisible world.

All “ ghosts ” were once men or women, and for this reason I propose to trace the cause of their appearing in clothes from the motives which regulated their conduct during earth life.

In order to keep strictly within the scope of the inquiry, I will take it for granted that the continued existence of mankind after “ death ” is provisionally accepted ; and, indeed, there is substantial reason for this acceptance in the cumulative testimony of many writers.

“ Death ” then may be considered as the portal which leads to a change of state, a change from visible existence to a condition of invisible existence. It does not necessarily mean a change of character or ideas, and it is reasonable to infer that a man in the new state of invisibility grows slowly, as in visible life, to an accommodation to his new surroundings, and that no sudden change takes place in his real personality.

It is therefore logical to assume that a man “ dead ” is to all intent the same as a man “ alive,” and would consequently be actuated by corresponding motives, and would act in a corresponding manner.

Let us then ask “ Why *men* wear clothes ? ” and see if this will lead to an understanding of the problem.

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It would appear superficially as if men wore clothes merely to keep themselves warm, and though this is undoubtedly true in cold countries, yet on reflection this will be seen to be not the only reason, nor even the most important one why men wear clothes. A policeman would be just as warm in the skin sack of an Esquimaux as he is in his usual attire, but dressed as such he would not embody the modern idea of a policeman. A knight in armour gives a distinct impression of a fighting man, but the same man in rags and tatters, although perhaps he would be more comfortable and quite as warm, would not body forth the idea of a properly equipped fighter. Even in countries where no clothes are necessary for warmth, clothes are still worn, and worn with infinite gradations of form and colour. It seems clear, therefore, that *men* wear clothes principally for the purpose of manifesting ideas, an abstract idea of authority and a concrete idea of individuality.

As a "ghost" was a man and every man will be a "ghost," it seems evident that a "ghost" wears clothes for precisely the same dominant motives, i.e. to express individuality or authority; in short, to identify himself with the position and period of his earth life.

It seems to present a difficulty to some people, this question of ghosts' clothes, as they say that even if the man is immortal, clothes are not, and therefore it is unreasonable, absurd and impossible for an authentic "ghost" to appear clothed.

It is very evident that the basis of all manifestations is thought. Now in the physical state immense trouble and ingenuity have to be exerted to give to invisible ideas—which are the basis of all expression—that rigidity and constant form by which alone they can be of use in the material state of existence, but in the etheric plane of being where invisible man lives, a different condition must of necessity prevail.

It is highly probable that ideas are, in the ethere condition of life, capable of immediate realization in form by an effort of will, and the forms so manifested would dissolve as soon as the potent constructive will force was removed.

Doubtless it means knowledge as well as will power, but there should not be any difficulty in understanding how a "ghost" could thus present himself clothed. A "ghost" clothes himself in exactly the same way as a man, viz. by the exercise of thought and will. There is consequently no need to suppose the immortality or resurrection of old clothes.

It may still be a difficulty to some people to realize where the basic material for astral clothes comes from, because it is clear

that ideas in themselves are intangible, and must be clothed in some kind of substance if they are to be realized by a separate mind.

How does the natural world help us here? We see that in the case of air we have compound gases in a normal state of invisibility and great fluidity, but since Professor Dewar's demonstrations, it is manifest that these conditions can be changed into those of rigid form and visibility.

So with water—we see it in a state of continual flux, varying from the solid form of ice, through the fluid form of water into that of invisible elastic vapours.

A little reflexion will further show that all material things are subject to like changes and are consequently passing from the visible to the invisible condition, and vice versa.

The world then, solid as it appears, is but a series of condensed atmospheres.

It follows, therefore, that the atmospheres contain all the properties and qualities of the solid earth. Moreover, there are emanations, invisible but continuous, from every fabric and every composition, continually passing from the visible to the invisible state.

Therefore there is a sufficiently material basis in the most refined etheric atmosphere to enable every variety of ghostly clothing to be produced at will.

That ghosts do appear in clothes of their own creation is a matter of evidence, and this seems to be a notable test of their real personality and existence, and is not a conclusive proof—or any kind of proof—that “ghosts” so appearing are hallucinations.

The justification for such appearances lies in this, that clothes such as the “ghost” wore in life are an immense aid to identification, and are in fact indispensable when one considers the transitory nature of such appearances as under present conditions the ghost is able to make.

It would be contrary to “reason and common sense” to expect a man in the body to walk about without clothes, and consequently it is in entire agreement with “reason and common sense” for a ghost manifesting, presumably for identification, to take every means to give verisimilitude to his appearance.

The theory which might well be formulated by any respectable ghost would be —As I was—so I am!

REVIEWS

THE DANGERS OF SPIRITUALISM. Second and Enlarged Edition.
By J. Godfrey Raupert. London: Kegan Paul, Trench,
Trübner & Co., Ltd., Dryden House, Gerrard Street, W.
Price 2s. 6d.

MR. GODFREY RAUPERT'S book seems to us, for the most part, an extremely fair-minded one. But it is almost impossible to criticize it with equal fairness in a short space, because, in the nature of the case, it raises so many questions which would demand a detailed discussion.

The writer's position is, in a nutshell, this: He accepts the spiritualistic claims in a general way, thinks that spiritualism has come to stay, and that in course of time the unbeliever will find himself in the minority. He holds, however, that it is extremely dangerous for the average person to dabble in spiritualism, chiefly owing to the risk of bad obsession, and, in some respects, perhaps even more dangerous for the sceptical man of science. But he does not quite see on what ground the latter could be very well restrained from engaging in investigation, especially as the border-line between spiritualistic and other perfectly legitimate, or even desirable, forms of psychological inquiry is necessarily vague and shadowy.

Mr. Raupert, as we have said, candidly admits, in a general way, the soundness of the spiritualistic claims, and therefore there can be no quarrel with him on that score. In return, we admit the existence of the dangers of which he speaks, though we think that they apply more especially to the lower forms of spiritualism, and that unlimited protection and compensation is to be found in the wider and higher aspects of occultism and theosophy, as to the existence of which Mr. Raupert would seem to be entirely in the dark. We do not, however, wish to imply, for a moment, that Mr. Raupert's orthodox religious views have led him to exaggerate these dangers. They are, indeed, horrible enough. Our point is, that he allows his orthodoxy to make him unnecessarily pessimistic.

The fact is, that spiritualism, and mediumship, and obsession, and all these little things are, like house-breaking and globe-trotting, a mere page in the life-history of the ego, which can-

not be skipped, because it is necessary to the comprehension of the whole book. Mr. Raupert, softly murmuring "Satan," would have us skip this page, and that is where we join issue with him.

In other words, what mortal man, Mr. Raupert or another, is to say us nay, if we choose to take the view that the seemingly poor, God-forsaken wretch who, ringed in by half a score of grinning hell-hounds, has just butted out his brains against the nearest lamp-post—that this poor wretch has but now passed through the one experience essential to his permanent future welfare; done the one supreme thing that, hereafter and anon, will be counted to him for righteousness?

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

[I hope I am not expected to endorse this last remark.—ED.]

THE UNSEEN WORLD. By Father Lépiciér. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.

"THE UNSEEN WORLD," by Father Lépiciér, illustrates admirably one of the points of view from which it is possible to approach occultism. On the one side, there is the agnostic inquirer, slow of belief, steady in his advance, asking for evidence before he moves; on the other, there is the Catholic, confident in his position, secure of revelation, ready to meet every new claim with his *concedo* or his *nego*. A middle position is occupied by such a book as Mr. Raupert's *Dangers of Spiritualism*, in which, although a strong opponent of occult investigation, he yet writes as a practical experimentalist, and comes to his conclusions *a posteriori*. Father Lépiciér writes avowedly from the second of those two situations; he assumes the Catholic position, and sets out to do no more than declare it in the scholastic method to those who, while one with him in faith, are yet doubtful in the presence of new problems. ". . . For it is in the historic Christian faith alone," he writes, "that we have the true standard by which the momentous problems presented by modern spiritualism can be fairly and adequately judged." Occultists will therefore dislike this book; they will resent what they think are mere assumptions, and deny the authorities proposed to them. Yet, if they are wise, they will pocket this resentment, and not refuse to learn what it is that 250,000,000 believers in the spiritual world hold concerning that world. No theologian claims to be infallible, however; and although all Catholics assent to Father Lépiciér's premisses, it does not necessarily follow that they are bound to accept all his reason-

ing. But they do accept his practical conclusions—for those are decisions of the Church herself—which consist for the most part of prohibitions to make experiments in the shadowy district that lies beyond death. “Trespassers will be prosecuted” is written at the entrance to some lanes—notably those of séances and necromancy; whereas in other places, such as those of hypnotism and astrology, the Catholic sees no more than “Warning—Danger!” This seems no doubt very narrow-minded to many; but, there it is! And Father Lépicier’s work is an admirable road-book to the travellers of his own communion.

Occultists, too, will probably be astonished at the minuteness of the information offered by the exponents of Catholic teaching; the departments, functions, limitations and divisions of the spiritual world are elaborately discussed. But non-Catholics must remember that such theology is as old as Christianity itself, and that, whatever may be said against it by opponents, it cannot be dismissed as a fancy of yesterday.

R. H. B.

HAUNTINGS. By Vernon Lee. Second Edition. John Lane.
3s. 6d. net.

STYLE has this power: it can confer life when the vital principle is weak in the story. The lady who disguises the pretty name of Violet Paget under the equally pretty one of Vernon Lee is as cunning a fabricator of sentences as now lives; and one has, as it were, to look at her work with the admiration accorded to an exquisite piece of embroidery.

The four fantasies before us have been known since 1890, and one of them, now called *Oke of Okehurst*, appeared separately as *A Phantom Lover* in 1886. They have the charm of their style, and convey the idea of obsession by personality with considerable force. In one of them a nineteenth century student of history becomes enamoured of a princess of the sixteenth century, whose loveliness inspired men to die for her. Her spirit writes letters to him, and compels the dust of a dead rose to assume the form of the undiminished flower. Her lovers’ ghosts are jealous of him, and she condescends to be his executioner when he has fulfilled a work of hatred, admirably imagined, though too easily performed.

In *Oke of Okehurst* a woman is obsessed by the story of a wife in her family, who murdered her lover when her husband was at his mercy. She behaves in a very crude and astonishing

manner until her husband goes mad and shoots her in mistake for a non-existent adulterer.

Perhaps the most original theme in this narrative quartet concerns a musician, haunted by music which he at once loves and loathes, with the result that he cannot compose, and spends his time in vilifying and flattering the demon who produces it.

Fiction is always fiction, and should be read for pleasure rather than profit. But fiction can give currency to solemn thought, and there are those who will be a thousand miles from Vernon Lee's fiction when they read in it of a love that "can survive the death, not merely of the beloved, but of the lover. It is inextinguishable," proceeds my quotation, "and goes on in the spiritual world until it meet a reincarnation of the beloved; and, when this happens, it jets out and draws to it all that may remain of that lover's soul, and takes shape and surrounds the beloved one once more."

And, again, one feels how magical and potent, how dire or rapturous, is that soft quality which men call love.

W. H. CHESSON.

MENTAL DEPRESSION. By Richard J. Ebbard. London: L. N. Fowler and Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is the first volume of a "Natural Treatment Series," in which the causes and treatment of various maladies are to be studied in the light of "modern medical reform science and successful practical experience," and "lucidly explained for the purpose of self-treatment without medicine." The reform of medical science, as explained in the preface, consists in the knowledge "that all derangements and disorders, called diseases, are restored and cured by the *reactive and healing power of the body itself*." Thus the same principles are applied to disease as the modern antiseptic practice applies to wounds, namely, to keep away all causes of infection or poisoning, and give Nature a chance to outwork the cure.

In establishing the close connexion between body and mind the author takes pains to insist that this works both ways. The Christian Scientists lay all the emphasis on the power of mind over body; but Mr. Ebbard is equally firm in laying down the principle that *there is no affection of the mind or soul possible without a material cause*. It is not merely that such physical symptoms as insomnia and digestive troubles, which often accompany mental depression,

are the causes of it ; we need to look deeper for the real cause of both the bodily and the mental effect. The writer considers that deranged processes in the brain give rise to both, and that the cerebral derangement is really a poisoning by toxic elements in the blood. Some have been content to regard uric acid as the poison *par excellence*, and Dr. Haig has shown that it causes a colloid (or gummy) condition of the blood, which retards the capillary circulation ; but Mr. Ebbard recognizes that other poisons, including the uneliminated refuse of exhausted tissue, produce similar, if not worse, effects. His treatment therefore consists in aiding the system to get rid of all these poisons, which he does by a varied treatment consisting mainly of diet, herb, whey and compresses.

No doubt such treatment of material irregularities by material remedies is as necessary as material aid in surgical cases, and we think Mr. Ebbard is right from this point of view also, that when the cerebral functions are impaired, the mind is unable to exert its normal power of keeping the body in health.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE *Open Court* for April gives promise, on the first glance at the contents, of being a highly interesting number. The first title that arrests us is "Mediumistic Reading of Sealed Writing," by David P. Abbott. But as we read it we are disappointed in our hopes of learning anything whatever about the faculties of mediums or clairvoyants ; the article is a description of the methods used by the author to simulate the phenomena in question by artful preparation beforehand, and the only spirits entering into the process are "colonial spirits," a kind of alcohol by means of which envelopes are rendered transparent. Other means are also employed for finding out what has been written, but we shall not give them away, for the author has thought fit to copyright his article, which has no bearing whatever on genuine mediumship, and must be classed with the "demonstrations" or imitations of occult phenomena by Maskelyne and partners, as affording no proof whatever that all occult phenomena are necessarily due to trickery. In this respect it leaves the problem of mediumship just where it was before.

Much more to the purpose is Mr. Hereward Carrington's reply to objections by Mr. Wakeman to previous papers of his on the question of the possibility of conscious survival, in which he thus defines his position :—

In stating that "it must be admitted that thought is in one sense or another a function of the brain," I did not intend to imply, and in fact my whole article was against the assumption, that the thought was the *production* of the brain functioning, and I then pointed out that the functioning might be connected with states of consciousness in altogether another way than in the relation of producer and produced—that this functioning is but coincidental with the thought; not necessarily its producer, but conceivably the produced, the thought being the real causal agency. . . . It may be that consciousness and brain-functioning, though apparently so dissimilar, are ultimately one and the same thing at basis, being but different modes in which the same cause is interpreted. I admit that the brain is simply "active nervous tissue," but this does not prove that the activity *produced* the thought, but merely that it is coincidental with it. There is absolutely no proof that the nerve activity *produces* the consciousness; all that we can ever say on this question is that they are coincidental in point of time.

The eyes are mere transmitters or instruments, and that the consciousness, the idea of seeing, is associated only with activity of the sight-centre in the brain is proved by the fact that in hallucinations, when this sight-centre is morbidly excited, the sensation of sight is experienced *without* vibrations reaching the sight-centre through the eye. . . . I do not see how Mr. Wakeman can pronounce upon the "impossibility" of consciousness persisting apart from brain functions, since all his arguments can ever lead to is the scientific *improbability* of such persistence, and this will rest on the presence or absence of *facts* tending to prove such persistence.

I do not think the question of survival of non-survival can ever be settled by philosophic or metaphysical speculation, but by turning to direct investigation of evidence and of facts tending to say that such persistence of consciousness is an actual fact. If these facts are ever established, then all speculation is mere child's play. Only by such direct evidence can this ever be definitely settled one way or the other.

The *Theosophical Review* for May contains a note on the discovery, in Chinese Turkestan, of fragments of the long-lost Manichæan literature, which, when fully published, will be of immense interest to students of gnostic thought and tradition. Of more immediate interest to occultists is the account, in the same Review, of "A Phenomenal Dream," in which there were "two distinct phases, one connected with the normal body, the other with a supernormal one." When the dreamer came partially to himself, he found that he was "looking with his forehead," and says :—

I was now quite awake but had not yet opened my eyes. To make sure that my eyes were not open I put my hand to them, and immediately became conscious that a circular area of the brain, the size of a half-penny, between the eyebrows and directly above the root of the nose, was vibrating at an enormous rate. It appeared as though a space existed between the frontal bone and the brain, and this space was wholly occupied with these vibrations. It is impossible to give any idea of their harmony and complexity, they were so fine, so rapid, and so exquisite. For some minutes I enjoyed this delightful sensation without opening my eyes.

More about vibrations may be read in the next article (still in the *Theosophical Review*), which deals with things "Seen in the Séance-room" by a trained clairvoyant. This writer describes what happened when an ordinary medium, or natural clairvoyant, took the hand of her sitter and proceeded to read past, present, and future :—

After waiting a few minutes a fine electric current passed from the finger-tips of the client into the hand of the medium, ran up her arm and neck, until it reached the top of the spinal cord, the pineal gland, which then began to vibrate very rapidly. The vibration of the gland affected the nerves at the back of the head and passed the vibrations on to the lower and upper brain. As long as the gland continued to vibrate at that rate the medium was able to perceive pictures, words, or different coloured lights, which streamed out of her forehead between the eyes.

Similarly, it was observed that trance and semi-trance mediums were affected in various ways by the dominant thoughts of the sitters. In these cases, however, it was an emanation from the medium and sitters which was moulded into various forms by the action of the thoughts, and these forms, being in fluidic connexion with the medium, would sometimes cause her to speak.

If the reader is not tired of vibrations by this time, he can turn to Mr. Sinnett's article on this subject in *Broad Views*, for May, in which periodical he will also find some "Notes on Sun Worship," by Mr. W. Williamson ; a description of "The Order of the Yellow Robe," which is dominant in the Burmese Buddhist Church, by Mr. Edward E. Long ; and a remarkable analysis of the legality of prosecutions of palmists, entitled "Cheiropophobia," by Mr. J. M. Borup. Two of Mr. Borup's many points are that the presumed "intent to deceive," on which palmists are condemned under the existing law, is a legal fiction impossible of proof, and that policemen and their wives, when they go to palmists to get up a case against them, are themselves liable to

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be indicted for conspiracy to incite to an illegal act, that is, if the act is really illegal.

The first number of *I.N.R.I.*, "a monthly review of occult science, transcendental philosophy, and experimental research," which is to be the organ of the Martinist and other mystical and occult orders in England, as *L'Initiation* is in France, is chiefly noticeable for an account of some "New Experiments relative to the Astral Body," by Colonel de Rochas, illustrating the dangers incurred by the sensitive if the exteriorized astral body, or the fluidic cord connecting it with the physical body, is touched by a person *en rapport* with the sensitive. "The Hand of Fathmeh" is a curious oracle for telling the character of a person from the numerical value of the letters composing his name.

The *Indian Review* for March contains an interesting article on "Shelley and Vedantism," showing that "in his spirit-winged songs, Shelley gives expression to thoughts which resemble those of the Vedic Upanishads; the grand truths he utters are the truths of the philosophy of the East."

The article by Miss E. K. Bates on "Mrs. Piper and her controls," in the OCCULT REVIEW for March, has given rise to some discussion in *Light* regarding the alleged "correspondence" between Mr. Stainton Moses, the former Editor of *Light*, and the late Lord Tennyson, which was thought to have been preserved in a "little brown trunk." It results from this discussion: (a) that there is a little brown trunk containing many of Mr. Stainton Moses' papers, mainly letters written to him on psychical subjects; (b) that there was never any *correspondence* between him and Lord Tennyson of the nature described, but (c) that Mr. Stainton Moses prepared memoranda of long *conversations* he had with Lord Tennyson at Freshwater in 1889; (d) that these memoranda, prepared in view of publication after Lord Tennyson's death, were seen by Mr. Alaric Watts during Mr. S. Moses' life, but were not found by him when the latter gentleman's papers came into his hands as literary executor; and (e) that recent inquiries among Mr. Stainton Moses' friends have failed to bring to light any trace of their present existence.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Are there any well-authenticated records of the apparitions or manifestations of the ghosts or spirits of defunct dumb animals ?

We had once a singular experience. My daughter had an Irish terrier to which she was devotedly attached. Guy, that was his name, was attacked by abdominal gastritis and died after great suffering. Utterly worn out by nursing him, my daughter was lying the afternoon after his death on her bed, when suddenly she heard the peculiar scratching at the door that Guy always made when anxious to come in. Forgetful of what had happened, she went to the door, to find nothing ; but going to the window, she saw a man at work digging Guy's grave at the bottom of our garden. It seemed to us as if Guy had come to summon her to witness his burial. Of course there are other explanations : imagination, an over-wrought brain and the like ; still, the first is the one we have adopted, and it is a very beautiful and touching one.

Yours faithfully,

A SOUTHERN RECTOR.

THE APPARITION OF SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Is not the interesting episode of the shipwrecked sailors referred to on p. 246 of the May number of this review capable of a much more simple and plausible explanation than that offered by Lady Archibald Campbell ?

We are not informed of the precise time of the shipwreck or whether it had occurred before the apparition of the five men to the farmer's wife. Presumably it did, though the fact may be incapable of proof, since all the crew were drowned, and it is unlikely that there was any eyewitness to the wreck, which happened in a lonely place and at night. But, on this assumption, it is only necessary to suppose that the five seamen, drowned simultaneously, found themselves, immediately after death, in

company with one another. Though in a disembodied state, they probably would not realize the fact that, to the physical world, they were "dead"; they would act as though they were still physically alive, and would take the most natural course, seeing their ship was sunk, of making (in their etheric or astral bodies) for the shore which was close at hand, and of seeking shelter at the first house they met. Here they knocked, and were enabled to communicate with the astral consciousness of one of the sleeping inmates, viz., the farmer's wife, who upon awaking next morning supposed she had experienced a dream that five shipwrecked men had knocked at her door and that she had got up and directed them elsewhere. What she spoke of as a dream was, in fact, an actual experience that had occurred to her during sleep (had she been awake at the time her normal waking consciousness would probably never have responded to or recognized the five astral visitors); and the experience was impressed upon her, when asleep, with sufficient intensity to enable her to recall and relate it upon awaking.

The episode recalls many similar ones recorded in Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's *Invisible Helpers*, which also contains an explanation of their *rationale*, one that is much simpler than that offered in the present case by Lady Archibald Campbell.

Yours, etc.,

HUDDERSFIELD.

W. L. WILMSHURST.

April 30, 1906.

TRICKS OF THE FAKIRS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—We have seen various exhibitions of necromancy in Palestine and Egypt, but nothing of the sort which Miss Rogers describes in her admirable *Domestic Life in Palestine*, pp. 232-3, perhaps because the performers were gipsies, and they are, apparently, far less numerous now than when she wrote in 1855-6. The following may interest the readers of the fakir stories in the OCCULT REVIEW.

"I have several times seen companies of this mysterious race of people in Haifa, and have witnessed their exhibitions of necromancy, or rather sleight of hand, by torchlight in the open air. Among other performances, they call a boy out of the midst of the crowd. Then, to all appearance, they cut him into six pieces! After a few minutes of intense excitement and suspense of the lookers-on, the separated portions of the body are reunited, and

the restored boy jumps up and runs away. The Arabs generally, and especially those of the lower classes, firmly believe in the occult power of the gipsies." Miss Rogers describes them as being dressed in a single garment. Most of those we have seen wore less—certainly nothing that could have concealed apparatus of any sort.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. SPOER.

DREAM PLACES.

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I had a rather curious dream last night. I dreamt a friend and I were in a house—the house seemed very familiar to me, but that I had been there very long ago. I took her round the rooms, showing her the details of each, knowing my way perfectly about the house, which was a very large one, with complicated passages, almost like a hotel. I showed her the views out of the windows, telling her what she would see before either of us looked out of the windows. The light out of doors reminded me of Italy.

I not only knew the rooms, with all details, but in one room, which had a very elaborate painted ceiling and carved and gilt ornaments, with shelves and china vases on the top shelves, I told her that some of the vases and other ornaments had been fitted with electric lights, and I went straight to certain bosses in the ornaments and turned on the light by them. One of these knobs did not turn on a light, and when I questioned a servant (who did not seem familiar to me), he said it had been altered *lately*.

In 1900 I had a somewhat similar dream—of a big, highly decorated hall, which seemed very familiar to me. In that case, some months afterwards, I went to Paris, and in one of the halls of the Exhibition then on, recognized the room I had dreamt of.

I am, yours faithfully,

May 7, 1906.

ENQUIRER.

PS.—I forgot to say that, to my waking recollection, I have never seen or been in this house before.

The details of fine cupolaed buildings, rather like Russian churches, but still not quite like them, which I saw out of the windows, I do not, now I am awake, remember.

It seems curious that, although this house seemed familiar to me from *very* long ago, it had electric light fittings.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Would you allow me to add to my report of Jesse Shepard that he informed me that the well-known American Seer, A. J. Davis, was a "great friend" of his. I have, however, received a letter from that gentleman, in answer to one from me, disclaiming all recollection of Jesse Shepard and his doings.

I am, etc.,

H. W. THATCHER.

VENTNOR, *May 7, 1906.*

THEOSOPHY IN CANADA.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—I should be much obliged if you would acquaint your numerous readers with the fact that the members of the Theosophical Society who reside in Canada hope to celebrate Mrs. Besant's visit to the Dominion in 1907 by the inauguration of a Canadian Section.

At present they are represented by branches at Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver and Victoria, and by centres at Hamilton and Winnipeg; there are also a few members at large.

Readers of THE OCCULT REVIEW who may know persons in Canada who are interested in Theosophy, but are not attached to a branch, would oblige by sending their addresses to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Propaganda Committee.

Yours faithfully,

N. W. J. HAYDON.

498, ONTARIO STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

[Further Correspondence is unavoidably held over till next month.—ED.]