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OCCULT REVIEW

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RALPH SHIRLEY

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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VOL. IX.

JANUARY 1909

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THEY say that marriages are made in Heaven—some of them. Is history made—any of it at any time—on the astral plane? That is the great historical poser propounded openly and before all men by the story of Jeanne d'Arc. It is the challenge written on every page of the memoirs of an eventful year to every historian who writes on the subject. Has any historian ever boldly faced it? I think not. But most of them have seen the necessity of explaining it away, for historians do not like it to be said of them that they believe in miracles. It has thus been argued that Jeanne was hallucinated at the commencement and played the part of a puppet of the priests and of a mascot subsequently. This view with numerous further embellishments for which the records of the time give no authority, has been adopted by M. Anatole France in his recent book on the Maid of Orleans. History seen through the distorting glasses of M. France is not history at all. It is merely an illustration of M. France's view-point. Accuracy and an unbiassed judgment are both essentials of the historian. M. France has neither. A large number of the quotations given in his book are either not to be found or are misread and fail entirely to prove the point for which they are quoted. We are wont to talk of the "fairy tales of science." There are other fairy

tales of another kind built out of the ingenious imagination of the writer and foisted upon some real historical character. But when we come to read them, behold! we find not Homer, but merely another person of the same name. It is recorded of old Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, more than half a century ago, that when the late Dean Burgon, then just leaving college to go forth into the world, asked him for some parting piece of advice that he might treasure in his memory to act upon in after life, he bade him, after a long pause, to be sure always to verify his quotations. It would have been well for M. Anatole France had he sat at the feet of Dr. Routh. There is more morality in verifying quotations than meets the casual eye.

It is well then that a Scotchman*—we shall not forget in a hurry that Mr. Andrew Lang is Scotch—has taken up the cudgels at once on behalf of the Maid of France—and of History—against a French writer who ought to have known better, and we shall not grumble at him if in his excellent biography of Jeanne d'Arc he rubs in the fact that he is not one of the bloodstained English or the treacherous French who had a hand in the murder of the fairest flower of France's chivalry. He may rely upon it that the Scotch character, so shamefully besmirched by Mr. T. W. H. Crossland, is now quite rehabilitated.

In view of the fact that M. France's book is said to be about to be translated into English, might it not tend to cement the *entente cordiale* between the two nations if Mr. Andrew Lang's biography were translated into French?

One of the curiosities of this very curious episode of history is that it reads rather like the narrative of an incident taken out of the pages of the Bible than a record from the history of Mediæval Europe. But yet the records are by no manner of means legendary. The historical evidence of a contemporaneous and of a nearly contemporaneous nature is remarkably full and plentiful. There is no historical character whose leading traits stand out more clearly than do those of Joan of Arc. There is scarcely an historical character about the incidents of whose life there is less doubt. There is no excuse here for crossing the t's and dotting the i's of a vaguely drawn portrait. Every detail has been filled

SACRED
HISTORY OR
PROFANE?

* *The Maid of France, Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc.* By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s. 6d. net.

Jeanne d'Arc, The Maid of France. By C. M. Antony. With a Preface by Father Robert Hugh Benson. London: Macdonald & Evans. 2s. net.



MARTYRDOM OF JOAN OF ARC.
(By kind permission of Mr. W. T. Stead.)

in by the historical evidence of the time. M. Anatole France has sponged out an historical figure and replaced it by a portrait of his own while posing not as novelist—and in a novelist it would be unpardonable—but as an historian and biographer. For his discomfiture we have to thank Mr. Andrew Lang.

The rumour has again gained currency that Joan is about to be canonized.* I suppose orthodox Catholicism would be hardly true to itself if it did not end by canonizing the faithful

SHOULD
JOAN BE
CANONIZED ?

daughter of the Church whom it had begun by burning. But I could almost hope Joan of Arc may be spared the saints' company, in spite of her associations during her lifetime. She stands so entirely on a pedestal by herself, this figure of the young girl heroine who never had any dreams of sainthood, who put the men to shame by her bravery as much as she did the women by her simple piety, and all equally by her blameless life and her absolute devotion to her duty to France, that to mix her up with the ordinary run of saints who lived ascetic lives in stuffy monasteries or nunneries, seems little short of desecration. It is recorded of a late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, that having refused a bishopric he proudly gave as his reason that there were plenty of bishops but only one Master of Trinity. In the same strain we may say that there be many saints but only one Joan of Arc.

But if Joan gives the lie to many people's idea of a saint on the one hand, she equally gives the lie to a not uncommon conception of a psychic on the other. Of physical delicacy or the

A HEALTHY
PSYCHIC

neurotic temperament there was no trace in Joan, and in spite of her "voices" she was a typical example of the *mens sana in corpore sano* of the Roman poet. She is described as being "beautiful and of shapely figure" and her face "glad and smiling." Her height was in excess of that of her sex. Says our author:—

"Her health was perfect, her energy was proved to be indefatigable. Her courtly manner of address and salutation she seemed to have learned from her crowned and gracious lady saints. She loved a good horse, a good knight and a good sword, and she loved to go richly clad."

Nor was she merely an enthusiast who inspired the French armies with her own enthusiasm. Her courage at the hour of need never deserted her and her sagacity and strong common sense very seldom. As to her capacities as a leader Mr. Lang does well to quote

HAD JOAN
MILITARY
TALENT ?

* I understand that her beatification has been fixed for Easter. But beatification does not necessarily imply canonization.—Ed.

the sworn evidence of three of the foremost of her comrades in arms Dunois, de Termes and d'Alençon. This is what they say:—

“De Termes : ‘At the assaults before Orléans Jeanne showed valour and conduct which no man could excel in war. All the captains were amazed by her courage and energy and her endurance. . . . In leading and arraying and in encouraging men, she bore herself like the most skilled Captain in the world, who all his life had been trained to war.’ ”

“D'Alençon : ‘She was most expert in war, as much in carrying the lance as in mustering a force and ordering the ranks, and in laying the guns. All marvelled how cautiously and with what foresight she went to work, as if she had been a captain with twenty or thirty years of experience.’ ”

“Dunois : ‘She displayed [at Troyes] marvellous energy, doing more work than two or three of the most famous and practised men of the sword could have done.’ ”

We must bear in mind that Jeanne d'Arc was but seventeen when she went to seek the Dauphin Charles at Chinon, that the Dauphin's position was at the time on the verge of desperation, almost all France being held either by the English under the Duke of Bedford or the Burgundians in alliance with them, Chinon being one of the few remaining strongholds which he still retained. It was Joan and Joan alone who succeeded in turning the tide effectively in Charles's favour and regaining for him a position which seemed to have been lost for ever. It should also be remembered that she went in the first instance with the greatest unwillingness and the greatest reluctance, pleading, “I am a poor girl who cannot ride or be a leader in war,” and that her mission was forced upon her, as it were, by the insistence of voices, claiming to be those of St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret. These voices and indeed their owners were not something seen and heard by her in visions or trances. “I saw them,” she said at her trial to her judges, “as clearly as I see you, I saw them with my bodily eyes; and when they departed I used to weep, and wish that they would take me with them.” At other times she saw no person but merely saw a bright light and heard a voice speaking to her. She had heard her voices ever since she was twelve or thirteen and they had told her “that she must change her course of life and do marvellous deeds, for the King of Heaven had chosen her to aid the King of France.” She was perfectly consistent throughout in her account of her spiritual experiences, and the evidence of her truthfulness is so conclusive that even M. Anatole France declares, “I have raised no doubts

JOAN'S
STORY OF
HER VOICES.

as to the sincerity of Jeanne. No man can suspect her of falsehood." These phenomena constantly followed her for the last six or seven years of her life at frequent intervals. "Nothing," as Mr. Lang well observes, "indicates that Jeanne, when she heard the voices, was noticeably 'dissociated' or in any manifestly abnormal condition." "Jeanne can only be called *une extatique* by critics ignorant of the technical meaning of ecstasy."

To return then to the first question, "Is history made on the astral plane?" Was it so made in the days of Joan of Arc? Were those who spoke to Joan, those "saints" whom by her own account she could touch, see, smell, real denizens of another sphere who were employing a young girl as their agent for the making of earthly history because of "the great pity that there was in France"? If not, what is the alternative? That Jeanne was a liar? This theory has been equally rejected in all quarters. That she suffered from hallucinations? This theory has been frequently maintained, but, as Mr. Lang points out, the evidence is against it. Says our author:—

"To reject abundance of sworn evidence because it conflicts with a critic's personal idea of what is probable or possible is not the method of History . . . much less will I reject the evidence of Jeanne herself on any point, and give a fanciful theory of my own as to what really occurred. If there are incidents in her career which Science so far cannot explain, I shall not therefore regard them as false. Science may be able to explain them on some future day; at present she is not omniscient."

Mr. Andrew Lang marshals his evidence and invites his readers to draw the natural inference. To sum up his own conclusions is not Mr. Lang's habit, at least when the conclusions pointed to have a strongly spiritualistic leaning. No one, however, can read his book through without feeling that he has taken the position of a judge and treated his readers as the jury, and that if he has not definitely "directed" them in the matter he has at least given them a very strong hint what he considers their verdict ought to be.

Those of my readers who are of a religious mystical turn of mind and are unfamiliar with the *Rhythm of St. Bernard de Morlaix*,* except through the slight excerpts from it (more or less mangled, alas!) which appear in church hymn-books, should make a point of purchasing the tiny little shilling book pub-

* *The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix on the Celestial Country*, with translations by J. M. Neale. London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd.

lished by H. R. Allenson, of London, giving the English and Latin versions of this celebrated mediæval canticle, and also Peter Damiani's hymn on the Glory of Paradise. The rhyming hexameters of the former have a magnificent flow and energy :—

"Hora novissima tempora pessima sunt vigilemus !
 Ecce minaciter imminet Arbiter ille supremus :
 Imminet imminet ut mala terminet, aequa coronet
 Recta remuneret, arxia liberet, aethera donet."

I cannot forbear from quoting here the description of the New Jerusalem which occurs in this celebrated "Rhythm," partly familiar though it is to all of us.

"Jerusalem the Golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 I know not, oh, I know not,
 What social joys are there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare !

"And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the Saints.
 They stand, those halls of Syon,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angei,
 And all the martyr throng.

"The Prince is ever with them ;
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
 There is the Throne of David,
 And there from care released
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast."

When an article by Lady Archibald Campbell entitled "Faerie Ireland" appeared in this magazine fourteen months ago a sequel was promised dealing with traditions about faeries and faerie haunts in the sister-kingdom of Scotland. Circumstances of an unavoidable character led to the postponement of the publication of this article till the present month. Those who wish to read the two articles in connection with each other may be glad to know that the earlier number is still in print and can be supplied to applicants.

FAERIE
 SCOTLAND
 AND FAERIE
 IRELAND.

TWO NOTABLE ASTROLOGERS

VINCENT WING, 1619-1668

TYCHO WING, 1696-1750

By E. BAKER

IN the pedigree of the family of Wing, which came into my hands a little time ago, I find the names of these two eminent men, famous in their day for their scientific attainments; but of whom little is known in this generation, outside astrological circles except by the family, who have continuously handed down the name of *Vincent* through the last two centuries.

Vincent Wing was born April 9, 1619, at North Luffenham, in the county of Rutland. His forbears came originally from Wales and settled at Great Panton, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, and from thence migrated to North Luffenham, where they had lived over a hundred years when Vincent was born.

He seems to have been the eldest of four sons and, although the family was an old one, his father was not a rich man and so was unable to give his son an academical education "such as his inclination and fondness for Study and Intellectual pursuits entitled him to." At this time the country was in the throes of civil war; and his parents, with many others, had to give of their substance to the furtherance of these wars.

So it was necessary that the young Vincent should "shift and provide for himself," and such was his natural ability and eagerness to acquire learning, that by his own industry and study he had attained to a "perfect acquaintance of the Latine Tongue, and a moderate understanding in the Greek, etc., and thus the greatest and most critical Authors and Masters of Astrologie and the Mathematiques, in their own Language, were no strangers unto him."

We may infer from this, that Vincent Wing was a scholar born—not made one by a University education, and capable of emulating those who were, by such an education, proficient in the mathematical and astrological sciences. At the age of eighteen years he studied the higher mathematics and all parts of arithmetic, as also the several ways used in surveying land and measuring all sorts of heights and distances, of which he published a manual in later years.

He was also very anxious to communicate his knowledge to others. He did not "hide his light under a bushel," or, as



*Si faciem spectes, dedit Ars Vultusq; Figuram —
 Quam animi Dotes Ars tibi nulla refert
 Talis erat, cujus studium patefecit Olympum —
 Terrarumq; novos duxit in orbe gyros
 Corporis, En! Vivam Pictor tibi prodidit umbram —
 Mentis de Libro est umbra petenda Suo
 U.L.*

his biographer says, "covetously cloister up that Science which he so happily attained unto. He was always freely willing and ready to impart anything (let it never be so curious and choice a secret) to any ingenious Person or Son of Urania, and

Ο'ΑΓΜΠΙΑ ΔΩΜΑΤΑ;
OR, AN

Almanack and Prognostication
for the year of our Lord, 1653.

Being the first from Bissextile or Leap-year, and
from the Creation of the World, 5602.

Wherein you may behold the state of
the whole year; the Eclipses, Lunations; Con-
junctions, and Aspects of the Planets being therein
exactly described, with the Southing, Rising, and
Setting of the Moon every day in the year, to-
gether with other pleasant and necessa-
ry Observations, very requisite
for men of all sorts.

The Astronomical Calculations being deduced
from *Harmonicon Caeleste*.

Calculated according to Art, for the Meridian
and latitude of *North-Luffenham* in *Rutland*, where
the Pole Artique is elevated 52. degr. 40. min.
lying from the Meridian of *London* West-
ward 0. degr. 45. min.

By *Vincent Wing* Philomathemat.

*Magna opera Jehovae, exposita omnibus qui desistantur
illis, Psal. 111. 2.*

LONDON,
Printed by J.L. for the Company of
Stationers, 1653.

TITLE PAGE OF WING'S ASTRONOMICAL ALMANAC.

hath often publickly professed, that it was his great discontent and trouble, if at any times in his writings he thought he had not been plain, even to the meanest, or most ordinary or costive understanding."

In 1641, when he was twenty-two years of age, Vincent

began his literary labours. In this year he commenced to write his annual Almanack, *Olympia Donata*, which was published by the Stationers Company. The publication of this Almanack was continued by his descendants, and was used as the Government Almanack as late as the year 1885, with the name of "Vincent Wing" on the title page.

In 1645 he brought out his first book on Practical Astronomy, *The Urania Practica*, in conjunction with William Leybourn; and in 1651, his *Harmonicon Cæleste*, or *The Harmony of the Visible World*. He also issued in 1652, Ephemerides, for twenty years (1652-1671), which, according to John Flamsteed, the Astronomer Royal, were the most exact then to be had. In 1654 he brought out his *Astronomia Instaurata*, in four parts.

In 1665, Vincent Wing incurred the anger of one Thomas Streete by exposing what he thought the errors of his book, *Astronomia Carolina*, in a pamphlet called *Examen Astronomia Carolina*, which caused him to be publicly abused in print by the author. But, as his biographer says: "Mr. Wing was too great a Philosopher and too great an Astrologer to be concerned at such vanities. It was a satisfaction to him sufficient to know that he had justly and fairly demonstrated and advanced the Truth of what he Studied and therein discharged a good mind."

But his chief and most important work, *Astronomia Britannica*, was written not long before his death, in 1668, and published after. This ran through two editions, and was a complete system of Astronomy on Copernican principles, with sets of tables. His portrait given at the commencement of this article is taken from this book.

We have taken note of Vincent Wing in his work as mathematician and astronomer, we must now speak of his further studies in the science of Astrology.

In a collection of pamphlets given by George III to the British Museum, there are two which are of interest connected with Vincent Wing. One, published in the year 1649: *A Dreadful Prognostication, or An Astrological Prediction of Several Contingencies incident to all Europe. By Vincent Wing, Practitioner in the Art Mathematical, and approved of by the best Astrologers*. The other is a little treatise written by George Atwel, Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University, entitled *A Defence of the Divine Art of Natural Astrology, being An Answer to a Sermon preached in Cambridge, July 25, 1652*. This was left to Vincent Wing, by the author, to do with it as he thought best. He published it in 1660, after Professor Atwel's death,

with a preface by himself, from which the following extracts are taken :—

“ I well know some there are that denie that the Stars have any influential operation on these elementary and sublunary things . . . doth not the Word of God teach us the contrary, and are not the Stars there in many places called the Signs of Heaven? Moses plainly saith, that the Moon, with the Sun and Stars, were placed in the Firmament of Heaven that they should be for signs of future events, as experience teaches us in Eclipses, Great Conjunctions, Meteors and the like. Again in Deutromony, 33. 14, you shall find that the influence of the Heavens upon all vegetables is attributed to the Sun and Moon, where the Prophet blesseth the Lord ‘ for the precious things of Heaven—for the Dew . . . for the precious things put forth by the Moon.’ Then in Judges, ‘ the Stars in their courses fought against Sisera.’ The Prophet Jeremy adds : ‘ that we should not be dismaied at the Signs of Heaven.’ Likewise the holy man, Job : ‘ Knowest thou the ordinances of Heaven or the Dominion thereof on the Earth.’

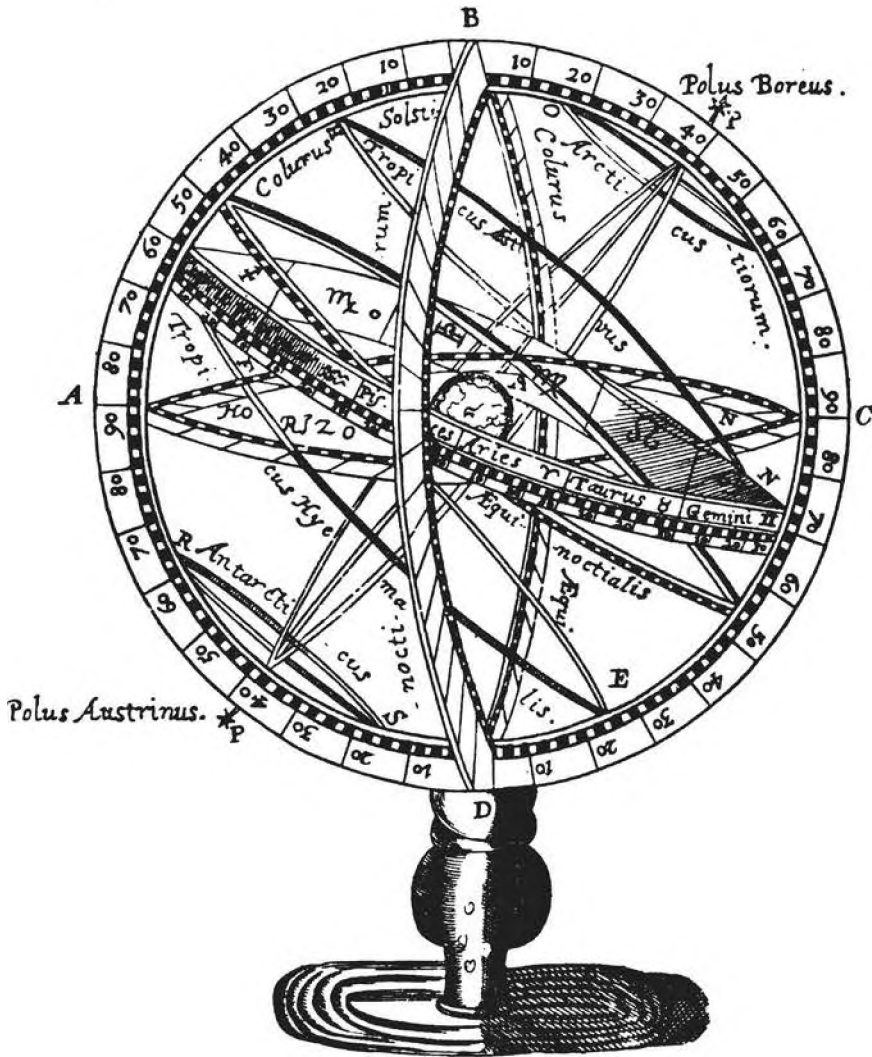
“ Who is it now that dare denie the powerful operation and influence of the Stars, when God, by His Messengers, avers it! . . .

“ Many other places of Holy Writ might be quoted in defence of this noble Science . . . and to these we may add the testimonies of many learned Divines and Scholars. . . . It is well worthy our notice, and not to be doubted by any, but that the Celestial bodies are (under God) the universal cause of all Mundane alterations, having their singular influences upon the Elements, Meteors, Metals, Stones, Vegetables, and Animals.

“ The learned Alstedius 17 Book, 1 cap, 5 Reg, observes thus that : ‘ Nihil magni in hoc mundo eventit, quod non habeat testimonium in cœlo. Est enim cœlum velut quidam liber manu Dei scriptus, in quo tanquam literas legibiles stellas cœli posuit.’ . . .

“ We find that even of late times men of singular skill in Astronomy and the Mathematicks, have travelled very far therein, and given exceeding commendation thereof as is manifest by the learned epistles of Melancthon to Schauer and Grynæus—by the testimony of Magnus, Stoffer, Leovitius, Funetine, the Divine, Argol, Origan, Madronus, Alsedii, *our countryman*, Dr. Dce, and others.

“ We see indeed that some Astrologers have a greater insight and profounder knowledge therein than others, and some there



BLOCK OF CELESTIAL SPHERE REPRODUCED FROM "ASTRONOMIA BRITANNICA."

The two great circles A, B, C, D, and that which stands at right angles to it, represent respectively the *meridian* and the *prime vertical*. The meridian is marked with degrees of polar elevation. These two circles constitute the framework of the construction. At right angles to them is the *horizon*, and at an angle of $23^{\circ} 28'$, corresponding to the declination of the earth's axis from the celestial pole, is the *ecliptic* or sun's path, marked with the signs of the Zodiac. Three parallel circles mark respectively the Summer Tropic (*Tropicus Æstivus*), the equinox (*Æquinoctialis*), and the Winter Tropic (*Tropicus Hyemalis*), and cutting these circles at right angles is the polar circle marked by the cardinal points *Polus Boreus* (North Pole) and *Polus Austrinus* (South Pole). In the centre of the whole is a sphere representing the Earth. It will be observed that the meridian circle is marked *Colurus Solstitiorum* (Solstitial Colure), and this, together with the tropics, equinox and ecliptic, in the ordinary celestial globe is movable, the horizon remaining fixed.

are that seldom fail in their predictions, and those are men that are well experienced, and not rash and over hasty in giving judgments, while others again are too apt, upon every occasion, to venture their credit and repute to the scandal and discredit of the art they profess.

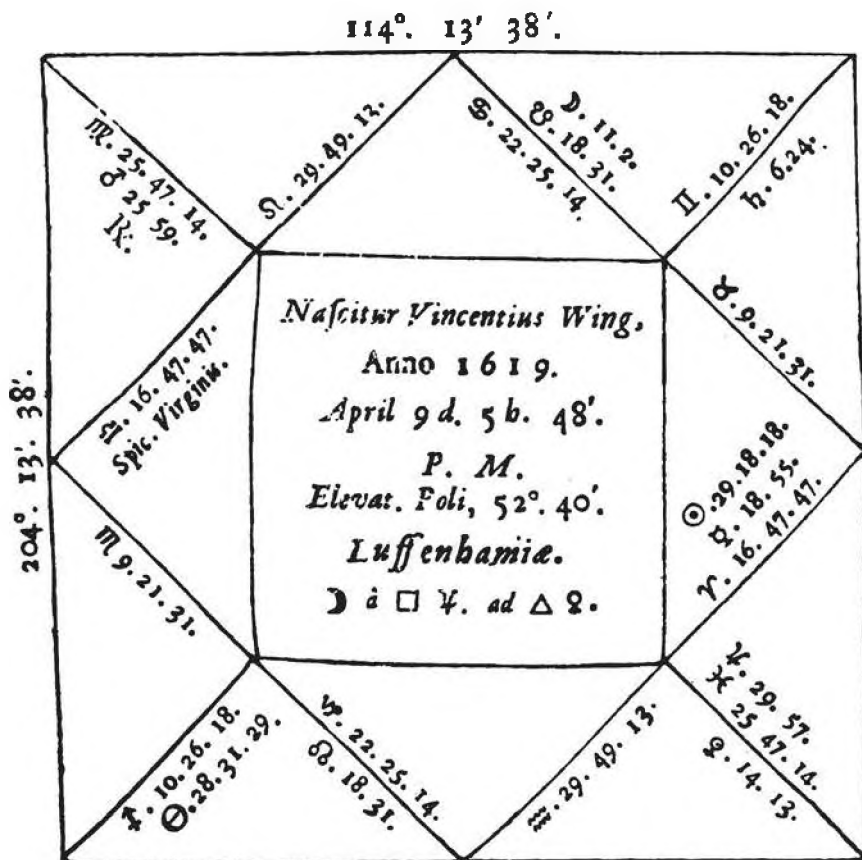
“ ‘ In Astrologo requiritur naturalis, inclinatio ad divinandum,’ saith Origan. And really, it is not for every man to hope to be an Astrologer, for Heaven clubs to the act of his creation in an especial manner ! An Artist (as a poet) is born and not made.

“ ‘ Julius Cæsar, Vitellus, Æschilus, Petrus Leomus, Peter Aloysius, Caligula,’ among many others are cited by Vincent Wing as having had their deaths foretold by Astrology.”

By his own hand, many years before his death, Vincent Wing made his own “Nativity,” which is here reproduced from his *Life*, written by John Gadbury, to whom he had given it several years before he passed over. He says of this horoscope : “ He [V.W.] being of so generous a mind and courage, and yet so humble withal, that as he did not fear to foresee, or foreknow any evil of himself, so he was not elevated, or puffed up with the thought of any present advantages that were likely to issue to him ; but used his Nativity and what he understood thereby (as the Great Apostle used the World) as if he used it not. Submitting himself (even in the best or worst of things, by it either promised or threatened) ever to the guidance and governance of that Universal Power, that ruleth all things by the Wisdome of His Providence—even God, blessed for ever.”

It was said by a contemporary that “ Vincent Wing was born to prove the *Influence of the Stars certain and true*, and by an apt demonstration in himself to show us that the God of Stars is not tyed to the meaner methods and observations of men, or to His own ordinary way of Working ; but pursues the Rules of His own good Will and pleasure, varying from His Common Course, how, and when, and as oft as He pleaseth. Thus by God’s especial favour and benignity is Vincent Wing raised to be a Reputation to his Country and a Promoter of the Severer Sciences, and from them to equal honour, with other learned men, for his indefatigable and admired Industry, Aquisitiveness and performances in all Mathematical and Astrological Learning.”

Vincent Wing was known to the people of the neighbourhood in which he lived to be a man of an honourable, just and religious character ; kind and courteous to all men—even to his enemies ;



Latit.

Antisc. Planetarum.

☉.	0	42.	♃.
♄.	23.	36.	♄.
♃.	0.	3.	♃.
♂.	4.	1.	♃.
♀.	15.	47.	♃.
♄.	11.	5.	♃.
☾.	18.	58.	♃.

Latit. Planetarum.

♄.	1°.	51.	} Merid.
♃.	0.	57.	
♂.	2.	46.	} Septent.
♀.	0.	20.	
♀.	1.	23.	Merid.
☾.	0.	46.	Septent.

The mean geocentric longitudes of the two planets, Uranus and Neptune, discovered since Wing's time, referred to the equinox and corrected for O.S., were at the date of this birth—Uranus in ♄ 19° 1' and Neptune in ♃ 12° 13'. Uranus has just culminated and Neptune had just risen [S.].

It is curious to note that the psychic and the occult planet were the two ruling influences in Wing's nativity, neither of them having been discovered during his lifetime.

of a ready wit and good judgment ; humble, as most great men usually are, and always rather apt to depreciate himself. He was a kind and loving neighbour, beloved by all around him, both rich and poor. It is said of him " that he was a loyal



TYCHO WING.

and true Friend, and he ever loved to preserve Amity and Friendship, and to crush and banish Enmity and Hatred."

He was, also, a good and loyal subject, and it was said of him " that in the worst of times when it was esteemed a Crime to be obedient to a lawful Prince and Sovereign—and so much the

fashion to be Anarchical and rebellious—Mr. Wing was so conscientiously just, as always to own his allegiance to his Sovereign."

We find, too, that he was a deeply religious man. He was a true and zealous Churchman, and esteemed the clergy as God's messengers. He, even in his Almanack, exhorted the people to "follow a good Religious life," and we read in his biography, "That a man may be a good Christian and yet an Astrologer, and that Divinity and Astrologie, to a sober and unprejudiced understanding, are not incompatible, there being no such antipathy between the Word, and works of God, but that they may well stand or grow together."

The pedigree does not give the surname of Vincent Wing's wife, only that of "Alice," who, with their children—two sons and some daughters—survived him. It is said that "he was a most careful and loving husband, and a kind and indulgent Father."

Vincent Wing did not give up his entire life to his literary work. He was indefatigable in attending to his duties as a country gentleman, and his knowledge of geometry led him to take up the "Art of Surveying," on which he, by request, published a Manual in 1663, and in the preface spoke of its antiquity, going on to say, "that the end of Geometry is to measure well, and that not only things upon the Earth, but in the Heaven above," thus showing that even in his business his mind was fixed upon the higher science of Astronomy.

It is said that he contracted the illness, from which he died, on September 20, 1668, by riding early and late, in all kinds of weather, about the country.

There is not much known about Tycho Wing—named after the great Danish astronomer. He was the only surviving son of John Wing, of Pickworth, County Rutland, and was born in the year 1696. He was not—as recorded in the *Dictionary of National Biography*—a grandson of Vincent Wing; but, according to the Wing pedigree, a great-great nephew.

The "mantle of the prophet," however, seems to have descended upon Tycho, for we find that he had a statue erected to him, which was exhibited by J. M. Blashfield in the International Exhibition, 1861. On this was inscribed, "Tycho Wing, Philo," and he is represented as standing, with his hand on a globe.

There is also a portrait of him, painted by J. Vanderbank, dated 1731, in the Hall of the Stationers' Company, London, of which a copy is here given.

c

Tycho Wing undertook the editing of the Almanack from 1739, till his death ; his name appearing on the title page. This proves that he must have been a student of Astrology, although he is only spoken of as astronomer ; but, in those days, the two sciences appear to have been so inextricably mixed together, that an astronomer necessarily implies one versed in the knowledge of Astrology.

In *Merlinus Anglicus Junior* or *The Starry Messenger*, by Henry Coley, Student in Mathematics, etc., for 1727, is the following advertisement. "Arts and Sciences taught and practised by Tycho Wing, of Pickworth, in the County of Rutland." This would probably be a special class for astrologers, which shows that Tycho inherited his uncle's love of imparting knowledge.

We find in 1727, till 1742, Tycho Wing held the post of coroner for Rutland, which would necessitate much work ; and, besides this, he had the oversight of his own lands in Pickworth and Stamford, and probably North Luffenham.

In the *Diaries of the Rev. William Stukeley, M.D., the Antiquarian*, himself no mean astrologer, we find Tycho several times mentioned. Being Rector of Stamford Dr. Stukeley evidently saw him often ; for soon after his induction to the living he writes :—"I was visited by Tycho Wyng [note the spelling] the Astronomer." And later, more than once he writes of his having brought him knives, instruments, etc., which he had dug up on his own land. His last entry, relating to him, was as follows :—

"My friend, Tycho Wyng, the Astronomer, with whom I spent many agreeable hours at Stamford and Pickworth near it, where he lived. He had been to visit me here in London, in March 1749. April 16, 1750, being Easter day, he dyed pretty suddenly at Pickworth."

Tycho Wing married in 1722, Eleanor, daughter of Conyers Peach, of Stoke Dry, Rutland, and had by her four sons and one daughter. He passed away at the comparatively early age of fifty-four.

“ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES”

By E. M. DUCAT

MR. and Mrs. Davis are Anglo-Indians, the most hospitable of a proverbially hospitable class. Mr. Davis is also a great sportsman. In India, during one cold weather, they were exceedingly kind to, and entertained for several weeks, a certain Mr. Thompson, who had been, previously, a complete stranger to them, but who had come to their part of the country for big game shooting, and between whom and Mr. Davis a great friendship had sprung up, on account of their mutual sporting proclivities.

On his departure, Mr. Thompson gave a most pressing invitation to his hospitable host and hostess to come, on their return to England, and pay a visit to himself and his wife at their country home in ——shire.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis accepted the friendly invitation, and the next time they were home on leave in England they duly paid the visit.

They had never before seen Mrs. Thompson, and knew nothing about the family; but Mr. Thompson had told them that his children were grown up, and had left home.

The evening of their arrival, Mrs. Davis went up rather early to dress for dinner. The door between her room and the large room allotted to her husband as a dressing-room was ajar. She was pottering about her room, arranging her belongings and settling herself comfortably into her new quarters, when she heard a most piteous sobbing and moaning, which seemed to issue from somewhere close by.

She stopped her occupation and listened.

Ever persistently the sounds continued, without intermission—emitted evidently by some child in dire distress, who was crying as if its heart were breaking.

Such inconsolable grief was terrible to hear, and Mrs. Davis felt she could not stand it any longer without trying to find out where the child was and what was the matter with it. The noise sounded so close—apparently in the adjoining room—surely no child could be in there, in her husband's dressing-room? Mrs. Davis advanced towards the communicating door to investigate the affair.

As she did so, she caught sight of a small figure at the further end of the large room.

It was a little girl of about four years of age, dressed in a brown-holland over-all tied under the arms with a wide, blue ribbon sash. She stood wringing her hands and moaning, and anon bending down and tearing with her wee fingers, and with an air of despairing pertinacity, at one particular spot in the carpet, while tears coursed down her cheeks and sobs convulsed her tiny frame.

For one instant astonishment arrested Mrs. Davis and held her dumb, gazing at the spectacle; the next, she advanced into the dressing-room, exclaiming with concern—

“My poor little girl! What is the matter?”

The child took not the slightest notice of the interruption, but continued her strange behaviour and sobbing, as if she had not heard Mrs. Davis speak.

Mrs. Davis walked right across the room towards her.

“Tell me, little one, why are you crying?—and what are you trying to do to that carpet?”

She was just about to stoop down and touch the child, when, without uttering a word, it turned suddenly away, and burying its face in its hands, ran, still sobbing, out of the room.

Mrs. Davis followed instantly to the door and gazed up and down the passage, looking to see where the child had gone; but not a trace of it was visible in either direction.

It having vanished into thin air and all sounds of sobbing having completely ceased, Mrs. Davis, after standing for a few minutes irresolute in the doorway, turned back and re-entered the room. When her husband came up to dress, she recounted what had taken place, and wondered who the child was, as Mr. Thompson had told them his children were all grown up, and none of them here.

Mr. Davis agreed that it was rather curious, but suggested that probably the little girl was a grandchild, and said, as his wife seemed so concerned about the matter, that he would ask Mr. Thompson who the child was, and tell him it was in distress over something.

Accordingly when they entered the drawing-room—where Mr. and Mrs. Thompson already were—Mr. Davis went up to Mr. Thompson and remarked—

“Didn’t you say your children are all grown up? Is that then your grandchild upstairs, who has been crying in our room?”

Mr. Thompson started violently. He turned a countenance

towards Mr. Davis the expression of which dumbfounded the latter. Never had he seen any face express such scared agony.

“There is no child in this house,” said Mr. Thompson hurriedly, in a low voice, and speaking as if with difficulty.

“Oh! but pardon me, my dear fellow, there is!” laughed Mr. Davis, “for my wife saw it not an hour ago! It was in our room, sobbing and crying and seemingly in great distress over something or other. Freda is quite concerned about it, and hopes you will find out what is the matter with the child and do——”

“Hush-sh!” whispered his host in his ear, laying a restraining hand upon his arm, while he cast an apprehensive glance towards his wife, as if dreading lest she should have overheard Mr. Davis’ speech. “After dinner I will tell you all about that child; in the meantime, pray say nothing more on the matter. I will explain all, afterwards, in private.”

Following Mr. Thompson’s glance, Mr. Davis perceived that Mrs. Thompson had turned ashy white, was trembling like an aspen and clutching at the edge of the table near her, as if to prevent herself from falling in a faint.

Realizing that he had unwittingly made a *faux pas*, Mr. Davis hastened, with ready tact, to change the conversation, and welcomed the opportune arrival of the butler, announcing the dinner, as putting an end to a more than proverbially trying *mauvais quart d’heure*.

After dinner, over their wine, Mr. Thompson, on his own initiative, confided to his friend the following explanation of the skeleton in his cupboard that had that day been laid bare to the gaze of his friends.

The child that Mrs. Davis had seen crying in the bedroom was Mr. and Mrs. Thompson’s own child; *but it had been dead for years.*

Throughout those years it had continued, at intervals, to appear to various people—always sobbing and wringing its hands and moaning in the broken-hearted manner that Mrs. Thompson had described. It took no notice of any one, and although more than once it had been spoken to by different people who had seen it, it had never paid the slightest attention, nor had it ever replied to any one’s interrogations.

The subject was the more intensely painful to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, for the reason that the child had died under distressing circumstances, believing itself to be in disgrace and still unforgiven.

The facts were, that the little girl one morning was, as usual, playing in her mother's room while the latter was dressing, and was amusing herself with her mother's rings, which were lying on the dressing-table. When the nurse came to fetch the child, it, unknown to any one, went away still holding in its hands one of the rings.

As soon as Mrs. Thompson was dressed, she found that this particular ruby ring was missing, and went at once to the nursery to recover it from the child, who, she felt convinced, must have gone off with it. The children, however, had already departed with the nurse for their walk, and there was no sign of the ring anywhere to be seen.

At midday, when the children returned, Mrs. Thompson immediately sent for the baby and questioned her about the ring.

The child at once admitted having taken it, but said she could not tell where it was now, because she had lost it.

Very much vexed, for the ring was a valuable and favourite one, Mrs. Thompson asked the child *where* she had lost it?

The little girl replied that she could not remember.

Mrs. Thompson urged her and coaxed her to try and remember where she had lost it; but all the child would reply was that she had "lost it down a hole," and whether indoors, or out-of-doors, or where, she could not, or would not, say.

From the child's manner, Mrs. Thompson felt sure she knew, really, perfectly well where the ring was, but that she didn't wish to have to part with it, and had, for that reason, hidden it away somewhere on purpose, and refused, wilfully, to divulge where.

She therefore told the child that she was a very naughty girl to have taken away the ring and to have lost it, and until she could remember and confess where she had lost it, and restore it, she must consider herself in disgrace.

The child, who was a most sensitive little thing, was very much upset on being told this, and went crying out of the room, reiterating her former asseveration that she could not remember where she had lost the ring, but it was "down a hole."

Two or three days passed and still the child never divulged where she had put the ring, although she seemed to feel very keenly being in disgrace, and was most unhappy and always begging to be forgiven.

As every one was convinced she could very well tell, if she chose, where "the hole" was, in which she had hidden the ring,

it was thought advisable to continue to keep her in disgrace, in order that she might the sooner confess, and the valuable ring be recovered.

Not many days later, however, the child fell ill, and rapidly developed a serious fever.

In her delirium she did nothing but rave about the subject of the lost ring. She maintained just what she had declared when well, that she had dropped the ring down some hole, but that she could not remember where the hole was. She implored deliriously for forgiveness.

Mrs. and Mr. Thompson, the nurse, the doctor, every one who attended her bedside, assured her over and over again that she was believed and forgiven,—but in vain. The words conveyed no meaning to the poor little delirious brain; and it was without regaining consciousness, and while still believing herself to be in disgrace, that the child died.

This was the tale that Mr. Thompson related that night to Mr. Davis, as the two men sat over their wine. The unfortunate father was quite overcome with grief, even at recounting the tragedy. At the conclusion, he said to his friend, in a choked voice—

“Neither I nor my wife has ever got over the loss of that child, and this periodic reappearance of our poor little dead girl, still wailing for a forgiveness that we were, and are, unable to make it understand was long ago granted, keeps perpetually opening and bleeding a wound that is too deep ever to heal.”

This painful story, Mr. Davis, at his host's request, repeated that night to his wife, in explanation of the sight she had witnessed.

Mrs. Davis, naturally, was much moved at the narration—not only that, she was also greatly excited.

“And has the lost ring never been found?” she inquired eagerly.

Her husband replied no, that he believed that, to that day, it had never been recovered.

“Then I am convinced that where the child was scratching at the carpet is where the ring is!” exclaimed Mrs. Davis. “It was trying to get at *something*, in or under the carpet at that spot! That would explain perfectly its extraordinary actions! And all its grief seemed to be caused by its inability to accomplish its purpose! You may be sure that is for what the child comes back!—it wants to recover that ring which it believes must be found before it can obtain its parents' forgiveness.

Do let us ask Mr. Thompson to have the carpet taken up and a search made! I can show the precise spot which the child indicated. Surely it is worth a search!"

"My dear Freda," replied Mr. Davis, "you forget. The child has been dead for years. The carpet must have been up a dozen times between then and now."

"But no search has ever been made beneath it at that spot, you may be sure!" said Mrs. Davis. "Do, do ask to have the carpet taken up that we may see what is under it!"

"I really don't like to broach the subject again," said Mr. Davis; "I can't tell you how frightfully cut up poor Thompson is still about this whole business. He says he shall never get over it. I should hate to have to mention again such a terribly painful subject. We had much better say nothing more about it."

But Mrs. Davis was so insistent, she prevailed.

Mr. Davis repeated to his host his wife's remarks and request.

Mr. Thompson said he would be most glad to have a search made if Mrs. Davis would point out the spot. He said that as that room had been the children's day-nursery formerly, it was quite possible that it was in that room that the ring had been lost by the child, and if the desire to recover and restore the missing property was what prevented the child from resting in her grave, willingly would he order the whole house to be pulled down if there were any chance thereby of obtaining the desired result.

Accordingly, after Mrs. Davis had marked the position where the child stood, the carpet was removed. No ring was to be seen; but there was a tiny chink between two of the boards in the floor, just at that spot.

There had been no carpet in the room in the days it was used as a nursery—the child had always said the ring was "down a hole"—perhaps it had fallen through that chink in the boards?

A carpenter was called in and the boards were taken up.

Beneath, on the lathes of the ceiling of the room below, like a drop of ruddy heart's-blood, gleamed the red ruby of the long-lost ring!

Many are the years that have now elapsed since that eventful day, but never, during the whole of that time, has any living soul in that house again set eyes on a forlorn little figure, weeping and wailing and wringing its hands.

THE MEN OF PEACE

FAERIE SCOTLAND

By LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

The hosts arise in gear of birken green,
Across the hill they meet in rings, riding
Sleek fillies all bedight with bells piping.
An "urlar" as of breezes met in some
Deep glen of heaven, the whispering of sweet
Parnassus grass, the bluebells shake is blent
Within their song . . .
Where shadows thicken, light obeys. Forward
They dart—gone, gone The Men of Peace!

ANCIENT people! Lasting deathless people! Riders in green through Faerie! Haunters of endless woods, hills and glens in the Highland spirit world, hidden quiet people, Persons of Safety or Men of Peace! * Great race and small race, to know of your existence, the only wisdom. The heroic warrior gods of Ossianic legend, whose chariots were the winds and rolling clouds, were of those hosts pervading Scotland and Ireland, the deified ancestors of the Gael.

We Irish Celts and Highland Celts, in the race of life on earth who forget our identity of origin, may feel estranged, but we have only to bring ourselves in touch with the Celtic spheres to realize how at one we really are in soul to soul kinship, our mutual kin the Western Shee. The tyranny of the priest in Ireland and the tyranny of the Calvinist fanatic in Scotland, which caused a blight on the vision of our people, can only be temporary, for if the element of faery is within us the vision of the Celt can be bleared, but not extinguished. Moreover, human nature grows; it is not of the churchyard. The doctrine of perdition and divine wrath belongs not to "Faerie," their hills and glens, their knowes have remained unmolested by cant.

I met a Highland woman a few days ago who answered my inquiries after the "Sluadh Sidhe" with a doleful "Och! och! the Shee are put past now. May be the gospel is too strong for them." Another said, "They'll be meeting the Lord yet in their walks." The truth is that the evil results of the witch mania still linger. In those days when the black deil took exercise

* "Duoine Sidhe" (Gael.) pronounced shee (Faerie-people).

in air all was fog. His exaltation as King, Lord over all by the kirk turned the world into black Bogledom. The undeveloped souls of psychics in thousands, good and bad, were hurled into the borderland, projected no further than across the march which divides the physical from the actual world. In a state of bewildered frenzy their clouded souls remained to infest the air with the poison of revenge and hate, for the souls of those ignorant victims of brutal ignorance in their turn, fostered and augmented the rampant superstitions of the ignorant and the vulgar by the projection of the ghastly phantasms which their torturers had imposed on their unsheathed subjective personalities in their death agony. Psychics, as modern experiments have shown us, evolve unconsciously the psychic ideas of others. No wonder, if "proven," witches having passed the test of sailing in a sieve, shrieked when burning on the scaffold defiant confession, "The deil's my ain noo, I hae him noo," and in that proud assurance gave up the ghost. The most deplorable of results arising from the persecution is the cloud it left over human discernment. In darkening the spiritual vision sublime beliefs gave way to silly superstitions. Signs, symbols which as warnings a militant spirithood would impress humanity with in moments of life's difficulties, hints of impending danger are rarely acted upon, and a good augur the perverted vision is prone to distort into augur of ill.

Near the very nests of the wild ones I used to adore at my lovely Highland home the unseen forces are still at work. There is the cairn where the white phantom hare which the people called *brideag*, a faery guardian, always appeared at nightfall before the lonely piper, lightening his steps home through the dangerous glen by the whiteness of its sport as it "loupet" to his pibroch's wail out of mist into mist again. Across the loch there is the ruined castle of Dunderave, to where the affronted brownie, or "Bodach Glas,"* swam from the old house of Ardkinglas, when he fell out there with the inhabitants. "He would turn the bannocks on the girdle and mind the laird's parritch, but whiles he would be quirky an' kind o' spitefu', an' would tak' the gee an' awa'!" For their homely offices brownies have ever been celebrated. The offended brownies in Skye, "gar the peat hags flee."

There are endless tales of "brownies." They are quaint little men, short in stature with pointed beards, or at least such forms are set down by the seer as brownies. They are helpful,

* Grey old man.

on the whole benign, attaching themselves to certain families. The brownie at Largie in Argyll is treated by the owner—Morton of Largie—with honour and respect; he has attached himself from generation to generation to the Morton family. The present owner has often seen and heard him. When guests arrive at the house who are pleasing to him, he is jubilant and makes known his pleasure by displacing the furniture in the locked room which his master has always kept for his retreat. The cup and saucer placed for him there are regarded as his special property. He shifts his residence sometimes to the small island of Cara, across the water, where he has a rocky little throne called "The Brownie's Chair." The owner describes him, "a neat little man, dressed in brown, with a pointed beard."

The little people are brimming over with tradition. Anthropologists have attempted to reconstruct their anatomy in Scotland, Ireland and Cornwall. From the anthropological point of view the little faeries were real people, a very diminutive race who made their habitations under ground or otherwise cunningly concealed. According to Professor Rhys' theory, "they were hunters, probably, and fishermen; at any rate, they were not tillers of the ground or eaters of bread. Most likely they had some of the domestic animals and lived mainly on milk and the produce of the chase, together with what they got by stealing. They seem to have practised the art of spinning, though they do not appear to have thought much of clothing. They had no tools or implements made of metal. They appear to have had a language of their own, which would imply a time when they understood no other and explain why, when they came to town to do their marketing, they laid down the exact money without uttering a syllable to anybody by way of bargaining for their purchases. They counted by five and only dealt in the simplest numbers. They were inordinately fond of music and dancing. They had a marvellously quick sense of hearing, and they were consummate thieves; but their thievery was not systematically resented, as their visits were held to bring luck and prosperity." Interesting, if not confirmatory, evidence of the existence of this very diminutive race thousands of years ago, was the discovery made by antiquarians, through excavations in October, 1900, in Glen Frewen, Dumbartonshire. Each mound showed more or less signs of human labour. These excavations, which were illustrated in the *London News*, demonstrated not only how numerous were the tiny habitations, but how tiny were the inhabitants, the doors being not more than twelve to

fifteen inches in height and width; they included, among other archaic features, cup and ring carvings. If this diminutive race revisit their ancient haunts as it is affirmed, they, under certain conditions, become visible to mortals in Scotland as well as in Ireland.

On the shores of Dochaber, Invernesshire, lived the late Rev. Dr. Stewart, a Celtic scholar and poetic genius, whose thoughts were never away from the Highland Faerie Kingdom. He told me he had often seen and heard "The Hidden People" of the small race. A wee man and woman in green he came upon suddenly at the foot of a faerie hillock above his house. They appeared to be in contention, nodding their little heads at each other; when his dog barked, in a whiff they vanished into the rock. Many a day he told me he had heard within this knowe, or hillock, above his house, exquisite piping and singing, and sometimes he saw them dancing in a ring.

To live in a hill was to be adorned with enchantment according to legendary lore. And we may trace that these ideas came from the reality and mystery of the People of Peace. They of the hosts, great and small races, never plagued our understanding when they piped their ravishing tunes to us while moss cotton and bluebells nodded in time; and there are some of us who love far better to think of them drinking under their hill than to drink the red wine of the world.

Among unpublished records relating to incidents in the life of one of my wild ancestors, is a story of enchantment—a tale within a tale roared by every passing hill.

"Katroin MacMasters, or 'Wee Kate,' was a soothsayer and reputed witch at Green Grove in the Isle of Arran. When the dispoiler and his catherans passed and repassed her house leaving her stock unmolested, people questioned 'Wee Kate'; they asked, 'By what power did the chief pass your house and leave your cattle and your sheep?' 'By the eye-enchantment,' she answered. 'The Mirky Chief saw my cattle as hillocks, my sheep as rushes, my house as the hill.' Then they said, 'In the name of Satan then you did it?' and she answered, 'In the name of Wisdom. On a harvest day at the reaping I was, when I saw a very large green frog, and her belly exceedingly big, full-like. Success to you, I said to her, till my two little hands be about you, and I allowed her to go from me to the corn. In the winter thereafter one night when the moon was at the full, and in bed I was lying, the swift coming of a horse I was hearing, and a knock at the door, and a voice in a hurry, crying

on me to rise. Speedily I rose and opened the door. There in the braw moonlight a black horse I saw and upon it a fine man in green—or his appearance. "Mount behind me," says he. Mount I did. If it was east, west, south, or north we rode that night I know not. We reached a knoll, a door opened through a rock-like. In a big place of light we went where much people were at the music and the dancing. The man of the horse pointed to one in childbed in the corner. "Do to her," he said, "according to your skill." Then the Man of Peace went. According to my skill my duty I did. Then the rock opened and the Man of Peace on the black horse I saw in appearance as before. "Mount behind me," says he, and I did. If it was east, west, south, or north, I know not, till the door of my house we won; when he said to me, gentle-like, "Yon was the frog you saw in the oats, her you attended to-night. That your hand did her no harm be it well with you to the end of your days." And he spread his hand above me, saying, "On you the magical skill and sooth saying by the riddle." Then without sound into darkness he went, whither I cannot tell. . . . From that day 'Wee Kate' remained soothsayer at Green Grove in Arran."

A seer told me a few days ago: "When the God made the world, finished it, and thought it all very good, Arran* was not made. The sea faeries at bottom of the sea heard the God say, 'The world was very good.' But they were not satisfied, so they made Arran in one night and put it up, and they will send for it in the same way; and I hope I am on it when it goes down," said this seer of Arran.

Not long since a seer in Argyll told me he would that all men could tear the bandage off their eyes that they might see the multitudes he saw peopling the hills, coming and going, not to speak of the "solitaries," who frequent the silent places in the most hidden glens.

"Without vision people perish." But here the God fills the skies, and even to this day among the peace-telling hills sometimes the inmost eyes see, the inmost ears hear what is at our very doors. Who is there among us, who would not wish to be a "person of peace," to range free as a stag, unburdened by time, those glories of light and shadow. A faery country this, where bird and beast of sea and mountain prophesy, sounding in mysterious language the mysteries with which they, like ourselves, are filled.

On that still morning in early spring some years ago, when

* There is also Arran in Ireland.

from Creag Dubh * at Inveraray the cloud of countless skirling herons rose with tumultuous cries and unwonted rush of wing, they surely heralded to all the wild creatures he had loved the flight of their master's soul.† When through Ardkinglas by the ancient highway of the Highlanders, a phantom chariot, with clattering hoofs, is heard thundering by, it keeps to the old hill-track over the Brannie by "the cross of kneeling," where in old days the pilgrims took off their brogues to pray, making neither stop nor stay till at the castle door of "The Mac-Cailean Mhor."‡ It is on its way to do honour to the departing soul of Argyll's chief or a kinsman. The burling of the chariot through Ardkinglas to Inveraray was distinctly heard by several at the passing on of the great-souled George, eighth Duke of Argyll. Among the aged yet living, I have to-day seen one who told me she had seen three times at the passing away of three successive Dukes the portent which the people call "the fiery dragon of Argyll." A fiery body in the form of a dragon with a tail of fire passing over the castle, hovering above it, disappearing against the side of Duni Quaich, the neighbouring hill. She said, "It was not seen by myself alone but by several of us." Among legends published and unpublished touching the family, I do not know from whence the story originated of the white horse clacking round the gallery with one shoe loose, portending some important event.

People who have read "The Faery of the Foreland" § will remember the story begins, "Once I saw a Faery King. It was in the castle up by. He came through the sewn cloth hanging on the wall. He was a dainty wee man in our own tartan, with a steel plate on his breast, baronly style, and strange long curly hair. I ran my wet eyes down seven silver buttons in the shape of salmon on the front of his vest. . . ." There is certainly coincidence in these points of detail with the bearing and appearance of a douce little man in the castle, who gently makes known his presence to the favoured few by touching the strings of a faery "clarsach" || or harp. Many of us have seen him. I first became aware of that presence one evening in my turret. Standing between me and the firelight, for a few instants, in silhouette, I saw a diminutive figure in Highland dress. I said "Who are

* The Black Rock.

† George, eighth Duke of Argyll.

‡ The Duke of Argyll, meaning "son of great Colin."

§ *The Lost Pibroch* (Neil Munro).

|| Ancient Celtic harp.

you?" the answer, breathed rather than spoken, was reassuring enough—"A well wisher of the family of Argyll." If this wee man is of faery pith and marrow, then the pith and marrow of faery is solid—what we call solid—opaque, wonderful and malleable; this one appearing substantial as ourselves till, all at once, he makes himself air. Sir William Crookes has anticipated spiritual beings as centres of intellect, will, energy and power, each thus mutually penetrable, whilst at the same time permeating what we call space, each centre retaining its own individuality, persistence of self and memory. Our faery harper is one who perpetuates himself in music. Memory's golden towers he bids arise—infatuate memories wake at the touch of his living strings. He recalls them in Celtic strains, tender, wild and remote, which pass on, up and away as through distances beyond all space and time. A student, he must be, in so far as he appears given to books. He is seen lifting, shifting them, carrying them on his back, from a certain turret where books are kept. Ghosts of our books are they? or are they new books in the theoretical "fourth dimension"? for after we have observed him so actively engaged no book has been found disarranged.

The religion of personal fear is subsiding, the emotions which filled it are changing, we begin to think wider, our sphere of vision must therefore become extended. But the best Highland seers of the mysterious clans are in the lonely places. In the land of Lorne I know several seers and in the Outer Hebrides. In this part of Argyll where I am now, the inroad of restless civilization has disenchanted many a faery centre. One who has inherited "The Sight" from her forbears told me yesterday a tale, which she called the most "namely" in the whole countryside. Those gushing little falls, which bear the name "Faerie Falls," lilt their version of it down steps of black-faced rock close by, in music which the hidden people could hardly better. The relater's version I give.

"She was a decent woman, neither old nor young, who lived here at a sheiling called the Sheiling of the Foxes, long in ruins. She was never 'kent' to have ganged with the Shee* nor had 'troke' with the deil on her ain count nor others, yet it was namely that the ground on which the Sheiling stood was under enchantment. The woman fell very ill. The residenters jaloused she was far through.† The neighbours made ready

* "Sidhe" (Gael).

† Guesseed she was very ill.

for the streaking, and were saying, 'a bonny streaking there would be, for a well-looking woman she was.' She grieved at leaving her foster lass, that was her sorest trouble. To that lass the woman had given all the sunshine in the heart of her days. A night came when she called the lass beside her, for said she, 'The call of the Lord was at hand'; and when the girl saw the face greying and felt the hand turn cold as clay she was feared, and started to run for a neighbour. Well, she opened the door on the night; it was pit mirk with never a breath of wind. She was after snecking the door and hurrying forward when a scouthering thrum was meeting her in the air—a great 'holovohoroe' passing her with music and much laughing. She turned and before she won back to the door she saw the window in a lowe.* If it was the peats burning within they were burning over-bright. She keeked in. There she saw the spunkie lights through the peat reek jumping and leaping, and throng on the floor the 'Sluagh' † in green, wee leddies and gentlemen, two foot high—if they were that—dressed braw in the tartan, pipes and chanters and fiddles they had, and long green ribbons to them playing in grand style, and the good wife in the middle of them as hearty as the rest, springing and dancing, footing the reel wild and well. The lassie raised the sneck, a gust scoured past her and in it the wonderfulest music you ever heard. Well, she went ben. The fire was quiet, not a mouse stirred, never a sound ben the house but the quiet breathing of the woman in the bed. 'Who will they be who played healing on me while I slept,' says she; the lassie could not tell; but the woman was well and hearty from that day. . . . A few moss-covered stones are left of the Sheiling of the Foxes. There the 'Sluagh' will still be drawing healing liits out of the dancing falls to put on their pipes and fiddles. For those falls play healing in as many changeful moods as their own. . . ."

They foot it here, they foot it there
In and out of the risen door,
Though the children of Earth bewail it
In the kingdom of no more.

All up and under "Ben Sithean Sluagh," the Hill of Hosts, or Hill of the Men of Peace, the Hosts have made their nests like ants after a storm united in one great strip of Heaven. Not fallen angels nor wandering shades waiting for a "crack of doom,"

* Flame.

† The faerie people.

but spirits or faeries of human stature, "once shepherds on earth," they tell us—some fifteen hundred years ago—shepherds now of the beautiful, starring in things for God to carry ultimately to Heaven, the spirit germ of the beautiful made perfect by the spirit being a condition of Heaven. It may be asked, how is it that they have not quite broken the manners of their time, men to whom, in their darkened age, every spring was a pasturage? For them it is not long ago perhaps that the world began! Shall we live here, or shall we live there? How soon? How long? Better far to live like souls who live eternity away. . . .

Between me this morning and that Hill of the Men of Peace looking south-west across Loch Fyne in the still early dawn there is nothing but the black glassy loch. A curious cup-shaped hill, it is standing out darkly against the glimmering sky; higher than the range, where, further west, the mists are trailing low. The black-faced loch has turned round all in a minute, to show no frightening hell-fires, but coming day. Aureoles of palest primrose, travelling from the East, are rising behind that grim mountain wall. The light of the Redeemer's sword, flashing across the sky, spreads mirrored in the still dead sea. Congregated birds upon the shore are making plans—great plans, concerted movements. The myriad gulls and their reflected white spirals, flights of wild geese, the wheeling splashes made by the "dookers," who are playing like children at hide and seek in and out of the calm black depths, the curving wakes of countless porpoises and shoals of the finny legions, patterning the loch from end to end with strange rippling designs, are caught and quiver in the advancing light. What is this new light? It is the light of dawn whose equal is in eternity. All nature is declaring it. The mountains that God crowns are said to advance. The redeeming sun at last crowns the Hill of Peace, yet we are no nearer to it, for how are we to get to "enchanted" hills unless we go "enchanted"? To pass under enchantment, whatever that process is, whatever it was in past times, the conditions under which such events take or took place are and were psychical? Surely a process of initiation must take place, the initiate consciously or unconsciously acting under the suggestion of an initiator. Surely "Wee Kate," the Arran soothsayer, was under the eye enchantment when she watched the frog or phantasmal frog go among the oats. And the sender of that phantasm? The enchanter, was he not the Man of Peace on the black horse, to her invisible? The externalization of his formed thought

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he no doubt transmitted initiatory to the further purpose of his anomalous errand—the transportation of “the skilly woman” to his faery hall, for though the call on her services be indeed a hard nut to crack even for a believer, levitation and the passage of matter through matter is a class of demonstrative phenomena with which students of the occult are familiar. On a higher plane, there is the temporary liberation of the will-body. For again and again the will-body of a psychic has been seen to leave his mortal frame when that fragile body is in a state of trance. Furthermore, psychics can and do develop their psychical will-bodies and go where they choose. Remembering also that thought-transference and even aerial transport of the human body were phenomena known to adepts in all countries and all ages, we have a choice of tenable theories touching a possible mode for generations yet unborn of conquering the ether and travelling at lightning speed. At present we understand very little more of those things than people did in olden days when God walked and talked with men and they were not afraid. Were we fearlessly to return to the ancient Nature faith which led to the intuition of the God in everything, should we not regain a lost sense, the consciousness of the psychic essences of all things in nature, organic and inorganic—of the odic virtues in still and running water, in trees, plants and stones, and thus understand their sympathies and antipathies? We are not with Nature in harmony of mind; we have to regain that harmony. With the door to natural magic open, the power of controlling great invisible Nature, of directing her actions, was in old days anticipated if not actually begun.

Those spirits of the ancient races who passed on, already possessing rudiments of such science must in their advancement have got far beyond us in intellectually disentangling the Reign of Law. Could they bring down their laws to the eyes of our human understanding, the Great Expectation so long looked for would be realized in psychical experiments, the knowledge imparted to us from the transcendental world of how to control in their infinite combinations the psychical and physical elements through their chemical changes. For the forces of the external and internal worlds, being intimately co-related, manifest the intermingling of their motions, and these motions we have intellectually to disentangle. What of their knowledge of the counterparts of those lately discovered new elements in the air—helium, neon, krypton, xenon? What of their arts and sciences—their laboratories? The abstruse philosophy of “the

faery minister "• as he was called, author of *The Secret Commonwealth* † is not disconcerting, if we take into account that his were parochial studies, having with science and religion nothing to do. To believe that some of the transcendental world are of the good, some of the bad, and some of no kind at all, is not difficult.

Meanwhile the densely incredulous continue to mislead the dunderheaded, apathetically asseverating that we lift our eyes to silent faerie hills, reach out our longing hands, lend our listening ears to an uncommunicative world. It is only because they have never tried to bend down that Kingdom to themselves. In the day that they make their supplication they will learn that messages do come through to our earth, leading us to contemplate retrospectively the Secret Commonwealth as one of progression founded on true knowledge, a straight government because formed by souls who in their advancement impart only that knowledge which they do know.

To tarry among gods occasions in men silence, so it may be with the few old seers we have ; because they tarry near the People of Peace it is hard to make them speak. " What I have seen, I have seen," they will say, or they " could tell " or " might tell " ; and it is only after much encouragement they will go on and tell you all they " mind." There never was a more picturesque old man than one the folk on Loch Fyne side called " the faery-man," because of his second sight, or two sights, and consequent acquaintance with the green people. He lived across the loch near that Hill of Hosts. As I go back in thought some years ago I see him sitting by me on the hillside, on that glowing, peaceful day of August when we talked about the Men of Peace. A man of peace among men of peace. A mist of white hair rested on his bent shoulders ; he had fine clear-cut features, strongly-marked eyebrows, and a thoughtful face, full of genius. He was dressed in homespun of an ethereal blue, pale like the distant hills, towards which he looked with a far-off look, as if he saw then these very hosts—who have certainly welcomed him since—on march against the ridge of sky. He spoke gravely, slowly, and with the reiteration he felt necessary for my understanding, and his own want of confidence in anything but the Gaelic. The rise and fall of tones, the perfectly dramatic intervals of rest, the increase

* The Rev. Robert Kirke, M.A., taken captive to faery hills, from where he has never returned.

† Kirke's *Secret Commonwealth*, 1691. Edited by Andrew Lang, 1893

and diminution of pace, every syllable distinct and striking a musical note on the ear, the passing in joyous cadence from the minor into the major key with tremulous emotion to break into the minor with a half sob as the memory of his recalled vision at last grows dim and is gone—this you hear in the pure-bred Highlander when he is telling you of memories that stir his soul to its foundations. I would strike these notes now with my pen, for they ring clear in memory on my ear, but they would be nothing. The land underwaves of the sublime many-coloured mountains discovered that day in the depths of Loch Fyne, the scented memories borne in the sweet gale * from the hill, the thousand sympathies faltered by little hidden springs whose source is deep and unknown, the faery-man in blue with the far-away eyes, the voice that is silent, would not be there. The nearer we keep to Nature the less destruction we have ; so in his own words—word for word as I took them down that day—I give his story :—

“ It would not be long since that, in the gloaming, I was up the Faeries' Knowe, that's the ' Hill of Hosts,' in Strachur. It was to get a sight of the blast † at Furness from over the loch, that I went up. Now I went forward till I came to the top, and it was no while I was there, when before me, where I stood, straight out of the hill a horse appeared, jet black it was, and upon it sat a rider in green, in beautiful green, when more and more, and more again appeared till, if I mind, I saw fourscore or more beautiful big, black horses, with their riders, leddies and gentlemen, too, dressed in green, in beautiful green. The jackets upon them had a tail at the back, and on their heads green bonnets they had with tassels like it might be of the moss cotton of the hill, and for the music they had ! that was a music passing any ever I heard ! It was the bagpipes' sound, but the notes far, far sweeter. I heard them talking, too, in the Gaelic, and very pleasant one to the other. When one came forward—it might be their chief—and asked me in the Gaelic, ' What sent me there ? ' I said, ' I came to get a sight of the blast at Furness yonder ower the loch.' And I watched them where I stood ; they formed into a square, and with never a sound went through manœuvres more splendid than ever I saw the like. And then they prepared for march, and with never a broken rank among them, they marched away, quite away out of view with their sweet music playing the while ; nor could I see nor tell where ever they went. From while they were there to while they were away might be

* Bog myrtle.

† Blasting of rocks at Furness, near Inveraray.

three-quarters of an hour. I am seventy-five years of age, and that might be nine or ten years since I have heard of the faeries—them they call the 'Persons of Peace'—well! and for sure I can say, for what I saw then, they were none of this earth whatever! They were young, all young and hearty; I could not say but what they looked quite content, quite hearty, beautiful men, and women, too. I saw them, I heard them, and I watched them, yonder in the gloaming at the top of the knowe. I mind too an occasion when I was seeing them at the break of day. That was in Glen Shealish, at the back of the knowe, when I was tending the sheep, and they, they were on march down Tom a Bhoiran,* where they were saying the queen of the faeries keeps her palace, but *her* I have never seen. I have seen them by moonlight, too, but never so clear as what I saw then in the gloaming. That was a sight I can never, never forget.

* * * * *

"Now, my uncle he was acquaint with the faeries. I might tell how on an occasion, and that was at the close of day in the height of summertide, he was away up by Coronow yonder, after his white-streaked cow † that had strayed, when he heard like the blowing of pipes saft and sweet amang the heather. If they were below the hill, abune the hill, or across the hill; wherever they were he could not say, before he would put his ear to the ground; and after he would put his ear to the ground, he would rise and follow the sound away up through the heather and the sweet gale till the 'Craig Dhu'—that's the black rock that stands at the mouth of Hell's Glen—and lythe, clearer yet, he heard the music under the rock itself; and he stood like in a spell of music, that he could stir nor this way nor that. And as he stood, straight-way the rock opened afore him, till he would see right within the heart of the hill, a fine stair down to a fine ha', and there! ho! there! a companie throng in green, a goodly companie, laughing and singing and dancing, and keeping high feast, putting round the 'quaich' ‡ with the very best of cheer. For him, he had no fear at all when they were beckoning to him with their hands that he would come down, and one came forward up the stair; and she—she had gowden hair, and upon her a kirtle of green; and she was for him drinking from the 'quaich' that she would offer to him; and he—he was for taking the same from her that he would drink, when his good dog, that lay like in the

* Pronounced (Gael.) Tom a Viran, the Knoll of Sticks.

† "baa duimf," an old Highland breed.

‡ Ancient two-handed Highland cup.

spell stretched down on the second step of the stair, rose with a cry from his berth and came beside him ; then some way he minded on the saying : ' He who'll drink with the Men of Peace he'll not win hame to his men * to any time.' Now he turned from the rock with his gude dog at his heel, and when he looked back the rock stood as before, and for the faeries he saw none, and for the music, save the wind amang the heather, he heard never a whusht."

* * * * *

" They travel far, the faeries, but it's not every person gets leave to see them. I mind a story I heard down by, whatever way it was, or whatever it was, I cannot rightly say, but like I heard it myself from one of the clan I will rightly tell the same.

" It might be two hundred years since, just over the hills, one Macneil lost his wife, and buried her—at least, he thought so. There were two sons and ae daughter, and they grew up till the day she was able to keep the cows from the corn. When one morning a woman came and clapped her upon the head and told her that she was her mother. When the lassie answered that her mother was dead, the woman said she was still alive, for that she was *her*, and she dressed the lassie's head and kaimed her hair. When the lass came home and told her father, her father would not believe that what she said was right ; but he thought upon what she said, and rose next morning to watch if he could see the faery, but he saw none. Now he continued to rise—and if I mind it would be upon the third day he saw his wife come, and begin to do again the same to his daughter as she had said, and he came forward and spoke to her, and asked her, ' Was she still alive ? ' When she said she *was*. And he asked her would she not gang hame with him ; and she said she could not. But when he said, was there no way she could win hame with him, she told him there was just one way she could win back. ' Ye'll tak' my wedding-dress from out of the kist and ye'll stand at the brig end of the lodge end and watch ; and when you'll watch upon the night I'll pass, I'll be second in the procession on horseback ; and if you'll throw the wedding-dress out o'er my head when I ride past, I will be back with you, and aye remain with you, but if you'll miss your throw you'll never see me again.' And he took the wedding-dress from out of the kist, and he stood at the brig end of the lodge end. Now he watched the first night, and he watched the second night, but he saw none. And the third night it was with the moon at the full, when

* Men, or relations, in Gaelic.

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glinting out of the mist ridge a man looked out with a spear. And one by one they looked out—the Men of Peace—riding in great numbers, and drop after drop he saw the silver bits fall in in a silvery ring. And when ranked in procession, they would win past the bridge end, where he stood, forward they rode with a whusht like grass on a windy hill, and she the second in the procession on horseback. Now he did according to what she said—he cast the dress; but he missed the throw. For the blast came, and took it back with a sough, and the cry that he heard then he could never, never forget. At once the faeries that were before closed in behind, and they rode into the mouth of night, and he, he never saw her again. He mourned no more for the woman, but a faery.”

* * * * *

Here ended a Man of Peace among Men of Peace.

We wait for a system of signs and signals that shall enable us to correspond with Mars. Yet Mars is further off than the enchanted hills, the canals sound dull compared to the green and purple Hills of Peace where among the Riders of the Shee the bounding deer and roe pass on immortal in twos and twos. I am writing of these mysterious exclusive people in Argyll at a season when they are especially hidden from the seer. Not until between Beltane and Hallow-e'en they who are lords over rivers and seas, guarding streams and lochs, ride from their high castells on the lea, . . .

All up the great road and the high road
To the heights of their phantasy . . .

When the loch is savage in winter, the fret and the distemper of the tide, the beat of waves upon the shore, is import of their secrecy. The flood we would destroy it, but that we imagine in it they also see heredity, permanence, good. Approving the cleansing winds it is good to think of them, riding in their velvet moss suits gemmed with the living dew, their vests daisy-lined announcing already through the region of the ways the waking of spring. It makes us reason, and forcibly brings us nearer to that fair world remembering we have got to die. We must wait a call from the Hills of Peace. . . .

HAVE ANIMALS OCCULT FACULTIES ?

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

THERE was a time in the not "long ago" when there existed a great difference of opinion among the scientists as to whether animals were in possession of reasoning powers, and whether they could act occasionally according to logical reasoning and foresight, or were merely led by an unreasoning instinct. It seems that this question has been settled; because there are so many instances known in which especially the higher animals—such as the elephant, the horse, or the dog—acted in a manner exhibiting an almost human intelligence and showing a comprehension of the emergencies of the case. Elephants are employed in India for loading and unloading cars and perform their labour in a manner showing considerable intelligence; dogs employed for hunting or in the service of the police know their business; horses sometimes exhibit more intelligence than their drivers; even hogs can be trained to perform clever tricks. A case is known of a beaver who collected his winter supply of living frogs, and to keep them from hopping away and escaping he broke the backbone of each.

Volumes might be filled with examples of the intelligent working of the mind of animals, and also of their domestic affection and virtues. A pair of storks were occupying a nest, and during the absence of the male the female was visited by another stork. The male upon his return seems to have discovered the indiscretion; he called together a council of the storks in the neighbourhood, and after what seemed a noisy deliberation the assembly killed the unfaithful female with the strokes of their bills and threw her out of the nest.

The animal organism of man does not differ much from that of other beings; perhaps it is only a difference of degree. The brain is the instrument for thinking and the blood, with its central organ, the seat of affection and desire. Animals have an astral body, and they are capable of forming mental images by means of their thoughts. They are consequently capable of appearing as ghosts after the death of their physical forms, and they may project their thought-bodies to the person or place of which they are thinking. They are, on the whole, more clairvoyant than men or women; they have animal souls like our-

selves, and consequently their own psychic or occult faculties and powers, even if they employ them instinctively and without scientific knowledge of the way in which they are employed. But even we employ our psychic powers usually without intellectual reasoning; because these powers belong to the soul and not to the reasoning intellect. Paracelsus says that even the greatest magician or sorcerer performs his feats without knowing the way in which his magical powers act. There is no doubt that animals may be hypnotized so as to make only one idea dominant in their minds, as is shown by the well-known experiments of drawing a chalk line in front of a hypnotized chicken, which the chicken, imagining itself to be imprisoned, dares not cross. They are subject to thought-impression and can be acted upon by means of "telepathy," as I have often proved to my own satisfaction by experiments made with a favourite horse of mine, which on certain occasions used to take the road which I willed it to take, without any other indication except my wish and my thought.

Two years ago a great sensation was caused in Germany by the public exhibition of a horse, which answered questions asked at random by the visitors, without being in contact with anybody, and without its trainer standing near, although he stood within hearing of the questions. If, for instance, the number of the day of the week or month was asked, the horse gave the correct answer by so many times stamping his feet. I do not know what theory the scientists invented to explain this phenomenon, but it seemed to me that the questions were answered by the trainer by means of telepathic impressions made upon the mind of the horse. Dogs and other animals know the intention of their master by merely looking at the expression of his face. If you are afraid of a dog, even without showing it, your fear communicates itself to the dog; he becomes afraid of you and barks at you.

Animals, especially horses, dogs and birds are susceptible to astral impressions. In haunted houses animals often perceive ghosts which are not seen by non-sensitive people. Lord Lytton tells of a remarkable case of this kind in his story of a "haunted house," and innumerable similar cases are known. Only recently at the funeral of the assassinated King of Portugal, when the *cortège* arrived at the place of the tragedy, the horses attached to the hearse refused to proceed. They probably saw the horrible impressions in the astral light created there by that murder. Adolphe d'Assier, a French writer, gives in

his *L'Humanité Posthume* several interesting accounts of astral apparitions of animals and even of visible and tangible materializations. I know by personal experience of several cases in which the astral bodies of pet dogs that died still haunted the premises and could be heard to act according to their previous habits, jumping on chairs and beds as they used to do while alive. In spiritualistic literature many cases of apparitions of ghosts of dogs may be found.

I also have evidence that animals think of their friends, and that their thoughts may reach them; because love can carry the thought-image to any place, however far it may be, and create a mental impression. I was very fond of a little pet dog that was very intelligent and affectionate; it belonged to the Princess M—— R—— at Florence. Once while I was on a journey at Berlin this dog appeared to me, wearing a new collar, which I had not seen before. On my return to Florence I found that the dog had been ornamented with such a collar. The same little dog afterwards died, and I have seen his astral image several times and without thinking of him. It therefore could not have been caused by my own imagination. Mr. Leadbeater, in his book *On the Other Side of Death*, also cites some examples of apparitions of dogs, and one interesting story of a spectral dog may be found in Mr. Stead's *Borderland*, vol. iv, no. 5.

It is not to be supposed that a dog intends to project his thought-form; it may be sufficient that he loves his friend and thinks of him; and as we know that thinking beings, after they leave their physical bodies at death, have still an ethereal brain, there is no reason why we should not accept the theory, that deceased animals, as well as deceased human beings, may after death think of the persons they love, and thus appear to them in a spectral form.

More difficult to explain is the (to me) undoubted fact that animals, especially birds, seem sometimes to foretell the death of persons, even if these persons are far away. A gentleman, Mr. S——, was away from his residence in the country on a voyage. One night a great many owls settled on the roof of that house, making an awful noise and refused to be driven away. That same night Mr. S—— died in a place several hundred miles from his home. This may have been a coincidence; but it is remarkable that the owls neither before that night nor ever afterwards were seen on the roof of that house. It is far easier to invent some explanation of such things or to pooh-pooh them out of existence than to discover their true cause. There

are still a great many undiscovered mysteries in nature, especially in that part of science which deals with the psychology of our animals.

More comprehensible than the case with the owls is the following fact which has just now come to my observation. Two days ago the landlord of the house where I am living died of old age, and two days before his death two swallows, who had begun to build a nest in a place not far from the room where the sick man was lying, abandoned their work and left, although they had been in no way disturbed by anybody. It seems that they prognosticated that death even before the medical attendants could do so, and they disliked the death-atmosphere.

Man is a compendium of the powers represented in the animal kingdom ; but the animals are in many ways more clever than he. He may be said to be a " Jack of all trades, but master of none." Fishes surpass him in swimming, birds in flying, dogs and cats in finding their way ; spiders in spinning, birds in seeing at a distance, bats in seeing in the dark, horses in running, elephants in strength, monkeys in climbing, etc., etc. Snakes have the power to fascinate birds, mice and small animals and force them to approach, to be devoured by them, and thus they employed the art of hypnotism long before the appearance of Mesmer and Braid ; but in wanton cruelty man surpasses all the rest of creation.

It may be claimed that the faculties belonging to the animal kingdom are the property of the collective souls of their different species ; but the same may be said in regard to the animal faculties of man. In mankind as in the lower animals the universal one life, the " animal soul of the world," is manifested in individual forms. The human form does not yet constitute any permanent and immortal individuality. A man without any higher aspiration than the satisfaction of his personal desires may be regarded as a bundle or collection of " desire elementals " without any real individual self. True spiritual individuality begins only where the consciousness of a higher existence, the individual realization of the divine unity of all being, begins and selfishness and self-conceit ends. Observation teaches that even in the animal kingdom a great deal of unselfish love is manifested in certain individuals, and the question arises how far individual immortality extends in the animal kingdom. This will be a problem for the science of the future to solve.

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.*]

THE HOUSE OF HORROR

[The three following letters have been sent me by "Andrew Merry" in confirmation of our story of the "House of Horror" appearing in last issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. They are all from friends who stayed at the castle and had experiences there of a Psychic nature.—ED.]

LETTER I

I have been asked to commit to paper the details of an occurrence that took place whilst I was on my first visit to Kilman, the home of my old friend, Maurice O'Connell. I gladly do this because although there is nothing very remarkable in the facts when viewed by themselves, nothing of a similar or kindred nature has ever been experienced by me before. Also at the actual time I was deeply impressed. I arrived at Kilman on the morning of the twentieth of October, 19—, perfectly sound and healthy in mind and body, certainly not a person accustomed to dream dreams or to start and shudder at a shadow. The days were spent in long tramps with dogs and gun after wild pheasants, snipe and rabbits, and the evenings in singing, reading and yarning, with games of Nap or Bridge; but beyond a casual remark or two I overheard made to my hostess about the castle being haunted, and with a description of three apparitions that a neighbour said he had seen in the dining-room, nothing occurred at any time to cause me to think or to fancy that ghostly visitors were to be expected in my room, at any rate.

On the thirty-first of October I went to my bedroom about 11 p.m., and before putting out my light I read over a very beautiful and semi-religious ceremony which I had shortly to celebrate or conduct as "Installing Master" of my Masonic Lodge. I am a very sound, steady sleeper, and yet am easily awakened by any unusual movement in my room at night. During the night, the time was 12.45 a.m., as I subsequently saw by my watch, I felt that I was awakened by somebody in my room. It was pitch dark and at first I could see nothing; I was wide awake with an extraordinary cold feeling at my heart that rapidly increased in intensity. Almost immediately I felt, as much as saw, that there was a tall figure in the middle of the room. My first impression was that O'Connell himself was there, as no other member of the household would correspond to the height.

"What is it?" I asked.

There was no answer, but I now could see, dimly at first and then with increasing distinctness, that the tall figure was clothed from head to foot in red, and with its right hand raised menacingly in the air. To

my utter astonishment I could see that the light which illuminated the figure was from *within*, having very much the effect of the dark lantern used in a photographer's room. As the figure advanced towards me the light increased, and I could see distinctly that the form was that of a very tall woman holding some sort of a weapon, knife or dagger, in her hand.

"What is it?" I said again, adding, "*Who* is it?" and then hurriedly struck a match and lit my candle.

As the flame of the match and candle illumined the room I looked all round. The room was empty. I jumped out of bed and carefully examined the curtains to see if by any chance the light from the window could have caused the effect above described, or if I could find any possible explanation. I put out the candle, and getting into bed again, carefully looked to see if in the dark I could account for what I had seen. No, the night was too black, and the curtains too closely drawn for any glimmering from without to filter in. Not satisfied, I relit the candle and made a systematic search round the room. I found everything in order, and my door locked, exactly as I had left it when going to bed. From the moment that I noticed that the light emanated *from* the figure I was convinced that what I saw was supernatural. Convinced, too, against my will, for up to this, I had been one of the greatest unbelievers in the possibility of apparitions or of spirits being seen. I can't say I felt exactly frightened, but more solemnly impressed. My pre-conceived opinions were utterly swept away, and I *knew* I had been face to face with something beyond my power to explain away.

I went back to bed again, but decided that I must not fall asleep thinking of the "scarlet woman," or else I should be sure to dream of her, and I knew that what I had seen was not "in a dream." Accordingly I said over to myself some of my Masonic ritual, and then recalled the numerous "shots" that I had missed during the day, and the picturesque language in which my host had expressed his opinion of me, but in a few minutes I again felt the bitter cold over or at my heart—I put my hand inside the breast of my pyjama jacket but found the flesh quite warm. I stared intently into the middle of the room but could see nothing. Presently the cold grip seemed to pass away. Again and again this occurred. Every time I was convinced that "something" was there, but I could see and indeed saw nothing again. In about an hour's time I fell asleep and was not disturbed till the manservant "called" me.

As I prefaced this memoir, there is nothing very remarkable or thrilling in what I describe, but *I know* that I was not dreaming, that I *saw* a real "unreality," and that I was not the victim of a practical joke. Apparitions are not a subject for jest at Kilman Castle either with host or guests.

(Signed) _____.

LETTER II

You have asked me to write down just what happened last night when you, with my brother and myself, had just come in from listening to the dogs making a tremendous barking and howling at half-past eleven.

When we came into the big hall I had my arm round your waist, and it was a sudden start that you gave made me look at your face.

I saw your eyes fixed upon something above our heads, and the next minute my own eyes were filled by the sight of a Thing in the gallery looking down at us. There was plenty of light from the lamps in the hall, and the one above on the wall at the corner of the gallery, for every one of us to see quite plainly the grey-coloured figure about the height of a small grown-up person looking down at us. I wish I thought I could ever forget the sight of that grey figure with dark spots like holes in its head instead of eyes, standing with grey arms folded on the gallery-railing looking down at us. It was the cry I gave in my horror made my brother look up too, and without waiting a second you remember he said :—

“Stand here you two, and I will run round and upstairs to the gallery just to see who that joker is. I’ll teach him to dress up like that to try and give you ladies a fright.”

You and I stood just where we were, and neither of us said a word. Our eyes were fixed on the Thing—at least I know mine were and never shifted. I heard the rushing footsteps of my brother as he ran upstairs, and the opening of the gallery door. Then just as he put foot on the gallery, the Thing that he saw there, that we were watching, suddenly faded out of sight. The Thing did not move, only became less and less visible, until it vanished.

My brother searched the gallery for any trace or sign of the figure we had all three seen, but found nothing.

I only wish you would come away with us to-day. I do not like leaving you in this weird place, where I personally could not summon courage to remain another night.

LETTER III

You want me to tell you exactly what occurred the first night I spent with you all at Kilman last November. I went up to my room, which was in the Priests’ House, called the——Room, and I liked my quarters very much. The great big beam across the ceiling was so old-fashioned and in keeping with the rest of the castle, as were the well-worn uncarpeted stairs outside leading down to the little hall and up to the top storey.

Well, I went to bed quite happily, no thought of ghosts or any such things in my head, and soon was fast asleep.

The next day when I came down to breakfast, you asked me, “Had I slept well?” And you may remember I told you I had been a little disturbed and wakeful. When we were alone after breakfast, you asked me to tell you candidly what had given me a bad night, and I told you just what I now put down.

You know that I was a perfect stranger to Kilman and all its stories. Also I was quite ignorant as to the various apparitions other people had seen within its walls. As for expecting to see a spook myself, as one of those who pride themselves upon being strong, athletic, and well-trained, in perfect health without the knowledge of what nerves meant, I should have laughed at any one even suggesting I could see a ghost. Well, that first night I went to bed and to sleep at once, to be awakened later by a curious feeling of oppression—just as if some very heavy body was on my bed nearly pushing me out. Into my mind came the idea that one of the dogs had got into my room, and I put out my hand to feel over

the bed clothes—but beyond a sensation as if I had plunged my hand into ice-cold water, there was nothing.

As the weight on my bed did not move, I resolved to get out and light a candle—to look in fact, and *see* what was there. But the candle revealed nothing but a deep impression in the counterpane next to the impression made between the sheets where my own body had just been.

I tried to lift the bed-clothes right off the bed, but from the side where the impression was I could not shift them. So after many endeavours to account for what seemed unaccountable, I was driven to the conclusion that there really are stranger things in this world than my philosophy could explain, and rather than take my place next to that unseen heavy weight of mystery, I got a book and a cigarette, and did not try to get into bed again until the day broke. Then having opened the shutters and the windows, I once more went over to the bed—found the impression on the counterpane if anything deeper than when I had last looked, but on trying to lift the clothes I rejoiced to find that I could do so. The weight was gone—so I was back in my own place between the sheets when my cup of tea was brought to me.

I have had further experiences, such as hearing footsteps, etcetera, when my eyes told me there was no one visible to make the sounds, and all the time that I have been in Kilman have felt that some one was trying to get recognition or communication with me. But to this thought I have never paid any attention, except to chase it out of my mind as quickly as possible, and to resolve each time it returned more strongly, that I would not be the means if I could avoid it for the Unseen inhabitants of your old home to make themselves more troublesome than they do at present, by taking messages or encouraging them to attempt communication.

I only wish I knew of some one who has studied the Unseen enough to be able to come to Kilman and make its invisible occupants go to the rest that they, I suppose, are seeking—which they certainly prevent you and plenty of other living people from getting.

THE DANGER OF PREMATURE BURIAL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The able and instructive remarks on this painfully important subject in *THE OCCULT REVIEW* for October, induce me to ask permission for a few suggestions.

It is earnestly hoped that the urgent question of premature burial and its prevention may be considered by Parliament next session. This, however, will much depend on the amount of moral and material support that is given to the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, which during the past thirteen years has persistently called the attention of the public to the dangers of premature interment, and the duty of the state to safeguard its citizens against such a possibility.

Under our existing laws (which do not make it obligatory

that an apparent corpse should be medically examined, and scientifically tested, in order to make sure that death has really supervened) premature burial is a constant peril to every one who appears to die, except those killed outright by accidents. It is by no means certain that all people are dead when buried. The narrow escapes from burial alive reported in the press from time to time, and the facts that come to the knowledge of the above-mentioned Association from persons who by the merest chance (humanly speaking) have avoided premature interment, render it not only possible, but certain, that many have not the good fortune to escape, and are consigned to the grave whilst in a condition of suspended animation.

It is the usual practice in the medical profession to certify to the cause of death without any inspection of the body, and on the mere hearsay evidence that the patient is dead. When one contemplates the insuperable difficulties in the way of discovering living burials, by reason of the rarity of exhumation (about one in 50,000 interments), that those who have escaped have done so, as it would seem, quite by accident, such as the twitching of an eyelid, lips, and other portions of the body, perspiration on the forehead, delay of a funeral, etc., and the constant burial of persons before putrefactive decomposition—the only really trustworthy proof of death—has set in, it cannot with reason be inferred that such ghastly tragedies do not occur in this country, nor that the dangers are infinitesimal. Indeed, taking into consideration the facilities that exist, the great uncertainty of the so-called signs of death, the deceptive nature of forms of suspended animation, rightly termed death-counterfeits, the fact that an annual average of 10,000 bodies are buried in England and Wales only without any sort of certificate, or any scientific proof of their decease, it would be very surprising if premature interment did not often happen. Assuredly, before any thought of burial, cremation, post mortem, or embalming is entertained, it should be obligatory to ascertain beyond the least shadow of a doubt that the person is really, and not merely apparently, without life. This can only be insured by applying a number of tests, as shown by the late Sir B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., and in no case should be ever omitted.

In an address on premature burial before a medical society at Boston, U.S.A., Professor Alex. Wilder, M.D., concluded with the following impressive peroration: "The thought of suffocation in a coffin [such a tragic occurrence was reported from Rome in the *Morning Leader* of November 4.—J. R. W.] is more terrible

than that of torture on the rack or burning at the stake. The fearful despair, however short the period, is too full of horror to contemplate with calmness. Carelessness in this matter cannot be innocent, indifference is culpable, and even ignorance in respect to it is closely akin to crime. Our sorrowing is a mockery, our tears little else than testimonials of our hypocrisy, when we neglect precautions against a fate so terrible—a fate to which every one is more or less liable." If any of your readers are willing to help the humane movement for obtaining legislative precautions, I should be pleased to send literature on the subject on receiving a stamped addressed envelope.

Cordially thanking you for your kindness, I am, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.

100, CHEDINGTON ROAD,

UPPER EDMONTON, LONDON, N.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read in the November issue your important remarks on the subject of premature burial. If you have space in your journal may I ask you to insert the following, which is a copy of a leaflet issued by the London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, so as to give wider publicity to the tests that may be used to discover whether death has really occurred :—

1. Respiratory failure, including absence of visible movement of the chest, absence of the respiratory murmur, absence of evidence of transpiration of water vapour from the lungs by the breath.

[In default of proper tests being applied by a medical attendant I would suggest that this test may be made by holding a clean mirror in front of the nose and mouth and watching to see if it becomes clouded in any degree. Care should be taken, of course, to avoid breathing on it accidentally.]

2. Cardiac failure, including absence of arterial pulsation, of cardiac motion and of cardiac sounds.

3. Absence of turgescence, or filling of the veins, on making pressure between them and the heart.

R

4. Reduction of the temperature of the body below the normal standard (98° Fahr.) in the axilla, or armpit.

5. *Rigor mortis* and muscular collapse.

6. Coagulation of the blood.

7. Putrefactive decomposition.

8. Absence of red colour in semi-transparent parts under the influence of a powerful stream of light.

[The finger-tips may be examined by holding them against a bright lamp.]

9. Absence of muscular contraction under the influence of galvanism, of heat, and of puncture.

10. Absence of red blush after subcutaneous injection of ammonia (Monteverdi's test).

11. Absence of signs of rust or oxidation of a bright steel blade after plunging it deep into the tissues (the needle test of Cloquet and Laborde).

If all these signs point to death, if the injection of ammonia causes a dirty brown blotch, the evidence may be considered conclusive that death is absolute.

If these signs leave any doubt, or even if they leave no doubt, one further point of practice should be carried out.

The body should be kept in a room the temperature of which has been raised to a heat of 84° Fahr., with moisture diffused through the air, and in this warm and moist atmosphere it should remain until distinct indications of putrefactive decomposition have set in.

As your journal has a wide circulation, it may be of great assistance to many who are perhaps out of reach of proper medical examination, to receive through your columns these brief instructions, some of which they may be able themselves to carry out.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

H. A. DALLAS.

HAMPSTEAD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The importance of the subject, the danger of premature burial, so ably written upon in your excellent journal, cannot be overestimated, and you are certainly doing a great service to humanity in thus bringing the matter before the public, and it is to be hoped that the authorities in this country will see

their way to do something in the matter, and make better and stricter laws on the subject of burial certification. As the only *certain* sign of death is when putrefaction sets in, would it not be a good plan to have waiting mortuaries attached to every cemetery throughout the kingdom, where bodies could be placed after "death" to lie until certain evidence of dissolution was apparent, when there would be no possibility of premature burial?

In the slums and poorer quarters of our great cities where the houses are overcrowded, and whole families occupy one room, how great are the dangers of premature burial. When a death occurs they cannot keep the body in the house, as there is no room. A poorly paid, overworked doctor attends and hurriedly examines the body, writes out a certificate of death and consigns the corpse to the grave, where it is at once hurried. In many instances the doctor is over-fatigued and does not make a sufficiently careful examination. The relatives of the deceased have to abide by the doctor's verdict, and the unfortunate creature, perhaps still living, is sent off at once to the nearest cemetery to be buried alive! Now if there were waiting mortuaries such a terrible calamity would be averted. The possibility of any human creature being buried alive is too awful to think of, but it is well known that many have suffered that terrible fate.

There is no doubt that the best way to dispose of corpses is by cremation, and it is a pity there are not more crematoriums in different parts of the kingdom, and that cremation is not more general. When the doctrines of spiritualism become more widespread perhaps there will be an improvement in this matter; but at present it is imperative that the Government should take some steps to amend our burial laws, and so render premature burial an impossibility.

Yours faithfully,
REGINALD B. SPAN.

WOODLANDS, TENBY, S. Wales.

NAMELESS HORRORS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Some time since you were good enough to insert a letter from me describing my only occult experience, which has never been explained, and apparently never will be in this life. To-day your very horrible spook story comes into my hands,

and by a curious coincidence a very similar story came to my knowledge late last evening.

Not far from here is a small village called South Cove: it is very near Southwold on this coast. Between Southwold and South Cove is a strange and unexpected sharp winding bend in the road with a thick holly hedge of great age on one side, and this spot is said on all hands to be haunted at night by some nameless horror, and no one in Southwold will go that way after nightfall. I have it from a young man who now lodges with the nephew, that his uncle, a strong tall man and three others have all died or gone mad just after having been known to pass that place. I understand that no one yet has lived to tell the tale of what he saw, and it has all occurred within the last four years, so it is quite recent. The man is Mr. W—H—, fisherman, Southwold. It is a very strange and queer story, and is just alluded to I think by Edward Fitzgerald in some book—the spot, not these incidents.

I have another queer story that I have had from the gentleman to whom it relates and curiously enough through the same young friend.

This was many years ago, but the old gentleman is well and hearty and resides at Southwold.

At Dunwich, a few miles further down the coast, he once took a party of Sunday-school children for their annual treat, and warned every one concerned that the bathing was, as indeed it is, very dangerous, and all the children were forbidden to enter the sea. One boy, however, disobeyed orders and some of his companions ran to tell the gentleman: they went through a deep gap in the cliff that leads to the village and the gentleman at once hurried down this passage or cleft to call the lad out of danger. Half-way down he met an assistant teacher and anxiously asked him if he had seen X—.

"Oh," said the teacher, "he passed me a moment ago in the gap, *coming up*." The gentleman however, went on, and as soon as he got through the gap he found the boy's dead body in the sea just before him!

I must apologize for the length of my letter, but if you can find anything of interest or a subject for scientific inquiry I shall be gratified and will give you all the assistance in my power, except that I do not care to tackle a ghost *quite alone* unless I am compelled to do so.

BECCLES,
November 30, 1908.

Yours truly,
F. J. HADFIELD.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

OCCULT subjects of all kinds are being more freely discussed than ever in the periodical press, both in England and America. Mr. Hamlin Garland's remarkable series of papers in *Everybody's Magazine* has just appeared in book form; *The Homiletic Review* recently had a very sensible leader holding up psychical research as an important object of study for serious investigators, and declaring that "the Church and the public in general would err if they put a stone in the way of these investigations," but followed it up in the next issue by a silly article by an English clergyman, containing a strange tissue of inaccuracies designed to bring spiritualism into contempt. *T. P.'s Weekly* has been publishing correspondence on spiritualism and reincarnation, while *John Bull*, with much sensational announcement, has commenced a series of articles by Mr. Douglas Blackburn, showing how, according to his story, he and another illusionist duped Mr. Myers and Mr. Gurney by a pretence of thought-transference. These were the first experiments in that direction undertaken by the Society for Psychical Research, but since then many other experiments have been made, in which no doubt can rest on the good faith of agent or percipient. Therefore, to show that the earliest results were due to trickery proves nothing against any one but the tricksters themselves, who apparently think it something to brag about. Meanwhile the *Daily Mail* has arranged for the investigation of spirit-photography by a committee consisting of experts in spiritualism and photography, with a scientific gentleman of open mind as final referee.

The last number of the *Theosophical Review* contains much that is of interest to students of comparative religion in its occult and mystical bearings. E. R. Innes gives, in continuation of a previous article, an exposition of "The Sign of the Sacred Heart," and shows by a diagram how the ebb and flow of the life-pulse or wave from the sphere give rise to the successive symbols of the cup, the heart, the womb, the cosmic egg, and the double sphere, and he traces the significance of these as stages of human and cosmic development. Mr. Mead writes on "The Secret of Jesus," as a study in Christian Gnostic tradition, and shows how the Incarnation was regarded by the various schools of thought. Other articles compare modern idealism with the Vedantic philosophy, and describe the ancient cult of the Slavs, which is represented as "the most idealistic of all early barbarian religions," and as "a Wisdom-religion hidden in poetic veils." Mr. J. M.

Watkins writes on the mystic philosophy of Jalal-uddin Rumi, an Indian Sufi of the thirteenth century. Speaking of the similarity of his ideas with Neoplatonism, Mr. Watkins says :—

I prefer to think that, in the schools of Mysticism, similarity of thought means similarity of experience, and I find joy and comfort in the heritage of the lover of Mysticism, for it is a tradition extending into the remotest antiquity, finding expression in various languages and varying modes, suitable to the age and peoples to whom it is being re-told by those who have sought to touch the hem of that divine garment of living wisdom with which the Beloved is clothed.

The Word contains a story, founded on psychometry, of Cagliostro's escape from the castle of St. Angelo, representing him as opening the doors by occult power, and throwing the guards into a profound mesmeric sleep. The continuation of the articles on *Sartor Resartus* contains interesting comment on the philosophy of time and space.

The Open Court, which makes a point of inquiring into the mystic legends of Christianity, gives illustrations of the *vera icon* of St. Veronica, in comparison with a similar legend relating to a portrait of Christ, miraculously impressed on a cloth, and sent to Abgar, King of Edessa. The story is transmitted by Eusebius, and both Rome and Genoa claim to possess the relic. Abbé Gaffre, a French priest, has lately discovered an illuminated manuscript, in Greek, which relates the Abgar story, which, however, can scarcely be older than the early part of the third century, when Christianity was introduced into Edessa. An article by Charles Kassel on "The Psychology of Music" derives the mental associations of pitches and rhythms from the vocal modes of expressing emotions used by primitive man, and even by animals, and to the impressions made by natural sounds :—

So long through the ages has the ear formed the doorway to the brain—so much does the primal psychology of sound still retain its hold upon the mind—so interlinked indeed are music and speech—that words, whether they rise from the lips or from the printed page, must fail of their fullest effect if lacking in measure and melody. The primitive within us craves still that meaning be sung into the ear !

The late Dr. Alexander Wilder was a constant contributor to the *Metaphysical Magazine*, and the last issue to hand contains a lengthy biographical notice, showing the extent and variety of his activity. He was a prominent medical man in New York, associate editor of the *Medical Tribune*, and organizer of the Eclectic Medical Association and College, as well as a prolific writer on medical subjects. He wrote magazine articles and monographs on ancient mysticism and symbolism, and was an

ardent expounder of Plato. His study of Plato's *Republic* has lately been published in *The Word*. In his early days he had several changes of occupation before finally adopting a medical career. In a sketch of his own life, he tells how he was employed in felling dead trees for firewood. He had cut a tree so that it fell against another, and he set about the work again. Then, he says :—

As I was striking I felt a voice. It seemed to reach my head at the top and pass to the epigastrium with all the force of peremptory command : " Step back ! " I obeyed, going some eight steps. That very instant a limb, about six feet long and several inches in diameter, fell from the top of the tree. It fell along my footsteps, and with such force as to bury itself in the soft earth. If I had failed but a step it would have hit and crushed me.

How Japanese youths are trained to overcome quick temper and emotion, as well as the tendency to gloom, and to preserve self-possession and cheerfulness under all circumstances, is told by Yono Simada in *The Swastika*. One of the exercises, or tests, is that of climbing a mountain at night, which is called " Triumph-chasing." Another Japanese contributor describes experiences in a haunted wood in one of the Hawaiian islands, where a child ghost is seen, and a mysterious hut bars the wayfarer's progress.

The first number of a new *Buddhist Review*, dated January, 1909, contains articles setting forth the fundamental characteristics of Buddhism from various points of view. An article on " Buddhism and Science," after stating that Buddhism accords with modern views on continuity, conservation and evolution, says :—

Buddhism has always laid stress on the improvement of our mental capabilities. Here in the West we are only beginning to feel that we have in us dormant powers which we hardly know how to train or exercise. Newton's famous remark that he made his wonderful discoveries by " thinking to them," corresponds to the higher practice of many of the more educated Buddhists. They have for ages been in the habit of scientifically training the memory and cultivating something like Newton's " thought "—something very much higher than intellect. They consider that the condition of genius can be cultivated, until that higher sense to which it belongs simply sees, without reason or argument, the truth which it seeks. They regard distance as having nothing to do with any of our really fine perceptions. The very inmost sense of a subject is not a matter of space or time but of absolute presentation to a faculty which the Buddhists call *panna* (enlightenment) and which no more depends on the reason than does the perception of sunrise.

REVIEWS

AN IMMORTAL SOUL. By W. H. Mallock. London: George Bell & Sons. 1908. Price 6s.

THE reader of to-day is doubtless much more sophisticated than the Memmius instructed by Lucretius, in whose doctrine of fortuitousness we seem to find the inspiration of this ironical novel; but he is no more likely to interrupt Mr. Mallock in his story-telling than Memmius was to refute Lucretius in his philosophizing. *An Immortal Soul* is a novel of dual personality as different from *The White Cat* by Mr. Gelett Burgess as a blade of steel is from a blade of grass. For Mr. Burgess allowed that a soul was a unit, whereas Mr. Mallock suggests that it is a bundle. Mr. Burgess admitted "possession," but Mr. Mallock shows "possession" to be but a symbol of the incongruous desires and ideals of the average man and woman.

Mr. Mallock's heroine is the daughter, by a *divorcée*, of a rich kleptomaniac. Her more intelligent self is lustful, breezy, sporting, atheistic and foul-mouthed. Her weaker self is fastidious, nervous, pious and so irresistibly feminine that a baronet whose heart is interred in the past becomes almost engaged to her and a priest with a vocation for celibacy falls in love with her. A shock submerges this weaker self, and after a period of seclusion the heroine is, by her medical guardian, reintroduced to society under the name which has been bestowed on her stronger self. The priest is completely deceived and has a violent scene with her in discussing religious matters.

In the end the specialist who handles the heroine's case apprises the priest of the facts of it. He knows now that the girl whom he loves is either a Christian or an enemy of his Church according as it happens to be the turn of one or the other self to be uppermost. He knows also that the psychic change is invariably due to a shock or physical over-strain. Nevertheless the priest, by one indiscreet speech of mortified self-love, is the cause of the last unfortunate change of her personality recorded by Mr. Mallock. We are left to suppose that the priest leaves the field to the man of science and ceases to labour at the salvation of a soul whose changes of aspect were so much more obvious, though not more real, than the changes wrought by circumstances in his own nature.

It is by the inconsistency and shallowness of this priest, a cultivated talented man of considerable altruism, that Mr. Mallock produces an effect of irony as bright as a diamond. He bases the startling pathology of the story upon scientific facts; and, remaining cool in the thick of mystery and the heat of sensationalism, he completely absorbs the reader. In style and characterization the story rises to genius.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE PRECINCT OF RELIGION IN THE CULTURE OF HUMANITY.

By Professor Chas. Gray Shaw, B.D., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in New York University. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1908. Price 7s. 6d.

THIS interesting volume contains the substance of lectures delivered in the Graduate School of the University, in the course entitled Philosophy of Religion. Being historical and suggestive rather than didactic or polemical, they are almost necessarily somewhat discursive, even perhaps to vagueness. The chief ideas may be summarized as follows:—

Philosophy of religion is a modern affair, appearing first in the seventeenth century. As language comes before any analysis of its structure (grammar, logic, etc.), so does religion come before any rationalistic examination of its significance. The results of such examination have been various. Kant finds that religion is "the recognition of duty as a divine command." Hegel regards it as "the finite spirit's consciousness of itself as infinite." To Schleiermacher, who mediates between the two, religion is "intuition and feeling, a feeling of absolute dependence."

Religion has no essential connection with knowledge, or even with morality. Piety is not an instinct craving after a mess of metaphysical or moral crumbs. Quantity of knowledge is not quantity of piety, and even ethics is similarly disparate. Ethics concerns action, religion concerns feeling—which of course issues in action, but is not action itself but its source. "A purely metaphysical *deus* cannot be worshipped," neither can ethical abstractions. The idea of the God of religion is a product of the religious consciousness, and not of the intellectual processes. "Theism is to religion what geometry is to art, what mathematics is to music, what geology is to the landscape."

In the *natural* order of things, the awakened soul can find little profit or joy, and it turns away from this natural order, stretching out lame hands of faith to that which lies beyond or within. The kingdom of God is not of this world. Thus,

“deliverance from the world, victory over the world, are cardinal ideas in universal religion.” It is an escape from the lower into a higher order of being. This, then, is the place of religion in the culture of humanity.

The chief forms in which the religious idea manifests itself may be described as Mongolian, Aryan and Christian. In China, Tao is a nihilistic form of quiescence; in India, Hinduism is contemplation and renunciation; in the Occident, Christianity is self-denial and spiritual progress. “The first plan remains fixed in the world; the second reacts upon life, in order to negate it; the last pauses in its natural progress, which it denies, and then proceeds to affirm a higher order of existence. All agree in annihilating the immediate both in nature and in consciousness, just as they all attempt to reach the ultimate in life, and it is by no mere coincidence that they agree in proclaiming non-resistance and the love of enemies. Indeed, this extraordinary principle is a convincing mark of universality and supreme worth in the form of human religion which contains it.” From this it will be seen that the author’s *Weltanschauung* is definitely from the heights. Instead of explaining the higher by the lower—life by chemistry and mechanics, religion by natural selection, crude animisms, and superstitions evolved from dreams—he adopts the true method of explaining the lower by the higher. In short, the position taken up is that of Christianity at its best, freed from fatal tethering to material symbols or to rigid forms of creed.

It is indeed pleasant to come on a book like this of Professor Shaw’s, among the swarm of shallow publications which fail to separate religion and philosophy, or religion and science. Its psychological insight is altogether admirable.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

SPIRITUALISM: THE OPEN DOOR TO THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

By James Robertson. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus.

MR. JAMES ROBERTSON has written a remarkable book on Spiritualism, by which he proposes to show that the open door has been kept open through all time, and is even now so maintained as to afford freedom of passage to denizens of the other world} and to a variety of spiritual forces which work for the benefit and uplifting of embodied man; nay, more, that the people of the other world can prove their presence visibly and audibly. In order to convey this fact to his readers Mr. Robert-

son enters very fully into the lives and works of several well-known mediums with whom he had personal relations. There is Alexander Duguid, of Kirkcaldy, and his brother Robert, of Glasgow, with their marvellous spirit-paintings, and William Oxley, of Manchester, and with these we find James Coates, David Anderson, J. J. Morse and others whose works on the subject of Spiritualism are now well known and esteemed. But those were early days, and many were the difficulties this little coterie of spiritual investigators had to contend with. The unreasoning prejudice which prevented the professor of philosophy at Padua from looking through Galileo's telescope so far affected modern minds as to render them averse to the examination of evidences which were abundantly accessible. But some were ready for the light, and among others who gave the Duguids their support were Mr. Glendinning, Mr. Hay Nisbet, and Fraill Taylor.

While it cannot be said that any additional evidences are adduced or that the recorded phenomena are in any sense critically examined, it is certainly the fact that Mr. Robertson writes with clearness and conviction of such experiences as he was party to, and equally that his convictions are sincere. It is a question, however, whether in all cases we should do rightly in referring the phenomena to discarnate agency. One instance, which seems to yield readily to the theory of the subliminal consciousness, may be cited. Cromwell Varley, F.R.S., was used to mesmerizing his wife, who was suffering from chest disease, and was supposed to be in consumption. Medical men said she could not live three months. One night she went under control and began speaking in the third person, saying to him—

"If you are not careful you will lose her."

"Lose whom?" he exclaimed.

"Her—your wife."

"Who is speaking?" he asked.

"We are spirits—not one, but several. We can cure her if you will observe what we tell you."

He was then informed that three ulcers would be formed on her chest, and that they would successively break at certain times, the first at "thirty-six minutes past five o'clock."

Now the question is whether "the complex of consciousness" involved in that submerged hemisphere of the mind which is called the "subliminal," which we know to be stimulated and brought into activity during sleep and under the influence of hypnotism particularly, was responsible for this

prescience and intelligence, or whether a band or troupe of discarnate entities conspired to the result. The normally dominant or externalized personality may at times be dominated by that complex of personalities which represent the accumulated experiences of successive past incarnations, and lie submerged or in latency during the normal activity of the mind. We have not yet sufficiently explored the domain and functions of the sub-conscious self, or selves, to be in a position to correctly define what "a spirit" or what "legion" imports.

Those who are fitted to deal with these problems of life and mind will find plenty of rich material in this well-written book, and for many it may well prove to be "the open door" to the Unseen Universe.

SCRUTATOR.

JOHN SILENCE. By Algernon Blackwood, London: Eveleigh Nash, Fawside House.

THE romance of psychology has frequently been attempted—and in a sense all romance is at root psychological—but psychic fiction is something in the nature of a new departure in literature. As developed by Mr. Blackwood, it is singularly readable and interesting.

John Silence is a species of psychological Sherlock Holmes, and the five narratives included in this book are concerned entirely with his experiences and adventures. By nature an experimental investigator in all occult sciences and by profession a doctor, he is described as "Physician Extraordinary." Certainly the lines of his practice as here traced are as far removed from those of the average practitioner as are his methods from those of the faculty in general. The narrative entitled "Ancient Sorceries" is decidedly witching and uncanny and must be fully read to be appreciated. In "The Nemesis of Fire" Mr. Blackwood shows strong descriptive faculty and considerable dramatic power. The feeling throughout the experiences of John Silence is that they are fundamentally true, and it is of interest in this connection to note that the book is inscribed to "M. L. W.," the original of John Silence, whom the author claims as his "companion in many adventures."

To attempt an outline of only one of the stories would be doing the author an injustice, since as much depends upon the telling as on what is told in narratives of this kind. But as an easy and pleasant means of taking a rather large dose of psychological instruction in sandwich form I have not yet seen the book equal to this by Mr. Blackwood, and heartily recommend it to

those interested in this class of literature. Incidentally I shall name it to my medical man, who might run a copy down Harley Street to some advantage.

SCRUTATOR.

THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND. By William Hope Hodgson.
Chapman & Hall. 1908. Price 6s.

THIS is a fantastic story associated with an old house supposed to be situated in Ireland. It is told in a manuscript written by a former occupant of the house, and consists of a series of happenings of an uncanny or even horrible character, varied by a marvellous journey through time, which naturally recalls Mr. H. G. Wells's "Time Machine," with the important difference that the man in Mr. Hodgson's story grows old as he passes through the ages and finally becomes an *astral* body, a conclusion, as an acute critic has pointed out, that marks the logical superiority of this over Mr. Wells' tale. In some of the records the author succeeds in creating the atmosphere of haunted suspense that is the marrow of this kind of book, and he makes great play with the mysterious appearance and equally mysterious vanishing of certain monsters which he calls "Swine-Things." In the final scene the record of which in the manuscript abruptly ends, the master of the house appears to be in imminent danger of an encounter to the death with one of these horrors. The chief fault of this book is that it is hardly coherent enough, and the journey through time would have gained in strength, as it is the most ambitious item, if it had been converted into an entirely separate story.

B. P. O'N.

TOWARDS THE LIGHT: A MYSTIC POEM. By Princess Karadja.
London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. Price,
bound 2s., paper 1s.

AUTOMATICALLY written in Swedish, during a midsummer night's vigil in the chapel erected to the memory of the writer's husband and son, this poem met with a very considerable success, both in its original form and in German, Dutch, and Danish; and it is to appear in French, Italian, and Russian. It records the adventures, after suicide, of a rich man who had exhausted every form of earthly enjoyment, yet felt a longing for something he had failed to win. For a time he could not get away from the vicinity of the body which had been his only real treasure in life, but when certain incidents, powerfully described, had aroused feelings of sympathy and pity for others, he was enabled

to rise "towards the light" and find peace and joy. The writer says that most of the thoughts were not hers five minutes before she wrote them down, and attributes them to telepathic transmission of thought from an intelligence in the Unseen; she is "absolutely convinced that free intercourse between liberated spirits and incarnated souls is simply a question of time."

The poem is in blank verse of considerable vigour, and forms a very good rendering of the original Swedish—which is all the greater commendation, as the translation is the work of the writer herself, aided by hints from friends. It is interesting, both as a psychic experience and as a description of after-death conditions, and is thoroughly readable. S.

THE SWORD OF WELLERAN AND OTHER STORIES. By Lord Dunsany. With Illustrations by S. H. Sime. London: George Allen & Sons. Price 6s. net.

LORD DUNSANY as a writer may be contrasted rather than compared with Emilia, Lady Dilke. His forerunner imitated the uncommunicativeness of the sacred parables, so that it is an easy matter to count the proper nouns which occur in the pages of *The Shrine of Death* and *The Shrine of Love*. Lord Dunsany, on the contrary, has a poet's fondness for well-sounding names and with, I surmise, a sort of grandiose gaiety, produces creatures named Gaznak and Rollory and places called Allathurion and Babbulkund. Lady Dilke, solemnly purposeful, makes everybody in her tales, whether devil or altruist, and everything, whether pitcher of tears or cakes made of the seed of dead men, obedient to her Saxon sense of form, but Lord Dunsany is by temperament a Celt, and lets loose, as Keats enjoined, a fancy that strains at forms.

His forms suffice, however, though here and there they lack the elegance of those of Lady Dilke. In the main he demeans himself as a poet inhabiting prose, and therefore he should leave it, in future, to poeticules to write of "abashed" stars, until the glory of stars is a disproven idea. I am inclined to concede him his talking "earthquake," despite Swinburne's comparison of Byron's "young earthquake" to a "young sneeze."

In his title story, Lord Dunsany shows how a city was saved by the souls of its dead heroes who entered as dreams into the sleep of their compatriots, warning them of danger. Here the form and substance are both beautiful, and one is touched by the discontent with bloodshed which alienates the chief of the victors from his ghostly friends.

"I hear the wind crying against thee, thou sword! . . . There are children's voices in it. They were never born . . . ; these must cry for ever."

Another story, which exhibits the power of dreams, is "The Ghosts": here a man who sees a vision of dead sinners attended by their sins (the latter in canine form) is so infected that he has to resort to the mental tonic of a geometrical exercise to refrain from committing a crime. Lord Dunsany's imagination runs riot in "The Fortress Unvanquishable, save for Sacnoth," but in the description of the magician's residence and in the way in which he suggests the very disputable ideas that matter proceeds from mind and that things cease to be when their creators perish. He is as readable as he is poetic.

PLOTINUS ON THE BEAUTIFUL: Being the Sixth Treatise of the First Ennead Literally Translated by Stephen Mackenna. Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon. 1908. Price 2s. 6d. net.

SIGNS of a newly-awakened interest in Neoplatonism have for some time been evident to the observant eye, and the appearance of this translation of part of the First Ennead of Plotinus is welcome because its brevity will commend it to a new reader who might be discouraged if he were at once confronted with a complete translation of the Works. Neoplatonism is an intellectualized system which it is difficult to assimilate, but in this little book the doctrine that is set forth in these words is readily apprehended: "The soul, a divine thing, a member as it were of the Primal Beauty, makes beautiful to the fullness of their capacity whatsoever things it seizes and moulds to its will." It is the doctrine of the unseen real things moulding the unreal phantasms of the material world into shapes of beauty of form and those higher degrees of beauty of pursuits and of conduct. The method of purification required in order to see this vision of beauty is compared to the chiselling of his statue by a sculptor, and we are told that "never can soul see Beauty unless itself be beautiful." The translation reads admirably and is worthy of its lofty subject.

B. P. O'N.

THE HEART OF INDIA. By L. D. Barnett, M.A., Litt.D. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W.

THIS work is another example of that useful and elegant "Wisdom of the East" series published by Mr. John Murray. Dr. Barnett, the Professor of Sanskrit at the University College, has here given some sketches of Hindu religion and morals, the things

which, he says, "are nearest to the heart of the millions of India." They are chiefly concerned with those great questions which refer to man's relation to God and his fellow-man. The divergence of religious beliefs throughout the peninsula necessitates a considerable variety of answers to these questions and in tracing the growth of the religious idea from the Vedic times to that of its great commentators, such as S'ankara, Ramanuja and others, the author ranges through a large field of Sanskrit literature, various in subject as in style and embracing many pleasing examples of Indian poetry, anecdote and folklore, which cannot fail to interest the lay reader, equally with the student of Oriental literature. The historical figures of Tulsi Dàs, Nanak, Kapilar, Vemana, and other teachers of the great schools of Hindu thought, are rendered intimate by the sympathetic pen of Dr. Barnett, whose contributions to this series of popular Oriental writings cannot fail to enhance their value. The book is produced at the modest price of two shillings. The style is uniform with the "Wisdom of the East" series. SCRUTATOR.

ESSAYS ON THEOSOPHY. By J. E. Taylor. London: Swann, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd., 25, High Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

THE leading tenets of Theosophy, such as the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, are so commonly well-known and understood that there seems small need for a work of this nature, the aim of which is to place those doctrines in a simple form before those disaffected Christians who have found that "the letter killeth," and to whom the traditional dogmas of the Church are only husks and chaff to those who are soul-hungry, and salt water to those spiritually athirst.

To the custodians of modern science, also, these essays are addressed in the belief that "it is lack of faith in the Unseen on the part of the material scientists which forms the barrier between Science and Theosophy." It is, however, a question whether the scientist is disposed to regard his conversion to Theosophy as in any sense a necessary step in the process of his evolution.

To the lay reader, however, who knows nothing of the principles of Theosophy, the work will come as an acceptable relief to the threadbare vestments of orthodoxy. SCRUTATOR.

NOT SILENT—IF DEAD! By H——. London: John Lewis & Co., 5, Bridewell Place, E.C. Price 3s. 6d.

THE day must soon come when every man who claims to be commonly well-informed must have some knowledge of the

conflict which has for so long raged around the subject of Spiritualism. It will be necessary for one to hold an opinion as to the claims made and the evidences adduced in favour of the idea that the dead can speak to us, can appear to us, and can exercise a controlling influence in our lives. It is therefore a matter of some importance that out of the tons of pertinent literature already published, a judicious selection of books should be made. There are questions of authenticity and genuineness to be discussed before we can come to a proper conclusion. It is possible that an expurgatorium already exists in the minds of accredited representatives of Spiritualism, but there has been no announcement of any sort beyond a general recommendation of certain well-known standard works. The question at the back of my mind is whether in that *ex cathedra* statement which is bound to come eventually—for Spiritualism already shows signs of crystallization—such works as this by “H——” through the mediumship of “Parma” will be admitted, marked as they are by anonymity from title-page to conclusion, and further, in the event of their rejection, what may not be lost? Vitally interesting, indeed, are the various communications recorded in these pages to all who have assurance of the *bona fides* of those party to their production, and not less so to those who have foresworn passports, and are prepared to receive truth from whatever source it may come. We are told that “death” and “dead” are words to expunge from our vocabulary. It may be that we shall read new meaning into them. A curious and, to me, new idea formulated is to the effect that the death-sleep is proportionate to the amount of exhaustion suffered by the “Spirit-body” during the fatal illness. “In the case of sudden death, by heart failure, accident or violence, whether murder or suicide, there is no sleep.” In a graphic description of the “Seventh Sphere” from which “H——” speaks, we are warned that if it does not agree with other descriptions it should be remembered that each spirit beholds things with eyes adjusted to his powers of spiritual perception—in other words, each sees his own heaven and nothing else. The book is written in easy style, and what it lacks in rhetoric it gains in candour and freshness. Many will be glad to read it.

SCRUTATOR.

THE VENTURE OF RATIONAL FAITH. By Margaret Benson.
London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 6s. net.

IN these days of Rationalism, Scientific Religion and New Theology, it is not without significance that Christian apologetics are to be found in the forefront of the battle. It is impossible at

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this date to say which of the contending faiths will ultimately prevail, but it becomes increasingly more and more important that we should range ourselves on the side of that which we believe to be the right and true. The Rational Faith, as distinguished from Rationalism which may be called the religion of doubt, has found a doughty champion in Margaret Benson, who, in a closely reasoned volume of some 300 pages, seeks to show not only that a faith may be rational but also to indicate that which, among existing faiths is the most reasonable, and to what extent it may go in the satisfaction of the need of the day in principle and in practice.

Nor can it be held that the authoress in any way weakens her position by the frank avowal that she "will not pretend to examine religious belief with an unbiassed mind," for it is distinctly laid down that bias does not preclude fairness and "the bias must not allow us to close our eyes to difficulties or to determine a question by a foregone conclusion." At the same time it is clearly shown that "there are certain fundamental beliefs which are not and cannot be in contradiction to positive science because they are in a wholly different plane." There are certain things upon which the individual, so constituted, has no shadow of doubt whatsoever, and these, for him, are beyond the domain of science and rationalism. The belief in God and in the purpose of life are among the category of approved intuitions of the mind. You may argue causation but not ultimate purpose. That is God's own message to those who can hear the Voice of the Silence.

The acceptance of beliefs on authority may at times involve us in positions which are in apparent contradiction. Science is continually doing so. That which in experience squares with the facts is scientifically retained. So in regard to the Christian faith. There are problems of history and of science which are involved in its acceptance. These can wait solution, and they ought to wait rather than that we should summarily reject them.

Many established facts were not scientifically probable fifty years ago. We are here concerned with the problems of the immortal soul; there is an infinitude of experience before us, but we have eternity in which to learn the truth. When it is a matter of screening diamonds the closer the mesh we use the better.

It will be obvious to the reader of this excellent book that the authoress has delved deeply in many and varied soils and has a range of experience which cannot fail to be of service to those who take counsel of her in the matter of rational belief. The work is of sterling value.

SCRUTATOR.

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