

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

Contents

- NOTES OF THE MONTH. By The Editor
- RE-INCARNATION. By Jessie Annie Anderson
- Dr. DEE and QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Emily Baker
- VAMPIRES. By Dr. Franz Hartmann
- THE ROSICRUCIANS AND ALCHEMISTS. By Florence Farr
- THE CURATIVE PROVINCE OF ELECTRICITY. By Frances Tyrrell-Gill.
- SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH SPORT. By L. C. R. Cameron
- THE DUTCH GENERAL'S STORY. By Catherine Crowe
- CORRESPONDENCE
- REVIEWS
- PERIODICAL LITERATURE

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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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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE question has been asked why the investigation of psychical phenomena has not been taken up in America (with very rare exceptions) by men of high scientific position and world-wide celebrity, in the way in which (notably during the last few years) has been the case in Europe. I think the report of the *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research*, vol. II, Part I, will suggest a pretty definite reply to this query. In the number cited Mr. Hereward Carrington gives the results of his investigation of mediumistic phenomena at the "Camp" at Lily Dale in New York State. I take the opportunity of publishing the portrait of the author of this sensational exposé of the methods of certain soi-disant American mediums. Mr. Carrington's name will no doubt be familiar to most readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, as the energetic assistant of Dr. Hyslop in the foundation of the American Society for Psychical Research, and in connection with the authorship of various books and articles dealing with psychical and general scientific subjects, notably "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," an edition of

which I see Mr. Werner Laurie is about to publish in the British Isles, and also an important and original work on "Vitality Fasting and Nutrition." He has now under preparation another book on "Problems of Psychological Research," which he hopes to issue early next year. Mr. Carrington, I may add, is well adapted to be an expert investigator of psychic phenomena, as he has a quick observant eye and an alert mentality. Moreover, not the least important of his qualifications is an extensive practical knowledge of conjuring and sleight of hand. Mr. Carrington is still a very young man, having been born in Jersey, Channel Islands.

MR. HEReward
CARRINGTON. on October 17, 1880. Part of his education was obtained in England and part in America, where he finally settled permanently in the year 1899. From this date to 1903 he lived in the West, mostly in Minneapolis, Minn., where he engaged in the book business, among other things editing Street & Smith's novelists' library. He left this work to join Dr. Hyslop as indicated above. The spiritualistic camp is a regular summer institution in America,

THE CAMP AT
LILY DALE. and the camp at Lily Vale is perhaps the most celebrated of its class. Lily Dale is situated some sixty miles south of Buffalo, N.Y., and consists of the station, a couple of hotels, a few farmhouses and the Assembly Grounds—containing the hotel of the Assembly, a library building, several smaller halls, a large auditorium, and a number of cottages, rented either to visitors by the season or to mediums. Lectures are delivered in the big auditorium twice a day. Séances with the mediums are generally arranged for in advance, as the books of the professional psychic are liable to be pretty full up. Needless to say, Mr. Carrington did not put up at the hotel under his own name. For the fortnight in August which he spent investigating, he was Mr. Charles Henderson. The requirements of the séance room suggested

AN IMPROVISED
FAMILY CIRCLE. the necessity of a family circle, and this took shape, under the names of Robert and Jane Henderson, father and mother (both in spirit land), and Victoria and Eva Henderson, sisters, also passed over.

All the usual forces of psychic manifestation were "on tap" at Lily Dale, and all were tried in turn—spirit photographers, trumpet mediums, slate-writing mediums, materializing mediums, mediums for physical phenomena, automatic message-bearers, *et hoc genus omne*. The spirit photographer to whom Mr. Henderson sat refused to allow him to watch the plates being

developed. When he called the next day they were handed to him, and after careful examination he made the following report:—

There is only one plate, I find, as the second exposure, made in the dark room, was supposed to be on the *same* plate as that which was exposed upon the veranda. As a matter of fact, I know this to be untrue, for the reason that I saw the photographer change the plate slide, after we had taken up our positions in the darkened room. It is more than probable, in my estimation, that no plate at all was exposed in the second case—simply a pretence at



MR. HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

photographing being made, and the original plate "doctored"; and this supposition is strengthened by the fact that only *one* exposure is sometimes made (so the photographer informed me) and spirit faces come on that! But, as stated before, the faces appearing on the plate are quite inconclusive for the reason that no tests were allowed, this really strongly indicating fraud. For, if genuine, why should tests of a rational character be objected to?

After much delay, I finally succeeded in securing the two photographs, and not only are none of the faces recognizable, but they do not bear the

slightest trace of any family resemblance whatever. They are as alien as possible. One of the faces is that of a woman; the other three of men, one of them wearing a turban. More than that, the photo shows signs of undoubted fraudulent manipulation. One of the faces (that of the woman) upon being examined through a magnifying glass, clearly shows the miniature indentations made by the electric needle used in reproducing newspaper cuts. This is clearly noticeable on the forehead, but can be seen to extend all over the face, even with the naked eye, when examined carefully. *This face was, therefore, copied from some newspaper, or from some magazine, reproducing it from the paper in which it originally appeared.* One of the other faces shows clear marks of manipulation also. The line of the hair extends some distance down the side of the head, beyond the point at which the hair would normally end, and shows that the face was cut out from some magazine, pasted upon a dark background, and photographed upon the same plate upon which my portrait was taken.

Mr. Carrington's investigations of the trumpet mediums were equally unsatisfactory "All the information (he writes) the trumpet gave me I supplied to the medium first, and false as well as true information was given back to me through the trumpet." With regard to the production of the voice, he says :—

Several times, during the séance, I leant forward in my chair and advanced my ear close to the medium's head. In this manner I was enabled to reach a point from four to six inches from her mouth. *I distinctly heard the medium doing the talking herself*, the sound of the constrained voice being distinctly audible in her throat. There was no doubt in my mind that she was doing the talking, as I could clearly hear it. Several times I saw the trumpet outlined against the light at the top of the cabinet, and every time the angle of the trumpet indicated that it was pointing directly for the medium's mouth. Her own voice and the voice issuing from the trumpet were never heard together, and the voices were such as the medium might easily have imitated. Several times I felt the medium moving about, and heard the rustle of her skirts. Everything pointed to the fact that the medium and she alone was doing the talking—even had I not heard her doing so. My conclusion is, therefore, that the phenomena observed by me through this medium are to be explained by the most obvious and simple trickery.

In connection with the materializing séances, Mr. Carrington attributes the phenomena to an understanding with confederates, a conclusion which his observations of what took place certainly do not exclude. Here is one of his experiences :—

My sister "Eva" materialized for me. I suggested "Eva" and she "came." I never had a sister Eva, so she was a little out of place. However, she "came" as a little girl about ten years old, with a hooked nose, bright black eyes, and a fringe of false hair over her forehead. Her doll-like appearance was very manifest. After she dematerialized, I was on the point of walking back to my chair, but was told to wait. I returned

to the curtains of the cabinet, and my mother announced herself present, "who had died from consumption." The curtains were pulled aside, and I put my face close to the opening, since it was so dark I could see nothing. And there, in the dim twilight of that séance room, I beheld one of the most ghastly, most truly terrifying faces I have ever seen. It was white and drawn, and almost shiny in its glossy, ashen hue. The eyes were wide open and staring—fixed. The head and face were encircled in white; and it would have required a great deal of fortitude, for the moment, to look steadfastly at that terrifying face, in that still, quiet room, in response to the spirit's demand: "Look at me!" The distance between our faces was not more than six inches; and, after the first shock, I regarded the face intently. I was spurred by curiosity and excitement, and prompted yet further by the spirit form, who grasped my wrist, through the curtain, and drew me yet closer—until I was nearly in the cabinet itself. I remembered that my mother had not died from consumption, and that the present face in no wise resembled hers, and my feeling of terror lasted but an instant; but it was there at the time, I confess. I regarded the face intently, and it was gradually withdrawn into the shadow of the cabinet, and the curtains pulled over it. *I am certain that, had I been in an excited and unbalanced frame of mind at that instant, I should have sworn that the face actually melted away as I looked at it.* But my mental balance was by that time regained, and I could analyse what was before me. I can quite easily see how it is that persons can swear to the melting away of a face before their eyes, after my own experience. The appearances clearly indicated that, and it was only my alertness to the possibility of deception in this direction, which prevented my testifying to the same effect.

On another occasion the following incident served to enliven the proceedings:—

One of the spirits caught its drapery in the points of one of the ladies' hats. Did the piece of drapery dematerialize? No indeed! The poor spirit had to wait ignominiously outside the cabinet, in the middle of the floor, while the drapery was unhooked! Another incident was this. Towards the close of the séance the medium walked out into the room, several times, "in a trance"—a form appearing at the opening of the cabinet curtains at the same time. Evidently some confederate was employed. When the medium returned to the cabinet, a head was thrust from the opening, between the curtains, and the light was turned up. "The medium," exclaimed some one. "If it is, he's grown whiskers," remarked some one else. (Which shows that spiritualists do not lack a sense of humour, at times.) But the solution at once suggested itself; the medium had been "transfigured!"

Comment is, of course, superfluous on occurrences of this kind. What will rather excite surprise is that such a method of money making is tolerated by the authorities, and that those who attend such séances do not insist on having their money returned.

Nothing but a combination of the people most interested

will avail to put down exhibitions of this disgraceful character, and the monthly publication in some well-known organ of a spiritualistic black list. I understand that in connection with the "Camp" at Onset some such combined action actually did take place, with the result of the suppression, at least in that locality, of a crying scandal. What was done at Onset could be done, and should be done, wherever this sort of thing lifts its head. Nothing would tend more effectually to purify the "psychic" atmosphere.

Mr. Hereward Carrington's conclusion is that so far as physical manifestations were concerned, nothing that did not appear to be fraudulent was obtained, though the work of several of the trance and test mediums indicated that they possessed supernormal power of some kind. He sums up, "I am convinced that from the *professional* 'physical medium' nothing is to be obtained but fraud and the results of fraud."

Without subscribing absolutely to this last dictum, it is not difficult to see how it is that among professional mediums fraud is, to say the least, extremely common. Genuine physical mediums are undoubtedly very rare, and the exercise of any form of mediumship for materialization results in physical exhaustion to the medium. To hold several such séances in the course of the day—nay, even in the course of the week, is a drain on the medium's vitality which, if persisted in, can only result in moral and physical wreck. The deduction is obvious. For money-making purposes a substitute of a fraudulent character has to be found.

This does not, of course, apply to the natural psychic, though even the natural psychic must use his or her powers with extreme care, if he (or she) does not want to suffer severely in health. It is not surprising therefore that it was among this class alone that Mr. Carrington was satisfied of the genuineness of the phenomena.

There are one or two observations which the report of the American Society for Psychical Research seems to call for. In the first place the assumption of Mr. Hereward Carrington that by attending the camp at Lily Dale he might count on meeting the best specimens of American mediumship seems quite devoid of justification. I should rather suggest that the probability was that he would there encounter those who were most interested in turning mediumship (or its counterfeit) to financial advantage, and that it is just such places as these that the inves-

IS LILY DALE
A GOOD
SAMPLE?

tigator desirous of discovering the genuine article should most scrupulously avoid. In saying this I am far from suggesting that the exposure of fraudulent mediumship is not a thing in itself to be encouraged. I would merely indicate that the point Mr. Carrington makes that he has done his best to discover the genuine article is not a good one. If I am not mistaken, the exposure of fraudulent mediumship at the Camp at Onset had the whole-hearted support of *The Progressive Thinker*, the most influential spiritualistic organ in America. This goes to show the attitude of the better-class spiritualist in America towards such goings on.

Mr. Carrington's report of his investigations at Lily Dale curiously synchronizes with the very careful similar investigations made by leading European scientists into the case of Eusapia Palladino. Some report of these appears in the April issue of the *Annals of Psychological Science*, and in one or two previous numbers.*

It will be seen that the conclusions there arrived at are very far from bearing out in the case of the most notable European medium the summary condemnation of professional mediumship which has resulted from Mr. Carrington's visit to the celebrated Camp in New York State, and the references in Mr. Carrington's

EUSAPIA PALLADINO' INQUIRY.	report to the Italian medium would, I suggest, be better withdrawn until such time as the American investigator has the opportunity of meeting the scientists of Europe and assisting at their investigations of the powers of the Italian psychic.
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The simultaneous publication of the two reports may well be advanced as an argument in favour of the desirability of some joint action on both sides of the Atlantic. Why should not the European investigators invite Mr. Hereward Carrington over? Young as he is, he has special qualifications for the task,

A PLEA FOR CO-OPERATION.	qualifications which, it may be added, are not possessed in an equal degree by the leading European scientific investigators. He would also bring to the task an open mind and an acute intelligence, and if his attitude inclines to the sceptical, I submit that, except in the case of the confirmed bigot, this is an advantage rather than the reverse, and would certainly lend force to his conclusions should he be satisfied of the genuineness of the phenomena.
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The unfortunate relations between the American psychical

* If possible I shall make further reference to this in my next number.—ED.

investigators and the English Society for Psychical Research need be no bar to such an arrangement, as the investigation in question is altogether outside the pale of the English Society. They might, indeed, be used to undo the bad impression created by the cold shouldering of Dr. Hodgson by the English Society. In this matter I have never disguised the fact that my sympathy was, in the main, with Dr. Hodgson, who enjoyed, and I think rightly enjoyed, the whole-hearted confidence of the American Branch. And in saying so, I feel that I voice a large body of opinion on this side of the Atlantic and not merely my own individual sympathies. This, however, is ancient history. The work which the Society of Psychical Research ought to have taken up on this side has been taken in hand by independent investigators—independent as regards these investigations even when members of the English Society.

The work that is in hand requires the co-operation of all the workers. Science can afford no fatherland, and in this sense it is the great peace maker. Religions have set man against man. Commerce has created antagonistic interests and set up high tariff walls. Literature divides men through diversities of language. But in the cause of Science all men are brothers and all join hands.

The cosmopolitan character of the OCCULT REVIEW gives it a special right to appeal to the solidarity of the interests of mankind in the cause of science, and I trust that this appeal may result, sooner or later—and the sooner the better—in the appointment of some European-American commission of inquiry and investigation into the phenomena which are at present engaging the investigation of the psychic inquirer and the occultist, the world over, the results of which, when obtained, will carry that weight which must perforce attach to the deliberate conclusions of the leading spirits of the scientific world. One stipulation will be a necessary antecedent to any such inquiry. The field of inquiry must not be narrowed by the prejudices—the broadest-minded of us have prejudices—of its individual members. No subject, therefore, of psychic or occult interest must be ruled out *until it has been disproved*.

A big programme you will say. Yes; but not too big a one for the twentieth century to solve. But if it were, Time does not end with the present century, and the cause of science, like the sacred flame, must be handed on from generation to generation.

I have received a great many inquiries since my psychic coupon was discontinued from people in various parts of the world who are anxious to avail themselves of some such method of inquiry. It has appeared to me that within the narrow compass allowed, it was impossible to supply an adequate diagnosis, and to many of the questions asked it was hopeless for any psychic to attempt to give satisfactory replies without at least a personal interview. It is, moreover, at these personal interviews that the OCCULT REVIEW psychometrist (Miss Eileen Clements) can use her powers to the greatest advantage. I have, therefore, arranged with her to insert a notice of her name and address in the advertisement columns of this magazine, so that those who care to do so, can take the opportunity of visiting her. In the meanwhile I have engaged the services of a delineator of character, very highly recommended by Mr. W. T. Stead, and with whose work I have myself been favourably impressed: These delineations will be longer than the diagnoses hitherto appearing, running on an average to some 300 words, more or less. The qualification necessary will be the sending up of a letter written by the inquirer, or the person whose character is to be delineated, together with three coupons from the current issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. For further particulars readers are referred to a later page.

I have the pleasure to inform my readers that William Rider & Son, London, the publishers of the OCCULT REVIEW, have taken over the publishing business of Mr. Philip Wellby, of 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mr. Wellby's publications consist mainly of works on Mysticism, Occultism, New Thought and kindred subjects, and it is proposed to develop the business by adding from time to time further publications on the broader aspects of Religion and Science, and dealing generally with the trend of the intellectual and spiritual movements of the present day. Mr. Wellby's publications will, in future, be supplied from 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., or alternatively they can be obtained through the ordinary trade channels. It is proposed in the near future to make arrangements with an American house for the supply of the bulk of these publications to the United States and Canada.

A NEW
PSYCHOMETRIC
OFFER.

NEW PUBLI-
CATION
DEPARTMENT.

RE-INCARNATION

By JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON

DIM, undeclared, within a shadowy place,
To-Morrow stands,
And we, toward her veiled, alluring face,
Stretch forth our longing hands.

But she, elusive, waits, aloof and free,
Until, at last,
Herself unwinds her veilings, till we see
Our Re-incarnate Past.

Cerements or swaddling-bands her swathings are :—
Herself a child,
A nestling innocence, a flower, a star,
Magnificently mild.—

Or spawn of formless things and dateless days,
In dullness bred,
Flung forth, misgotten cumberers of the ways,
Unwished, nor quick nor dead.—

Or some Grey Sin's untimely after-birth,
Come, doomed and old,
With power to mouth and grin in Simian mirth,
And clawed to clutch and hold.

DR. DEE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

TERCENTENARY OF DEATH, 1608

By EMILY BAKER

As this year, 1908, is the tercentenary of the death of one of our greatest English occultists, the following sketch may not be uninteresting:—

Dr. John Dee, born July 18, 1527, a great mathematician and astrologer, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Fellow of Trinity, was a noted man in his day. Although through calumny and the injudiciousness of friends he was greatly maligned, still, by those who lived in those days, he was spoken of as "being well beloved and respected of all persons of quality, who very often invited him to their houses or came to his . . . a great peacemaker; for if any neighbours fell out, he would never let them alone till he had made them friends. A mighty good man was he!"

He was very handsome, tall and slender, with a clear, sanguine complexion, and, in later years, a long beard as white as milk. "He wore a gown like an artist's, with hanging sleeves and a slit."

He dwelt in a house near the waterside, a little westward from the church at Mortlake, on the Thames and, although during his long life he held two livings (Upton and Long Leadenham) and ended in becoming Warden of Manchester College, yet he seemed to cleave to his old home, probably from its being in the midst of friends, and from its nearness to London and the Court.

But our intention now is to show the close relation which seemed to exist between the learned doctor and the "good Queen Bess."

She was evidently in touch with him before her coronation, for we hear that "he wrote an astrological calculation respecting the choice of a fit day for Elizabeth's coronation."

Six years after she came to the throne, Queen Elizabeth deigned to become his pupil, and he disclosed to her at Greenwich some of the secrets of his mysterious book.

Dr. Dee possessed a crystal globe, which had the property—which is not unknown to us in these days—when intently looked into, of presenting pictures or figures, and even emitting sounds. Forms appeared, after a time, either on the surface of the globe

or in the room. It was necessary, as it appears that Dr. Dee was not a seer himself, for him to have some one who was ; therefore, first a man named Barnabas Saul, and after an apothecary of the name of Kelly, took the part of seer, and Dr. Dee wrote down all

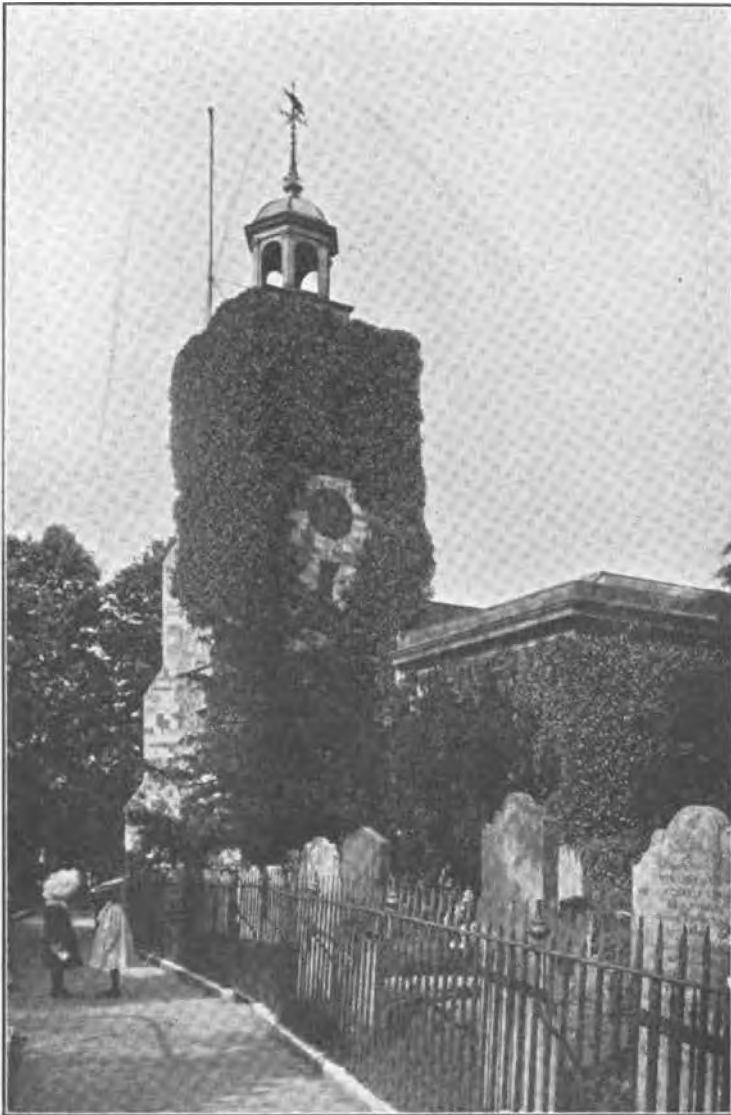


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the wonderful things that were revealed to him. Here we must say, although it appears that Dr. Dee himself was perfectly honest and straightforward, and always denied all idea of *magic*—still, latterly it was plain that Kelly deceived him and induced him to do and say things which caused him great sorrow, and loads his

memory with obloquy. He dissociated himself from Kelly after this.

But although the common people looked upon Dr. Dee as a magician, Queen Elizabeth did not, and she evidently held him



MORTLAKE CHURCH AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE RECENT RESTORATION.

in high esteem. In 1575, it is recorded in his Diary, "that the Queen, with the most honourable Privy Council and other Lords and nobility came purposely to visit his Library, but finding his wife was within four hours before buried out of the house, her Majesty refused to go in, but willed that he should fetch his famous

glass, and show her some of the properties of it, which he did. Her Majesty was taken down from her horse by the Earl of Leicester, Master of the Horse, at the Church Wall at Mortlake, and saw some of the properties of that glass, to her Majesty's great astonishment and delight."

In the same year Dr. Dee mentions several interviews with the Queen, both at Windsor and Richmond.

On November 25 he writes: "I spake with the Queene *hora quinta*. I spake with Mr. Secretary Walsingham. I declared to the Queene her title to Greenland, Estetiland and Friseland." Five years later he drew up a chart to show her title to countries discovered in different parts of the world. This was highly approved by Lord Burghley.

In 1578 Dr. Dee married a second time to one Jane Fromonds, and by her he had several children, to whom he seems to have been greatly attached. He mentions that some of them had for godmothers the Countess of Cumberland and the Countess of Essex, besides other ladies of title. In this year he was sent to Germany to consult the most learned physicians there concerning the state of the Queen's health for, "her Majestie had grievous pangs and pains caused by toothache and the rheum."

In September, 1580, Dr. Dee writes in his diary: "The Queene Majestie cam from Richmond in her coach, the higher way of Mortlake felde, and when she cam right against the church she turned down toward my house, and, when she was against my garden in the felde she stode ther a good while, and than cam ynto the street at the great gate of the felde, where she espyed me at my doore making abeysains to her Majestie; she beckened her hand for me; I cam to her coach-side, she very speedily pulled off her glove and gave me her hand to kiss; and to be short, asked me to resort to her court, and to give her to wete when I cam ther. hor. 6½ meridie."

Is not this a graphic picture of the great Queen, whom one does not often think of as going about in such a homely, friendly fashion. The haughty, beruffled and buckramed Elizabeth pulling off her glove for the handsome scholar to kiss, and perhaps at the same time asking some question of the wonderful stone.

We hear of many such visits just at this time, especially one he paid to the Queen in the garden at Richmond, to deliver into her hands the two rolls he had made of the "Queene Majestie's titles."

At the death of his mother, he writes: "October 10th, The Queene Majestie to my grete comfort cam on hoseback, with her

trayn, from the Court and at my dore graciously calling me to her, exhorted me briefly to take my mother's death patiently, and withall told me that the Lord Threasorer had gretly commended my doings for the title, which he had to examine, which



MORTLAKE CHURCH SEEN THROUGH THE TREES.

title, in two rolls, he had brought home two hours before ; she remembered also how at my (first) wife's death it was her fortune likewise to call upon me."

It was about this time that he became possessed of another

stone, which he said was given him by an angel, and was called the "Holy Stone." This is a crystal of smoky quartz and is now



SERENISSIMA AC POTENTISSIMA PRINCESS
ELISABETH D.G. ANGLIE FRANCIE HIBERNIE ET VIRGINIE
REGINA

FIDEI CHRISTIANÆ PROPUGNATRIX ACERRIMA

Specially photographed for the Occult Review from the print at the British Museum.

in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, having been removed there from the British Museum.

The Lord Burghley must have had rather a bad time of it just then, for we read that Dr. Dee took his book for the correc-

tion of the Calender to the Lord Treasurer. It was entitled, *A Playne and humble advise for our Gracious Queene Elizabeth, her most excellent Majestie to peruse and consider, as concerning the needful Reformation of the Vulgar Kalendar for the civile yeres and daies accompting or verifying, according to the time truly spent.*

It was inscribed : " To the Right Honorable and very singular good Lorde, My Lorde Burghley, Lorde Threasorer of England," with the following verses :—

To *ōri* and *diōri*,
 I shew the thing and reason why ;
 At large, in brief, in .nidale wise,
 I humbly give a playne advise ;
 For want of tyme, the tyme untrew
 If I have myst, cammand anew
 Your honor may. So shall you see
 That love of truth doth govern me.

The original MS. is still preserved in Ashmoles Library. It was never entirely printed, but created great sensation at the time and was the cause of considerable controversy.

It was now that Dr. Dee was introduced to Prince Albertus Laski, of Vasco in Polonia, by the Earl of Leicester in his chamber at the Court at Greenwich. It is impossible in this article to enter into Dr. Dee's dealings with this foreigner, who came constantly to his house at Mortlake to consult with him upon occult subjects, and which ended in his going abroad with him that same year and staying away from England for a considerable time.

On July 30 he writes : " The Queene removed on Tuesday from Greenwich to Sion, by water, coming by my dore. . . . Her Majestie being informed by the Right Honorable Earle of Leicester, that wheras the same day in the morning he had told me that his Honor and Lord Laskey would dine with me within two days after. I confessed sincerely to this, that I was not able to prepare them a convenient dynner, unless I should presently sell some of my plate or pewter for it. Wherupon her Majestie sent unto me very royally within one hour after forty angels of gold from Sion, whither her Majestie was now come by water from Greenwich."

Dr. Dee returned to England December, 1589, when he went at once to the Queen, who was at Richmond, and was most favourably received by her Majesty.

About this time he speaks of sending his children to school with the schoolmaster at Mortlake, a Mr. Lee, giving him " his

house rent and fifty shillings yerely for my three sons and daughter."

Dr. Dee seems to have been in money difficulties at the end of the year 1591; for after enumerating his debts he says: "the Archbishop of Canterbury gave me £5 in ryalls and angels. . . . Her Majestie cam to Richmond and graciously sent for me. I cam to her at three quarters of the clok afternone; and she said she would send me something to kepe Xmas with. Mr. Richard Candish (uncle of the navigator) gave my wife forty shillings, and on Tuesday after sent £10 in ryalls and angels, and before he sent me £20—£32 in all."

The Queen had promised to send Dr. Dee a hundred angels to keep his Christmas. She called for him at his door on the fourth



DR. DEE.

of December as she passed by, and he met her at Estshene Gate, where she graciously, putting down her mask, "did say with mery cheer, 'I thank thee, Dee; ther was never promise made but it was broken or kept.'" He understood the Queen to mean the hundred angels she had promised to

send him that day. She sent him £50 the next day.

Not long after this Mr. Candish received from the Queen's Majestie warrant by word of mouth to assure Dr. Dee "to do what he wold in philosophie and alchemie, and none shold chek, controll, or molest him, and she said she wold ere long send him £50 more to make up the hundred."

The Lord Burghley seems to have shown Dr. Dee some attention about this time, for he writes in his diary: "The Lorde Threasorer invited me to dynner at Mr. Maynards at Mortlake, where Sir Robert Cecill and Sir Thomas Cisill and his lady were

also. The Lorde Threasorer allso sent me some venison to supper. He invited me to dynner allso on the tenth day at which was the Lorde Cobham, and after dynner he requested the Lorde Threasorer to help me to St. Crosses (Winchester) which he promised to do his best in. The Countess of Warwick had sent me word by Mr. Ferdinando of the Queen's gracious speeches at St. Crosses, and the Lorde Archbishop told me the like."

Queen Elizabeth seems still to have had occult dealings with her old friend, for he writes: "May 3rd, 1594, between 6 and 7 afternone the Queene sent for me to her in the privy garden at Greenwich, when I delivered in writing the heavenly admonition and her Majestie took it thankfully. Only the Lady Warwick and Sir R. Cecill his lady wer in the garden with her Majestie."

A month after he had another interview with the Queen, the last that he records:—

"I, my wife and seven children before the Queen at Thisell-worth. My wife kissed her hand, I exhibited my request for the Archbishop to come to my cottage."

Evidently Dr. Dee did not get what he wanted, for he writes: "After I had heard the Archbishop his answers and discourses, and that after he had byn the last Sunday at Tybalds with the Queene and Lorde Threasorer, I take myself confounded for all suing or hoping for anything that was. And so adieu to the Court and courting tyll God direct me otherwise! The Archbishop gave me a payre of sufferings* to drinke. God be my help as he is my refuge. Amen."

The next year he was appointed Warden of Manchester College, and with that his personal intercourse with Queen Elizabeth ceased, for he did not return to Mortlake until the year after the Queen died. The last mention of her in his diary, just before he left Manchester, was: "The Countess of Warwick did this evening thank her Majestie in my name and for me, for her gift of the Wardenship of Manchester. She took it graciously; and was sorry it was so far from hence, but that some better thing neer hand shall be found for me, and if opportunity of tyme wold serve, her Majestie wold speake with me herself."

But as it is not recorded, we fear the opportunity did not occur. Dr. Dee was at Manchester only eight years and then, being in a very weak state of health, he gave up the Wardenship and returned to his beloved Mortlake, when he must have sorely missed his royal patroness and friend. He passed away at the end of four years, and his body was buried in the graveyard of old Mortlake Church.

* Sovereigns, I suppose.—ED.

VAMPIRES

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

A CLASS of phenomena which has given rise to many strange and horrible occurrences is that of vampirism, or the preying upon the vitality of a person and abstracting from him nervous force. This kind of vampirism we meet every day and are ourselves often subjected to it. We often meet people whose very presence draws upon our strength and causes fatigue. Sensitive, hysterical or mediumistic persons always vampirize each other. To magnetize, hypnotize or influence a person is a kind of obsession; to absorb the thought, magnetism or influence of another is a kind of vampirism, and there are persons who can live entirely upon the vitality of others.

1. I have already mentioned in a previous paper on "Metathesis" in the OCCULT REVIEW the case of the "wonder girl" at Radein, who for seven years lived without food or drink, being nevertheless in good health. Instead of taking food she withdrew vitality from the children that were brought to her for the purpose of receiving her blessing. Some of these children sickened, some wasted away and died. She did not do this consciously and willingly; for she was a very pious person and, owing to her long fasting, even considered a saint. Many other persons of that kind are known in history; accounts of such sometimes appear in the papers, but they are soon hushed up, because our scientists cannot explain them; their science being still only superficially acquainted with certain natural laws. Still, popular opinion claims that it is not healthy for young children to sleep with old people in their beds, and medical science silently approves of this view.

2. In the Bible it is claimed that when David grew old, a young girl was given to him to supply him with vitality, and not very many years ago certain institutions, based upon this principle, were existing in France. Young girls were supplied to old men or women as bedfellows. Usually the old person (after having had to submit to certain precautionary measures) had to sleep between two girls, a fair-haired and a dark one; for which privilege he had to pay a certain sum. All of these girls soon lost vitality; some of them died; and these establishments were finally closed by order of the police.

This is called "Vampirism among the living"; but there is another kind of vampirism; namely, vampirism exercised by black magic, or sorcery, and the vampirism of the grave.

Of vampirism exercised by witchcraft, the following may serve as an instance:—

3. A miller at V—— hired a young man to labour in his mill. The boy was healthy and strong; but after a while he began to look pale and emaciated, and his strength grew less from day to day. The miller asked him about his ailment; but the boy pretended not to know. At last, however, he confessed to him that every night near midnight something heavy, of the shape of a large-sized egg, was pressing upon his breast, causing a distressing nightmare, and rendering him unable to breathe or to move. The miller thereupon watched at the bedside of the boy, and made him promise to give him a certain sign when he felt the presence of the vampire. The boy gave the sign, and the miller grasped with both hands that egg-shaped thing, which, although being invisible, seemed to the touch as if it were made of gelatine. He carried it to the chimney and threw it into the fire, and the boy, after that time, was troubled no more. This story has been told to me by a relative who lived at the said mill when this occurrence took place.

The following is an extract from one of the numerous letters concerning such subjects which I often receive:—

VIENNA,
April 23, 1907.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to ask your advice in regard to the following mysterious case: A woman in my neighbourhood, a widow, is the mother of four children, of whom the two oldest ones are twins. One of these, a beautiful girl, is fearfully troubled by what seems to me a mysterious invisible something, which almost every night presses upon her breast, drawing the vitality out of her, the body of the child growing cold and rigid as a corpse. The vampire, or whatever it may be called, announces its coming by raps, moving of furniture and noises of various kinds. I may say that a year ago, shortly before the trouble began, the mother of the child had to dismiss a thieving servant woman, whereupon that woman pronounced a curse, and said she would be revenged upon the child. The child was taken to the hospital, where they said it was "hysteria"; but they could do no good. While she was at the hospital the noises at the

residence continued, and the mother received pinches, which caused swellings that remained visible for several days. Thanking you in advance for your answer,

Yours sincerely,
E— S—

There are two obstacles in the way of understanding the nature of such cases; namely, the ignorance of the fact that vitality is not a product of the cellular activity of the natural body; but, on the contrary, the vitality of the body is a manifestation of the activity of life, which is a power as universal as magnetism or electricity; and, furthermore, there is the ignorance of the fact that this power can be attracted and employed, unconsciously by the majority of people and consciously by those who are acquainted with its laws. I am often asked to advise some remedy against the influence of black magic or vampirism, and I know of no other than to restore the health of the body, and to render it thus impermeable to such influences. In regard to counteracting such influences, magic powers can be counteracted only by "magic," i.e. spiritual power. The best remedy, therefore, is the power of the true faith; namely, confidence in one's own divine self, by means of which a protective "astral" shell is formed around us, through which no evil influence can penetrate. By this means we may protect ourselves and even another, if we surround him with our aura. This power, however, is at the present time not in everybody's possession; those who can drive out demons are now as rarely to be found as at the time of Jesus of Nazareth; and it will probably be some time before the healing by the power of the Holy Spirit will become generally practised by the medical fraternity as a whole.

The vampires of the grave belong to another order; but such cases seem to be at present of very rare occurrence in civilized countries. They constitute a disgusting subject, which hardly needs to be discussed in this paper. Some such cases, where the astral body of the dead kept the physical body in the grave in a state of preservation by supplying it with vitality obtained by vampirizing the living, are reported in Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*. I myself have no experience in this line.

THE ROSICRUCIANS AND ALCHEMISTS

BY FLORENCE FARR

A LEGEND arose in the time of the Lutheran outburst of a mysterious master called Christian Rosenkreutz, who was buried for a period of 120 years in the central cavern of the earth. His shrine was seven-sided, and all the symbols of the universe were said to have been found disposed round him in this place. The Egyptian tradition of Seker, the god in the central cavern of the Duat, evidently found an echo in the heart of the inventor of this legendary father of mysteries, and it will be interesting to try and discern the meanings of the main symbols of the Rosenkreutz legends in Egypt and in Germany.

The Egyptian Duat, or Underworld, was represented by a five-fold star, or star of five radiations, enlarging as they receded from the centre, and therefore not bearing the same symbolism as the pentagram. The Rose is fivefold in its structure and is a well-known symbol of silence. The stages of its existence pass from the bud, or potential state of pralaya, to the unfolding of its leaves as the pleroma, or fulness or manifestation of creative power. Consciousness, thought, reasoning, will, and the sense of individuality are five of its powers; the five senses are other manifestations of the same symbol. When the pollen of a flower is ripe the creative work begins, the petals fall and the fruit and seed are formed. The processes of life are a rhythmic coiling and uncoiling; a radiation and attraction, and an emanation or separation. The fruit coils round the seeds, the juices pass to and fro, and finally the husk of the fruit bursts and the seeds fall out separately as emanations, each complete in itself.

So in the degrees of human enlightenment the purest state is Being so unified and perfect that the kind of consciousness that depends upon comparison cannot exist. The second state is the sense of being without bounds, which is often called wisdom. The third state is discernment, or understanding, and may be attained by concentration of the subjective mind upon an object until full understanding is attained. And these states of the unmanifest consciousness are called Sat-Chit-Ananda in the Vedantic philosophy and Ain-Soph-Aur in the Kabalistic

philosophy ; and Ptah-Seker-Osiris was the concrete image of these ideas in Egypt.

Now the Rose of the Rosicrucians was a more complicated symbol than the Cup. As we have seen the Cup was a symbol of creation, and its form was connected with the symbol of a circle in contrast to the Cross. The symbol of the Rose contains five petals and five divisions of the calyx. It is evidently the symbol of creation in activity, not in potentiality only. Perhaps we may believe the Rose to be a symbol of the subtle body of man, which is one with nature, and the Cross the symbol of the body and the name or word of man. The union of the Rose and Cross would symbolize a man able to unite himself to the great powers of Nature, or *tatwas*, familiar to us under their Hindoo names *Akasa*, *Vayu*, *Tejas*, *Apas* and *Prithivi*, or the kingdoms of sound, sensation, perception, absorption and reproduction more commonly called hearing, touching, seeing, eating and generating.

Now the notion of obtaining the natural powers of an adept is most apparent in the traditions that come through Egypt and Chaldea, and the idea of the super-essential state in contrast to power is most apparent in the Oriental traditions. The high caste Oriental has the aristocratic spirit that conceives the height of life on this world to consist in the delicacy of perception associated with perfect self-satisfaction, while the democratic spirit of the West cannot conceive itself without desires, struggles and potencies for gratifying desires ; democracy wishes to do and to have ; aristocracy is sufficient unto itself.

Rosicrucianism and Alchemy are both allegories constructed by these working democratic minds, and in the alchemical symbolism we can trace the exact degrees of initiation through which the man, still under the great race delusion of progress, must pass before he realizes that his real self is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.

It is true in a sense that this treasure of all sages, this knowledge of Being which all mystics seek, forms itself vehicles in time and space in which it carries out the imaginations which spring from the relative side of absolute consciousness, and it is interesting to trace the different degrees of attainment.

Alchemical symbolism is mainly the symbolism of distillation. To take a simple process, let us imagine that we desire to obtain the white and the red tinctures from honey. The alchemist would put the honey in the cucurbite of an alembic. Placing it over a gentle heat he would drive the essential part of the spirit into the head or beak of the alembic, whence it would pass as

THE ROSICRUCIANS AND ALCHEMISTS 261

steam into the neck of the receiver and become liquid once more as it cooled. This liquid was the white tincture, or spirit of honey mixed with water. This is the symbol of that concentration and meditation whereby the mind of man becomes subtilized and fit to perceive philosophical impressions. The white tincture is the symbol of light and wisdom.

But to obtain the red tincture of power a far more complicated process had to be performed. It consisted mainly of pouring back the distilled spirit upon the black dead-head that had been left as residue in the cucurbite and by the exercise of great care and the addition of certain matters acting upon the mixture in such a way that finally the whole of the original matter was distilled and no black dead-head remained and a wonderful red tincture was the result of the transmutation of the black nature.

This symbolical process involves the passing through definite stages of progress in the world of changing life. Let us imagine it carried out to its logical conclusion upon our own earth. We know that the mineral kingdom is the state in which form lasts for infinite ages and can stand great heat and cold without destruction. We know that the giants of the vegetable kingdom last many hundreds of years, but although the process of their growth and decay is prolonged they are not capable of resisting fire or of existing in the frozen zone. We know that certain animals, such as elephants, tortoises and parrots, live for very long periods of time. All these creatures have greater tenacity of existence in the forms or vehicles of life than the human creature.

It is also plain that as the earth becomes more and more subject to violent change, when the great floods and the ice and the burnings visit it, in its old age conscious life must exist in more enduring but less complex, sensitive, visible forms than it does at present. Now consciousness of Being is the name we give to the white tincture which the adept distils from his human form in the alembic of the mind. It is brought about by the fire of imagined emotion and devotion under the stress of intense concentration. To focus thought has the same effect as to focus sunlight. It becomes a force analogous to heat. It is, in a word, emotion evoked by the skill of the sage. In this fire the Adept raises his consciousness until it is separate from the gross body, and no longer aware of the objective world. Passing through the gate of dreams it enters the subjective world and lives in its own brightness. Here it learns that it can create infinite visions and glories, and here the saints rejoice, each in his own heaven. Here finally

the sage perceives his own divinity and is united to his God. This is the white initiation in the eyes of the Rosicrucian doctors, and according to the scriptures of the alchemists the sage has gained the white tincture. The objective world only remains in his consciousness as blackness and ignorance and death. In his divine nature he seeks to redeem the dark world, to draw it up into the divine nature and make it perfect. His vision can now show him a world in which man can no longer exist in material human form. His own desire for wisdom has drawn up the human element out of the visible or objective state. He is no longer merely a man in a human body because his subtle body has possessed itself of the characteristic human faculty of self-conscious comparison, the origin of wit, laughter and criticism.

The humanity that is beyond animal consciousness has the power of acting and knowing at the same moment ; it can seem one thing and know at the same time that it is another. It is not a noble quality ; it is nothing more than the power of laughing at ourselves ; and yet it is the great redeeming quality, for it is the germ of all wisdom and enlightenment.

The ordinary dreamer lives in his subtle body as the fool of his own fancy, and the dream shows how little human wisdom his subtle body has obtained ; but the subtle body of an adept can perceive the illusionary formulation of panoramas of light and form arising from the half-seized impression of light falling at a certain angle across the red edge of a blanket and the linen of a sheet just as he closes his eyes. The dream of the sage is a consciously guided dream. Like an author, he writes his own dramas and delights in the joys and tragedies of his creations. He no longer suffers from the attacks and sorrows that his own mind creates, but observes them with excitement and interest. He watches his own tears and cuts into the heart of his own emotions.

These are some of the experiences of the sage who has transferred the human principle from the body of matter to the subtle body.

The material body may in this stage of enlightenment be considered as a beautiful and healthy animal ; it carries on the physical functions in temperate ways, unaccompanied by the fantastic imaginations of a human being. And there is little doubt that the bull of Apis was considered to take the place of the body of the adept Osiris in this way. The body of a sacred animal would answer every purpose for the divine man whose invisible body had attained some degree of complex, conscious life. The ner-

THE ROSICRUCIANS AND ALCHEMISTS 263

vous forces of the animal world act as the physical basis for the dream-powers of the subtilized or deified man.

In China the flying dragon, the mythical combination of all kinds of animal life, represents the body of the deified man that can command all the elemental states of matter that can exist in the air, the fire, the earth and the water. The dragon is the symbol of the material body of the being who has complete command of the elemental world and afterwards becomes the subtle body in the further stage of being of which we are told in Druid tradition.

When the earth grows older and complex animal forms such as flying-fish and sea-serpents and monstrous alligators, can no longer exist, another symbol must be taken from the writings of the Rosicrucian doctors and the alchemists, and we enter upon the study of the Tree of Life. He who eats of the fruit of the Tree of Life will become one with the Elohim, or creative gods, and will live for infinite ages.

Imagine the world enveloped in a great white cloud, moist and warm like a hot-house ; giant palms and ferns and mosses dripping with moisture ; a climate like that of the Cocoa-palm Islands off the west coast of Africa, where animals and men can only live a little time. In this world the adept would use some marvellous tree as the physical basis of his life ; and his subtle body would have drawn up into itself all the forces of motion that make a tree less powerful to our minds than an animal. The subtle body in this state would have become a veritable dragon of complex forces. It would have drawn into itself the mixed sphinx-natures of the birds and the fish, the creeping things and the four-footed creatures. The dryad of each tree would be a mighty Druid ; the great Pendragon would have his oak as a physical form and would exercise his powers in reality as we can imagine the ancient Druid sages exercised theirs in imagination.

This state of the subtle body may perhaps have been symbolized by the Green Dragon of the alchemists, but the Red Dragon arose after still further distillation.

Now we have to imagine a world all fire and molten glory of flame, in which no tree or flower could exist ; a world in which wonderful agate trees would circle the white crystals of their pith with bands of violet and hyacinth and blue melting into stretches of pale chalcedony and shrouded in dark crystal bark, their branches glimmering with emerald leaves ; a world in which mineral life has learned at last to show itself in perfect form, where light and fire glowed alternately and played with elemental

shapes and images of beauty. And so, at last, we come to the last symbol of the alchemists—the symbol of the final perfection, the *Summum Bonum*, the *Philosopher's Stone*.

Let us imagine what that state would mean for the adept ; his gross body a pure ruby, a perfect crystalline form with all the powers of growth, of nourishment, of reproduction drawn from the vegetable kingdom into his subtle body, carried on without disgust or satiety through the beautiful mediums of fiery blossoms and shining leaves ; his subtle body almost visible as a light shining in the fiery world ; his children flowers of flame and his physical form an everlasting memory of beauty ; his mind an all-pervading consciousness in which blossoming imaginations arose or subsided under the law of his will ; a perception unified with a faculty that ordered joy to succeed sorrow and sorrow to succeed joy because he knew that one cannot manifest without the other. A supreme artist, he would rejoice in creation ; a supreme critic, he would rejoice in contrast.

So the red tincture would be attained and the black, the white and the red worlds explored and analysed in the imagination of the Rosicrucians and alchemists of the Middle Ages

We still see the same desire for progress among those who strive for the ancient stone here in this western democratic world of men who desire "to have" and "to do." But these circles of everlasting recurrence so dear to Friedrich Nietzsche are not what he called them. They are not aristocratic.

The aristocracy of mind is shown in the philosophy of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, who cried : "As for living, our servants can do that for us." It is the feeling of the great Buddhist intellect who sees that in the words "I am not" there is a wonder and a vision and song far exceeding the mere ideas of limited ecstasy and knowledge concealed in the words "I am."

THE CURATIVE PROVINCE OF ELECTRICITY

By FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.*

ACCORDING to the latest pronouncement of Science, Electricity in either an active (current) or passive (static) form pervades every atom of the Universe. We have come, then, to the point of regarding it as a form of energy or force differentiated only from thought in that it may be demonstrated or transmitted by mental control. Yet the terms may almost be said to be convertible—to find the sufficient word for each varying expression of the ONE-ENERGY; thought itself is but an electrical discharge from the brain.

Everywhere, going on unceasingly, through the universal expression of life, is the constant interaction of allied forces. Now thought—consciously applied mind—directing the manifestations of Electricity, makes known to us the forms of motion—as exemplified in telepathy, wireless or other telegraphic operations, light, heat, traction, cataphoresis, etc. Again, Electricity impresses itself upon the mind of man by, as far as we can yet see, its own *unconscious* expression, as in lightning, the Aurora Borealis, the magnetic needle, and other, as we term them, in contradistinction to definite mental expression, natural phenomena. Now we find it as the magnetic current directed by human means to certain ends, *and now again* acting unconsciously as in the attraction of metals, radio-activity, atomic attraction and repulsion, and in other more elementary forms. It is as demonstrable in hypnotism and animal magnetism as in the nervous system of the body, but in either its passive or active state, when once its conditions have been determined, it is, wherever found, always subject to the direction of its highest expression, the thought of man.

It is in the manifested fact that it may be transformed, transmitted, or controlled by mental action that we begin to see its enormous possibilities as a curative power.

* All the purely professional ideas in this article have been derived from the instruction of Mr. J. Macdonald Moore, "medical electrician," whose successful treatment of illness, upon these lines, has come under my notice. These ideas I have endeavoured to work into my conception of the "oneness" of mind

F. T. G.

In considering this question, its value as an aid in the cure of disease, by redistribution within, and introduction to the human system, it may be of assistance to think of its analogous action in other substances. Baron von Reichenbach, in his researches in magnetism (Electricity under another form), discovered that the poles or sides of a crystal were appositively positive and negative. From this ascertained point, and employing the same method of inquiry, he was able clearly to demonstrate that the human body equally emits electricity both positive and negative; though in the latter case it might be well, for the sake of emphasizing the difference of degree between the two states to speak of it as ready for emission, but waiting on the directing power of will. But taken together the passive and active conditions point to the conclusion that the human body has within itself all the constituents of the Cosmos.

Granting this, it is not difficult to see how large a part the medical electrician, provided he be versed in psychic laws, may, in the future, play in the cure of disease. For it begins to be apparent that he alone, using simply the forces of Nature—mastering in the first instance the causes of disturbance—interchanging and directing them, arrives at the desired effect, the restoration of harmony. For all illness, whatever its degree of seriousness, is found to be, when followed up to first cause, disturbance of function. Cancer, consumption, anæmia, are only different forms of disturbance. That the difference of the expression should be always due to local influence points to the fact that the fundamental cause is ever the same. And because he knows that there is but the one energy or force everywhere—Spirit all-pervading—he looks upon the local effect, consumption, cancer, whatever it may be, as something in the nature of a false appearance, an outcome of the disturbance of organic law, that must disappear before the reality and assertion of Vital Force. And he, as the highest expression of mind, is able, as it were, to put his hand upon all other forms of force, to redistribute, convey, and exercise at will. When he finds the system depleted of its natural electricity—natural force—his aim is, by outside introduction of vital energy to make good the general loss, so that the patient shall be in a fit state to generate electricity, or evoke the life within, for himself—or in other words change the negative condition to the positive state. And whether for this purpose the psycho-therapeutist shall employ magnetism, hypnotism, nerve transference, or directly applied electricity, in accordance with the need of the

moment, he is neither destroying nor diminishing, by one iota, the universal supply.

Knowing, as Plato teaches, that he is himself a unit of the universal Consciousness, and therefore a partaker of the nature of the Whole, he knows also, for this his knowledge of psychic laws must teach him, that he can ally himself to, and draw freely upon the One Source for the needed energy of his subject—the brain being the director of the action itself. It has, for some time past, been advanced that the hidden and mysterious forces of life are generated, through the brain and nervous system, by what is termed "nerve aura," and that this element would account for all the phenomena vaguely attributed to a vital principle.

This is not saying that it is the vital principle itself, but that substance through which the vital principle seeks expression in materialised form.

That "vital principle" and nerve force are not identical we have proof sufficient in the fact that the brain and nerves, like the rest of the organs, perish or are disintegrated with the dissolution of the body, and that they retain none of the properties assumed to belong to them, while here in manifestation.

But when we find a force which produces within the organism the effects attributed to the "vital principle"; when we find this force capable of moving the muscles, stimulating the circulation, promoting digestion and respiration, and generally acting upon the whole nervous system, are we not at least justified in assuming that it is one with, and of the same nature as the vital principle itself? We have a sufficient array of phenomena, through whatever channel we may elect to observe the action of electricity, to enable us to definitely announce that it the chosen motor of vital force. The physiologist who carefully and with open mind, observes its working as a therapeutic agent for the cure of disease, the anatomist, with the scientific instinct for discovery, who watches its effect upon dead matter, will find that they have sufficient data to enable them to assume that they are approaching the solution of the manifestation of life; and that evidence has been afforded them of the absolute oneness of the nature of all energy throughout the Universe, however diverse in expression it may be.

In short the human body is an epitome of all the forces of the Universe. More and more may this be claimed now that the enormous possibilities of being are becoming known to us by research in psychic realms.

If it be admitted, then, that the currents of man's being

are a reduplication of the currents of the Universe, isolated, in appearance only, by the human form, but actually part of the one great Circuit, we see that an action analogous to that of Cosmic disturbance takes place in the human body by the upsetting of function. In the case of the cosmic disturbance we do not see the direct action of Mind in restoring harmony, but we are still conscious of its action by seeing the result. But in the case of human disturbance we can see the operator at work in the restoration of harmony, because he is acting within the circle of his and our consciousness. But all the while, as in the case of the Cosmic readjustment, he is using nothing outside of himself that is not, by implication, within himself.

The philosophy of cure by electricity lies in its universality. It is everywhere for the seeking—Protean-like, it changes that the mind of man may be kept on the alert for every new expression. It is because he finds that having demonstrated something of the ALL Force in one direction he must still, for the sake of development, demonstrate it in another, that we find each scientist, in turn, taking a step beyond his forerunner in the realm of psychic research.

Why, then, it may be asked, has so little been achieved in the way of cure by the expression of a power possessing such marvellous capabilities? May it not be because the operator or experimenter, as a rule, has looked hitherto upon its use almost exclusively as belonging to the physical plane, and that he, by such an attitude, has circumscribed its action? In Medicine, as a profession, anything, hitherto, outside of established methods has found but little favour. But now that the scientific spirit is seizing the more modern and forward of its members, mental forces are beginning to be used in the cure of disease, and this must lead to further investigation in the very region that has been opposed to them. But the medical electrician, when deeply versed in psychic laws, knows that he is dealing solely with a spiritual force. He therefore, by his attitude, keeps himself in constant touch with the unlimited—with him it must be ever onwards and still onwards.

He knows that there are ever higher and finer expressions of this force beyond those with which he has made himself familiar. And that "the fairy tale of Science and the long results of time," wonderful as they may seem, are but as the prelude to things to be. For it is all in illustration of the principle that behind every sub-division in manifestation there is but One Mind.

SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH SPORT

By L. C. R. CAMERON

Author of "Otters and Otter-hunting," etc., etc.

THE sportsman of to-day is not usually regarded by the *cognoscenti* as one to whom a belief in "the conviction of things that appear not" appeals with any great force. Indeed, the term "mere fox-hunter" has been employed as one of contemptuous reference by those who live, or pretend to live, "the higher life," towards those for whom the life of the fields exercises a more potent call. It was not ever thus. Nimrod was appreciatively described as "a mighty hunter before the Lord"; and Chaucer coupled "hunters" and "holy men" together. Many of the most noted sportsmen of Northern England, during what Catholics call "the penal times" especially, when they were legally disqualified from serving the State in any official capacity, were most devout and earnest adherents of that form of Christianity which insists upon a higher spiritual life and a firmer credence in the supernatural than any other. The Catholic Church has, in point of fact, taken legitimate sport under its protection in the person of St. Hubert—who was converted to Christianity while stag-hunting by the appearance of a white hart with a crucifix between his antlers—and upon this saint's festival day (November 3), falling as it does at the commencement of the hunting season, celebrations in his honour and that of the chase still take place in parts of France and Belgium. The original breed of hounds from which our present day packs derive was called after St. Hubert; and the mediæval "Hunters' Mass," which only lasted a quarter of an hour, was instituted to show the recognition of the claims of the chase to the indulgence of the Church, and offered a real link between sport and spirituality.

This being so, it is not surprising that we should find a mass of legendary lore and of so-called superstitious belief connected with various kinds of field sports; and devoutly credited by those whose business or pleasure it is to chase the wild deer or follow the roe, to shoot flying, to angle, to hunt, or to hawk.

Record of such beliefs is not made in the volumes of the "Badminton" Library, nor are books on folklore especially concerned with prognostications connected with sport. The illustrations collected in this article are chiefly those that have come to the writer orally in the course of half a life-time given to the pursuit of field sports, chiefly in the realms of hunting, shooting and angling.

In former times great attention was paid by hunting men to the aspect of the "Hunters' Moon," the moon for the month of November; and auguries as to the weather that would distinguish the ensuing season were drawn from its first appearance in the evening sky. Seeing how dependent hunting is upon favourable weather conditions—absence of frost, snow, fog, overmuch rain or a drought—it is easy to understand the importance attached by our forefathers to "the look of the new moon"; whether it lay on its back and threatened rain, or stood upright, promisory of fair weather, or enwrapt in haze or halo prognosticated an unsettled period. As the symbol of Diana, "queen and huntress," it doubtless attracted the especial regard of the hunting man, who nowadays places more faith in inefficient meteorological forecasts and a perfunctory tapping of his barometrical *fetish* in the front hall. Our astrological ancestors, however, have recorded in a 'Monkish rhyme' a sporting belief connected with the weather which runs:

*Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.*

The most numerous group of hunting superstitions is concerned with the hare: an animal whose natural habits—its sudden appearance in the midst of a seemingly empty enclosure, its speed, cunning, mysterious evanishment at moments when escape from the hounds seems wholly impossible, and its extraordinarily human scream when caught—have ever made it a subject of awesome regard, especially in Celtic countries.

In Cornwall, for instance, the apparition of a white hare before hounds is considered to be the spirit of some woman or girl who has been betrayed by the huntsman or by one of his followers; and unless hounds can be whipped off and the chase stopped some disaster is bound to ensue.

Again the widespread opinion that witches possess the power of taking the form of a hare is responsible for the Irish belief that it is not lucky to kill one before sunrise, even if it should have crossed your path. The same belief attaches to the stoat

—which the Irish call a weasel—and for the same reason ; although I have heard of no conspicuous ill-fortune overtaking the Master of the recently-established Bellmount Weasel Hounds in Ireland. Should a hare cross and recross your path three times on your way to a meet, it is a warning to you to turn back, or you will meet with an accident in the hunting field that day. The same if a stoat or weasel cross the road in front of you. If a single magpie fly over your path it is also a warning of disaster, which may, however, be averted if you lift your cap politely to the bird and (in Kent) spit into the crown of it.

The town of Harrow-on-the-Hill possesses a curious legend that if a hunted hare runs through it a fire will break out. This belief was verified during the Headmastership of Bishop Wordsworth, whose house was destroyed by a fire coincident with the appearance of a hare in the street ; and the same thing has again happened there once within the last twenty years. Curiously enough, St. Anselm, the patron saint of Harrow—which he calls *Herga*—has recorded that he saw a hare running through the village, which reminded him of “a soul fleeing from the fires of Hell.” This pious legend is commemorated in the modern Catholic Church at the foot of the Hill by a statue of St. Anselm represented with a hare.

Belief in the ill-luck that follows a man who on setting forth for his day's sport finds his path crossed by a hare is very prevalent in Cornwall ; and a modern writer has recounted the prevention of a fishing expedition by the simple expedient of its enemy maliciously casting a hare's foot aboard the boat.

The Highlanders of Scotland have a legend of an otter—devoutly believed in, which “never is but always to be” seen—whom they call *Dòbhar-chu*, “the dark or obscure dog,” whose skin can heal all diseases, its value being the amount of pure gold it will contain after having been sewn up to make a *sporan*, or purse.

It is interesting to compare this legend with the story with which the Second Lay of Sigurd Fafnisbana in the Heroic part of the Poetic Edda commences : where Odin, Loki and Hœnir come upon an otter eating a fine salmon which he has just killed and slay him. This is Otr, the son of Hreidmar, to whom the Æsir show the skin, being condemned as punishment to fill and cover it with red gold. Akin to these is the Irish belief that a purse made of a “weasel's” skin will never be empty ; but the purse must be found, not made nor stolen.

In the Isle of Skye there is still a current belief that if a white

seal be encountered by the sportsman more than a mile from the coast, some terrible disaster is about to overtake the island.

Among the deer-stalkers sight of those fabulous creatures, the water-horse and the water-bull, is frequently credited. They live in the tarns and lochs high among the hills. The latter is said to live on otters—popularly supposed by men of science to have no natural enemies—and the former tempts human beings to mount him, when he rushes into the water with his powerless human freight, whose lungs and liver will be found floating on the surface of the water after many days. The water-horse assumes various forms, the most insidious of which is that of a young man with sand in his hair and weeds about his *brogues*. The water-bull emerges from the lochs and covers domestic cows, whose progeny may be known by their abnormally short ears.

The stalkers also sometimes see at night "the white hound whose baying no man hears" coursing along the upper slopes of the hillsides. The vision always portends the imminence of war, and it is said that prior to the Boer War the white hound was seen by many ghillies and shepherds in the Northern and Western Highlands, whence most of the men who were killed in the ranks of Lovat's Scouts and the Scottish Horse were subsequently drawn.

The "Wisht Hounds," who hunt stags in the air on Dartmoor, possess an affinity with the "white hound" or "hound of death," and find a counterpart in Teutonic legend.

Coming to the sport of shooting we have that finely humane Celtic "forest law" that forbids the killing of a sitting bird, *i.e.* a bird upon its nest. More obscure is the prejudice common amongst all Highlanders, which has now spread to the South of Scotland, against shooting the lapwing, or "peesweep." The bird is harmless, it is true, but so numerous and such good eating that it is difficult to know why this prejudice should exist. It does not exist in England, nor does it apply to the golden plover in Scotland, nor to the eggs of either species. The curlew, which is freely slaughtered elsewhere, is not killed in Ireland or the Highlands, being regarded as a bird of evil omen; but its congener, the whimbrel, or "Maybird," is eagerly sought after during the spring migration. In Cornwall the chough is not shot by the true Cornishman, because the soul of King Arthur is supposed to have migrated into a chough until the time when he shall return to redeem the Celtic peoples from the thralldom of the Saxon. This legend is mentioned in *Don Quixote*, where the bird is called a raven; and "Englishmen" take the place of Cornishmen in Cervantes' version.

The warning conveyed by the single magpie applies to shooting as well as to hunting, and the writer once had a curious confirmation of the validity of this belief. He was walking with a young farmer to join a rabbit-shoot on a neighbouring farm. A magpie crossed the path and was saluted by the writer in the traditional manner. The young farmer, who had been educated at a Board School, laughed the belief in portended bad luck to scorn. During the day he lost a valuable ferret, and late in the afternoon was standing in a lane macadamized with the local granite, when his brother fired at a rabbit and the shot, ricocheting from the hard surface of the road severely wounded the unbeliever in the ear and cheek and narrowly missed destroying the sight of one eye. Here, as elsewhere, the connection of witches with hares is commonly held credible. There are, in point of fact, many recorded instances in which a wounded hare has taken refuge in an adjacent cottage, and, being sought there, nothing but an old woman bleeding from a gunshot wound in the leg has been discoverable.

The appearance of a weasel when one is angling is ominous of bad sport; but the most unfortunate thing that can happen to an angler in Ireland is to be asked where he is going to fish. Rather than answer such a question the native would return home and abandon his intention for that day.

In Cornwall, where the chief enemy of the sea-fishermen is the dog-fish, a shark-like fish that ruins their nets, it is customary when one is unwittingly caught to blind it by thrusting thorns into its eyes and then to throw it overboard, that it may go and warn its fellows not to come near the fishing grounds. There is another curious and very old belief in Cornwall expressed in Cornish thus: "*Diber mor-gi en mis Mè, rag dho wil maw,*" which may be interpreted: "Eat a dog-fish in May month, if you want to beget a boy."

The dog-fish is called the King's fish by the Gaels owing to the dispute that arose between the King of Lochlann and Fionn as to whose catch it was, when it was found to have the hooks of both anglers in its mouth. It was awarded to Fionn, and the King (as modern anglers will be alarmed to hear) fined for not having noticed that it had taken his bait first.

The superstitions of that very superstitious class of "sportsman" the racing man have not been dealt with here. These are all concerned with dreams and omens having for their object the selection of a horse upon whose success they can win money by betting, and have little interest either for the genuine sportsman

or the thoughtful student. But in conclusion here is an interesting and very ancient "charm for an adder-bite," to which both hunting and shooting men and their hounds and dogs were in former days peculiarly liable:

A cross was made of two pieces of hazel wood, and having been laid upon the wound, the following was recited :

Underneath this hazelen mote
 Is a braggoty worm with a speckled throat,
 Nine double hath he :
 Now nine double to eight double,
 Eight double to seven double,
 Seven double to six double,
 Six double to five double,
 Five double to four double,
 Four double to three double,
 Three double to two double,
 Two double to one double,
 One double to no double hath he.

After which the person recovered. A simpler cure than any Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy and her dupes have yet succeeded in inventing; though most modern Masters of hounds would probably prefer the customary drench of sal-volatile and olive oil, supplemented by an outward application and repeated at an interval of six hours, to the trouble of procuring a "hazelen mote" and committing such a charm to memory.

THE DUTCH GENERAL'S STORY

By CATHERINE CROWE

[The following story appears in Mrs. Catherine Crowe's *Ghosts and Family Legends*, now out of print. The narrative is given as told by a Dutch General of Mrs. Crowe's acquaintance, and seemed to me of such sufficient psychical interest to merit reproduction.—ED.]

“THE Dutch and Belgium War broke out at Brussels on the 28th of August, 1830, and we immediately advanced with a considerable force to attack that city. I was a lieutenant-colonel then, and commanded the 20th foot, to which regiment I had been lately appointed.

“We had been three or four days in cantonment, when I heard two of the men, who were digging a little drain at the back of my tent, talking of Jokel Falck, a private in my regiment, who was noted for his extraordinary disposition to somnolence, one of them remarking that he would certainly have got into trouble for being asleep on his post the previous night, if it had not been for Mungo. ‘I don't know how many times he has saved him,’ added he.

“To which the other answered that Mungo was a very valuable friend, and had saved many a man from punishment.

“This was the first time I had ever heard of Mungo, and I rather wondered who it was they alluded to; but the conversation slipped from my mind and I never thought of asking anybody.

“Shortly after this I was going my rounds, being field-officer of the day, when I saw by the moonlight the sentry at one of the outposts stretched upon the ground. I was some way off when I first perceived him; and I only knew what the object was from the situation, and because I saw the glitter of his accoutrements; but almost at the same moment that I discovered him, I observed a large black Newfoundland dog trotting towards him. The man rose as the dog approached, and had got upon his legs before I reached the spot. This occupied the space of about two minutes—perhaps not so much.

“‘You were asleep on your post,’ I said; and turning to the mounted orderly that attended me, I told him to go back and bring a file of the guard to take him prisoner, and to send a sentry to relieve him.

“‘Non, mon colonel,’ said he, and from the way he spoke

I perceived he was intoxicated, 'it's all the fault of that *damné* Mungo. Il m'a manqué.'

"But I paid no attention to what he said and rode on, concluding *Mungo* was some slang term of the men for drink.

"Some evenings after this, I was riding back from my brother's quarter—he was in the 15th, and was stationed about a mile from us—when I remarked the same dog I had seen before trot up to a sentry who, with his legs crossed, was leaning against a wall. The man started, and began walking backwards and forwards on his beat. I recognized the dog by a large white streak on his side, all the rest of his coat being black.

"On the same evening at mess, I heard one of the subalterns say to the officer who sat next him, 'It's a fact, I assure you, and they call him Mungo.'

"'That's a new name they've got for schnapps, isn't it?' I said.

"'No, sir; it's the name of a dog,' replied the young man, laughing.

"'A black Newfoundland, with a large white streak on his flank?'

"'Yes, sir, I believe that is the description,' replied he.

"'I have seen that dog two or three times,' said I. 'I saw him this evening. Who does he belong to?'

"'Well, sir, that is a difficult question,' answered the lad; and I heard his companion say, 'To Old Nick, I should think.'

"'Do you mean to say you've really seen Mungo?' said somebody at the table.

"'If Mungo is a large Newfoundland—black, with a white streak on its side—I saw him just now. Who does he belong to?'

"By this time, the whole mess table was in a titter, with the exception of one old captain, a man who had been years in the regiment. He was of very humble extraction, and had risen by merit to his present position.

"'I believe Captain T—— is better acquainted with Mungo than anybody present,' answered Major R—— with a sneer. 'Perhaps he can tell you who he belongs to.'

"The laughter increased, and I saw there was some joke, but not understanding what it meant, I said to Captain T——, 'Does the dog belong to Jokel Falck?'

"'No, sir,' he replied, 'the dog belongs to nobody now. He once belonged to an officer called Joseph Atveld.'

"'Belonging to this regiment?'

"'Yes, sir.'

“ ‘He is dead, I suppose?’

“ ‘Yes, sir, he is.’

“ ‘And the dog has attached himself to the regiment?’

“ ‘Yes, sir.’

“ During this conversation, the suppressed laughter continued, and every eye was fixed on Captain T——, who answered me shortly, but with the utmost gravity.

“ ‘In fact,’ said the major contemptuously, ‘according to Captain T——, Mungo is the ghost of a deceased dog.’

“ ‘It is easier to laugh at such a thing than to believe it, sir,’ said he. ‘I believe it, because I know it.’

“ I smiled, and turned the conversation.

“ If anybody at the table except Captain T—— had made such an assertion as this, I should have ridiculed them without mercy; but he was an old man, and from the circumstances I have mentioned regarding his origin, we were careful not to offend him; so no more was said about Mungo, and in the hurry of events that followed I never thought of it again. We marched on to Brussels the next day; and after that went to Antwerp, where we were besieged by the French the following year.

“ During the siege, I sometimes heard the name of Mungo again; and, one night, when I was visiting the guards and sentries on grand rounds, I caught a glimpse of him, and I felt sure that the man he was approaching, when I observed him, had been asleep; but he was screened by an angle of the bastion, and by the time I turned the corner, he was moving about.

“ This brought to my mind all I had heard about the dog; and as the circumstance was curious, in any point of view, I mentioned what I had seen to Captain T—— the next day, saying, ‘I saw your friend Mungo last night.’

“ ‘Did you, sir?’ said he. ‘It’s a strange thing! No doubt, the man was asleep!’

“ But do you seriously mean to say that you believe this to be a visionary dog, and not a dog of flesh and blood?’

“ ‘I do, sir; I have been quizzed enough about it; and, once or twice, have nearly got into a quarrel, because people will persist in laughing at what they know nothing about; but as sure as that is a sword you hold in your hand, so sure is that dog a spectre, or ghost—if such a word is applicable to a four-footed beast!’

“ ‘But it’s impossible!’ I said. ‘What reason have you for such an extraordinary belief!’

“ ‘Why, you know, sir, man and boy, I have been in the

regiment all my life. I was born in it. My father was pay-sergeant of No. 3 company, when he died ; and I have seen Mungo myself, perhaps twenty times, and known, positively, of others seeing him twice as many more.'

" 'Very possibly ; but that is no proof that it is not some dog that has attached himself to the regiment.'

" 'But I have seen and heard of the dog for fifty years, sir ; and my father before me had seen and heard of him as long !'

" 'Well, certainly, that is extraordinary—if you are sure of it, and that it's the same dog !'

" 'It's a remarkable dog, sir. You won't see another like it with that large white streak on his flank. He won't let one of our sentries be found asleep, if he can help ; unless, indeed, the fellow is drunk. He seems to have less care of drunkards, but Mungo has saved many a man from punishment. I was once not a little indebted to him myself. My sister was married out of the regiment, and we had had a bit of a festivity, and drank rather too freely at the wedding, so that when I mounted guard that night—I wasn't to say, drunk, but my head was a little gone, or so ; and I should have been caught nodding ; but Mungo, knowing, I suppose, that I was not an habitual drunkard, woke me just in time.'

" 'How did he wake you ?' I asked.

" 'I was roused by a short, sharp bark, that sounded close to my ears. I started up, and had just time to catch a glimpse of Mungo before he vanished !'

" 'Is that the way he always wakes the men ?'

" 'So they say ; and, as they wake, he disappears.'

" 'I recollected now that on each occasion when I had observed the dog, I had, somehow, lost sight of him in an instant ; and, my curiosity being awakened, I asked Captain T—— if ours were the only men he took charge of, or, whether he showed the same attention to those of other regiments ?'

" 'Only the 20th, sir ; the tradition is, that after the battle of Fontenoy, a large black mastiff was found lying beside a dead officer. Although he had a dreadful wound from a sabre cut on his flank, and was much exhausted from loss of blood, he would not leave the body ; and even after we buried it, he could not be enticed from the spot. The men, interested by the fidelity and attachment of the animal, bound up his wounds, and fed and tended him ; and he became the dog of the regiment. It is said, that they had taught him to go his rounds before the guards and sentries were visited, and to wake any men that slept. How

this may be, I cannot say ; but he remained with the regiment till his death, and was buried with all the respect they could show him. Since that, he has shown his gratitude in the way I tell you, and of which you have seen some instances.'

" 'I suppose the white streak is the mark of the sabre cut. I wonder you never fired at him.'

" 'God forbid, sir, I should do such a thing,' said Captain T——, looking sharp round at me. 'It's said that a man did so once, and that he never had any luck afterwards ; that may be a superstition, but I confess I wouldn't take a good deal to do it.'

" 'If, as you believe, it's a spectre, it could not be hurt, you know ; I imagine ghostly dogs are impervious to bullets.'

" 'No doubt, sir ; but I shouldn't like to try the experiment. Besides, it would be useless, as I am convinced already.'

"I pondered a good deal upon this conversation with the old captain. I had never for a moment entertained the idea that such a thing was possible. I should have as much expected to meet the minotaur or a flying dragon as a ghost of any sort, especially the ghost of a dog ; but the evidence here was certainly startling. I had never observed anything like weakness and credulity about T—— ; moreover, he was a man of known courage, and very much respected in the regiment. In short, so much had his earnestness on the subject staggered me, that I resolved whenever it was my turn to visit the guards and sentries, that I would carry a pistol with me ready primed and loaded, in order to settle the question. If T—— was right, there would be an interesting fact established, and no harm done ; if, as I could not help suspecting, it was a cunning trick of the men, who had trained this dog to wake them, while they kept up the farce of the spectre, the animal would be well out of the way, since their reliance on him no doubt led them to give way to drowsiness when they would otherwise have struggled against it ; indeed, though none of our men had been detected—thanks, perhaps, to Mungo—there had been so much negligence lately in the garrison that the general had issued very severe orders on the subject.

"However, I carried my pistol in vain ; I did not happen to fall in with Mungo ; and some time afterwards, on hearing the thing alluded to at the mess-table, I mentioned what I had done, adding, 'Mungo is too knowing, I fancy, to run the risk of getting a bullet in him.'

" 'Well,' said Major R——, 'I should like to have a shot at him, I confess. If I thought I had any chance of seeing him, I'd certainly try it ; but I've never seen him at all.'

“ ‘Your best chance,’ said another, ‘is when Jokel Falck is on duty. He is such a sleepy scoundrel, that the men say if it was not for Mungo, he’d pass half his time in the guard-house.’

“ ‘If I could catch him I’d put an ounce of lead into him ; that he may rely on.’

“ ‘Into Jokel Falck, sir ?’ said one of the subs, laughing.

“ ‘No, sir,’ replied Major R— ; ‘into Mungo—and I’ll do it, too.’

“ ‘Better not, sir,’ said Captain T—, gravely, provoking thereby a general titter round the table.

“ ‘Shortly after this, as I was one night going to my quarter, I saw a mounted orderly ride in and call out a file of the guard to take a prisoner.

“ ‘What’s the matter ?’ I asked.

“ ‘One of the sentries asleep on his post, sir ; I believe it’s Jokel Falck.’

“ ‘It will be the last time whoever it is,’ I said ; ‘for the general is determined to shoot the next man that’s caught.’

“ ‘I should have thought Mungo had stood Jokel Falck’s friend so often that he’d never have allowed him to be caught,’ said the adjutant. ‘Mungo has neglected his duty.’

“ ‘No, sir,’ said the orderly, gravely. ‘Mungo would have waked him, but Major R— shot at him.’

“ ‘And killed him,’ I said.

“ ‘The man made no answer, but touched his cap and rode away.

“ ‘I heard no more of the affair that night ; but the next morning, at a very early hour, my servant woke me, saying that Major R— wished to speak to me. I desired he should be admitted, and the moment he entered the room I saw by his countenance that something serious had occurred ; of course, I thought the enemy had gained some unexpected advantage during the night, and sat up in bed inquiring eagerly what had happened.

“ ‘To my surprise he pulled out his pocket-handkerchief and burst into tears. He had married a native of Antwerp, and his wife was in the city at this time. The first thing that occurred to me was, that she had met with some accident, and I mentioned her name.

“ ‘No, no,’ he said ; ‘my son, my boy, my poor Fritz !’

“ ‘You know that in our service every officer first enters his regiment as a private soldier, and for a certain space of time does all the duties of that position. The major’s son Fritz was thus in his noviciate. I concluded he had been killed by a stray shot, and for a minute or two I remained in this persuasion, the major’s

speech being choked by his sobs. The first words he uttered were—

“ ‘Would to God I had taken Captain T——’s advice !’

“ ‘About what ?’ I said. ‘What has happened to Fritz ?’

“ ‘You know,’ said he, ‘yesterday I was field-officer of the day ; and when I was going my rounds last night, I happened to ask my orderly, who was assisting to put on my sash, what men we had told off for the guard. Amongst others, he named Jokel Falck, and remembering the conversation the other day at the mess table, I took one of my pistols out of the holster, and, after loading, put it in my pocket. I did not expect to see the dog, for I had never seen him ; but as I had no doubt that the story of the spectre was some dodge of the men, I determined, if ever I did, to have a shot at him. As I was going through the Place de Meyer, I fell in with the general, who joined me, and we rode on together, talking of the siege. I had forgotten all about the dog, but when we came to the rampart, above the Bastion du Matte, I suddenly saw exactly such an animal as the one described, trotting beneath us. I knew there must be a sentry immediately below where we rode, though I could not see him, and I had no doubt that the animal was making towards him ; so without saying a word, I drew out my pistol and fired, at the same moment jumping off my horse, in order to look over the bastion, and get a sight of the man. Without comprehending what I was about, the general did the same, and there we saw the sentry lying on his face, fast asleep.’

“ ‘And the body of the dog ?’ said I.

“ ‘Nowhere to be seen,’ he answered, ‘and yet I must have hit him—I fired bang into him. The general says it must have been a delusion, for he was looking exactly in the same direction, and saw no dog at all—but I am certain I saw him, so did the orderly.’

“ ‘But Fritz ?’ I said.

“ ‘It was Fritz.—Fritz was the sentry,’ said the major, with a fresh burst of grief. ‘The court-martial sits this morning, and my boy will be shot, unless interest can be made with the general to grant him a pardon.’

“I rose and dressed myself immediately, but with little hope of success. Poor Fritz being the son of an officer was against him rather than otherwise ; it would have been considered an act of favouritism to spare him. He was shot ; his poor mother died of a broken heart, and the major left the service immediately after the surrender of the city.”

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

In your Notes of the Month for March, referring to "materialism," you write:

"The leading scientists of Europe have—almost without reserve—thrown it overboard. Haeckel has long outlived his day. He has lived to see himself the espouser of a lost cause. Materialism is snowed under."

Is this indeed so? Are there not passages in Haeckel's works which render quite clear that his purpose was to deal with the physical side not because there was no other, but because he held there was no chance of understanding that other until the material foundations of the physical side were demonstrated?

Are you not forgetful of the fact that Darwin, Huxley and Haeckel—to name three only out of the great "materialists"—had no alternative but to turn their backs on the "other" side? When they had completed their task and dispelled from the minds of men the ignorant superstitions propagated as regards the physical origin of the human race, the way for an intelligent handling of the other side was open—but not before.

That the other side is now being investigated and becoming—gradually—understood is due absolutely to the materialists. How, for example, would the OCCULT REVIEW have fared, say, in 1808, a date barely fifty years before the great battles were fought and won by "materialism" over "mediaevalism"?

It would have been denounced, anathematized—and *suppressed*.

Yours faithfully, F. S.

[The writer is not without justification for what he says. But am I not right also?—ED.]

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I point out that the writer of the poem "Oblivion" in your last number has confused Gautama, the last Buddha, a man who never professed to be other than a man, with a very muddled conception of the Brahm of the Advaita school of the Vedanta philosophy? Gautama laughed at all transcendental teaching, and in his sermons constantly pokes fun at the idea of Deity at all. His teaching is founded on the four noble truths, truths which all the world admits to be truths, the first of which is "The Existence of Sorrow." He had no use for opinions or theories.

SHOONGYE.

REVIEWS

THE LIFE OF GOETHE. By A. Bielschowsky. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3 vols. 15s. net per volume.

To those lovers of Goethe who are unable to study his works in the original the appearance of a translation of Bielschowsky's *Goethe, sein Leben und seine Werke*, which is universally acknowledged as the biography *par excellence* of the poet, will be the most welcome event in the world of books this spring. Until its publication, Germany had been content that the most popular and sympathetic study of her greatest poet should have come from the appreciative pen of an Englishman. But since G. H. Lewes awakened his countrymen to a realization of that greatness, the opening of the Goethe Archiv has supplied much new material then inaccessible, with the result that Bielschowsky's work is founded on a broader basis of knowledge, a deeper insight, and a critical outlook which has the advantage of that more distant perspective impossible to the man who writes, as it were, above a newly-turfed grave. Thus their points of difference are often more instructive and enlightening to the unprejudiced student than those of agreement, where the one is but an expansion of the other. On the whole, though in many cases the later biographer may be said to only widen and deepen the vista vaguely glimpsed by his predecessor, and to define an outline formerly blurred, yet he does far more than this; for while Lewes was to a considerable extent concerned with the surface, Bielschowsky is rarely occupied with anything but the depths, whether emotional or intellectual. On the much disputed problem, for instance, of Goethe's conduct of his love affairs, we have an apt illustration of this differing point of view, for where Lewes half defends and half blames, Bielschowsky, sweeping aside mere criticism of the actions themselves, and diving down into the inmost recesses of the poet's soul, brings to light the motives which gave rise to them, and challenges the judgment of the world on these. So, too, with his treatment of those first wild Weimar days; and though one may feel that the biographer has perhaps gone a little too far, yet one cannot but feel too that he reaches always the root of the problem, that fundamentally he is undoubtedly right. And this same clarity of perception, combined with an intuitive intellectual insight which pierces the surface and goes straight to the heart of things,

distinguishes his critical analyses of the works themselves. For these, though always scholarly, are never only that, and the easy flow of the writer's style and the narrative method he has adopted, cause his volumes, while full of suggestiveness and interest for the deeper student, to hold for the general reader all the fascination of a psychological romance founded on the magnetic personality of a great genius. No poet has ever woven into his work his own experiences in the realms of both action and thought as Goethe did, and no critic has so skilfully shown just how and where this interweaving takes place as Bielschowsky. The chief charm of his biography from the literary and artistic point of view lies in the fact that he has thrown himself so heart and soul into his labour of love, which was also the labour of a lifetime, has himself become so impregnated with the spirit of his poet-hero, that he frequently falls, either deliberately or unconsciously, into the very words of Goethe himself, which to those acquainted with the works and letters and journals at first hand, gives a sense of intimacy and reality to the whole which could hardly have been produced in any other manner, however subtle. The result is so happy that one can imagine no one, after even dipping into the first volume, foregoing the pleasure of reading all three, and for those who desire to know, not only Goethe the man and Goethe the poet, but also Goethe the statesman and Goethe the philosopher, Goethe the artist and Goethe the scientist, —those, in short, who wish for a real comprehensive knowledge of the many-sided and withal intensely lovable personality of Germany's greatest son, cannot do better than meet him in the pages of Bielschowsky, which are, by the way, liberally interleaved with excellent illustrations of the poet and his friends. Finally, to Mr. Cooper's share, as translator, in the production of these volumes, one can only accord that highest praise of all —that he has succeeded in the rare and difficult achievement of making a translation read like an original work, reproducing with facile and happy accuracy not only the thought itself, but also that intangible garment of "style" in which it is clad.

NORA ALEXANDER.

HYPNOTIC THERAPEUTICS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By John Duncan Quackenbos, A.M., M.D. London and New York: Harper & Brothers. 1908.

THIS interesting volume differs somewhat in manner from what we on this side expect in such works, but it is to be welcomed as giving the opinions of an experienced observer. If the reader

finds himself wishing that there had been more practice and less theory—more description of cases and less speculation about the psychic nature of man—he will at least admit that details are apt to become tedious, and that the facts of hypnotism do seem to require a more or less mystical kind of psychology, if we are to attempt any explanation at all.

The methods employed by Dr. Quackenbos in inducing hypnosis are practically the same as those employed by all the practitioners of the now triumphant Nancy School. Prolonged monotonous talk, suggesting the gradual on-coming of sleep, is combined with fixation of the gaze on some small, bright object; or, with refractory subjects, the fascination-method of the late M. Voisin is adopted, success usually being attained in fifteen or twenty minutes. Hypnosis having been induced, the appropriate therapeutic suggestions are made. It is to be regretted that the author gives us no information as to the percentages of hypnotizable and non-hypnotizable persons among his patients. Also, some classification of the "stages" is very desirable; for, though such division must be more or less rough-and-ready, it is important to distinguish at least between somnambule (amnesic), hypotactic (loss of control over motor nerves, etc.), and uninfluenced or slightly-influenced subjects. Further classification is useful, e.g. the six stages of Liébeault.

Dr. Quackenbos gives a list of diseases which are benefited by suggestional treatment, and a few of his own cases are described. One of the most remarkable is a case in which a cure of *diabetes* seems to have been effected. This patient had lost five pounds in weight per week for six consecutive weeks, and his debility and emaciation were extreme. The local physicians were of opinion that he could not live two months. Dr. Quackenbos gave him seven suggestional treatments, "assuring him of his mental control over the manufacture and assimilation of sugar, ordering the retention and conversion of sugar in his body, destroying his appetite for sweets and starchy foods, rendering him tolerant of the diabetic diet, and directing an equable increase in flesh." Within a few months the patient was strong enough to hunt with the hounds, and sugar has now been absent for six years. We are not told what stage of hypnosis was reached in this very interesting case.

Among the other disorders which have been successfully treated are dipsomania (seven hundred cases, 80 per cent. cured), kleptomania, delusions, morbid fears, and various perversions and abnormal propensities.

The psychological theory adopted by Dr. Quackenbos is, in the main, that of Mr. Myers; the term *transliminal* being substituted, not without reason, for *subliminal*. Man is regarded as existing simultaneously in two worlds, "described as the objective, supraliminal, or world of waking life—in which he communicates through his senses with the phenomenal universe—and the subjective or transliminal, the world of sleep, of an all-comprehensive, extra-planetary or outside existence, of which the earth-life is but a fractional expression." Hypnotic suggestion secures the aid of the "transliminal or higher spiritual self," which can exert a practically boundless control over organs of body and faculties of mind. Dr. Quackenbos, following ancient terminology, calls the transliminal self the *pneuma*, and its bodily or conscious expression the *psyche* or *psyche-soma*; even going so far as to assume the continuity of the *pneuma* with God. Here we reach a full-blown mysticism which may repel the non-speculative mind. But the book is of such evident sincerity and height of moral tone, and is written with such literary grace, that no reader—mystic or non-mystic—will grudge the time spent in its perusal.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL. By Floyd B. Wilson. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co., 18, East Seventeenth Street. 1908. Price \$1.00.

AN interesting and up-to-date treatment of many different but allied problems, all bearing on the nature and destiny of man. The author discusses the work of the Society for Psychical Research, quoting the conclusions arrived at by some of its leading members. From this he goes on to the psychological theories of explanation by "duality of mind"—conscious and sub-conscious—and to the Hindu views as to a still greater diversity of mental states or planes. The evolution of the idea of God is traced, and the whole Cosmic march is presented as a gradual development or unfolding of the Divine.

"Liberation is to be obtained by the expansion of the knowledge of the soul, when it will feel its union with the Divine, and with the universe, which is nothing but a projection out of the Divine." As one after another corollary is formulated from the teachings of the new or higher psychology of to-day, they will be found to parallel this and other Oriental aphorisms which are in themselves divers deductions or conclusions from the unwritten philosophy of the East, which the adepts have mastered through oral teachings combined with the tests of experience (p. 184).

Many apt quotations are given from psychologists, poets and philosophers, and the book may be recommended as a healthy, optimistic message from an eminently sane and judicial-minded mystic.

ANGUS MACGREGOR.

THE HISTORY AND POWER OF MIND. By Richard Ingalese.
London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

THIS book is made up of a number of lectures delivered in New York in 1900-2, with some little additional matter in the form of amplification. The headings of a few of the chapters will serve to indicate something of its scope—Occultism: Its Past, Present and Future; Divine Mind: Its Nature and Manifestation; Dual Mind and its Origin; The Art of Self-Control; The Law of Re-Embodiment; Colours of Thought-Vibration; Hypnotism and How to Guard against It; The Cause and Cure of Disease.

The general teaching is eclectic, though it may be roughly classed along with the New Thought of Dresser and Trine. There is some resemblance to Christian Science, particularly in the author's hostile attitude to hypnotism and "animal magnetism," which are regarded as a sort of black magic. There is also a flavour of Theosophy in Mr. Ingalese's views on re-incarnation and Cosmic Days, and he informs us with great care and exactness on such matters as our whereabouts between incarnations and the length of our discarnate sojournings. We need not be unduly surprised by the author's remarkably exact knowledge on these and other points, for he has presumably been posted up by the masters and adepts who figure frequently, though vaguely, in his pages. On more ordinary matters, where we can check him, he is not always quite reliable. The S.P.R. was founded, not in 1886, but in 1882; Dr. Baraduc's name is wrongly spelt every time; and one of Lytton's books is given an incorrect title. But these are trifles. A mind that can sport lightly with Cosmic Days—that can tell us all about such matters as the Night of Brahma and the Dwellers of the Threshold—can hardly be expected to concern itself much with base *minutiae* of this kind.

The book is well written, and is good of its class. If the reader cannot believe all that it tells him—well, it is a pity, but it is his own fault. Speaking of a certain recondite matter, the author says:—

I cannot prove this statement to you because of the limitation of your vision, but you can prove it for yourself—as you can prove every

other statement I shall make in these lectures—if you develop to that point where your inner senses permit you to function upon that plane of existence where forces are visible as forces, as causes, and not as effects or phenomena (p. 134).

We have heard this kind of thing before. It may be all right, but the present reviewer has humbly to confess that his "inner senses" do not seem quite to get the hang of this higher-plane-functioning yet. And if they did, it is to be feared that he wouldn't be able to distinguish the results from what he calls—in other people—the products of an unbridled imagination or a vigorously creative "subliminal."

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE MAGIC SEVEN. By Lida A. Churchill. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. net.

THIS little book is a purposely concise account of the unseen forces in the mind, which are stated to be the real forces, by the persistent, patient and intelligent use of which a power may be put into operation which is invincible. Briefly, the book contains chapters on such subjects as self-concentration and the use of the will, whether to insure perfect health, or to attain other desirable objects. Man's will is stated to be his individualized God-power, and when conjoined to the great ocean of force and intelligence, his concentrated thought becomes the power of God in operation. The style is pithy and pointed, and the writer makes her meaning clear, and narrates apt little incidents in illustration of her teaching.

S.

THE BLUE LAGOON. By H. de Vere Stackpoole. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, Strand.

THIS is a story which is at once subtle, humorous and exciting, and which has also its pathetic note.

As in others of Mr. Stackpoole's books, the smooth and delightful passages open suddenly into vague sadness or piteous episodes of trouble.

Two children, cousins, Dick and Emmeline (from whom all reference to death has been carefully hidden) are on a voyage with their father. The ship takes fire, and the boy and girl are by the mistake of an old Irish sailor, Paddy Button, separated from their father and all others of the crew.

With this old man they reach one of the beautiful islands

south of the Line. At first time slips lightly by. The old man has determined even before he reaches the island not to "fright the childer," and forthwith cares for them with every tenderness, telling them stories of his village in Ireland and of "the good people," delicious stories in their exaggeration. His repartees to the little boy's incessant questions are no less amusing, as—

"What is a divil, Paddy?"

"You're wan."

This Celtic sailor, who believes in fairies and cluricaunes, is a nurse to the children, and even makes a skirt for the girl, which can be reefed up for paddling.

As the children grow up and develop, the contrast of their natures, the widening and expanding of them, the gradual dawn of the man and woman and the birth of love, the life of exquisite purity and freedom alone (as far as human companionship goes) amid the beautiful little world that is theirs, makes a story not easily to be laid aside half read, and not easily forgotten.

Perhaps some of Mr. Stackpoole's best work is in *The Blue Lagoon*. It is also one of the features of his writing that one never knows what to expect on the next page.

D. P.

JOURNEYS TO THE PLANET MARS. Transcribed automatically by Sara Weiss. Second edition. The Austin Publishing Company, Rochester, New York, 1905.

A SPIRIT Band, made up of such illustrious souls as Giordano Bruno, Humboldt, Darwin, Agassiz, Bulwer Lytton, and others, is commissioned to assist in the revelation of the truth of a future life to the inhabitants of Mars. The spirit of the sensitive (Mrs. Weiss) is conveyed thither, her body remaining in sleep or trance on earth. Being incarnated, she is more akin to the physical beings on Mars, than are spirits who are freed from the flesh; and she is able to reveal herself to mediumistic Martians, and to speak through one of them in trance. She thus has the unique honour of inaugurating a new religious era on our neighbouring planet.

The inhabitants are very like earth-dwellers, but taller and handsomer. They are more learned in mechanics and some other sciences, but are behind us in astronomy and geology. The fauna and flora are surprisingly similar to ours, and indeed everything seems quite familiar. The people are mostly vegetarians, but they are not total abstainers from alcohol. The same language is spoken all over the planet, though dialects

occur in some regions. For the most part, judging from the samples given, the language seems rather chaotic; but occasionally we come across a word-family which makes us feel quite at home, both as to stem and terminations: e.g. *gentilano* = prince; *gentilana* = princess; *gentola* = lady, gracious one, gentle one, etc.; *gentolissima* = queen, or supreme lady. A smattering of Italian would apparently come in handy for any one learning the Martian tongue. It may be remarked here that the examples in this book bear no resemblance to the supposed Martian obtained through the mediumship of Mlle. "Hélène Smith" (Professor Flournoy's *From India to the Planet Mars*).

The astronomically-inclined reader will turn with interest to the revelations concerning the famous "canals." It appears from the clairvoyant's discoveries that M. Flammarion and Professor Lowell are right in supposing these markings to be irrigation-channels engineered by intelligent beings. This is in opposition to the view of Dr. A. Russel Wallace, who, in a recent volume (*Is Mars Habitable?* a reply to Professor Lowell's *Mars and its Canals*), further defends his previously-expressed conclusions as to the non-habitability of the planet. Considering Dr. Wallace's sympathetic attitude towards spirits in general, this seems a case of evil being returned for good. Far greater weight will, however, attach to the opinions of astronomers on such a subject than to the rather amateurish speculations of the learned naturalist.

To sum up, however, the scientific investigator of to-day will hesitate to *deny* the possibility of obtaining knowledge of Mars or other planets by supernormal means; and it is likely enough that many of our present notions may be wrong. This much may be cheerfully admitted. Still, in the present state of affairs, the probability of subliminal romancing—which is at least a better-established fact than clairvoyance or spirit-messages—must be held to provide a sufficient explanation of automatisms of this kind. This does not make them less interesting; the psychological value of such productions may be considerable. And of course, as in the present case, there is no need to cast the least doubt on the *bona fides* of the "medium."

ANGUS MACGREGOR.

THE LORDS OF THE GHOSTLAND: A HISTORY OF THE IDEAL.

London: T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn. 3s. 6d. net.

ALTHOUGH the title of this book, which means "the gods,"

is somewhat misleading, there is no doubt a precedent for it in the designation of El Lil, Lord of Ghosts, one of the gods of the ancient Chaldaean city of Nippur, mentioned by the author, and in later times in the Holy Ghost of the Christian Trinity. The story of the gods, from Brahma to Jupiter, of seven of the world's greatest divinities, who ruled over immense and extremely diverse areas of civilization, cannot fail to be attractive to any intelligent human being, and is here recounted in broad outlines which do not, however, preclude a great mass of interesting detail. Mr. Saltus has the happy faculty of taking a comprehensive and, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the wonderful vicissitudes in the kingdom of heaven. In a single paragraph he compresses in a telling and illuminating manner the evolution of mythologies which traversed centuries or, it may be, thousands of years. He sums up the genealogy of religions in these words:—

Hindu and Chaldaean beliefs constitute the two primal inspirational faiths. From the one Buddhism and Zoroasterism developed. From the other the creed of Israel and possibly that of Egypt came. Religions that followed were afterthoughts of the divine.

And here is a description of the glory of Babylon:—

Within the gates, in an enclosure ample and noble, a space that exceeded a hundred square miles, an area sufficient for Paris quintupled, observatories and palaces rose above the roar of human tides that swept in waves through the wide boulevards, surged over the quays, flooded the gardens, eddied through the open-air lupanar, circled among statues of gods and bulls, poured out of the hundred gates, or broke against the polychrome walls and seethed back in the avenues, along which, to the high flourishes of military bands, passed armed hoplites, merchants in long robes, cloaked Bedouins, Kelts in bearskins, priests in spangled dresses, tiara'd princes, burdened slaves, kings discrowned, furtive forms—prostitutes, federasts, human wolves, vermin, sheep—the flux and reflux of the gigantic city.

The author passes in review the religions of Israel and Greece, and shows how from the fuliginous chaos of later Rome there emerged the white star of Christ, the quintessence of the ideal elements of all former religions; and he concludes with a panegyric on reincarnation, "the supreme Alhambra of dream."

B. P. O'N.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE *Theosophical Review* usually takes note of recent "finds" which interest the student of ancient religion and occultism. The April issue reproduces from the *Athenæum* a paper read before the Society of Biblical Archæology, in which a coin of Gaza is compared with papyri recently discovered at Elephantine. This evidence shows that in the fourth century B.C. the name of Jehovah, or Yahweh, was spelt with three letters only, JHV. The coin also bears a winged wheel, recalling the mystic Vision of Ezekiel. Mr. M. W. Blackden gives a first series of fragments from the *Book of the Dead*, with a view of showing that this cryptic document consists of "utterances taken from the traditional dramatic mysteries," and therefore of high value to the student of ancient mysticism, mixed up with magical formulæ and spells for the benefit of the living and of the dead. Three of the prayers, as translated by Mr. Blackden, go to the root of all mysticism:—

O Hawk within the Shrine, may I penetrate unto Her whose face is veiled.

O Horus in the Southern Heaven, Thoth in the Northern Heaven, tranquillize for me the wild-blown flame, that I may advance "Equilibrium" to her desire.

"I am" is the flower of the Desert Shrine, the blossom of the Hidden Horizon. . . . Grant unto me his love, O Lord of the one Ego.

Dr. W. Wynn Westcott continues his exposition of "The Serpent-Myth," especially with regard to Biblical references in the stories of the Fall and of the Exodus, and to the Kabalistic and Gnostic symbolisms.

Many Reviews, both occult and general, are now devoting much space to the consideration of the present and probable future aspects of religious thought. The *International* made this the leading theme of a recent number, with articles on "The Future of the Religious Temperament," and on "The Future of Religion," and a summary by various correspondents of the religious movements and tendencies in different parts of the world. Religion, like occultism, is, in its higher aspects, the search for the reality underlying appearances; and it also accords with occultism in acknowledging the reality of perceptions which are not amenable to the lower criterion of scientific or logical reasoning.

Similar themes are being vigorously discussed in *The Open Court*, especially in relation to the historical (or idealized historical) Jesus, with emphasis on the idea that the exact personality

and personal history of Jesus matter little in comparison with the value of the newer and more inward conceptions of eternal truth which were placed before man and the higher modes of perception which he was encouraged to cultivate, at that particular period of his intellectual and spiritual development. That the outward form of Christianity represents a fusion of the leading features of many religions, and that any other of them which had obtained the supremacy would have had to develop on similar lines, constrained by the tendency of the thoughts of the age, is one of the leading conclusions, and this view is taken also by a writer in the *Revue Spirite*. And as with occultism, so with religion; the outward forms and ceremonies were intended at once to veil and to present, according to the understanding of the beholder, the esoteric mystic truth which they enshrined; for all symbolism is at once a concealing and a revealing of truth.

The *Metaphysical Magazine* shows somewhat less penetration in an article on "Fetichism" by Chas. E. Cumming, who thinks that the ascription of certain powers to particular fetiches, among which he includes the phases of the moon, arose out of the chance observation that a fortunate or unfortunate event followed immediately on any action with regard to certain objects, or performed at certain seasons, and the object or season was therefore accredited with the good or evil influence. The occultist will, perhaps, have more sympathy than the writer of the article with the ideas indicated in the following story:—

A negro was placing food and palm wine as an offering before a tree that was his fetich. He was asked why he did it. The tree was a fetich, he said, because his father had chipped it with his hatchet and was immediately killed by the bite of a serpent. But the tree could not make the serpent bite him, he was told. After much questioning he made it understood that the spirit that dwelt in the tree had induced the spirit that was in the serpent to avenge him. "But you can see that the tree does not use the food and drink you bring," he was told. "The spirit in the tree eats the spirit there is in the food," was the reply in effect.

Writing on "The Metaphysics of Matter," the editor of the same Review, Mr. Leander Edmund Whipple, compares the notion of the separateness of the atom with the idea of self, and regards both as "inverted and sense-limited illusions with regard to infinity":—

The fact is that the discovery of the atom by science is the result of the irresistible impulse from beneath the sense-consciousness, of the superconscious knowledge of the wholeness of reality and the perfection of truth. The eternal one was never separate from itself, and there is no other. It never had any real "parts," therefore there is nothing for combination. As one of many, the atom is an illusion. It is *the all of*

the one ; and as such it represents the divine reality of the infinite comprehension of truth. If this be recognized, and the psychic faculties duly considered, it is not difficult to conceive that the ultimate atom of any element must be spiritual in essence, universal in substance, and perpetually active. The principles of chemistry are spiritual activities. The laws of operation are all mathematical, therefore spiritual in nature, and every reality that permanently endures in the realm of chemistry can be proved to be purely spiritual. The "reality" of matter, then, is the non-material activity of spiritual principles.

As a pendant to the experiences of a West-End physician, recently related in the OCCULT REVIEW by Mr. Inkster Gilbertson, we quote from the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* an account of some strange happenings in India, entitled "Troubles of a Family" :—

Our brother, who was a pundit in a school at Calcutta, came to our native village with his wife, who was about 14 or 15 years of age. A couple of days after their arrival clouds of earth came rolling down from the ridge of one of the thatched houses day and night, and mud, pieces of stone, and brickbats commenced dropping down inside the rooms from the ceilings. One day I had sat down to my meal, and after taking one mouthful I was going to take another, when the whole plateful vanished. Again, earthen and metal pots danced and careered about the room from one side to another. A child, a few days old, was raised to the ceiling, carried in a slanting position through the door and placed lightly in the middle of the courtyard. A professional exorciser was kicked and beaten on the shoulders and back by the spirit. Cooking utensils containing rice partly or fully boiled, would be taken up bodily from the hearth and dashed over it, spoiling the food. Once a brass pitcher full of water went straight up to a height of about 20 feet and then dropped down again. I was fond of fish, and had bought a big one, and just as I was washing it the pieces began jumping up from the basket and flying in the air, and at last disappeared in the skies, to my great disappointment. One day, in the dark, my legs were caught as in a vice and were tied together with a piece of rope above the ankles, with such force that I screamed with pain and cried out for help. I was pulled all about the room and on to the verandah. The rope had to be cut, as the knot was so peculiar that it could not be loosened.

An account is also given of a Sadhu from Southern India who joined a party accompanying the Prime Minister of Gwalior ; on the journey the latter received a telegram asking him to meet Sir Lepel Griffin, but the Sadhu told him he need not hurry, as Sir Lepel had been taken ill and would be confined to bed for ten days. This proved to be true. The Sadhu also told the minister that a relative of his had been bitten by a cobra, and an hour or two later said that he was now dead. This also was correct. He further announced the issue of a lawsuit the moment that judgment was given, and foretold the reversal of the decision by an appeal to the Privy Council.

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