

# OCCULT REVIEW

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 interest in the question of the existence of fairies has been stimulated by certain investigations in Yorkshire which have resulted in two articles by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the *Strand Magazine* for December and March last. It all began with a young girl whose father occupied and still occupies a position of responsibility in a Yorkshire mill, whose house adjoined a glen where she was accustomed to stroll out and, as she averred, watch the fairies at their gambols. Children, even young girls of sixteen, "flappers" as they are called nowadays, are apt to romance, and the stories of her experiences were not taken very seriously. In due course, however, a cousin, some six years younger than herself, came to join her, and the two sallied forth

together and both claimed to have witnessed the same phenomena. Just about this time (it was the summer of 1917) the father of the elder girl had come into possession of a new camera. The notion struck the elder girl that it would be a good idea to try to photograph the fairies. If they could be photographed, it stood to reason, such was her

argument, that the scepticism of the "grown-ups" would be effectually silenced. A proposal on these lines was made to the father, who at first demurred but eventually consented, and let the two girls go out with his camera containing one solitary plate for exposure. The girls very shortly returned and handed back to the father the result of their experiment for development. Mr. Carpenter—the name is not the real one—was greatly astonished at the result. A month later they made another attempt of the same kind, Alice photographing Iris playing with a gnome in the same glen. The subjoined photographs (A and B) give the result of these first experiments. Just before this Mr. Carpenter had taken a snapshot (c) of the two girls. A view of the



A.

[Copyright.]

glen in which they were in the habit of playing is shown in photograph D.

Following a lecture on the subject of fairies given at one of the Theosophical lodges, Mr. E. L. Gardner's attention was drawn to the photographs in question, when he decided to follow the matter up and investigate this mysterious case. This was in July of last year, and Mr. Gardner was successful in arranging to bring the two girls together once more, the father of Alice having in the meantime settled down in a town some distance away. At the end of August last, further photographs were thereupon successfully taken by the girls in the same glen, with a first-class camera (E, F, G.). Of these photographs, E shows

Alice with a fairy beside her  
 PHOTO-GRAPHIC EXPERI-MENTS.

beside her leaping up from the leaves of the bush ; F shows Iris with a fairy companion on the bush, offering her a tiny bunch of harebells ; and G is a photograph taken by Iris (Alice standing close by, but out of the picture), with the camera placed on the ground, the grasses and harebells here reproduced being not more than about a couple of feet high. Several fairies are here visible, one being particularly noticeable



B.

[Copyright.]



C.

[Copyright.]

in the foreground. The cocoon-shaped object in the foreground was quite strange to the two children, who had never seen anything of the kind before. The theory with regard to this is that the sheath is something in the nature of a magnetic bath that the fairies devise when the summer is waning, or when the weather is bad, as was the case when the photograph was taken. The fairies are said to make this in order to bathe in the magnetic atmosphere, whence they obtain vitality and invigorated force. It seems that some of the fairies play on pipes, and that their music is audible to people with clairaudient powers, but the girls in question do not appear to have these powers, and have heard nothing in the

way of fairy music except, in very still weather, a tiny little tinkle. Other investigators, however, claim to have heard this music, and indeed to have been able to reproduce it. The relations between the children and the fairies is not particularly intimate, not more so, that is, than the relation that might exist between a child and a domestic pet. The height of most of the fairies seen in the Yorkshire glen is, I am informed, something

like nine or ten inches.



D.

[Copyright.]

I imagine there are very few children who really believe in fairies, accustomed as they are to read about them and to talk about them. The fairy story book is the child's book of fiction, and he or she no more believes in the fairies than the reader of the novel believes in the characters and incidents of the romance. Still less does the adult take the existence of such creatures seriously. I should, however,

make an exception in the case of the Irish. It is, I find, quite a common thing for the Irish to believe in the existence of this race of "little people," and some notable names in Irish literature have avowed their belief in them with no little confidence. The Celtic temperament tends to have faith in such phenomena, and stories of fairies being seen, and of fairy haunts, are common enough in the Emerald Island. As to whether the "little people" really exist or not, I certainly do not wish to dogmatize. No one has ever yet collected any body of sci-

DO CHILDREN  
BELIEVE IN  
FAIRIES?

tific evidence on the subject, but it is well to note that there is nothing intrinsically improbable scientifically in such an assumption. If we wish to take a scientific attitude, we must simply regard the matter as *sub judice*. The question of their visibility depends upon the susceptibility of the optic nerve to the rays of light which impinge upon it. As the author of *Science and the Infinite* well says :—

Light is composed of rills in the ether, but the rill itself is not light. It is only light when these rills strike with a certain enormous frequency on a special organ adapted for, we might say, counting these frequencies. And if these frequencies fall below that certain number or above twice that number per second, there is no sense of light. . . . An insect vibrates its wings several thousand times a second, and must be cognisant of each beat, whereas with our senses of sight and hearing we can only appreciate respectively at the most seven and sixteen vibrations in a second as separate beats. . . . The whole life of some of these insects extends over a few hours only, but owing to their quick unit of perception it is as full of detail to them as our life of seventy years is to us.



E.

[Copyright.]

The visibility or non-visibility of the "little people" would thus probably depend on conditions of the optic nerve in relation to the rate of vibrations of light which science so far has very imperfectly mastered. The photographic plate has a wider range in this matter than the human eye, a fact of which astronomers frequently take advantage in the discovery of new stars. It seems reasonable to suppose also that one human eye has a wider range than another. We live in the midst of a universe teeming

THE QUES-  
TION OF  
VISIBILITY.

with life, of only some small portion of which are we conscious.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.\*

As Lord Chatham observed, in one of his great speeches in a very different connection: "I quote the words of a poet, but though poetry they are no fiction." The scepticism of recent generations as regards the fairy folk, as in kindred matters, is entirely misplaced. It is purely a matter for evidence, and there is no justification for dismissing such a supposition off-hand on the ground of its impossibility, or even, indeed, of its improbability.



F.

[Copyright.

I dealt with this subject some four years ago, in an article entitled "A Seer of Nature Spirits," in connection with Mr. Tom Charman's investigations in the New Forest. Mr. Charman lays claim to the "seeing eye" where fairies are concerned, and has drawn many pictures of elves and gnomes from his own observation, though I do not think that he has ever employed photographic apparatus.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in the March issue of the *Strand Magazine*, has collected a number of instances of people who have had such visions. Among these may be named the late Reverend S. Baring Gould, Mrs. Tweedale, and the late Mr. Vincent Turvey, the author of *The Beginnings of Seership*, with whom at one time I had a considerable correspondence. Sir Arthur names also Mr. Tom Tyrrell, the well-known medium, as a seer of the fairy folk.

The expression "fairy" is used to cover many different types

\* *Paradise Lost*, Bk. IV, lines 677-678.

and sizes of beings, the essential characteristic of all of which seems to be their resemblance to the human race in a miniature form. The Yorkshire fairies, as above stated, are described as being eight to ten inches high, but many larger kinds are spoken of, and the places frequented by the "little people" are apparently

ARE THE GIRLS MEDIUMS? also the haunts of gnomes and elves. One of the photographs above given, it will be noted, shows Iris playing not with a fairy but with a gnome. It looks as though the girls in the Yorkshire glen

played the part of mediums, and probably, without their presence, the fairies and gnomes would not possess sufficient physical materiality to be registered on the photographic plate. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle refers to the Fauns, Dryads, and Naiads, of ancient Greece and Rome, as possibly belonging to the same order of being—all creatures which until recently we have been accustomed to regard as purely mythical.

Mr. Edward Maitland, the collaborator with Anna Kingsford,

once claimed to have seen a gnome in his study turning over the pages of his manuscript. As soon as it became aware that its presence was perceived it beat a hasty retreat. Mr. Whitworth is quoted by Dr. Franz Hartmann\* as describing how, while watching a German professor perform on an organ, he noticed a host of Lilliputian sprites, fairies, and gnomes, astonishingly minute in size, yet as perfect in form and features as any of the people in the room. They were divided into sexes and clothed

\* In *Magic, Black and White*. London: Kegan Paul.



G.

{Copyright.

in a most fantastic manner. In form, appearance, and movement, they were in perfect accord with the rhythm of the musical composition.

In the quick measures, how madly they danced, waving their plumed hats and fans in very ecstasy, and darting to and fro in inconceivable rapidity, with feet beating time in rain-like patter of accord! Quick as a flash, when the music changed to the solemn cadence of a march for the dead, the airy things vanished, and in their place came black-robed gnomes, dressed like cowed monks, sour-faced Puritans, or mutes in the black garb of a funeral procession! Strangest of all, on every tiny face was expressed the sentiment of the music, so that I could instantly understand the thought and feeling that was intended to be conveyed. In a wild burst of sounding grief came a rush of mothers, tear-eyed, and with dishevelled hair, beating their breasts and wailing pious lamentations over their dead loved ones. These would be followed by plumed knights with shield and spear, and hosts of fiery troops, mounted or on foot, red-handed in the fiery strife of bloody battle, as the clang of martial music came leaping from the keyboard, and ever, as each change brought its new set of sprites, the old ones would vanish into the air as suddenly as they had come. Whenever a discord was struck, the tiny sprite that appeared was some misshapen creature, with limbs and dress awry, usually a hump-backed dwarf, whose voice was guttural and rasping, and his every movement ungainly and disagreeable.

In a case of this kind it is, of course, easy to argue that the sprites in question merely existed in the sub-conscious imagination of Mr. Whitworth. In view, however, of recent investigations, the alternative supposition that these sprites had actual conscious existence and were acting their several parts in accordance with the music played does not appear absolutely untenable. Do we attribute too much or too little to the sub-conscious self? That is one of the great problems of psychical research. The investigator has been tricked so often that he is ever on the lookout for fear he may be tricked again. In this very fear lies a further danger; that he may be imposed upon by his own scepticism, with its ready suggestion of scientific-sounding phrases, which will conveniently explain away the phenomena for the truth of which his normal sense consciousness appears to vouch. If fairies exist, how comes it that they have the same shape and form as human beings? Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives the parallel of the plant forms which are seen in frosty weather on the window pane. I think we shall do well to recognize that in all cases where we obtain parallels of this kind we have evidence of one uniform law that is operating in both instances. We may be very certain that it is no mere accident that the forms of ice on the window

ELFIN  
DANCERS

SUB-CON-  
SCIOUSNESS  
OR REAL?

panes correspond to the forms of plant growth. One law is at work in both cases whether it is shaping the ice on the window pane or the leaves of the tree or plant. So, too, in the case of such phenomena as those described in Schrenck-Notzing's *Phenomena of Materialization*, and Dr. Geley's *From the Unconscious to the Conscious*, a law of nature is in operation shaping forms of life akin to those with which we are familiar in connection with the birth of the human form on this earth. All such parallels afford a clue to laws which dominate the formation and development of organisms upon the earth, whether animal or vegetable. The formative powers of nature are in constant operation and their activities are only limited by the opportunities afforded to them. Is it not reasonable to believe that these

UNIVER-  
SALITY OF  
NATURAL  
LAWS.

same laws are active throughout the physical universe, and that what we witness upon this earth is repeated upon a thousand planets? If these natural laws are identical, surely similar results will be obtained differing only according to the circumstances and conditions of the planets on which they are in force. Nor, if we are justified in accepting the truth of the existence of fairies and similar folk, can we doubt that these laws are not confined to one plane only of being, but that they shape and mould forms of life equally upon the astral and the physical planes—in short, that the same laws are in operation on all planes and in all parts of the universe, and that it is only the conditions under which they work that are varied in character. If this is so, we shall hardly be mistaken in accepting that large volume of evidence which suggests that life for the human race in another world runs very much on parallel lines to that of the present stage of existence, and that those transcendental conceptions of a future life which we have been, most of us, brought up to hold, have no basis in actual fact. If fairies exist on their own plane, they doubtless appear to themselves every bit as solid and material on that plane as the human race on this. Is not this probably equally true of so-called spirits in the spirit-world?

On April 3 last, at Kingston-on-Thames, there passed away Mr. John Herbert Slater, a writer better known to the book collector than either to the occultist or the man-in-the-street. He was, however, the author of an interesting work entitled *Problems of the Borderland*, which certainly deserves a greater popularity than it

JOHN  
HERBERT  
SLATER.

has ever obtained. Probably most of those who knew Mr. Slater as the author of *Book Prices Current* and *Engravings and Their Value*, little suspected that this kindly and genial gentleman was deeply interested in occult research, and in especial a keen student of the philosophical side of occultism. *Problems of the Borderland*\* claims to be "a summary of some of the elementary teachings of a very ancient faith, which, though not generally known, have nevertheless been preserved to us, to some extent at least, by the writings of mediæval and later adepts, and also by tradition." A perusal of the book, which still remains at the original price of 3s. 6d. net, is well worth the while of every serious student of the occult.

\* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd.

## THE BETTER PART

By R. B. INCE

THE doors of life are open wide,  
 We come and go and know not why;  
 The old moon governs time and tide .  
 And flowers are born that flowers may die  
 Love, life and birth and death all seem  
 Inconsequential as a dream.

Moods change and pass and come again,  
 Dim features seen in lane and street,  
 And some are fraught with urgent pain,  
 Some, gay as elves, on tripping feet,  
 Caper away and leave no trace—  
 Smoothed ripples on the pond's white face.

We question, while the skylark soars;  
 We struggle, while the linnæet sings;  
 And silent Night her lord adores  
 Till Day her lattice open flings;  
 Hills and green glades and silver sea  
 Are better worshippers than we.

# THE COMING OF THE FAIRIES

BY SIDNEY RANDALL\*

MR. E. L. GARDNER, Lantern Lecturer of the Theosophical Society, gave a most interesting lecture on Sunday, March 6, at the Mortimer Halls, illustrated by remarkable photographs of "The Coming of the Fairies," the title of his lecture. These photographs were taken in a Yorkshire village by two girls, who had made a discovery that there were actually fairies in a glen close to their homes, which were not only visible to their clairvoyant sight, but willing to come close to them on the most friendly terms.

The lecturer began by stating that when he was a boy in the Victorian days, he had the idea of the existence of fairies, as he tersely put it, "knocked out of him." He was told by parents and others that no such things existed, that they were only freaks of imagination. Later on in his life, however, he learned that their existence had been known for ages past. But, he added, the possibility of getting photographs of them had only just been discovered by these two girls, Iris and Alice, as he proposed to call them. For he told his audience that he had been introduced to these charming girls and shown the photographs, on the condition that he should not publish the place of their residence or their names.

After getting the photographs, he set to work to enlarge them and prepare them for exhibition on the screen. At the same time they were shown to expert photographers and others in order that their reality might be established. But he did not conceal the fact that every effort had been made by the sceptics to condemn the pictures as fakes. One suggestion was made that the girls had painted fairies on bits of paper and cut them out to hang them on the trees and photograph them! Even the parents searched the glen to see if they could find any traces of these fakes. Again, to show what scepticism and ignorance will do, it was suggested by others that a gang of photographers had arranged faked plates for the girls to use in the woods. But this, said Mr. Gardner, was ruled out, as in such a very small village as that in which the children lived, no one could have come and held any communication with them without its being known. Then he stated that the plates had been examined by the most expert photographers, with the result that their evidence was in favour of the pictures being genuine photographs of those Fairies that came

\* This notice of Mr. Gardner's lecture was held over in view of the delay involved in obtaining further information on the subject and the illustrations as given in the Notes of the Month.—ED.

to play with the girls.\* No one who saw those remarkable little creatures with their beauty and exquisite grace, to use Mr. Gardner's own words about them, could possibly suppose that they were faked for a joke!

A number of plates were thrown upon the screen, not only showing the Fairies in the company of the children, but other pictures of the woods, the waterfall and the places where these Sylphs, to give them their proper name, are in the habit of showing themselves. But I must not omit to mention a very curious thing that came out on one of the plates. It looked like a sort of long bag hanging on one of the trees. Some one has suggested that it is what is called a Fairy sun bath! The most beautiful picture, however, of them all was the one which showed one of graceful Sylphs floating up in the air in front of one of the girls, in the attitude of a dancer, without moving its wings.

Then Mr. Gardner explained that these little creatures can assume human forms for their own pleasure, when they come out to play after their working hours in creating cell life and building up plants and flowers and other things. But we are not to suppose that they will let every one see them. Mr. Gardner was told that if any one else appeared while they were in the woods, they vanished, or as the girls put it, "ran away like little rabbits!"

Now this appearance of Sylphs and Gnomes to children is nothing new. Some years ago I knew a little girl who constantly saw these Fairies on the flowers in the gardens. She also told her mother that they played with her. But she was not told that it was all imagination. For her mother knew that she was telling the truth! But, unfortunately, no one thought of attempting to use a camera to photograph any of them. Then, again, they do not appear to all children. Far from it! For those to whom they do appear must be clairvoyant. And I think there is another reason, a reason which I suggested to Mr. Gardner and the audience at the end of the lecture when the usual questions were permitted. There may be some kind of affinity found between the Fairies and children of a certain type. Now I noted that Iris and the younger girl, Alice, were exceedingly pretty children. Moreover they both had the well-known Libra face. The other little girl I have mentioned was a very pretty child also, but she was one of the Aquarian type. Now the constellations Libra and Aquarius are two of the three Airy Signs of the Zodiac. Gemini, the Twins, is the third. Going back as far as we can in the history of Astronomy we find that all of the ancient Astronomers divided the twelve Signs into those of Fire, Earth, Air and Water. From the East we get the names of the Deva Rulers of these Signs. The Lord of Fire is Agni, the Lord of Earth Kubera, the Lord of Air Vayu, and the Lord of Water Varuna. All the elementals, the Salamanders, the Gnomes, the Sylphs and the Undines are nature's workers under the rule of these Devas.

\* There were, however, some photographic critics who adopted a sceptical attitude.

# THE INCAS OF PERU

By LEWIS SPENCE

IT is greatly to be deplored that the late Sir Clements Markham left no successor in this country to carry on the brilliant work in Peruvian archæology which he had so ably sustained during the greater part of his long life. But it is encouraging to find that the study has not been entirely relegated to forgetfulness, and it is possible that *The Incas and their Industries*,\* by Mr. Henry Van Den Bergh, will arouse a certain amount of interest in the antiquities of old Peru. The purpose of this little book of some thirty pages is to supply a brief popular account of the Inca civilization with special reference to its industries and handicrafts, and still more precisely to its wonderful pottery, from which, perhaps, more than any other manifestation of Peruvian art, it is possible to reconstruct the details of Incan dress and ornament and even to become familiar with the lineaments of dignitaries long dead. For, just as our great-grandfathers made effigies of the celebrities of their day in the shape of china mugs, which at one time were to be seen on the mantel-shelves of every farmhouse, so did the Incas mould the likenesses of their chiefs and priests in the shape of vessels for domestic use. In the descriptions of Peruvian craftsmanship the booklet is adequate, if not very profound, but its brief outline of Incan history is much too general in tone to satisfy any but the most casual reader, and there are not a few actual errors of statement.

Mr. Van Den Bergh rather leans to the opinion that a political condition resembling State Socialism obtained among the Incan Peruvians, although it is only fair to say that he does not seem to be quite convinced of its soundness. The theory is based on a total misapprehension of the facts of Incan rule. It has been amply proved by Edmund James Payne in his great *History of the New World called America*, and by other authorities of equal standing, that the Incan aristocracy subjected its people to conditions of the most degrading servitude. Every man, woman and child was numbered, branded, and shepherded by the officials of a regime which surely merits more than any other

\* *The Incas and their Industries*. By Henry Van Den Bergh, London : 1921 (Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.)

the description of "grandmotherly." A man's life was planned for him from the age of five years, the woman he was to marry was selected for him by government servants, and he wore a piece of coloured ribbon round his head to indicate the village or province to which he belonged.

The beginnings of Peruvian civilization are still obscure, but it is at least certain that they did not originate with the Inca caste, but among a people who had occupied the country for many centuries before the Incan era. This race was the Andean, to whose architectural and engineering ability the "city" of Tiahuanaco, on the southern shore of Lake Titicaca, owed its existence. Much further research will be necessary before any definite conclusions regarding this people can be reached, but they certainly appear to have had much in common with those primitive builders of Cyclopean masonry who, as Professor Elliot Smith has shown, carried their peculiar type of civilization from continent to continent, and whose presence may be traced in many lands in both hemispheres by the association of stone circles or monoliths, terrace-irrigation and pearl-fishing.

As regards their successors, the Incas, we are better informed. They were of the Quichua-Aymara race, which probably had its origin in the Altaplanicie highlands of Bolivia, the eastern cordillera of the Andes. They found a more permanent settlement on the shores of Lake Titicaca, and probably received the arts of civilization from the remnant of the Andean people which still remained in the country. Indeed, tradition speaks of Titicaca as the region in which the llama and paco were domesticated, agricultural life perfected, and the arts of irrigation and terrace-building invented.

Of much of this, Mr. Van Den Bergh tells us nothing. His statement that the Incas left no written records is really of the nature of a half-truth, for more than one native trained in the scholarship of Spain wrote the history of his country. Thus Pachacuti Yamqui Salcamayhua, a Callao Indian, wrote his *Relaciones*, a work which was translated by Sir Clements Markham for the Hakluyt Society, and Juan José de Betanzos, who was well acquainted with the Quichua language and who married an Inca princess, wrote a similar account in 1551.

The important subject of Peruvian religion is treated with disappointing brevity by Mr. Van Den Bergh, not even the name of the principal gods being alluded to. Three gods of the first rank were adored: the earth, the thunder and the creative agency. Pachacamac, the great spirit of earth, derived his name from a

word *pacha*, which may, perhaps, be best translated as "things." In its sense of material things it is equivalent to "world"; applied



PORTRAIT OF A DIGNITARY.

(From the Sixth Report of the National Art Collection Fund, in the author's collection.)

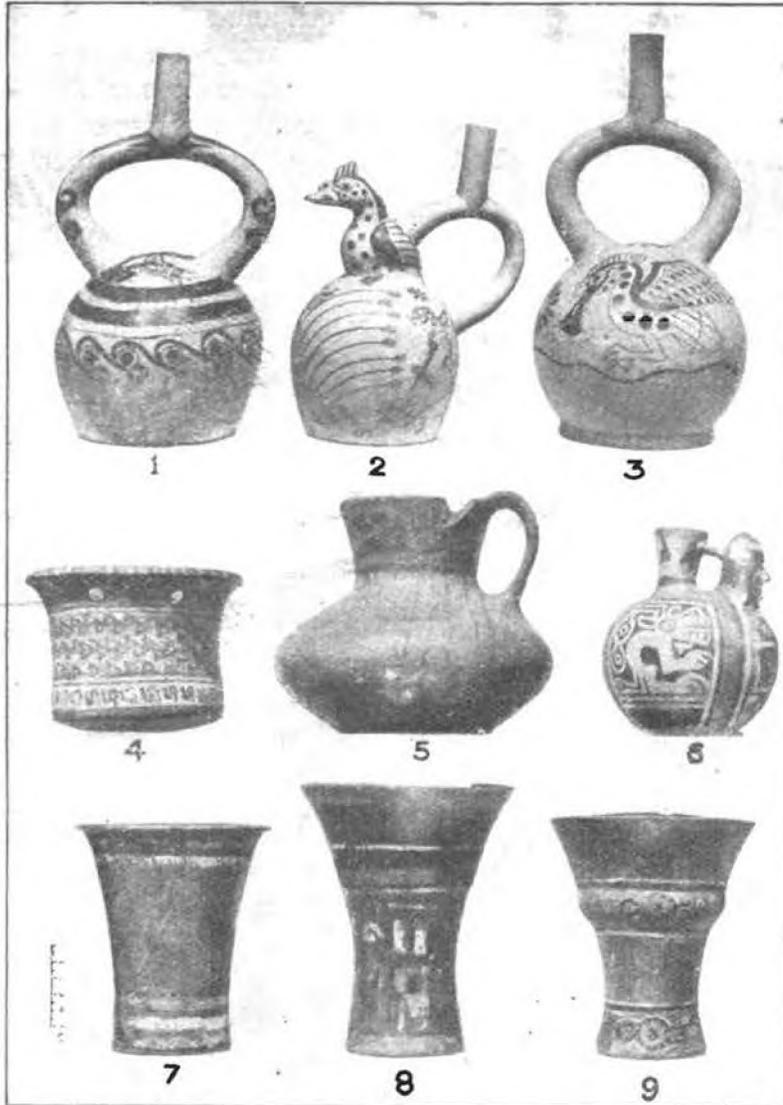
to events which happen in succession it denotes "time," and to articles connected with persons, "property." The visible and

material world is thus Mamapacha, or the earth-mother, whilst Pachacamac is the spirit which animates all things which emerge from the earth. Mamapacha is the mother-spirit of the mountains, rocks and plains; Pachacamac the father-spirit of the grain-bearing plants, animals, birds and man. Pachacamac, the spirit of animated nature, became one with the idea of the creative principle, in which phase he was known as Pacharurac. His symbol in the great Ccoricancha or temple at Cuzco was an oval plate of gold suspended between those of the sun and the moon. In later Inca times he came to be known as Pachayachachic, and this change was due probably to the influence of the Inca Pachacutic, who is known to have made several other doctrinal innovations in Inca theology. Another creative agency was Viracocha, who appears to have been a wind and water deity. We thus briefly summarize the bare facts of Peruvian religion because Mr. Van Den Bergh has so signally omitted mention of them from his essay.

In the chapter which deals with architectural ruins very little information is vouchsafed regarding the more important sites. The method of building employed by the Peruvians is not alluded to, nor is there any description of the principal temples or the wonderful fortresses of Ollantay tampu or Sacsahuamana. Mr. Van Den Bergh perpetuates an old error when he says regarding the rival princes Atahualpa and Huascar, the sons of Inca Huayna Ccappac, that the first was the son of a daughter of the conquered chief of Quito and that Huayna's own sister-wife was responsible for the other. This is the story as given by many Spanish chroniclers, but it has no foundation in fact. Atahualpa was in reality the son of a woman of the people, and Huascar was not the son of Huayna's sister, but of a wife of less intimate relationship. Therefore both were on an equality as regards descent. Huascar, however, was nearer the throne by virtue of his mother's status, which was that of a royal princess, whereas the mother of Atahualpa was not officially recognized.

The Incan Peruvians had made considerable progress in the metallurgic, ceramic and textile arts. By washing the sands of the rivers of Caravaya they obtained large quantities of gold, and they extracted silver from the ore by means of blast-furnaces. Many proofs are to be found of their skill in the jeweller's art, and among these are wonderful statuettes made from an amalgam of gold and mercury, afterwards exposed to great heat. Mr. Van Den Bergh entirely neglects the achievements of the Peruvians in this respect, but gives us some account of their wonderful

pottery. He shows how, in their fictile likenesses of priests and rulers, the old potters paid more attention to the delineation of the face than to the rest of the body, and he draws a parallel between this practice and that of ancient Egypt, concluding



POTTERY TYPES.

1, 2, 3, Truxillo (from the author's collection at the British Museum) 4, Uca. 5, Arica. 6, Recnay (from *South American Archaeology*, by T. A. Joyce). 7, 8, 9, Titicaca.

that there was probably a cultural connection between the civilizations. It is a pity that influence should be hinted at on such slight grounds. Evidence for such cultural connections must be overwhelming, and should not be inferred from isolated

instances. It is statements such as these which rather prejudice the work of serious students, who, labouring to find a scientific basis upon which to connect the civilizations of the Old and New Worlds, are classed by the official protagonists of the older Anthropology as visionaries, and associated by them with those rash ones who hint glibly at mysterious affinities or "discover" Egyptian inscriptions on Central American tombs.

Mr. Van Den Bergh might with advantage extend his study of Peruvian pottery and artifacts into a larger compass, for it is by the handiwork of a people that we come to know them best. By it their point of view is illustrated, their status in mental culture is to be gauged. There is room for a large band of workers in this field alone, and if Mr. Van Den Bergh can excite a larger interest in this department of Peruvian archæology he will have achieved much.

# THE POEMS OF FREDERIC MYERS

BY MEREDITH STARR\*

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS was one of those rare and beautiful spirits who, by the exercise of a kind of celestial magic, bring out the best in every one they meet. "There is no one," wrote his friend, Henry Sidgwick, "so qualified to enrich and make brighter and nobler the lives of those he loves." And like all really great men, Frederick Myers had a profound sense of his own nothingness. "I cannot believe," he writes, "that under any circumstances, with any stimulus, I could have become such a being as those whom I have most admired and loved." Against the background of the materialistic age in which he lived the personality of this remarkable man stands out like a star of the first magnitude, whose rays illumine the dizzy path all must traverse who aspire to know from within the cosmic truths inherent in the structure of the universe. Myers was a hero in the true sense of the word. His whole life was one heroic sacrifice on the altar of Truth and Effort. And the indomitable quality of his courage is well expressed by this passage from the "Autobiographical Fragment" in his "Collected Poems" just published.

We need a summons to no Houri-haunted paradise, no passionless contemplation, no monotony of prayer and praise; but to endless advance by endless effort, and, if need be, by endless pain. Be it mine, then, to plunge among the unknown Destinies, to dare and still to dare!

The following lines from "The Implicit Promise of Immortality" could only have been written by one who knew the secret of spiritual greatness:

If thou wouldst have high God thy soul assure  
That she herself shall as herself endure . . .  
One way I know; forget, forswear, disdain  
Thine own best hopes, thine utmost loss and gain,  
Till when at last thou scarce rememberest now  
If on the earth be such a man as thou,  
Nor hast one thought of self-surrender,—no,  
For self is none remaining to forgo,—  
If ever, *then* shall strong persuasion fall  
That in thy giving thou hast gained thine all.

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\* *Collected Poems*, with Autobiographical and Critical Fragments. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Edited by his wife, Eveleen Myers. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, W.C. 1921. Price 12s. net.

As was inevitable, a soul of such fortitude had to endure many a dark ordeal of spiritual dryness. He knew that there are times in the life of a mystic, periods which are as centuries of nameless woe, when—

Thou shalt need all the strength that God can give  
Simply to live, my friend, simply to live.

He knew also that only through these ordeals can the soul grow spiritually strong. He continues—

Thou in that hour rejoice, since only thus  
Can thy proud heart grow wholly piteous,  
Thus only to the world thy speech can flow  
Charged with the sad authority of woe;  
Since no man nurtured in the shade can sing  
To a true note our psalm of conquering;  
Warriors must chant it, whom our own eyes see  
Red from the battle and more bruised than we,  
Men who have borne the worst, have known the whole,  
Have felt the last abeyance of the soul,  
Low in the dust with rigid face have lain,  
Self-scorned, self-spoiled, self-hated, and self-slain.

“On Art as an Aim in Life,” whence the above lines are taken, reveals the passionate sincerity of the true artist who in an agony of effort fashions from the quick substance of his soul a thing of wonder and beauty. A warmth of tender reverence, in which the wistfulness of the lover is exquisitely blent with the inward-gazing adoration of the saint, suffuses the love-lyrics in this notable volume, while “St. Paul” is aflame with the mystical enthusiasm which, according to Plato, is one of the paths of union with the spiritual principle of life. “Saint John the Baptist” reveals with what profundity, earnestness and patience a saint dedicates his life to the ideal with which he is ultimately united.

Frederic Myers possessed a unique personality, and this personality shines gloriously through his poems. I know of no one who so communicates that intense hunger for the Infinite, or who so inspires the passionate profundity of a limitless love.

# THE MARABOUTS OF NORTH AFRICA AND MOROCCO

By L. GRANT

THE fame and veneration of the marabout is largely spread over all North Africa and Morocco. He is surrounded with mystery, and accredited with supernatural powers ; at the same time he is living in the midst of the people ; moving about amongst them and practically sharing their daily life.

The origin of the name is enveloped in some mystery. It is said to be *Mirābēt*, which signifies one who serves in a *Rabit*. The *rabit* was a fort established principally upon the borders of the Mussulman empire, and acting as the base of operations against the infidels. Later, when peace was more or less established and the original use of the *rabit* was no longer necessary, it became a monastery or *zaouia*, and its guardian the *Mirābit* a religious apostle.\*

The worldly position of the marabout makes no difference to the veneration accorded him. There was an old man in the Souks at Biskra, horribly dirty and almost naked. His hair was worn long in memory of the Prophet ; both it and his hands were stained with henna, the reddish dye which is made from the leaves of the oleander, or other plants, and is supposed to have occult properties. In his hands he carried a small shell cup for alms. The people were flocking round him, kissing his hands and his garments, and giving him money and food. He was a marabout.

There is in fact no outward sign by which the marabout may be known. He may live in a large house, be rich and belong to a hereditary line of marabouts as is usual among the Arabs of the Sahara. Or he may be poor and dirty and live in a state of isola-

\* " *Morabito* (ermite) de *morābit* que P. de Alcala traduit par *ermilāno* ; le mot *rabita*, de la même racine, signifie un ermitage (ermita). C'est le mot dont les Français ont fait *marabout* et qui comme on sait, ne doit pas toujours se traduire par *ermite*."

† The principal marabout of the Ouled possesses a ring upon which is engraved the Seal of Solomon. This is said to be invisible to the profane (Père Delaltré, *Les Ruines de Carthage*).

tion as a hermit. He may even be mentally deficient, or an epileptic. These afflicted people are to the primitive mind surrounded with mystery.

But there is one thing which all marabouts have in common. No matter to what type they belong, or for what reason they originally ranked as such, when once the honour is attained they are all accredited with magical gifts and qualities.

Many are the tales of signs and wonders accomplished. They go on accumulating at the present time. Modern civilization, instead of interfering with the growth of the stories, is simply absorbed into them.

For instance quite recently the marabout of El Hamel was said by his occult powers to have stopped the train in which he was travelling, causing it to wait for him while he got out and said his prayers by the side of the line.

Upon one occasion, I have been told by a native, that a French soldier wished to enter a shrine, and the marabout to whom it belonged objected to his doing so. The soldier persisted, and went in notwithstanding. The marabout struck him suddenly blind. Only when he repented, and subscribed a sum of money to the shrine did the holy man consent to use his occult powers for the soldier's recovery.

In one of the larger oases of the Sahara, in the year before the war, a little old man might have been seen walking with two or three tall Arabs. He was dressed in spotless white, and had a keen, refined, alert, well-cut face, very much resembling the pictures of Cardinal Newman. He was very rich and belonged to a line of hereditary marabouts who combine a worldly power with the religious influence.

With this great marabout the latter characteristic had the ascendancy. He was very aged, very feeble, and very small. His face was pale, and wonderfully sweet ; spiritual, and filled with religious fervour and enthusiasm combined with quiet grandeur and dignity. The character was given to him of peacemaker. As you looked at him, you loved him. Virtue went out from him. To kiss or to touch him or his handkerchief or garments brought *baraka* to the person who was so fortunate as to do either.

Another great marabout of the Sahara, the marabout of Tolga and of the Zaouia, is the exact opposite in characteristics and appearance to the one just mentioned. He is a man of unusual height, and has a proud manner which one can readily conceive might become overbearing. He is obviously a man of the world ; a man of affairs.

In response to an invitation sent with a card inscribed with his name, he will receive visitors in a small room where he sits surrounded by a group of elderly men who form his council. The interview has something of the nature of a royal reception. The marabout shakes hands, asks a few questions, and dismisses his guests.

So much for the marabouts of modern days.

The names of other great marabouts have come down from more ancient times, such as that of Side Dedé Weli, the marabout who foretold, and, it was believed, also caused, the great tempest which destroyed the Spanish fleet in A.D. 1541, and saved Algiers from the Emperor Charles V. His tomb was greatly revered and was a place of sanctuary for criminals. So was also that of the marabout Side Abder Rahman et Tsalibi, who lived in the first half of the fourteenth century.

Whenever a corsair left the harbour she saluted first the Dar es Sultan, and then the mosque of Abder Rahman; each with three guns.

There was the marabout who is said to have foretold the coming of the French to North Africa, Si Amor Abbada. He was a blacksmith, who could neither read nor write. The blacksmiths, because of their commerce with iron, have in ancient times generally been given occult powers. This one was said to be a giant, and to have smoked a pipe five feet long, and to have occupied himself in making huge clumsy sabres in wooden scabbards. Legend has grown rapidly round his name, for Si Amor Abbada only died in 1856.

From the eighth century the name of a great woman marabout has come down. She belonged to the Berbers or Libyans, the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, and is always described by her titles *Dahiah* or Queen, and *Kahmah* or Priestess. She wielded a power which was all the stronger because its foundations were mysterious, and rested on the supernatural.

This wonderful woman led the tribes for five years against the invading Arabs, and was at last killed near Mitoussa between Lambessa and Tebessa. "Thus the freedom of Barbary descended into its grave, not to rise again on the third morning, or the third week, or the third year."

The *Mirābēt* was doubtless the sorcerer Islamized. The powers of the saint become the same as the powers of the sorcerer, for the sorcerer was only accounted as such so long as he remained outside the established religion, whether Christianity or Islamism. Both may be accredited with marvellous and supernatural

powers. Both may have intercourse with the *djinn*s or spirits. Both are said to have power over the forces of nature, to be able to command rain, or cause it to cease. Both may be able upon occasion to render themselves invisible, to transport themselves instantaneously from one place to another, and transform themselves into various kinds of animals.

An illustration of the prevailing belief in the power of the marabout to transfer himself from place to place by occult means was given to the writer by an Arab boy at Bon Saada.

The marabout who, strangely enough, in this case happened to be the French curé of the place, was able to "fly like a scarab." He was often seen by the natives flying over the mountains at night. Upon one occasion during the daytime two natives were journeying from Bon Saada across the desert. When they had travelled a distance of forty miles, they suddenly saw the curé whom they had left behind in the village. He had reached the spot before them. The conclusion they came to was that he had flown there. The curé afterwards went to live in Algiers, but the boy said he could not fly *there*—that would never have done; too many people would have seen him, and he wished to keep the fact of his powers secret.

In the mystery surrounding the marabout and the profound belief in his supernatural powers lies the secret of his influence with the people. His power over them has continuity, and has come down from very early times. It exists greatly by reason of the close relation it bears to life, and the desire of suffering humanity for some intermediary between itself and the Supreme Being in whom it has faith; a need which in some form or other will doubtless last on as long as mankind lives and suffers and longs for solace.

Sidi Zazour is one of the most venerated marabouts of the Sahara. The guardian of this tomb, upon the edge of the Sahara, is a queer half savage looking old man, somewhat of a mystic. Most of the day he spends in a small stone cell adjoining the sepulchre inside the building. Here he prays and meditates, or lies wrapped up in his *burnous* half asleep.

A strange silence reigns in the solitary tomb. Sometimes the old man, the guardian, says that the silence is broken. As he sits there alone watching, the marabout speaks to him.

When he goes at night to light the taper, he feels a hand upon his arm and the marabout utters a weird low cry.

"I am all alone," he says. "There is no one who understands

me." The old guardian of the tomb clutches your arm with a half wild expression as he tells you of it.

Sometimes the old man hears other voices. Sidi Abder Rahmen, the marabout of Algiers, or some other departed marabout, has come to converse with Sidi Zazour.

"They are all holy men," the half mystic, half savage devotee says. "They will do me no harm." He smiles, a smile of fierce satisfaction and rolls himself up once more in his *burnous* upon the floor.

Each marabout has his feast day. Every January there is a great feast made for Sidi Zazour. A cow is killed, and its flesh eaten by the worshippers. It is an act of communion or joint participation with the marabout in the flesh and blood of the sacred victim. The marabout accepts the sacrifice, and gives to the partakers in it prosperity and the benefits of his *baraka*.

The scene is a strange one. A primitive rite Islamized. The desire for sacrifice and communion with a higher being continuing on through the ages.

There is a great deal of dancing. Dancing has generally formed a part of primitive religious ceremonies. The old guardian of the tomb makes coffee for the worshippers, accepts the offerings on behalf of the marabout, and acts as host.

The illusive and mysterious quality of *baraka* is the essential attribute of the marabout. The power to "remove mountains" and to take up deadly things without suffering injury. It is sometimes hereditary, or it may be passed on from one to another by initiation.

When possessed of it, the marabouts dread *baraka* being stolen from them, and believe that certain happenings and events may cause it involuntarily and against the will of the possessor to pass into another person. *Baraka* has nothing material about it. It is an occult and spiritual quality, and therefore undefinable.

Many and various are the means by which these benefits are obtained. Actual physical contact with the marabout is the surest and most coveted. Virtue may proceed also from something that has touched his person.

A blessing may be obtained by eating in company with a marabout, by washing in the water he has bathed in, or even by drinking it. As special properties have always been thought to reside in the saliva, so the saliva of a marabout is accredited with healing properties of an extraordinary kind.

Poverty and dependence upon almsgiving have always been distinguishing marks of a holy man. Yet in contradiction to this

it is a fact that many of the marabouts are very rich. Especially is this the case where maraboutism has been for some time hereditary. When once the reputation of a marabout is established, no one dares to refuse him anything. Gifts are pressed upon him in order that the givers may receive in return the benefits of his *baraka*.

The marabouts are possessed of great power for peace or otherwise. Undoubtedly they have constantly been the means of stopping tribal warfare and brigandage.

For a long time they were the only force amongst the natives against their brutality. On the other hand, should they desire to stir up revolt, their influence would be far-reaching and omnipotent.

Their wonderful and mysterious power of occult telegraphic communication with each other is a fact, and in the case of a general uprising might be a source of serious import.

This mysterious power of transmission of knowledge is a gift gained by fasting and meditation, and concentration such as, except in rare cases, the Western mind is incapable of, and cannot understand. The communion of the Orientals with Nature appears to be much closer and deeper than that of the Westerns; their knowledge of her working and laws more intimate. Doubtless many of the conclusions laboriously arrived at by Westerns through science are by Orientals reached through spiritual insight.

# HAUNTED INDIA

By "BADMASH"

THE whole history of India teems with tragedies. No two races ever hated one another as the Mohammedans and Hindoos did, and as in successive generations each in turn obtained the ascendancy, it swept over a large part of the country, destroying every man, woman, and child of the other. Then the Persian invasions were followed by the same ruthless destruction of life and cities. And so were those of the Afghans in the north. Each appeared to act on the principle that "a wolf's cub becomes a wolf" and never even spared the children. Then there were constant inter-tribal wars, especially among the hill-men in the north, and blood feuds which are carried on even to the present day. *Suttee* (the burning of widows on the funeral pyre of their husbands) and hook swinging (where the victim was suspended from the branch of a tree by two large hooks inserted under the shoulder blades and kept swinging until he either died, or his cries melted the hearts of the gods and produced rain) were a common practice. Blood baths were often indulged in, and the Rajahs had such complete control over the lives and properties of their subjects that hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children were tortured and killed, in many cases simply for their masters' amusement, so little value was placed upon human life. Is it to be wondered at that such tragedies have filled the country with ghosts, or, at any rate, a fixed belief in them? For superstition is rife everywhere, but more particularly among the hill-men, from whom I have heard the most extraordinary ghost stories. True, the majority of them are legends, but the present hill-man seldom ventures out at night for fear of meeting these evil spirits, and nothing would induce him to visit a place with an evil reputation after dark; so legends they remain. A few of these stories are reported to have been confirmed by Europeans, such as the "dancing feet" to be seen at night going round and round the old audience chamber of the ruins of a palace near Delhi; the blood bath, in an old ruin near Cawnpore, where it is supposed that the old Rajah had so many people killed to get enough blood to give him a daily bath to cure some disease, that a Fakir cursed the

palace, and now water poured into the bath at once turns to blood. Then there is the "Rajah's Penance" where the dusky form of a native can be seen any moonlight night measuring his length along one of the grand trunk roads. It is supposed to be the ghost of a rajah in the Central Provinces, who in a fit of rage slew all his family, and then, filled with remorse, vowed as a penance, to measure his length all the way to the Ganges, and neither rise, eat, nor drink, until he had bathed in its holy waters. But the legend says he was killed and eaten by tigers before he got half way, and what we see is his ghost, for ever doomed to carry out the penance. Several of the old ruined forts on the frontier are supposed to be haunted and on certain nights appear to be intact, and even have the sentries walking on the walls. It is believed that in the country just north of Delhi, on bright nights, a party of horsemen may be seen wildly careering through the jungle, pursued by a pack of great gaunt hounds, and that occasionally even their cries and the baying of the hounds can be heard. The legend is that one of the ancient kings of Delhi was in the habit of amusing himself and his courtiers by hunting the villagers with a pack of hounds. One day while pursuing some women and children who had fled into the thick jungle for safety, an old Fakir, or priest, appeared and tried to beat off the hounds, but was himself torn to pieces and killed. Before he died he cursed the king and his courtiers and condemned their spirits to be for ever hunted by hounds.

The beautiful Meta Ras may still be seen on a certain night in the year fleeing along the top of the old broken walls of her former palace with her child in her arms, pursued by the palace eunuchs; and some say that you can even hear her wild scream as she throws herself off the parapet rather than be captured and forced to mount the funeral pyre of the Rajah her husband, and be burnt alive.

A mysterious native appears from time to time among one of the most powerful hill tribes on the northern frontier, and is said to be always present at war time, directing their movements, leading their charges, and exposing himself to the enemy in a most reckless fashion without ever coming to harm. It is supposed to be the ghost of Akbar Khan, a former king of the Afghans, who, on the capture of Cabul by Abistagi in A.D. 950, fled to the hills with some of his followers and founded this tribe.

I was always an interested listener to these stories, although sceptical as to the truth of any of them, but I must admit that in later years I got rather a severe shock in Southern India, and

as others were with me and witnessed the same phenomenon, I can scarcely attribute it to mental aberration. It occurred while I was on a shooting expedition with my two friends, Thomas of the Police, and Wilson of the Forestry Department, in the lower Ghauts. The monsoon was over-due, and judging by the great banks of cloud that were being driven across the sky, might break at any time. So we had decided to have our last shoot in a valley away beyond the old ruins of Chittledroog fort. Unfortunately, that day a wounded panther badly mauled one of our native beaters, and instead of getting home by five o'clock, as was our usual custom, owing to the natives' fear of being out after dark, it was nearly eleven when we reached the crest of the hill where the tracks divided. One of these tracks led straight to the old fort, along under its outer wall, and then almost direct to our home, which it would take us about an hour to reach. The other joined the main road and would take us double the time. Both Wilson and Thomas wanted to take the short cut, but the natives absolutely refused to come that way, giving as their reason, "that the devils were sure to be on the walls of the old fort this moon," and neither threats nor rewards would induce them to change their minds. So reluctantly we decided to separate, and leaving them to carry home their wounded comrade by the main road, we took the short cut. Although not superstitious, I was never very keen on tempting Providence, and had I been consulted I should have preferred keeping to the main road, for the old fort had such an evil reputation among the natives that few of them would approach it even in the daytime. Ever since Hyder, the King of the Mahrattas, had captured it in 1772 and put the garrison to such fiendish torture and death, it had been a black spot on the countryside. However, there was no superstition about either Thomas or Wilson, so whatever I thought, I felt obliged to follow.

It was a wild night, and although the moon was nearly full, the great banks of cloud being driven across it obscured it for four minutes out of every five; and as we stumbled along the half-hidden track towards the fort I began to wish more and more that we had kept to the high road. Presently we emerged on to more rocky and less wooded land, and in a short burst of moonlight saw the old battlements in front of us. The path now broadened considerably and would have been easy going but for the deep shadow of the wall which towered twenty feet above us. Thomas, who knew the path pretty well, was leading, and Wilson and I keeping in close touch behind him. We had

reached about the middle of the fort, when suddenly, to our horror and amazement, we heard the wild screams of women, apparently coming from the battlements above us. For a few seconds we were too unnerved to do anything but crouch together against the wall ; and then the cries stopped as suddenly as they had begun, and we could hear nothing but the howling of the wind. We were just getting over the first shock, and wondering what it all meant, when the cries started again louder than ever, and Thomas, standing up, shouted to them to ask what was the matter. However, the women, whoever they were, took no notice of him, and every few minutes kept repeating the same call, which Thomas said was old Mahratta, and meant, " Help, or we perish." During one of the pauses we held a consultation as to the possibility of going to their assistance. To scale the wall was impossible, and the only other way of reaching them meant retracing our steps for about a quarter of a mile, and then a long and difficult climb over the old ruins—a dangerous proceeding in the daytime, but quite impossible at night. So we decided to again try to communicate with them from below, and with that object, groped our way out to about ten yards from the wall and looked up. A big black cloud completely obscured the moon, and made it impossible to see anything for about a minute ; but as this drifted away, we could just make out the dim outline of three women standing on the wall. Twice Thomas, who understood the language, shouted to them, but again they took no notice. Then a rift in the clouds gave us better light, and we saw that two of the women were carrying little children, and that the third held one by the hand. And, as we watched them, the moon, which was just behind them, found an opening, and for a few seconds shone brightly. Then, to my amazement, I noticed that I could not only see the clear outline of it through one of the women's bodies, but also the drifting clouds through all of them. Apparently the others had noticed the same thing, for as another big cloud rolled up and once more obscured the moon, we all three sprang back to the wall, and without a word started groping our way along it towards home. But hardly had we gone a dozen yards when from the wall above us came peal after peal of mocking laughter. So unnatural and diabolical did it sound, that, panic-stricken, we ran like maniacs. How we ever covered those two miles home at such a pace without breaking our necks, it is impossible to say.

# TREASURE THE DAYS

BY BART KENNEDY

ALL days are palmy days.

You may be down and out—you may be generally up against things—but still this day is for you a day most splendid and wonderful because of the very fact that you are alive. You are in tune with, and quick with the consciousness of, the whole of life. You are at one with the shine and the darkness. You are of the woof of being. You are of the knowledge and the power that is behind and upholds all things. You are of the sacred and wonderful burning of the flame of Life.

Yes, it is so. I agree your lot is a hard one. You feel that life is not worth living. Perhaps you are in prison. Perhaps disgrace has fallen upon you. This day is a day of darkness. In the above are dread lowering clouds. You feel that there is no hope for you.

But even so, the divinest of all gifts—Life—is yours. There is hope for you, there is hope for you not only in the future but in the very actual present. Why, man, you are living! You are pulsing with the divine consciousness of things. Never mind the opinion of your fellows. Heed it not, even though upon you has fallen their disapprobation. Heed it not though they have put you here into this place of darkness.

Remember this :—You are a world in yourself. You! You are a world vast as the Infinite. You are a domain the extent of which even you have no power to measure or to fathom. You are to yourself a god mighty and glorious. You have the power to take wondrous journeys out in the realms of your imagination. You are chained, but still you are not chained. You are in darkness, but still you are not in darkness. For you is the shine of the sun—for you is liberty and freedom. True, you are within a relentless grasp. And still you are not within it.

You are a mighty king within your own mighty kingdom.

So rail not against the life you are living. Think not of death. For you will be a long time dead. Your span here in this strange and wondrous world will be short enough.

True, there are supreme and terrible moments when man is

perhaps justified in divesting himself of life even as he would divest himself of a garment. But such moments are rare. Indeed they are so rare they may be said to exist not.

Life is a jewel infinitely more wonderful than the most wonderful jewel-stone. Life is more wonderful than the very shining of light itself. It is more wonderful than the worlds and the suns and the suns behind the suns.

For life is God. Life is the expressing of the secret power that lies behind the power that moves the worlds and the suns.

Yes, even though you be in the darkness of a cell, you are free through the grace of the infinite gift of life. Even though you are living in the midst of iron poverty, you are still one who is blest by virtue of this transcendent gift.

And there is another thing.

Forget not that all beings have their trials even as you have. Wealth is a thing of potency, but it frees not the possessor of it from sorrow. Neither does a throne. Neither does might in arms. Neither does privilege nor possession. Sorrow belongs to all men.

And forget not that joy would not exist but for sorrow. Sorrow is as the other side of joy even as darkness is as the other side of light. It is the balance. It is the thing of compensation. It holds joy in its place even as darkness holds light in its place. Sorrow means joy; joy means sorrow.

Wonderful is the life that comes to you as you lie in sleep. Then is it that your consciousness reigns supreme in the magical land of imagination.

Illimitable are the powers that you possess. You go forth on stupendous journeys. You pass through an immense distance in a flash. You rise in the air of your own will. You go forth to regions strange and wondrous. Strange beings appear before you. Forgotten is the sorrow that was upon you in the life that is called the life of the waking. You have within yourself the invincibility of a god. Before you are bared inner secrets that lie behind veils. For you have solved mysteries. Your glance pierces through darknesses. The past, the present, and the future, are woven into one. This life that comes to you in sleep, and this life that is yours in your time of waking! Are they the same? Are they of the same woof—the same weaving? Is one the other? Who is to know? Who is to tell? For aught we know they are. The life of dreams may supplement the life of the waking. And there is another thing. It may be that

in the life of dreams there comes to us the vivid remembrances of powers that once belonged to man. It may be that man was once a god here on earth and that the visions of his ancient power and glory come back to him in dreams.

However, be this as it may. Life—or consciousness—is in all its aspects a thing of wonder. It is the realizing of the inner meaning of the Universe. Life in itself is the expression of the power of God. And even though it is not given to us to define that power we are—in living—of it. With our eyes we behold part of its wonders. Our circumstances are, to life, merely its habiliments. The great thing of all is that we live. The great thing of all is that we are dowered with this transient, flaming gift of gifts.

So therefore think well of it. Treasure the days that come and pass, for even the darkest of them are wondrous and magical.

# CHARACTER AND DISPOSITION AS DEFINED BY HANDWRITING

By "ZURESTA"

IT is a well-known fact that the handwriting of an individual reflects to a great extent the intelligence and character of the writer, and in many cases is a valuable asset in assisting us to form judgments as to the disposition of those with whom we come in contact, whom to seek and whom to avoid.

That the handwriting really indicates the personality of the writer is evident from the fact that it changes and develops with the intelligence; i.e., it becomes firm when the person who writes is in good health or when the character strengthens, weak and tremulous when the person is ill or has undergone trouble. In periods of anger or excitement it is quite visible in the writing, and an expert will quickly judge the moods of the writer according to the manner in which the letters are formed. Sometimes we remark how pretty a writing is, that is to the eye, but it does not always follow that the writer is as nice in his or her ways as the writing apparently indicates.

Even in badly formed letters there are certain characteristics that show that the writer's disposition is better than his writing; and though he may not be aware of it, there are salient points which will betray him.

The deceitful, the obstinate, the lazy, the mean, in fact nearly all attributes good or bad are indicated to the graphologist in an ordinary letter, written possibly with an idea of giving the recipient a totally different impression to that which one versed in the matter would derive from it.

It is not, however, a foregone conclusion that a character can be judged accurately from a few lines, or even an autograph.

A good deal may be gained from an address and also a signature, but many persons do not form the same letter in the same way; when this occurs it should be noted which form predominates and from this adduce your judgment. Again, a certain letter showing markedly a certain quality may occur in a few lines, while other letters which the writer might form in such a manner as to indicate an opposing quality (which, if seen, would consider-

ably modify the judge's view) might not even occur once, or a few lines written in extreme haste might give quite an erroneous view of the writer's character.

What is required is just a business letter or an ordinary letter to a friend on unruled paper, which the writer would not know was to be subjected to delineation, or he might insensibly pose and a wrong construction would probably be the result. There is one thing that graphology can do: it can help us to correct our faults and failings; it stands to reason that if an unknown expert tells us where we fail we are much more likely to take notice of it than if we hear of our shortcomings from too candid friends and relations.

If only we were wise enough to consult an expert before embarking on any enterprise or undertaking, we should probably be spared unnecessary suffering and very often loss.

How many unhappy marriages take place owing to incompatibility of temper. If the opposing temperaments had been revealed before marriage it is possible that the mistake would have been discovered in time, and a more suitable partner chosen.

In forming judgments of character from handwriting, we shall come across some unaccountable contrasts of character in the same individual.

For instance, we shall find traces of great sensibility, and even tenderness of heart, in people who have been guilty of great unkindness; in these writings there will generally be found more active qualities which nullify the tenderness.

Each handwriting must be judged as a whole; isolated instances of signs, typical of certain qualities, must not be over-estimated, the most frequently recurring type will not necessarily be the dominant, unless the quality suggested by it is more active than all the rest, and even then it may be modified by an intermediate one; for instance, great generosity without prudence degenerates into prodigality; whereas economy increased by selfishness, becomes avarice.

It would be better to have dealings with a person in whom avarice and tenderness were strongly developed than with one whose greed was not so strongly marked, but who was devoid of tenderness.

In the first, we should find a kind and sympathetic friend, though certainly not generous; in the second a cold, calculating, selfish nature, who would not scruple to sacrifice his friends to his interests, if necessary.

In graphology there are *general signs*, which have their signification; for example the writing ascending or descending, in straight or serpentine lines across the page. The size of the handwriting must also be considered.

There are also *particular signs*, which relate to the letters, the finals, the margins, etc. Rapid handwriting shows a quick perception, animation, and often a considerable amount of energy and imagination.

*Clear handwriting* indicates order and general intelligence.

*Ascending handwriting* shows ardour, energy, and courage. It is also a sign of ambition; the writers are active—ardour and ambition can hardly exist without activity. It has also the attributes of hopefulness, joy and mirth.

*Descending handwriting* tells us of sadness, depression, want of self-confidence. It is also often a sign of ill-health and debility.

*Large handwriting*, especially if the capitals are big in proportion to the rest of the writing, signifies pride, vanity, and to some extent high aspirations and generosity.

*Very small handwriting* is a sign of pettiness, unless it should belong to a person of intellect, when it merely denotes love of detail and minutiae.

*Angular writing* indicates firmness, which may degenerate into obstinacy; it also denotes a critical, carping nature: in excess, egoism and selfishness.

*Rounded writing*: This shows gentleness. If unduly round it is a sign of laziness and weakness, one who would let things slide rather than trouble; still there is always a certain amount of kindness in rounded writing.

*Temperate writing*, where the strokes of the pen, especially as regards finals of words, are clipped is indicative of reserve and discretion; it also shows prudence and economy. The desire of other people's approval is denoted; dissimulation is often noticeable by a reserved expression, which hides the person's real feelings which he is at some pains to conceal.

*Hesitating handwriting* shows indecision; often timidity and fear.

*Flourishing handwriting* (with exaggerated capitals) is a sure sign of a pretentious and vain person.

*Inclined handwriting* shows sensibility, and to a great degree sensitiveness. With other combinations it indicates excitability, irritability, love of admiration, exacting affection and sometimes jealousy.

*Filiformed words*, i.e., words which have the form of a thread

and in which the letters are sometimes reduced to a mere line, denote deceit and impenetrability: men or women possessed of this quality will always get away from the point and give evasive answers to any question put to them. Occasionally this filiform writing may only arise from intense hurry and rush, from a man who will not wait to form his letters or even complete his words.

*Copperplate writing* is regular and clear, but it has little indication of character; it can be termed "official" because it does not respond to individual characteristics but to certain rules and regulations.

*Reversed handwriting* is a sign of distrust and deceit. A person who writes thus is bound to be untrustworthy and unreliable.

*Spaced-out writing* indicates generosity and to a great extent love of comfort.

*Thick, muddy writing*: sensuality, gluttony.

*Agitated writing* indicates nervousness, mental agitation.

*Rapid writing*: activity, quick intelligence.

Words that become gradually less in height: mental acumen, quick perception.

Letters becoming larger towards the end of a word: frankness, candour.

#### GENERAL SIGNS WHICH APPLY EQUALLY TO INTELLECT, MORALS AND WILL POWER

*Simplicity* is shown by a natural spontaneous handwriting.

*Moderation*: by absence of large movements of the pen; handwriting moderately inclined.

*Distinction*: absence of vulgar traits.

*Activity*: rapid ascending or simplified writing, the bars of the small "t" placed in front of it.

#### SPECIAL SIGNS OF INTELLECT

*Imagination*: large pen movement which is graceful and easily traced.

*Reflection*: absence of large pen movements, signs of order, care and attention, well-arranged punctuation.

*Clearness of mind*: very legible words and lines spread out.

*Mind open to reason*: handwriting more or less unequal in its formation and in its direction on the paper.

#### MORAL ATTRIBUTES

*Rectitude*: letters and words of equal height, the lines

straight, very regular, and cleanly finished, simple, and very legible.

*Unselfishness*: capital letters joined to the letter following; finals running from left to right, the small letters "m" and "n" like the small "u," inclined handwriting and not angular.

*Sensibility*: sloping handwriting which varies, especially if the variation occurs in the same documents; writing which shows much movement; letters composing a word varying in their slope; different shaped capitals in one or two paragraphs. This is also a sign of versatility.

*Constancy*: uniform and regular handwriting, the bars of the small "t" uniform and regular in shape and position.

*Energy*: firm handwriting, generally sloping upwards, not too slender, the bars of the small "t" and any underlines well marked.

*Pretension and vanity*: needless flourishes, complicated letters and eccentric forms.

*Too great imagination*: large movements of the pen, very inclined handwriting, thick and heavily formed letters and a flourish under the signature. This is also a sign of jealousy.

*Vulgarity*: coarse and heavy strokes and ridiculous ornamentation.

*Laziness*: too pronounced curves, rounded handwriting, bars of the small "t" absent.

*Passion or uncontrolled imagination*: large pen movements causing confusion; also considerable enlargement of the handwriting as a whole. Small handwriting and handwriting lacking in grace and movement, imagination nil.

*Obstinacy*: angular and rather upright writing, downstrokes terminating abruptly and the base of the small "t" forming an acute angle.

*Selfishness*: capital letters and final; words which incline inwards and returning towards the letter; handwriting crowded together and very angular.

*Instability*: handwriting which is irregular and non-uniform in shape. The bars of the small "t" irregular and very often absent; rounded handwriting.

*Weakness*: slender handwriting. The bars of the small "t" thin or absent; serpentine writing, the curves too pronounced and a lack of firmness in the pen-strokes.

Every letter has its own characteristic, but it would take up too much space to define each in a short article. I will, however, give a short summary of the finals of a word and also a few

observations on the small letter "t," which is one of the most important in defining the character of the writer.

There is a great difference in the manner that most people write their finals.

When the finals stop the minute the letter is formed, as if the writer were afraid of using too much ink, it is a sure sign of extreme economy, bordering on meanness. Should the finals be still more suppressed, it amounts to avarice. The gradations from economy or prudence to a system of "save all," and thence to avarice, are noted by the greater or less freedom in the length of the finals. When, on the contrary, the finals are long, very much rounded, or raised, it is a sign of generosity.

If the finals are not only raised and rounded, but take up a long space between the words, and are very pronounced, then the generosity develops into prodigality; should the rest of the writing show no signs of prudence, it would indicate gross extravagance, almost amounting to dishonesty. A woman of this type would not hesitate to order clothes, jewels, etc., without regard to cost, and would not trouble herself how she was to pay, and not care if she never paid, so long as she obtained what she wanted.

If the finals are angular and moderately ascending, it is a sign of quickness of temper, which is swift to anger but easily appeased. A handwriting, where all the finals are rounded and in which there are no broken curves, denotes a gentle kindly nature; it is also an indication of perception of form and refined taste.

The writing of musicians, who are good executants, but have little imagination, often take this form in the finals. This type in excess is a sign of indolence.

The small letter "t" has many significations according to the way it is barred.

Bars that are regular and uniform show an even-tempered person.

The bar of a "t," irregular or erratic, never twice alike, indicates a versatile nature, but usually decided.

The "t" that is barred heavily and thickly shows an obstinate will; if more moderately barred, a firm character, but open to reason. If there is a curve or crook at the end, it denotes tenacity of purpose, or very often constancy.

When the thick strokes are above the letter, it is a sign of a despotic iron will. If the "t" is barred with long flying strokes, vivacity, quickness of temper; if ascending from left to right, a

contradictory, cavilling nature; ending in a club, resolution, obstinacy. Should it end like the lash of a whip, vivacity and imagination are signified; the bar absent, or curved round the letter, shows laziness, inertia, want of will; and the absence of the bar, indecision and vacillation. In a serpentine line, gaiety and liveliness; short and strong, great energy. Placed in front at the right hand side, initiative, faculty; short and ending in a point, a critical mind, wit, vivacity, sometimes irritability. I have also noticed that when the "t" is strongly barred above the letter, it is a sign of intense pride.

I will give a short resumé of the different qualities and how they can be recognized from the handwriting.

*Affection* is designated by a sloping writing with rounded curves; cold and self-contained natures write almost perpendicular characters, while sensitive people generally incline their writing. If in addition to the sloping position of the writing there are signs typical of selfishness, such as a flourish under the signature or an inward curve to the letter with an angular form, such a one will be kindly but morbidly sensitive and take offence at the least trifle; in fact, he will be huffy and easily offended. If the writing should be abnormally sloping, with slight bars to the "t's" (indicating weak will) and long loops to the "y's" and "g's" (denoting impulse), the person will be of an exacting and jealous disposition, especially as regards affection.

The sign typical of *ambition* is a constantly ascending movement of the writing. Other qualities, such as tenderness, sensibility, etc., may be seen with it, but where the writing has this ascending movement ambition will be the dominant feature.

*Avarice*: the signs to be noted in avarice are thus: all the downstrokes and upstrokes finish abruptly, and all the words are crowded together in the smallest possible space; the finals will stop short and the writing will be almost perpendicular; there will be no useless waste of either ink or paper.

*Benevolence* shows just the opposite in its formation of the letters. It is a combination of affection and generosity. Affection is marked by sloping writing, and generosity by a caligraphy whose finals are rounded and flowing.

*Candour* is denoted by a writing in which the letters of the words are all the same size and where the lines are even. The small letters "a," "g," and "o" are not closed, and the end letter of a word is generally a little higher than the others, indicative of frankness.

*Caution*: in this quality the "i's" are all rigidly dotted, and

the "t's" carefully crossed. The lines of the writing are compressed with a short dash at the end of a sentence, as well as a full-stop, thus: .— The letters "o," "a," "g" are carefully closed, a sure sign of reserve and caution.

*Deceit* is exactly the contrary to a frank open nature, therefore the writing will be indistinct and will very often dwindle to a mere thread and the finals will be still more illegible, till you have to guess at what the writer means. The letters "o," "a," and "g" are firmly closed as in cautious writing, but where a cautious person writes as a rule quite legibly, a deceitful person's caligraphy is sinuous and irregular.

Deceitful writing must not, however, be confused with rapid writing. Here the writer's pen runs away with him; he cannot keep pace with his brain, and the result is naturally illegibility.

When the lines of the writing take a continuous and moderately ascending movement, when the letter "t" is barred with a long stroke lying somewhat low on the letter and then taking the upward movement of the rest of the writing towards the end of the sentence, the writer will be quick tempered, decided and always ready in an emergency, but he will neither be despotic, nor obstinate; this style of writing is characteristic of great travellers and big-game hunters.

*Generosity* is shown by long flowing rounded curves to all the finals, and in which the lines are spaced far apart. The capital letters are flowing and large.

*Impulse* is shown by long flying upstrokes and downstrokes, and by the erratic form of the letters and fly-away arrangement of the words.

*Judgment* in a person has two distinct attributes: that which comes by intuition, and the judgment that is the result of sequence of ideas. In the first case each letter is separate from the other; in the second the letters and even the words are all joined together. This is usually seen in the writing of novelists or literary people.

*Wit* is shown by a combination of signs. There is the ascending movement, indicative of ardour and vivacity in the spontaneous action of the pen-strokes. The writing is usually small, delicate and slightly pointed, the "t's" crossed in a serpentine line. In a caustic wit there will be signs of gaiety, but the writing will be angular and straight rather than sloping.

*Penetration* is shown by the letters being in continuity, without any connection between them. This also applies to intuitive judgment.

*Pride* is denoted by large handwriting and exaggerated capitals.

*Quarrelsomeness*: this writing is irregular and very angular. If the bars of the "t" slant upwards and terminate in a sharp angular crook, it denotes not only a cantankerous, irritable temper but a strong and obstinate nature.

*Sensuousness*, i.e., the temperament which is influenced by beauty and which responds to appeals to the senses, is indicated by an artistic writing, especially in the form of the capital letters: however, the downstrokes are heavy, though the letters are rounded.

*Tact* is what the French call  *finesse*  and must not be confused with deceit, which is shown by words so thread-like it is almost impossible to decipher them. With tact, though the letters may dwindle, yet they are always perfectly legible, for a tactful person wishes to be successful without injuring others, while a deceitful person is out to mislead and to appear different to what he is.

In this article there is only a sketch of the principal qualities, and I have no space to devote to signatures; but I will say in conclusion that the would-be graphologist must be careful to judge the handwriting as a whole and not to take one indication more than another; one quality will counteract the other; we are none of us wholly good or wholly bad, and we must judge accordingly.

# NAUSCOPY IN THE MAURITIUS

BY W. N. NEILL

IT is delightful to note, when poring over some tome of ancient history, how indissolubly every great event is connected with its corresponding portent. No battle ever took place but its replica was fought amid the clouds. No great man was ever born without the appearance of a strange star or a comet. No assassination, accidental or even natural death but was duly announced beforehand by some spectre or convulsion of nature. Alas, the rise of rationalism in Europe robbed history of all the marvellous and the fanciful, and volumes, such as those of Sir David Brewster, unfeelingly drove most of the mysteries out of the realm of the occult into the flat-land of natural law. Within the category of visions that may be explained by the law of the refraction of light come the Fata Morgana, the Spectre of the Brocken, the mirage, and the spectral ships that Captain Scoresby saw on "the Enchanted Coast" while he was voyaging in Polar seas.

The term Nauscopy is defined as: "The gift or pretended attainment of seeing ships or sighting land at great distances." Within recent centuries two remarkable instances of this strange gift fall to be recorded, both cases, strangely enough, hailing from the small island of Mauritius. In 1764 a Frenchman named Bottineau, domiciled at the Isle of France, discovered that he possessed a singular power of "spotting" ships, invisible to the naked eye, by shadows that they projected on the sky. Indeed in his *Memoirs* he says that he could distinguish ships 250 leagues off by noting the effects produced by them both on the atmosphere and the ocean. He addressed a paper on the subject to the local authorities and in return was granted every facility for plying his novel profession. A register was kept at the Post Office in which each of his prophecies was recorded immediately it was uttered, and on the arrival of ships in port their logs were compared with this document and the exact spot where the ship was when seen by Bottineau was located. It would appear that in eight months and in sixty-two reports he foretold the arrival of a hundred and fifty ships. This power, according to the seer himself, aroused the jealousy of the authorities, especially

the Governor, who in 1778 banished Bottineau to Madagascar, where he toiled in slavery. In 1785 he arrived in Paris and laid a petition before the Duke of Castries, the Minister of the Marine, claiming compensation for his sufferings in slavery and a reward for his services as Nauscopist. The Parisian press received him unkindly, regarding him as a greedy charlatan. Probably if he had waived the question of compensation his reception would have been far different. In reply to the jibes of the journalists, Bottineau published his *Memoirs*, which appeared under different titles in 1785 and 1786. In this volume he gives in detail his forecasts, also recording their fulfilment or otherwise, and he justly condemns his critics for expecting too much. Many of the vessels whose appearance within the latitude of the Isle of France he put on record, would, of course, not call at the port, for amongst them would be English, Danish, Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese ships bound for India and China. One of his observations proved of good service to his country. He announced that he had seen a fleet of English vessels whose vicinity was completely unsuspected. It was immediate that the Admiral of the small French squadron be warned; a corvette and a frigate were sent out to convey the warning and narrowly escaped capture. However, they fell in with the Admiral and by the timely farsight of Bottineau the French fleet made its way into a safe haven. It was Bottineau himself who gave the name of "Nauscopie" to his peculiar power after having advertised in vain in the Parisian papers for a suitable word. In the *Mémoires secrets pour servir à l'histoire de la République des lettres en France depuis 1762 jusqu' à nos jours; Vol. 12*, there are frequent references to the seer, but all written in badinage with a view to disparaging him as a cheat and a fool. One anecdote, to this purpose, relates how he went to a school of animal magnetism in 1785 and asked Count Maxime de Ségur, one of its leading lights, to release him, if possible, from the charm "de nouer l'aiguillette" which some mischievous Indians had practised on him. However, there is no doubt that the man really believed in his gift, and it was also affirmed stoutly by his contemporaries in the Isle of France.

Bottineau had one disciple whose powers were indeed superior to those of his master. This was a M. Feillafé, another resident of the island, who also spent all his leisure moments in nausscopic observation. Every morning before sunrise he used to climb what is now called Signal Mountain and throw his gaze far out to sea—seldom without result. He directed his vision not to the

horizon, but to the clear, unclouded sky and could behold inverted any object within the singular circuit of his sight. The accuracy of his observations was verified when the British squadron was assembling at Rodriguez, 300 miles eastward of Mauritius, for the capture of the colony in 1810. Feillafé's first sight of the fleet was when it was lying at anchor to the number of over fifty vessels. Next moment the sun rose, and as if at a signal, they set sail on their momentous voyage. The details of this amazing picture were plainly seen by Feillafé inverted in the sky. Horrified and amazed, he rushed to warn the Governor, General Decaen, who, noting the effect his tale was having on the susceptible Creole mind, clapped him incontinent into prison like his predecessor Bottineau. Sure enough, two days after the British fleet arrived and with some skirmishing Mauritius became a British possession. M. Feillafé had been languishing in prison while those stirring events were taking place, but was at last released from durance by the new masters of the island. At another time he discovered what he described as two ships joined together, or, if there were such a thing, a four-masted vessel. Within a few days a four-masted American schooner arrived in the harbour. He also described a large Indiaman dismasted nearly four hundred miles from the island, and he afterwards announced that she was erecting jury-masts and steering for the port. This proved to be the case. He was a *pensionnaire* of the Treasury, and for years used to render his report every morning at the Port-captain's office where it was duly written down by an officer just as it was dictated. Feillafé professed at one period of his life to be able to teach this mode of vision and even obtained one lady as a pupil, but he found he could not impart to her his wonderful gift.

The fact that visions of this kind are mostly observed at sunrise and sunset is explained by Brewster as simply owing to the rays of the sun being practically horizontal at these hours. But there is another point that awaits explanation. Bottineau found that his nausopic power, though intensely active in Mauritius, less so in Bourbon and Ceylon, utterly failed him in Europe, and during his residence in France he saw no visions. Feillafé's power was limited to his native island, and although he also visited the neighbouring island of Bourbon and travelled to Europe he was unable to practise his nauscopy anywhere but at Mauritius. It is rather a singular coincidence that these islands have by some naturalists been regarded as the surviving remnants of the lost land Lemuria. Dr. Hartlaub,

the ornithologist, characterizes Lemuria as "that sunken land, which, containing parts of Africa, must have extended far eastward over Southern India and Ceylon, and the highest points of which we recognize in the volcanic peaks of Bourbon and Mauritius, and in the central range of Madagascar itself—the last resorts of the extinct Lemurian race which formerly peopled it." The island Rodriguez, where Feillafé saw the British fleet assembled, was, according to Peschel and others, another relic of his sunken continent. Alas, Mr. Russell Wallace, in his *Island Life*, attacks Hartlaub with his own weapon, ornithology, and from the dodos concludes that the Mascarene islands are purely oceanic and never formed part of Lemuria or any other continent. However, the existence or non-existence of Lemuria may be left to those who deal with such matters. If it did exist it was at so remote a period that the ordinary man finds no interest in it, although some anthropologists locate it as the most ancient abode of man. Be that as it may, it is a well-authenticated fact that two French nauscopists were able to descry ships at a distance that makes the fifteen-mile mirage of Captain Scoresby scarcely worth the mention, and that the atmosphere where such things are possible broods over the grave of the long lost Lemuria, where—

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles  
So soft, so bright, so bloomin' blue.

## 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.*]

### VIVISECTORS AND THE HUMAN MIND.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Vivisectors have generally pursued their trade on the pretext that they were on the track of germs, which germs were supposed to be the cause of various diseases. It now appears that they are in quest of something far more elusive than germs, namely, the Human Mind. How it is supposed that vivisection will enable one to grasp that wonderful principle—Mind—I fail to see. But the following extract from the *New York Evening Journal* reveals the method which is to be pursued:—

The most revolutionary medical discovery of modern times was announced in to-day's issue of *The Scientific Review* by Professor Troude, who claims that the brain is not the seat of mental activity.

From experiments made during and since the war by eminent surgeons it is believed by the investigating physicians that the human mind is seated in some part of the body other than the brain, and possibly in the trunk, Professor Troude says.

Professor Troude refused to make public the names of the doctors from whom he had gathered his data.

"They have furnished me with the full facts, citing war-time operations, where all parts of the brain were removed without impairing the mental faculties," said Professor Troude. "Further, the experiments are now being made on dogs and monkeys to get absolute confirmation of the theory."

The removal of "all parts of the brain without impairing the mental faculties" (as referred to in the above paragraph) is an absolute impossibility. No experiments are needed to prove that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that the brain is a congeries of mental faculties, each faculty having its own invariable location in the cranium. The sentiments and emotions have their home in one lobe; the forceful and energetic activities in another lobe; religious and moral feelings in the upper part of the cerebrum, and the intellectual, reflective and observing faculties in the anterior, or frontal lobe.

An injury to one of these brain areas does not necessarily involve any interference with the powers of other areas of the brain. Until this fact is mastered, all kinds of wrong conclusions may be drawn from observations of brain injuries.

There is, further, the great and important factor that the human

being is possessed of two brains—the right hemisphere being capable of acting apart from the left hemisphere—and *vice versa*. Thus any injury which did not involve both sides of the cerebrum, but one side only, would merely have the effect of reducing the individual's powers in the particular direction covered by that special faculty. This is in harmony with man's whole structure. He has two lungs, two kidneys, two ears, two eyes, and so on.

The usual teaching of the schools of psychology errs in one great respect. Any one individual is regarded in his reactions to stimuli as representative of any and every other individual, and his actions under certain conditions are described as effects in consciousness due to the activity of the brain as a whole. The mistake in this is that individuals vary greatly, and a mental impression which has notable effects on one person has little or none with another.

Until brain specialists accept the teachings of Dr. Gall (1759), Spurzheim, Geo. Combe, Vimont and in these later days the brothers Fowler, J. M. Severn, and Dr. Hollander, little progress will be made in the study of psychology and the science of mind.

Philosophers are gradually coming to Herbert Spencer's conclusion as to the differentiation of function of the various centres of the brain, as a reasonable and natural condition, and when the proofs which are available are considered, scientific investigations in future will be on a much firmer foundation.

Doubtless during the war many soldiers received injuries to skull and brain that would reveal a great deal with regard to hidden mental processes, if they could have been observed scientifically by one trained in such matters. The average surgeon, however, does not study mental activities. His business is to get the wounds healed as quickly as possible. The action of the mind, whether retarded or stimulated as a result of some portions of grey matter being destroyed, is a subject that he thinks can be dealt with later. The realization of the fact that we have a double brain, and that an injury to one area does not necessarily involve interference with the functions of another area, will help a great deal in our understanding human mentality under abnormal and accidental conditions.

In any event, experiments on monkeys—creatures of far inferior mentality to man—can serve no useful purpose in elucidating the mysteries of the Human Mind.

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN NAYLER.

#### FREEMASONRY: ITS ORIGIN, RITUAL AND SYMBOLISM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I have read with considerable interest P.S.W.'s article on the above. There appears to be a marked difference of opinion as to the origin of Freemasonry. Some assert that it is of

comparatively recent date, while others maintain that the old Magi were the original Masons. If Freemasonry did not originate with the ancient Magi it is difficult to account for the striking correspondence that exists between the emblems, ritual, and symbols of Masonry and the Secret Doctrine.

What is meant by Solomon's Temple? Sol is the Latin name of the Sun God Phœbus, Om or Aum is the Hindu name for Deity, and On the Sun God of Heliopolis. Sol-Om-On is therefore the Grand Master, or Architect of the Universe, Solomon's temple being none other than the mansion of the Sun, the universe itself.

In the Entered Apprentice Degree, which corresponds to the physical plane, there are seven officers representing the sevenfold constitution of man, the seven active planets, etc. In the Fellow Craft Degree, which corresponds to the astral plane, there are only five officers, man having shed his two outer bodies, the physical and the etheric. In the Master Mason's Degree, which corresponds to the spiritual plane, three officers are sufficient, man having left his astral body, and transmuted his animal soul, leaving only the higher triad.

The two pillars, Jachin and Boaz, typify the positive and negative, or masculine and feminine forces of the universe, all nature being divided into these two attributes. The Plumb, or verticle line represents the positive, or masculine element, and the Level, or horizontal line the negative or feminine principle.

The union of the Compass and the Square forms a diamond, the hardest and most precious of stones. The Compass forms a sextile, or angle of sixty degrees, typical of that union of souls in which reciprocal love is the chief factor, and in which no thoughts of worldly gain form a part. The Square, with its angle of ninety degrees, symbolizes the purely physical union of the sexes. In Astrology the sextile is a benefic aspect, the square a malefic aspect.

There is more than mere coincidence here. Symbolism is a universal language. Much of the Secret Doctrine is veiled beneath the venerable emblems and symbols of Masonry.

Yours faithfully,  
W. P. SWAINSON.

[Mr. Swainson's enumeration of the officers requisite for working the Three Craft Degrees is contrary to fact. This number does not vary.—ED.]

### SYMBOLICAL DREAMS,

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I was greatly interested in "Jane Spence's" account of her "symbolical dream," in last month's issue of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I am wondering whether a dream I have had once a year for many

years is symbolical, and whether any of your readers could translate it for me ?

I dream I am passing through a room, a hall or a terrace (the scene is never the same) and see a dead body lying on a table or couch. I go up to the body and am impelled to lay my hands upon the face or arms or some portion of it, and, as I do so, am surprised and sometimes alarmed to find a pink glow follow my hands, and the body suddenly returns to life and sits up.

When war was declared in 1914, my dream varied a little.

Upon approaching the body I was horrified to find it had begun to decompose and was in a terrible condition ! thick evil-smelling fluid pouring from ears, nose and mouth. I reluctantly place my hands on the chest of the body and immediately the fluid becomes most beautiful flowers and the body sits up, smiling.

During the years of warfare, my dream left me ; I was therefore much astonished to have it again a few weeks ago. In my young days many of my dreams came to pass. I am a pure Celt, which may account for it, but I really can read no meaning into the dream I have related.

Yours truly,

G. T.-G.

### STRANGE DREAMS

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I wonder whether any of your readers can throw any light on the following ? I am a frequent and persistent dreamer, but I can usually, at any rate to some extent, account for my dreams by thoughts or impressions which have crossed my mind during the day, or by something that has happened, but in the case of the following I cannot account for them in any way. I dreamed that I was walking in a street and saw coming towards me a man riding on a big black horse, a huge animal. He had neither bridle nor saddle, and on his coming near I saw that the horse had a long wound on his shoulder, at the base of his neck, extending the whole width of his neck. The wound was perfectly clean-cut, and had been sewn up, but so imperfectly that it gaped open along its whole length for something like half an inch, and it was slightly bleeding. I could distinctly see the stitches which had been put into it. The horse came quite up to me, and by placing his head over my shoulder, pressed me close to his breast. I could distinctly feel the warmth of his body, and I was in great fear that he would either bite me or, by stepping forward, trample upon me, but he did neither, and I awoke.

In the second dream, which occurred after an interval of several nights, I was in a room in which there was a square brick furnace, similar to those in use in chemical works, the fire door in front and a circular opening on the top. The furnace was alight, and I took a silver dish about fifteen inches in diameter and placed it on the opening at the top of the furnace. In this I placed a quantity of a white

powder which I found ready to hand, and stirred it with a wooden stirrer. After a time the powder changed into a fluid of a beautiful rose-pink colour. Very soon there arose from the fluid a stalk or stem, of a metallic appearance, to the height of about twelve inches. Then there arose from that an extension, similar to the telescopic arrangement of a portable camera stand, to the height of another twelve inches, and a third one above that. Then there was formed at the top a ball or globe of about four inches diameter. From the sides of this globe there grew other stems or branches, I do not remember how many, each sloping upwards and about twenty or twenty-four inches long. At the end of each of these branches a smaller globe or ball was formed, and after a time each one glowed with a bright light, and the whole thing presented a most weird and uncanny appearance. That was the end of the dream. All this happened weeks ago, and although I have given careful and persistent thought to the matter I am unable to in any way account for either dream.

J. T. FORELAND.

93, HIGHGATE ROAD, N.W.

### A PSYCHIC DREAM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago, when rather pulled down in health, I was the subject of an experience which, for a long time, worried and, in fact, haunted me to such an extent that it was a positive effort to mix with other people and take an intelligent interest in everyday affairs.

In order that the reader may be under no false impression as to what sort of an individual he has to deal with, I will here give such particulars as may be necessary.

By nationality I am Scottish, a fair average sample of the "dour" Lowland Scott, who as a race are peculiarly stolid and phlegmatic. My occupation is that of a medical student, one in which weak nerves do not flourish, so that I think I am hardly liable to take fright at trifles.

At the time of which I speak, though not in the best of health, I was, mentally speaking, in as good health as I have ever been, and was very far from showing any tendency to "nerves."

Well, to "get down to it." On the occasion in question I had been reading in bed for a short time previous to settling down to sleep. At last, however, I turned in and fell asleep almost at once.

To my surprise I seemed to wake up again at once in pitch darkness, isolated in Infinite Space. There was not a sound or movement of any sort anywhere around; in fact, I have never been so absolutely cut off from all the multifarious sights and sounds which suggest life.

At length a small patch of light appeared in the distance, rapidly growing in size and approaching at great speed.

I was soon able to see that it was an "island" in Space, with grassy slopes and, on the top of a hill, a large house with a small arched door and no windows. All the background was shrouded in mist, so that I was unable to see what lay behind this house.

The next thing I knew was that I was standing on the path leading to the house, and at once proceeded to look about and speculate as to where I was.

It was suddenly borne in upon me that I was not dreaming at all, but was actually dead, and that I had to pass through this house to reach whatever lay beyond.

I walked up the path to the house and went in at the door, to find an enormous crowd of people, none of whom I knew. They were wandering about in an aimless manner, but every now and then one of the crowd would go up to the far end of the room and disappear. Suddenly I heard my name called at the other end of the room, and went along to see what it was all about. The next thing I knew was that I was in another much smaller room, laid out in a very peculiar way.

In an alcove was a series of shelves, the whole being fenced off to prevent entry by unauthorized persons.

There was a door at either corner of the room, at one of which I had come in, and by the other of which I was to leave.

By this second door a man came in, looked at me, and said, "Hello, old chap. Do you remember me?" I looked at him and recognized a fellow I had known at a Cadet School, but of whom I had heard nothing since he went on draft. I asked him what he was doing there, and was told that he had been killed in France. He then went on that he was going back to the world again, and mentioned an address in my own home town, but which I forgot.

Looking at the alcove I saw on the shelves a series of people wrapped up in some sort of cloth. Below, let into the floor, was a grating, and above each figure was a patch of light, deep purple but for a white band down the middle, at first, but changing to a white with a purple band by slow degrees, fluctuating all the while, like a fluorescent screen. At this stage the person on the shelf was removed and went out by the other door.

I was then asked by an old man, like my idea of Pluto, to go on to this shelf arrangement, but refused. He told me that I could not go out at the other door unless I did, and finally said, "What did you come here for? You are not fit for this; you'd better go back again."

At this I was again outside, watching the place recede until it vanished, and I woke up, feeling exhausted.

Three months later I heard that the fellow I saw had been killed about six months previous to my dream.

Yours faithfully,  
MEDICO.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IN the new issue of *The Quest* Dr. K. C. Anderson proposes that the essence of original apostolic preaching—meaning that of St. Paul in particular—was the worship of one God regarded as Saviour, in distinction from Yahveh, or God as power and Law-giver. As to that from which redemption was offered, it was the idolatry in the midst of which all Hellenistic Jewry lived and had its being. Yahveh was therefore one aspect of God, and Jesus was another. Yahveh was the projection of Jewish group-emotions at a particular period of Jewish history, while Jesus Christ was another projection at another and later period. In more express words, He was not an historical person or individual. In Dr. Anderson's opinion, there will be no intelligent interpretation of the New Testament "until it is understood that the movement did not begin with a Teacher Who appeared in Palestine . . . but in another way altogether"—that is to say, as a doctrine. The New Testament does not represent "the apotheosis or transfiguration of a man," but "the humanization and gradual historization of a God"—meaning a God-idea. Here is the latest view on the historicity problem. The central figure of gospels and epistles was not "God and man," nor alternatively merely man, but God in distinction from man, and could not therefore have "lived within the limits and range of history." Now this is a clear issue and constitutes the thesis of a noteworthy and carefully reasoned paper. But if we set aside all that we have learned from time immemorial concerning Jesus of Nazareth through the synoptics and the fourth gospel, there remain the Pauline epistles, to which Dr. Anderson appeals, as contributing nothing to the historical side. Yet the central doctrine of these is that Jesus rose and that apart from this the faith of the new religion was vain. As against all vague reveries and notions of Jewry, of pagan Greece and Rome, on the world beyond the grave and the life of man therein, there was One Who had come back from the dead to testify, bringing life and immortality to light. The essence of this consideration was that a man died and a man rose: he died in flesh and returned in something which corresponded so far to the body of his previous humanity that he could be and was recognized and identified. In the light of this faith Dr. Anderson's speculations on a doctrinal God the Saviour as a projection of group-emotions is a thing of shadow. It is not the faith which gave Christianity to the world, in the power of an unexampled gospel, having a future of centuries before it. It is the risen man, mainly and above all else, which raised Jesus the Spiritual Teacher into Christ the Son of God. Assuredly it is the man-Christ, deified because of resurrection, which

alone can explain the fact of Christianity, and the point is that knowing what we now know of psychic manifestations, it is entirely possible that Jesus did rise. We shall continue to regard the historicity of the Christ of Nazareth as representing the line of least resistance in explaining Christianity, and for us therefore the issue lies between the expositors of orthodox theology on the doctrine of God incarnate and those of the naturalistic school, for whom a Teacher became God in the devotion of those who believed that He had come to testify through the gates of death itself. There are of course many divergent presentations of the non-historicity view, but group-emotions concerning God as Saviour can explain nothing. Dr. Anderson has, however, to complete his thesis in the July issue. *The Quest* has other and several notable papers. Mr. R. H. Thouless considers "emotional relation to natural objects" as belonging to the "experience of Divine Immanence in Nature." This is suggestive and might have been carried much further. Professor Caldecott indicates that the religious sentiment has "the paramount claim to dominance" in emotional life and that its full power is attained only when a "genuinely mystical quality and character" is its heart and centre. It is this and this only which can and does establish order on the "emotional side of the life of the soul." Mr. Mead's article examines the latest pronouncement on psychology and mystical experience from the Roman Catholic standpoint, being that of Professor John Howley. But the most curious paper in the issue is that in which the Rev. A. H. E. Lee presents "a modern interpretation of alchemy" by comparing its "old theories" with those of the pestilent rubbish dignified as "Freudian psychology." On examination, however, the alleged "old theories" prove to be those which are fathered on alchemy by Mr. Atwood's *Suggestive Inquiry*. Their validity is assumed throughout, but this happens to be one of the questions which would be at issue in a competent criticism of Hermetic texts.

In *The Hibbert Journal* Miss Evelyn Underhill writes—as it seems to us—with a somewhat jaded pen on the sources of power in human life. It would almost seem that like the present civilized world, as her paper offers it to our consideration, she "has forgotten joy," and it is difficult to see that she has anything new to say, whether she is touching on the second birth, on the congeries of notions which she calls "practical mysticism" for "average man," or on our general apathy and self-consciousness. Mr. A. D. Ritchie investigates "the good of knowledge," whether and what it is. He comes to the conclusion that "if there is no avenue of experience besides the five senses," the knowledge based on those senses is vanity. There is, however, such experience claimed by the mystics, and though he proposes an attempt to get away from mysticism he is driven back thereto. Professor Hearnshaw unfolds the idea of the Kingdom of God through the Jewish and Christian ages to the epoch of the Reformation, with special reference, however, to mediaeval times. The

stages are (1) a present theocracy limited to the children of Israel, in the Pentateuch and early histories; (2) a theocracy to come, as expected by the succession of prophets from Amos to Hezekiah, but still exclusively Hebrew; (3) a future Kingdom, which would embrace all mankind, with the Jews at the head, and hereunto the chief witnesses were Jeremiah and Ezekiel; (4) the Kingdom of Daniel, preceded by judgment and revenge, and thereafter the creation of a new heaven and a new earth; (5) the kind of expectation connoted by the preaching of St. John the Baptist; (6) the spiritual city and kingdom thrown open on equal terms to all mankind, but the expectation, date and circumstances of its advent are viewed differently by the Evangelists, St. Paul and the Apocalypse; (7) the inward Kingdom of God, to which Christ bore witness, "a dominion wholly spiritual, a timeless and spaceless lordship, seated in the soul of the individual saint"; (8) the ideas of the Kingdom of God merging into the visible Church of Christ, or that conception which became dominant in the Middle Ages; (9) the democracy of Christian men and women regarded as "the true Kingdom of God" by the anti-papal spirit which preceded the Reformation; (10) the return at the Reformation to the spiritual ideal of an inward Kingdom. Professor B. W. Bacon of Yale University examines the betrayal of Christ by Judas in a remarkable study. The motive of mere avarice is inadequate and mere cowardice will satisfy none but the superficial reader. The desertion of Judas to the enemy was the culmination in his own case of a reaction on the part of the whole apostolate, owing to disagreement with their Leader on the question of his messiahship. That for which they stood and could understand only was the "Kingdom of our father David" and "thrones of judgment" in a restored Jerusalem. But Jesus would be Son of David and also Son of Man, reigning over a Kingdom which essentially was not of this world, although it was to be established on earth.

It would seem as if no activity in the spiritistic and occult circles of Paris could atone adequately for the years of enforced suspension during the war. Yet a new magazine has been started as "a scientific review of psychism," under the title of *Psychica*, and it makes a promising beginning within its own measures, which are somewhat of a light order. Mme. Gabrielle Camille Flammarion gives a pleasant sketch of her husband, illustrious—we believe—as an astronomer, famous and respected by all for his work in psychical research and his investigation of the obscure borderland of unknown natural forces. We are told that he was born a psychist, as he was born an astronomer. An interesting incident of his childhood illustrates his denial of death at the age of seven years. Mme. Carita Borderieux, who has the editorial charge of *Psychica*, tells us how it came to be established under her auspices and of psychic intimations concerning it before it had been planned. On the theoretical side we are told that it will remain neutral, a champion of independence and tolerance, working

for the union of all schools of spiritualism, as the last term is understood in France at the present day. Finally, we are promised particular attention to the facts and problems of animal psychology, and in the first issue before us it is affirmed that the brute creation are souls on the path of evolution. The Elberfeld horses and Manheim dog are mentioned in this connection, citing the experiments and testimony of Maeterlinck.

Camille Flammarion continues his studies of manifestations at the moment of death in *La Revue Spirite*, and Dr. Gustave Gely deals with pseudo-materializations and pseudo-mediums. There are other interesting articles in the oldest French magazine devoted to spiritism, including a curious extract on the plurality of habitable worlds from a forgotten work, published at Leipzig in 1817, by a certain Dr. Gelpke, under the title of *Exposition of the Grandeur of Universal Creation*; but whether in German or French does not transpire. It would be interesting for purposes of comparison with the once popular speculations of Fontenelle, as well as with those later views of Allan Kardec, in which our contemporary is directly concerned. The plurality of habitable worlds, the plurality of lives, the successive and indefinite progress of the soul are all to be found therein. Indeed the extract given speaks of worlds without and occupying space unlimited and of the part of man therein, as a traveller through the ages . . . *Lumière et Vérité* discusses the beauty of the soul, the soul's growth in beauty, its race, royalty and kingdom in the starry heavens, its transmutations in the alembic of successive incarnations. . . . The *Journal du Magnétisme* is now in its seventy-fourth year of publication, so that it goes back to the Braid period and the experiments of the Manchester school. It would connect more especially with the epoch-making work of Baron Dupotet, the greatest of mesmerists after the generation of Anton Mesmer itself, and Dupotet in fact was its founder. The present editors are Gaston and Henri Durville, both of them indefatigable in conferences, which are duly reported in this, the official organ of the Magnetic Society of France. A recent issue passes for once outside the normal range of subjects and discusses esoteric initiation, of which, however, a very false idea is conveyed, reflected from reveries of Stanislas de Guaita who seems to have reconstructed Ancient Mysteries on a pattern in his own mind, apart from all evidences in temples of the past. During the historical period at least it is utterly erroneous to say that initiation was difficult and very difficult to obtain: it was open to tens of thousands, was a source of vast revenues, while it was a point of honour as a citizen and a matter of universal vogue to pass through its ceremonial procedure. From these points of view it was of consideration and moment at centres like Eleusis in a way that has never been approached by Freemasonry, with all its millions of members throughout the habitable globe: we mean that some of the Ancient Mysteries gave status in a sense with which the good repute of the Square and Compasses can by no means

compare, eminent as it now is under the orthodox obediences. On the other hand there is little evidence before us that the initiator received anything except in a ritual sense, and the article under notice is not justified in suggesting that the Key of the Mysteries was lost or destroyed in the Middle Ages, as if there were great secrets hidden within the sanctuaries. These are dream-notions, against which all scholarship pronounces with no uncertain voice. Much yet remains to be said on the whole subject, including the analogies between the old pageants and Masonic ceremonial procedure, but a special equipment is essential, apart from which no one is entitled to speak, while those who persist make further contributions to nothing but the world of fantasy. . . . *La Revue Mondiale* continues to furnish an excellent survey of the French Press, while its original articles are often of considerable interest. The last issue contains previously unpublished letters of Balzac, Baudelaire, Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas. But as we have mentioned on a previous occasion, all mystic and occult subjects remain untouched.

There is a short but curiously subtle article by the late James Hyslop in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*. In respect of "statements" it distinguishes between their origin and validity, their source and their truth. It is said, and beyond contradiction, that origin deals with cause, while validity belongs to the question of truth in statements. We should have thought that the terms themselves created their own distinctions. So also it seems mere commonplace to lay down that one statement may have its provable origin and yet no validity, while another may be valid and yet have uncertain origin. However, the intention in view is to flout the uninstructed but prevalent notion, among many in the rank and file of spiritistic research, that all messages must be true on the supposition that they come from spirits. . . . In its account of the early movement *Theosophy* of Los Angeles has finished with Mabel Collins and Professor Coves. It returns to the charge against Colonel Olcott "and others prominent in the Society," on the ground (1) that in their opinion H. P. B. could not be wholly trusted; (2) that she was irresponsible, producing genuine phenomena at certain times, but things spurious at others; (3) that she was a medium and, like other mediums, was unable to discriminate between good and bad influences. They are represented as persisting in these views, notwithstanding warnings from those high occult sources which *ex hypothesi* were leading the Society. The chapter under notice contains the story of the cleavage which arose in this manner and grew from more to more. The axe ground in defence of W. P. Judge is very much in evidence throughout. . . . *The Buddhist Review*, which is now in its eleventh volume, is the official organ of the Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland, and is a quarterly publication, well printed and of substantial appearance. The current issue has articles on practical Buddhism and on the Divine States.

## REVIEWS

THE LAW OF MIND IN ACTION. By Fenwicke L. Holmes. Pp. vi + 217.  
London: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 4s. 6d. net.

THIS book of "daily lessons and treatments in mental and spiritual science" is designed to stimulate the reader's thinking and investigation. Mr. Holmes believes that if the Law which he is at pains to expound in his book were practised, the soul would be freed from the sense of struggle and would be able to "rest in the infinite and eternal calm of the Divine mind." The Law is simplicity itself: it consists of "simply knowing in the heart that the good he seeks is his now simply because he has thought it." A definite order is maintained throughout the book, and the thirty-six lessons are consecutive. Beginning with a definition of metaphysics and the Law, the reader is led to a consideration of the philosophy of metaphysics. A study of cause and effect—the practical application of the Law—leads to a treatment of the Law in relation to the Absolute and Personal Spirit.

The student who can use such a book as this and is able to follow out the author's direction, and who is not deterred by vagueness of thought and language, should find within himself a certain peace of mind and soul. We are inclined to feel, however, that such a person will have shut himself up within a kind of dream-world and will have therefore marred his efficiency for the active work of life. Thought divorced from action is a delight but also a danger. To remove oneself deliberately from the rough and tumble of daily life is a mark of selfishness.

H. L. HUBBARD.

THE TWO CREATION STORIES IN GENESIS. By James S. Forrester-Brown. Demy 8vo, pp. xiii + 292. London: J. M. Watkins. Price 12s. 6d. net.

THERE are two points of view from which Mr. J. Forrester-Brown's study of the texts in Genesis may be commended to favourable attention. It is a work of sincerity, which allows the particular thesis to bear witness concerning itself, standing at its own value, without undue dogmatism on the part of the author, as if he claimed to have made a discovery which he has placed above challenge. The two creation stories—Genesis i.-ii. 4a and *Ib.* ii. 4b-iii. 24—have unfolded a meaning before him derived from wide reading, chiefly along Neo-Platonic, Gnostic and Kabalistic lines, and he is content generally to put on record his conclusions, leaving them to carry their message to those who read his pages. This is the first point, and the second is that the work offers an ingathering from many sources, suggestively interwoven and of considerable value, independently of any hypothesis into the frame of which they have been brought. As Mr. Forrester-Brown writes with no little ease and clearness, his book will not only repay study but is very pleasant in the reading. With regard to its interpretation of the creation myths, I can speak only in the briefest

possible outline: a critical consideration lies far beyond the limits of this notice. We are told in the preface that "under the veil of symbol the two creation stories contain sacred truths deeply embedded," the first revealing the "spiritual universe of Real Being" in terms of archetypal ideas, while the second unfolds the meaning of that universe "in terms of Movement and Form." The concern of both is man's essential nature, collective and individual. We are asked to regard the first three days of the first story as the preparation of substance to become "a perfect vehicle of expression" for the Archetypal Intelligences which appeared on the fourth, fifth and sixth days. On the seventh day substance and consciousness were unified, "and the Creator abides therein." The second creation story is the manifestation of the first in the ideal realm of "the soul order," otherwise "the order of differentiation." The two, taken together, correspond to spirit and soul, eternal and temporal, universal and particular, "the one and the many." Put forward thus simply, enough has been said to indicate that Mr. Forrester-Brown has developed a most attractive thesis, and at this point I must leave it, wishing that there were opportunity to do it fuller justice, whether one can accept it or not. In conclusion, as great importance is attached to the use of the terms male and female in the creation stories, it is regrettable that for Kabbalistic intimations on this subject Mr. Forrester-Brown did not have recourse to the *Zohar* itself, which is now available in French, rather than to Macgregor Mathers' rendering of certain portions from the Latin of Rosenroth, whose experiment was like a leap in the dark and in no sense represents the Chaldaic original. I have shown elsewhere on my own part, and not so many years ago, the importance of Zoharic theosophy on the whole question of sex.

A. E. WAITE.

RÉINCARNÉ! Roman de Au-Delà. By Dr. Lucien-Graux. Paris: L'Édition Française Illustrée. Pp. 274. Price 6 francs net.

If the alleged fact of reincarnation were in many cases "documented" as ably by the exertions of unembodied spirits as in Dr. Lucien-Graux's fascinating novel few would be found to deny that man's soul can pass from one physical dwelling to another. It does not become one, like myself, whose personal experience persuaded him long ago of the communicating power of spirits, to accuse Dr. Lucien-Graux of bringing spiritualism too close to a journalistic ideal of a private news agency. No doubt those who have been unduly disappointed by the "Myers" test of surviving personality will smile rather sadly at a novel where a man recognizes two of his discarnate mothers and successfully schemes to be born again of the female to whom he had been betrothed before his death. To me there is much to be said in favour of a publication which encourages spirits to give people of flesh and blood interesting facts concerning the objective or phenomenal. The reader must not suppose, however, that Dr. Lucien-Graux ignores that reality which measures and weighs Self against the Other, Pleasure against sentient Peace—that reality which mystics tell us will be found when it is voluntarily lost.

The scenes of this novel are laid after the war. The interest is confined to an exhibition of the objective aspects of reincarnation and to various "supernatural" occurrences. The most remarkable strokes of art on the author's part occur in an idiot's failure to save the doomed sportsman

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whom he warns and in the invention of a curious posthumous revenge for a fancied wrong. Dr. Lucien-Graux has a good deal of critical power and a decided sense of humour. It is regrettable that he did not tell the whole story through one voice, because he is not as skilful as Wilkie Collins in composite narration.

W. H. CHESSON.

COMMUNION AND FELLOWSHIP. Compiled by H. A. Dallas, with Introduction by Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S. London: Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.4, or from the Author, Crawley, Sussex. Price 2s. net; 4s. 6d. net, leather.

THOUGH books of "Selections" are rather numerous, this one will fill a niche of its own, for there is much in the name of the compiler of the extracts, and one is not disappointed on looking through Miss Dallas's sympathetic collection, described by her as "A Manual Dedicated to those who have Passed Beyond the Veil." The first part of the book contains Meditations on the different clauses of the Lord's Prayer. The second and third parts include prayers for various occasions: Intercessory, Thanksgiving, in Bereavement, and the like, some of them from well-known sources. Part IV will probably appeal most strongly to the majority of readers, for it contains brief quotations of intense purport in these times, from Sir Oliver Lodge, Myers, Sir Edwin Arnold, General Gordon, and other radiant souls whose clear thinking has cheered many a stricken heart. The same may be said of the beautiful little Introduction by Sir William F. Barrett. One of Lady Glenconner's hitherto unpublished Poems forms a fitting "Envoi" to pages fragrant with healing balm.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE PSYCHIC STRUCTURES AT THE GOLIGHER CIRCLE. By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc., Author of "Reality of Psychic Phenomena," etc., etc. London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 681, Fifth Avenue. Price 10s. 6d.

WHAT must strike every reader of Dr. W. J. Crawford's posthumous work is the exceeding clearness and care with which he has marshalled his voluminous facts. One must heartily endorse Mr. Gow's warm tribute to the extreme value of a work dealing with "an obscure but tremendously important branch of scientific research." Let it be added also that immense gratitude is due to the psychic, Miss Kathleen Goligher, without whose self-sacrificing co-operation such complete and irrefutable evidence would have been impossible. The cloud of ignorance under which physical mediums have so often been labelled frauds has, in this case at any rate, been dispersed to the four winds, as all readers not mentally deficient must admit. The present volume is taken up with minute records of the intricate tests by which Dr. Crawford arrived at certain definite, and most vitally important, conclusions in regard to the visibility, tangibility, and exact connection with the medium, of the psychoplasm which forms the basis for physical manifestations. Among these tests were a great number of experiments with soft clay, coloured paints, gilt, soot, etc., the feet of the medium being sometimes actually locked and screwed into a weird machine known as a "test-box," while sometimes not only were her feet and ankles tied with whip-cord to her chair, but the feet of all the sitters

were similarly accounted for. Yet the tin of wet clay, with which the invisible operators were asked to demonstrate their power, invariably showed imprints of differing depth and size. The Invisibles could be heard, too, manipulating the clay, and they showed a zeal and readiness to meet the doctor's exacting requests which can only be fully realized by those who are themselves in friendly touch with Invisibles. Another intensely interesting point to be noted is that the unseen operators on restoring the "psychoplasm" to the medium's body, seem only to return what they have borrowed, leaving all "foreign matter" behind. This seems to score against the unpleasant idea that sitters at "Materialization" séances, having been "drawn upon" to aid phenomena, absorb into their own systems a quantity of alien substance. The book is illustrated by many remarkable photographs, and is altogether too valuable and far-reaching to be adequately summarized in a brief review. It will richly repay the most thoughtful and attentive study.

EDITH K. HARPER.

**THE GUIDANCE OF JESUS FOR TO-DAY:** Being an Account of the Teaching of Jesus from the Standpoint of Modern Personal and Social Need. By Cecil John Cadoux, M.A., D.D. Author of "The Early Christian Attitude to War." London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, W.C.1. Price 7s. 6d. net.

"The substance of this book," says Dr. Cadoux, "was first put together and delivered in the form of lectures at the invitation of the Society of Friends at York in November and December, 1919," but it has been "largely recast and rewritten for publication." Certainly, as the author says, it is hurtful to be continually absorbing even a Truth without knowing one's own reasons for accepting it, and he appeals for "a new philosophy of the Christian life," based upon a new understanding of its Founder's Life and Teaching. This sentiment is world-wide: do not, for instance, the followers of Abdul Baha claim that their Prophet supplies this needed interpretation? Dr. Cadoux does not claim a *literal* verbal inspiration for the Gospels, but maintains that there is in them that real Divine Guidance which is ever humanity's crying need. In his analysis of Christ's teaching, Dr. Cadoux shows himself a master of casuistry. He reads in it, as Tertullian read, the doctrine of absolute non-resistance to evil by any kind of physical force, to the point that: "If the foregoing argument is accepted . . . the Christian will refuse firmly to become a soldier, or a maker of shells, or a policeman, or a magistrate: for all these callings stand for the pagan method of handling the wrong-doers." Does Dr. Cadoux really think that the world is ready for such complete non-resistance? Are not the forces of evil in these days too many and too powerful? And would not the non-resisting minority be annihilated, thus leaving the Lords of Hate and Bloodshed masters at every point? Even the author's complacent reflection that a community of non-resisting Christians is comparatively small and grows very gradually, therefore no such cataclysm is to be feared, savours rather of "I will ensconce me behind the arras!" In other words, the minority of such Christians will "sit tight" and let the pagan majority take the hard knocks on their behalf. What of the ideal of the Great Sacrifice: Greater Love hath no man?

All the same there is an immense appeal behind Dr. Cadoux's arguments. He is an extremely powerful writer, he stimulates thought and discussion. Augustine said that a man could serve God in a camp as well as elsewhere, and one sadly fears that until the Peace of God which passes all understanding becomes a practical reality in the world at large Augustine's words will appeal to the man who is ready to lay down his life in the hour of need.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. Edited by his son, Henry James. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Two volumes. Price 42s.

THESE two handsome volumes form a really valuable contribution to our knowledge of a philosopher of whom his son rightly says that his "spiritual development was a matter of intense personal experience"; and whose seemingly most ephemeral writings were a means of expression for much of his deeper self.

Intelligent interest is, emphatically, their due. James was a letter-writer who gave his correspondents of his best; and that not so much of set purpose as because his best was, so to speak, always there to be given.

For readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, not the least interesting part of the correspondence will be that which deals with James's connection with organized Psychical Research, and his own personal attitude towards psychic matters.

His remarkable "Census of Hallucinations" is one of the most interesting and important pieces of psychic research work ever undertaken, either in America or Great Britain.

It was the aim of the *Census* to discover, by means of a form of questions sent out to be filled up, exactly how many persons in the United States had, *when in good health and awake*, heard a voice, seen a form, or felt a touch which no material presence could account for.

James received about 7,000 answers, and drew up a report of them; giving it as his sober judgment that, after the utmost resources of chance and coincidence had been taxed, there remained an element which must be explained otherwise—or left unexplained.

We are indebted to his son for giving to the world this record of a life that was, in every way, so eminently worth living. The volumes have a good Index, and some interesting illustrations.

G. M. H.

A COLLECTION OF GHOSTS. By C. Elrith Bevan. Pp. 119. The Morland Press, Amersham, Bucks. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS slim volume contains eleven Indian fantasies. The author has a pleasant style, which is spoilt from time to time by over-exuberance of description. There is a wonderful fascination about the Himalayan environment, where the plots of these stories are for the most part laid, and the author is not slow to avail himself of this atmosphere. The stories are of differing kinds, some merely impressionist and reminiscent, others dealing with that fringe-world of experience where "natural" and "supernatural" seem to blend. In none of these stories does the author reach the heights of a skilled craftsmanship; in none does he sink below the level of a fair competency. It is impossible to criticize the matter of such tales as these; but we venture to think that not a few of our readers will welcome the opportunity of reading them.

H. L. HUBBARD.

THE LAW OF LOVE. By C. R. Stewart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THE communications published in this unusually interesting volume were given to the author, through automatic writing, by a relative who passed over many years ago and who is said to have reached "the level called the spiritual plane, where the memory of past lives is recovered and the divine plan of the world is seen." There are a great many original and arresting, if debatable, statements in connection with occult subjects, as for example the assertion that, since his attainment of enlightenment, Buddha has gone over to the dark side, through pride and rebelling against the decrees of the Gods, the reason for this retrogression being that he avoided experiences and has, therefore, fallen through want of them. It is stated that, while fishes pass on into animal forms, birds (except for the class that become nature spirits) are incarnated as human beings direct, and that sharks become cannibals, while nature spirits enter the forms of kindly savages like the Zulus and Kaffirs. Asceticism is regarded as a kind of spiritual suicide, and the haste to finish the cycle of incarnations is thought to be responsible for most of the dark agents, the discovery of the ascetic path being accredited to Lucifer. Concerning black magicians, it is written that they can be redeemed from destruction provided they have not become black masters, but once that step is taken they are destined to gradual disintegration. The theosophical conceptions of higher planes are said to be totally wrong, the most pernicious part of theosophical teaching being that which insists on the absence of passion and the possibility of developing the love nature without it.

"It must be understood," finely writes our author, "that a person who has attained perfection is naturally capable of passion so long as he remains on the astral or physical planes. To conquer passion is not to destroy or eliminate it, but to develop it to its fullest extent and control it; and a perfected being must necessarily have a perfect love nature."

Cubist art is happily described as "an impossible conglomeration of distortions," and the public school system is designated as a "foster-mother of imperialism and snobbery." It is prophesied that the heat which is stored in the physical atoms will be made available to mankind at a low cost. There is also a pertinent chapter on love and the relation of the sexes which contains much sound teaching, and there is also an interesting chapter on Prehistoric Continents. *The Law of Love* is altogether a remarkable production, and will undoubtedly stimulate thought in many directions.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE ELDER EDDA AND ANCIENT SCANDINAVIAN DRAMA. By Bertha S. Phillpotts, O.B.E., Litt.D. Cambridge: At the University Press. Pp. xii + 216 and a Frontispiece. Price 21s.

THE learned author remarks that "the dramatic origin of the Edda poems explains, so far as literature can ever be explained, the technique of the Sagas, one of the greatest literary achievements of the Middle Ages." Dr. Phillpotts had to consider an art which originated among "a people without a script" and has doubtless enjoyed the opportunity afforded for deductive criticism.

It is probable that the average reader will value the book more for its attractively fantastic lore, its primitive supernaturalism, than for scholarly

inferences from the evidence put forward therein. God-slaying, reincarnation, "ritual marriages," talking animals, and sacred animals are some of the interesting themes for discussion offered by the fancy or memory of Scandinavia, to use a geographical expression very useful in the case of poems so hard to localize "within a thousand miles or so" as the Eddic collection. We have only to read Yngtingatal's accounts, supplied by Dr. Phillpotts, of the deaths of the first eighteen Swedish kings to be pretty confident that there would be nothing namby-pamby about the imaginative creativeness of a race familiar with such sensational exits from palaces. It is regrettable that Dr. Phillpotts abstained from adding an appendix of translations, although it is a pleasing spectacle to see the modesty of one scholar leaving a field vacant for another.

W. H. CHESSON.

**TRY THE SPIRITS.** By the Rev. W. Bickle Haynes. With Foreword by the Rev. T. E. Ruth, and Introduction by Robert J. Lees. London: The Kingsley Press, Ltd., 31 Temple House, Tallis Street, E.C.4. Price 5s. net; 5s. 6d. post free.

A FEW years ago a bitter battle raged between Spiritualists and Materialists. Now the scene of action has somewhat changed. Spiritualism often finds its bitterest antagonists among the different sects of the so-called Christian Church, who occasionally vary their own internecine warfare by becoming allies with sceptics and materialists, in a combined attack upon Spiritualism. Excellent is it to find, therefore, that from many clerical minds the inherited cobwebs of centuries have been completely swept away. One of the doughtiest champions who has recently entered the lists is a well-known Baptist minister, the Rev. W. Bickle Haynes, whose book, as he tells us, is born of a great experience, which is at once the author's compelling motive-power and apology. In the Great War two sons of Mr. Haynes made the supreme sacrifice, and their mother died of the shock. Small wonder that ordinary creeds and dogmas were for him, as for thousands of others in like case, but as Dead Sea fruit. Out of the darkness came light, however, as the pages of this stirring book reveal. In the writer's words: "Beliefs grown shadowy came trooping back to me." And "Spiritualism re-established the signs and miracles of the Bible upon an immovable basis, showing them to be psychic and demonstrable to-day, given proper conditions."

Writings like those of the Revs. W. B. Haynes, Walter Wynn, Charles Tweedale, and F. Fielding-Ould, carry on the line of thought so splendidly advanced by Archdeacon Wilberforce and the Rev. Arthur Chambers, a line of thought which is the well-spring and the meeting-place of science, philosophy and religion.

EDITH K. HARPER.

**THE PEONY OF PAO-YU.** By F. Hadland Davis. Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 5s. 6d. net.

THE Japanese and Chinese stories in this volume are delightfully told. Mr. Hadland Davis writes with the tender feeling and the sensitive perception of the true artist. *The Street of the Geisha*, *The Pine Tree Lovers* and *The Peony of Pao-Yu* are particularly good examples of the art of story-telling. The most striking quality in the work of Mr. Davis is his ability to convey, in a manner at once delicate and intense, the human touch which makes the whole world kin.

MEREDITH STARR.