

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

IT is familiar ground that the belief in an after life for the individual consciousness fell into general and grave discredit during the nineteenth century, in consequence, to a great extent, of the attacks of the scientific school of that day. What probably weighed most strongly with the average man against the belief in the survival of the personality after death, was the idea, so widely encouraged by ecclesiastical authority, that the death of the body liberated the soul not only from its visible physical tenement, but from all material forms whatsoever. How, argued the man-in-the-street, was it possible for a human being to think at all, to have any consciousness of any kind, without some kind of physical instrument? How, indeed, when, as the scientist informed him, "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile!" To suggest that a formless superphysical entity such as the soul could possess any conscious life was, he felt, on the face of it, an absurdity. There was no parallel on the

HAS THE
SOUL A
MATERIAL
FORM?

physical plane to suggest the possibility of life of any kind, apart from some medium, however tenuous, for its expression. St. Paul had, indeed, alluded in one of his Epistles to a spiritual body, but this expression was wont to be explained away in the pulpits as a phrase without a meaning, or at best as alluding to a spiritual form with which the soul would be endowed after an interminable period of unconsciousness, at the Resurrection of all mankind. The idea, accordingly, that man passed after death into another form of conscious life, similar in many respects to that lived on earth, met, during the greater part of the elapsed century, with as little encouragement from the ecclesiastical as from the scientific rostrum.

And yet there were men in those days, few and far between undoubtedly, and little heeded, who voiced the view now so frequently and boldly espoused by the occultist, the Theosophist, and indeed the student of psychical research generally, that the body which man puts off at death is not the only material expression of his spiritual consciousness, and that at death this consciousness passes merely into another and more subtle vehicle,

VIEWS OF
NINE-
TEENTH
CENTURY
THINKERS.

an instrument through which, as through the normal physical form, the spirit may operate, and renew its activities on another plane, whether in a dream state or in some more active mental condition. The phenomena of dream life were adduced by one or two of the more independent thinkers of the day in support of this theory. Thus Dr. Broughton, the Vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, in his essay on Futurity, argued that as the dreamer's consciousness was frequently raised to a higher plane when the tie between soul and body was loosened or relaxed in sleep, so when the connexion was entirely dissolved by death, it was reasonable to suppose that this intellectual activity would be heightened rather than the reverse, and contended that we should the more readily believe this if we admitted the hypothesis of the soul's material vehicle, composed of the most exquisitely fine particles of matter. So, too, Watts asked, "How comes death to be called so often in Scripture a 'sleep' if the soul wakes all the while?" To which he replies by a further query: "Why is the repose of man every night called 'sleep' since the soul wakes, as appears by a thousand dreams?" He continues, in elucidation of the same idea, to argue that as a sleeping man ceases to act in the affairs of this world, though the soul be not dead or unthinking, so death is called "sleep" because, during that time, men are

cut off from the business of this world, though the soul may think and act in another.

A man of greater note, the philosopher Leibnitz, defended the theory that the soul passed into another body, through which its consciousness could operate, at the time of death, declaring that "all souls, all simple created substances, are always joined with a body, and that none are ever entirely separated from it." Elsewhere he speaks of the conservation "not only of the soul,

THEORIES OF
LEIBNITZ
AND PALEY. but of the organic machine" through which it acts. Dr. Paley, in his celebrated work on Evidences of Christianity, makes a similar suggestion. "If any one [he says] find it too great a strain upon his thoughts to admit the notion of a substance strictly immaterial, i.e., from which extension and solidity are excluded, he can find no difficulty in allowing that a particle as small as a particle of light, minuter than all conceivable dimensions, may just as easily be the depository and vehicle of consciousness, as the congeries of animal substance which forms a human body or the human brain. That being so, it may transfer a proper identity to whatever shall hereafter be united to it; and may be safe amidst the destruction of its integuments, may connect the natural with the spiritual, the corruptible with the glorified body." Dr. Hartley, again, expresses his view that an infinitesimal elementary body intermediate between the soul and the gross body appears to be no improbable solution.

Theosophists have made the idea of an astral body, to which the spirit is transferred at the death of the ordinary physical body, familiar to the thinking public. The idea that this astral body is again cast off after a certain period, to be replaced by a mental or causal body, when the astral sheath is worn out, is perhaps not so universally grasped. The view, however, that the astral body is no more immortal in its nature than the physical

DURATION
OF THE
ASTRAL
BODY.

body seems to be pretty widely held, and in fact, as its name implies, this astral body is assumed to be adapted to the requirements of the denizens of the astral plane; that is, the plane intermediate between the spiritual and the physical. If we may accept at their face value the communications transmitted through Mr. J. S. M. Ward, in connection with the experiences of an officer in Hell, in a book entitled *Gone West*, to be published immediately by the firm of William Rider & Son, Ltd.,* there are more ways than one of losing the astral body, and the efforts

* *Gone West*. Cr. 8vo, 380 pp. 5s. net.

of many spirits are devoted to retaining it to the utmost limit, by preying on human beings who, by their physical constitution, are liable to be made the victims of various forms of vampirism. The officer in question, who, by the way, dates from a pre-war period, had been cashiered for conduct of a sufficiently compromising nature, although it appears that the authorities had not been successful in discovering his worst misdeeds. His attempts to obsess an old enemy on the earth-plane, and by doing so, to bring upon him the punishment for his own crimes committed in his enemy's body, led incidentally to the destruction of his own astral counterpart, and to those adventures and torments in Hell in his spiritual body, in which, as his evil genius warned him, "You will really begin to suffer."

One is reminded, by a great deal in this very dramatic narrative, of certain statements made by Private Dowding in the book I noticed in my last issue, with regard to the illusory character of all such conditions and experiences, real as they doubtless appear to their victim. "Hell [says Private Dowding] is a Hell of the illusions and is itself an illusion. Those who enter it are led to believe that the only realities are the sense passions and the beliefs of the human I. It consists in the lure of the senses without the possibility of gratifying them." The experiences narrated in *Gone West* are indeed reminiscent again and again of the old mythological story of Tantalus. The imperative desire lures on the victim to strive for a gratification which appears ever within his reach and yet ever eludes him at the moment of anticipated fruition. One quality, however, the

AN IRON
WILL IN
HELL.

Officer possessed which stood him in good stead even in the nether regions of Hell, and afterwards in his protracted and finally successful efforts to escape from its horrors. On earth he had an iron will, and found himself able, at least for a time, to render himself formidable to the Emperor of the City of Hate, while others suffered the penalties of the weak, and became the slaves of their more powerful, but no less evil, fellow-citizens. But not for ever. The Emperor, fearing the formidable power of his rival, resolved to rid himself of him by craft. A sort of partnership was struck up between the two, and the Officer was encouraged to attack the neighbouring kingdom of Danton, and to possess himself of this, the Emperor thus diverting his hostility from himself. For in this Hell of the illusions ancient empires and cities of the past continued to exist in a phantasmal form. Where

ANACHRON-
ISTIC
WARFARE.

nothing was real, Danton still held sway over an imaginary Paris of the Revolution, and a great battle ensued, in which the actors in various ages of the world's history jostled one against the other in a medley of anachronistic warfare. The whole atmosphere of these Hell experiences has, in fact, more than a little in common with the most gruesome forms of nightmare, recalling the lines in the well known soliloquy of Hamlet :—

In that sleep of death, what dreams may come
Must give us pause,

and making us ask whether, after all, Hell may not be, in some truer sense than is generally suspected, an interminable nightmare of the soul, tortured no less by its own evil deeds of the

past, than by the phantoms of its imagination of
the present. In any case, the Officer triumphed,
or seemed to triumph, over the hero of the French
Revolution, who was consigned, with his fol-

lowers, to the torture chambers of Hell. By and by, he received a message from the Emperor congratulating him on his success, and inviting him to a visit. He felt that it would be a sign of weakness to refuse, and accordingly accepted, unwillingly enough.

I was received [he says] with much pomp and splendour, or at least so it appeared. Really, of course, the whole show was a hollow fraud. The bands which played could only produce a discordant din; the tapestries which adorned the streets were dirty and tattered; the flowers which were strewed in my path were withered, and stank of rotteness; the pretty maids who preceded our procession were rendered hideous by the lines with which cruelty and lust had marked their faces.

After meeting the Emperor's procession, we went together to witness a gladiatorial show. This finished, we proceeded to the palace, and there a great feast took place. It was the same empty show as all the rest. There was nothing real except what was vile.

"And how do you like the cares of kingship!" inquired the Emperor. "Uneasy lies the head, eh?"

I laughed. "It's better than being under your Majesty, anyway."

"Very likely. Still, I fancy you must get a little bit tired of being ever on the watch. I know I do. When I want a change, I take a spell on earth again. It's wonderfully restful and refreshing after the strenuous life one has to lead here."

For once my curiosity was greater than my wisdom, and I cried, "But how do you manage to return to earth? I thought once we had lost our astral bodies——"

"You are still a young man," he replied, "and have much to learn; but I am surprised you do not know that simple fact." He looked at me thoughtfully, and then continued: "If a spirit in Hell makes an alliance with a mortal on earth, it is possible for the latter to acquire, or at any rate borrow, for a short time, a temporary astral body. At times it is even

possible for such a spirit to obtain for a short time a material body. Such men used to be known as wizards, and the women as witches, and the spirits they invoked were always regarded as devils. Of course, many of them were elementals, and a few may have been devils proper, but most of them were just human spirits, and not always bad ones either."

The danger, as he explained, was that the wizard would attempt to obtain control, and it was therefore very necessary for the spirit to make sure of his power over the mortal who invoked him. The Emperor did not allude to the subject further, but the seed which he had sown bore fruit in the Officer's mind, and he determined to experiment with an earthly sorcerer, and secure for himself that body, the loss of which he so bitterly regretted. The Emperor's object was attained,

THE
EMPEROR
GETS RID
OF HIS
RIVAL.

for, as a result, he was destined to be rid of his rival for ever. The Officer had some difficulty in discovering a bona-fide wizard. His experience, in fact, was that of not a few seekers after the occult on this earth plane. "I discovered [he says] a good many more than I anticipated, but most of them had only played at the game." The reason in this case was that those who had really obtained any considerable knowledge of the subject had at death fallen even lower in Hell than the Officer. Finally he discovered a man "in his dominion" who put him on to the individual of whom he was in quest. This "student of the occult," one reads without surprise, was a German, and lived on the outskirts of Prague. He had already discovered how to raise and control the spirits of the dead, i.e., the weak-willed spirits of the astral plane. His present researches had as their aim "the raising of a real devil from Hell"; and, as the Officer observed, "it was I that answered his invocation." This was how he did it. He set his informant in Hell who had dabbled in Magic to work before him.

As his incantations rose they came in contact with those from the man on earth. This stream of incantations soon made itself plain to me, and I was thus informed that there was one on earth who wanted such as I. Voluntarily I stepped into the stream of invocation, and joined my will to theirs. At once I seemed to be drawn through space and found myself before him. The "student of the occult," as he called himself, was standing in the middle of his magic circle within which were two triangles forming a six-pointed star.

By degrees the Officer perceived lying outside the circle and at some little distance from it, a woman. She was in a trance, and he at once realized why she was there. She was

in short, the medium, and it rested with him to utilize her vitality to build up some temporary habitation for his spirit. This, of course, enabled the Officer to manifest himself to the magician, who had not yet been conscious of his presence. "As I became visible to him [he observes] I perceived that I gave out a kind of lurid red light." The Officer speculates on the reason for this, and suggests that it might be due to the predominance of hatred in his aura, remarking at the same time that it was not much like the brilliant red fire of the opera when Mephistopheles appears. The student of the occult was not unnaturally scared, even in the attainment of the object of his quest. He pulled himself together, however, to the best of his ability, and cried, in tones of authority, "Come hither, slave, I command!" "Slave be damned," replied the Officer, "I am no one's slave. If you want my services you have got to pay for them."

The occult student, mindful of mediæval traditions, offered his soul, but what the Officer wanted was something of much more practical use to himself; and moreover, as he observed, "that in any case is damned already." Finally they made a compact by which the student undertook to supply the Officer with a mortal body. This was duly built up with the assistance of the medium; but, like all bodies constructed at séances, it proved to be of a very evanescent character; and on coming out into the daylight the Officer found it dissolve immediately. The student then suggested that he should take control of some one, and merely employ the materialized body for use in his nocturnal adventures. In return, the Officer was to help the wizard in his plans for vengeance on his enemies, who were actively denouncing him, for good and sufficient reasons. How the Officer's career of iniquity, on his return to earth, was brought to a termination, must be read in the very dramatic narrative in the original. It is sufficient to say that he soon found himself once more back in Hell, and sinking to a lower division of the infernal regions than he had ever reached hitherto. This time he realized that he was in the position of the under dog, and had to suffer all, and more than all, those torments and punishments which, at an earlier stage, he had so recklessly inflicted on others. He here met with a gruesome and repulsive being who promised him immunity on the understanding that he dragged down a hundred other spirits to those lowest depths of Perdition in which he himself

BLACK
MAGIC AS
VIEWED
FROM HELL.

IN QUEST
OF A
BODY.

had found his home. Needless to say, he did not meet with his reward. " You have acted the part of a devil [he was told, after bringing his batch down to the nethermost regions] and lured men to destruction, but without even the excuse we have. We are of a different order to men and hate them, but you are of their order, and have not our excuse for hating them. You have betrayed your fellow men, simply for your own selfish ends. . . . Back with the others, you cur ! " The Officer's punishment was to meet his deserts at the hands of those whom he had betrayed.

MAKING
THE
PUNISH-
MENT FIT
THE CRIME.

I slunk back among my victims [he writes], but only for an instant, for they, furious at my treachery which, of course, they divined, instinctively hurled themselves upon me and tried to tear me to pieces. Then succeeded a wild nightmare in which the demons lashed us forward, and my victims strove to rend me at the same time. I suffered the same anguish as if they had succeeded, but still lived on to suffer again and again. At length I shook myself free and fled, and they pursued. What really happened next I cannot truly describe or even remember. Like some frightful nightmare I ran on and on, and, after a time, I appeared to be leaping and falling downwards. At length all deliberate motion on my part ceased, yet still I fell—down, down, down, and it seemed as if I should never reach the bottom.

After an interminable age my downward course was stayed. I appeared to be completely immersed in some spongy mass ; it was neither firm ground nor water, nor even marsh. It was something which has no real counterpart on earth. It was the most tangible form of darkness I met with in all Hell. Of course all the darkness of Hell is tangible to spirits from this plane.

DARKNESS
THAT
MIGHT
BE FELT.

This spongy fog gradually stopped my downward passage, but I felt no firm ground beneath my feet. The same spongy mass was above and below and around, as solid above my head as below my feet. There was no sound, no sight, nothing, absolute nothingness, solitude intolerable, black despair, misery unspeakable. I felt myself at last an utter out-cast ; yes, indeed an outcast, cast forth alike from the society of men and devils. This was the end of all my desperate striving against Fate.

Oh, that ghastly silence ! Utter, absolute solitude !

Eventually the Officer learnt to pray, and so, after innumerable horrifying experiences, setbacks, and various adventures, found himself once more on the upward path, destined at length to emerge into regions of light ; though, owing to his low and animal nature, this at first caused him unspeakable agony. I need not enter further here into the details of his escape from Hell. What I have quoted above will serve to give some idea of the character of this very dramatic and sensational

record.. Perhaps the two points that strike one particularly about it are the apparently physical nature of the sufferings undergone, and, in spite of some modern touches, the mediæval atmosphere of the whole story. It reads, indeed, as I have already suggested, like the record of some exceptionally horrible nightmare ; and, if it is to be taken literally, suggests the question whether the tortures of the damned do not, in reality, consist, in some more than metaphysical sense, in the dreaming of evil dreams. It may indeed be that the plane of consciousness on which many spirits find themselves in passing out of their bodies has something more akin to the dream plane than either scientist or theologian is willing to admit. If this be the case, the importance of my earlier observations on dream phenomena and the conditions under which the dream consciousness functions, in relation to such records as this, will be at once evident. Numerous as have been the communications from the other side which have been published during recent years, there has been little since *Letters From Hell*, which created so considerable a sensation a number of years ago, which has borne on the more gruesome side of after-death existence. We may believe there is a difficulty, and there is doubtless a danger, in getting through such records ; that is, if they be of a genuine character. And, in addition to this, there is the very prevalent feeling abroad, of a not unnatural reluctance to let such records see the light—the feeling in short of the parson to whom Pope alluded,

Who never mentioned Hell to ears polite.

In the present instance, the spirit who introduces the Officer is a near relative of the medium, and claims to have stood guard over him to prevent any evil effects through contact with so tainted an influence. This spirit, a deceased architect of some eminence, narrates in the first instance his own experiences, which naturally are on a very different plane, and reflect an atmosphere of a far purer and more elevated character, though the communicator admits that the spiritual side of his nature had been insufficiently cultivated during earth life.

The criticism offered on such narratives inevitably is that they present the other world in too material a guise ; that the other life, in short, is made too like the present one. Some explanation is offered in answer to this criticism by the architect's guide. " Is there pain in Hell ? " [he inquires]. " Yes [replies the guide], only it is mental and spiritual suffering ; but to the souls there it is as real

IS HELL
AN EVIL
DREAM ?

A MATERIAL
HELL.

as physical suffering is on earth. Just as here, the earth on which we stand, though immaterial to the physical world, seems real and material. They suffer, but no friendly death comes to end the anguish of the wretched victims." May we not suggest that the more spiritual the individual's character on earth the more spiritual will be his or her experience on other planes? Thus the sufferings of the architect mainly take the form of remorse, except when he complains, shortly after first passing over, of the "piercing cold." How, we may ask, can the materialist suffer except in terms of his own materialism; that is, except in a material or physical sense?

As has been often pointed out recently, the transition of death in no way alters the character of the personality that has passed over. The discovery that the elements existent on the earth and on other planets exist also in the sun and centre of the system, and that all have a common nature, one with the other, may have a parallel also on the spiritual plane, and existence

THE
MATERIAL
CANNOT
RESPOND
TO THE
SPIRITUAL.

in one form of soul tenement may not be so diverse from that in another, as we have been brought up to believe. "As above, so below," whether on this plane or on any other. The reality is the spirit, and it is the spirit that forms the body to suit the plane on which it dwells. The life a man leads, whether on this plane or on another, is the natural reaction of such a character to the conditions in which it finds itself, and the more important element of the situation is always the character of the individual, rather than the circumstances or conditions in which he functions. Humanity, as it seems to me, is built up of certain characteristics, and these characteristics can only respond to certain environments to which they must be more or less attuned. To such an imaginary Heaven as many people take a delight in postulating, without being able even to conceive its nature, the human ego, it may, I think, be safely affirmed, would be entirely unable to respond. And this being the case, it stands to reason that the conditions would fail to reach its consciousness. In other words, the possibilities of the other world to each are limited by the character and nature of the individual, which continue practically identical with what they were on this. The soul, by a law of super-nature, gravitates to conditions to which it is akin; and whether it be on this plane or elsewhere, the conditions in which the spirit of man is destined to function are made for the human spirit and not the human spirit for the

conditions. I am not here proposing to hold a brief for the accuracy of the present very curious narrative as a transcript of conditions on the other plane. I am quite ready to keep an open mind on the subject, and I can well imagine that there will be many divergences of opinion as to its genuineness as anything but a fantasy of the subconscious. All I claim to do is to maintain my faith in the absolute bona fides and sincerity of the learned and scholarly transmitter, whose experiences in an abnormal state it purports to record. To my personal belief in the illusory or allegorical character of many such experiences I have already alluded.

Zadkiel's Almanac and Ephemeris for 1918* is now to hand, and contains the usual interesting studies of the planetary positions for the year, and various notes on the nativities of King George, the German Emperor, the ex-Tsar Nicholas II, and the Emperor of Austria. As already intimated in this magazine, some powerfully favourable influences operate in King George's horoscope at the commencement of the new year, the trine of the Sun to Jupiter measuring to February next, and that of Jupiter conjunction Moon to March and April. A more dubious aspect, the quartile of the Moon to Mercury, coincides with the latter. The Sun reaches the sextile of Venus in this horoscope

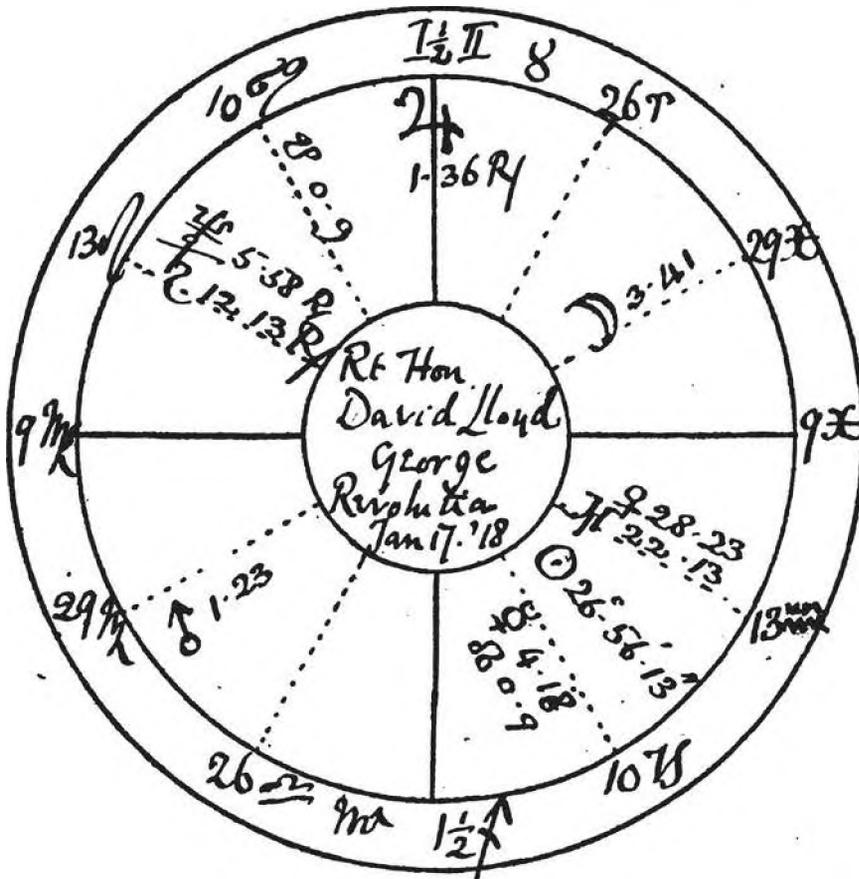
ZADKIEL'S next July in further corroboration of the prospect
ALMANAC. of an early peace. The angles of the figure are
not, however, free from affliction by Jupiter and Venus, though when these aspects fall must be dependent on the exactitude of the time of birth. I gather that the Editor of *Zadkiel's Almanac* has drawn the figure for four or five minutes before the official time supplied, and in the case of these latter aspects each four minutes approximately represents a year. The King's solar revolution strongly encourages these anticipations of peace, inasmuch as Jupiter is exactly setting while the Dragon's Head is rising at the return of the Sun to his place of birth at 8.45 p.m., June 3. The position of Jupiter on the cusp of the 7th House, the House of open enemies, is very significant in this connection, and though the major benefic is in square with Mars, the martial planet receives at the same time a trine of Mercury. It may be remembered that at the King's last solar revolution Saturn was very nearly culminating, threatening serious trouble and gravely vitiating an otherwise satisfactory figure.

* *Zadkiel's Almanac and Ephemeris* London: Simpkin Marshall, 7d. net

In writing of the Prime Minister's horoscope at the commencement of this year I drew attention to the very threatening aspects at his birthday figure, observing that "seldom indeed has any one undertaken so great a task under such menacing planetary configurations." The most threatening periods in this horoscope have been fully borne out by the course of events, and in fact, looking back, one feels that very accurate predictions might have been made, had one taken the Premier's horoscope as a guide to the course of events. The doubt, however, arose at the time whether Mr. Lloyd George would be able to retain the reins of power under such unfavourable planetary aspects. The year immediately succeeding this solar revolution began with an attempt on the Premier's life, followed in the very threatening month of May, when Saturn re-transited the opposition of the place of his Sun, by the collapse of the military forces of Russia, and, though brighter aspects corresponded with the more hopeful outlook in June, the conjunction of the Sun and Saturn in August, to which I alluded, coincided with the Russian defeat at Riga, and the abandonment of this very important position. It is not a little remarkable that Mr. Lloyd George's birthday figure for January 17, 1918, is as propitious as the previous one was ominous of evil. In this figure Jupiter exactly culminates in the 2nd degree of Gemini in exact trine with Mars and in sextile with the Moon, and though the Moon has only passed the opposition of Mars by some two or three degrees, this blemish in the figure is of little account in view of the mutual trine and sextile of the major benefic from the culminating degree. Military successes and triumph are very emphatically indicated. Zadkiel does not give the Prime Minister's horoscope in the present issue, but it may be found in an earlier number of the OCCULT REVIEW, and those who care to do so can compute the primary directions during the forthcoming twelvemonth from the speculum supplied. Should time allow, I hope to be able to summarize these in a future number. Meanwhile it will be noticed that while the transits of Saturn are still unfavourable in this horoscope during the first half of 1918, Venus is stationary on the ascending degree at the commencement of March, and the day for a year system of directing shows a trine of Mercury and Jupiter about the middle of the year—a position very favourable for peace negotiations.

Of the quarterly figures for London, the Vernal Equinox ruling the period from March 21 to June 22 is the most favour-

able, as the Sun culminates and applies to the sextile of Jupiter, and to the trine of Neptune and Saturn. The positions are not equally favourable at Petrograd, where Saturn ascends and Mercury culminates, indicating troubles and changes of government. In the figure for the coming winter solstice, Venus is in the ascendant, in exact sextile with the Moon, though attended by Uranus. The malefics, Saturn and Neptune, occupy the 7th House, the House of open enemies, while Jupiter is strongly



posited in the 4th angle—a promise of success, especially in the latter part of this quarter. The position of Mars on the angle at the summer solstice indicates a danger to the ruling powers and insecurity to the Government during the ensuing quarter. The most startling figure of any provided by these quarterly positions is that for Berlin at the Autumn Equinox. Here Uranus is exactly culminating in close opposition to Saturn and in square with

THE
QUARTERLY
FIGURES.

Mars—an appalling combination of evil planetary influences. The indications are of internal anarchy, revolution, and a reign of terror. It is noteworthy how frequently Uranus is productive of internal commotions and discords, as, for instance, when it transited Gemini, the sign ruling the United States of America during the war between North and South, and in the present case of Russia, producing revolution by its transit through that country's ruling sign, Aquarius. The close opposition of Saturn (representing the powers that be) and the square to Mars (violence) greatly accentuates and intensifies this indication. Rome and Italy are also likely to suffer evil effects from the positions at this figure, which, among other things, threatens danger from earthquakes, owing to the angular positions of the planetary configurations. The editor of *Zadkiel* draws attention to the stationary position of Saturn in close opposition to the Kaiser's Sun in April next and the coinciding square of Uranus with his Moon and also to the malefic transits of Mars in opposition to important points in the natal figure during the month of March. The primary directions in this horoscope during next year do not strike me as possessing very great significance, but I can hardly think that William II will be able to weather the storm indicated by the planetary configurations operating during the coming spring.

During the month of May Jupiter transits the ascendant of London—a fortunate indication for the Metropolis in particular, and the Empire at large. This is followed by a total eclipse of the Sun on June 8 (invisible in Europe) in which the planet Jupiter is only distant by 5 degrees from the conjoined luminaries.

There has been a good deal of discussion recently, especially in occult circles, with regard to the latest activities in this country of what is denominated the Old Catholic Church. This branch of Catholicism has shown a certain sympathy towards the doctrines of modern occultism, especially in connection with the more mystical side of the Christian religion and ritual. Certain of its official representatives combine pronouncedly broad views on ecclesiastical subjects with a tendency to interpret their religion generally in terms of a profound esotericism. The following particulars have been supplied to me by a leading light in this significant religious movement, which seems to be one of the more remarkable signs of the changed attitude of religious thought in this country.

THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

Much interest has been created during the last ten years in the branch of the Catholic Church known as "Old Catholic," and it will doubtless be of interest to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW to have an outline of its origin and its present status in this country.

In the year 1870 by the decrees of the Vatican Council the dogma of papal infallibility was defined and promulgated and, although accepted by the large majority, a minority of distinguished prelates and theologians determined to resist this, to them, utterly untenable doctrine in whatever form it might be issued. Supported, however, by the might and majesty of the Church of Rome and under the enormous pressure which that arm of the Church is capable of wielding to further its own ends, most of the recalcitrant bishops eventually gave their adhesion to the decrees of the Vatican. The renowned theologian Dr. Döllinger, with a considerable following, remained firm and in 1871 entered into relationship with the historical Dutch Church, and two years later Professor J. H. Reinkens, of Breslau, was duly elected Bishop of the Community and consecrated by Bishop Heykamp of Deventer. From that time forward the movement made considerable progress in other countries, notably in Austria, Italy and Mexico.

It is estimated that in Germany alone there were ninety congregations with adherents of 60,000 served by sixty priests.

In Switzerland forty parishes were known to exist, and in Austria fifteen churches with an agglomerate congregation of 15,000.

In Paris and Rome, with greater difficulties to contend with, the number of Old Catholics did not exceed a few hundreds, and the same can be said of America.

At the present day in Holland, which must be regarded as the fountain head, there exists an established church consisting of archbishop, bishops and clergy, who administer to eight thousand souls.

In the year 1908, Dr. Arnold H. Mathew was consecrated by the Archbishop of Utrecht and came to England with the intention of establishing a branch of the Old Catholic Church in this country. A seminary was founded under the control of bishops auxiliary and a small number of clergy ordained for the work, but largely owing to the lack of any form of endowment the progress made was slow; eventually in 1915 Dr. Mathew and some of his co-workers made unqualified submission to the see of Rome.

The movement is now in the hands of those who received episcopal consecration from this line of succession.

With the heritage of indisputably valid orders, great hopes are entertained by those interested, that with the broader outlook of the present clergy the results will be commensurately large.

It is with deep regret that I have to announce the death of Mr. Sijil Abdul-Ali. He was killed, whilst in hospital in France, as a result of an attack by enemy aircraft, on the night following Sunday, September 30. The following particulars concerning his life and work have been supplied to me by Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, who was one of his oldest and closest friends.

Sijil Abdul-Ali was born in London on August 1, 1889. He was

educated at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, W., where he showed a marked ability for mathematical studies; and, passing the requisite examination, he entered the Board of Trade. Besides mathematics, he studied physics and chemistry to some purpose; but it was the more theoretical side of the natural sciences that attracted him, his mind being essentially of a philosophical bent. Whilst not a member of any specific Church, he was of a deeply religious temperament, a true mystic, in whom a gentle vein of asceticism, a spirit of geniality and a keen sense of humour combined to produce a character most lovable and honourable. He was a very active member of the Alchemical Society, and its Honorary Secretary from May, 1913. He was a frequent speaker at the meetings of this Society, and contributed some exceedingly valuable articles to its Journal. To readers of the OCCULT REVIEW he is probably best known as the writer of some very interesting and illuminative essays on the Kabalah. These were to have formed chapters in a book dealing with this abstruse subject, which unfortunately he was not able to finish, though some unpublished matter still remains, which it is hoped may appear in due course. Deep sympathy will be felt for his wife, *née* Daisy Marion Payne, to whom he was married only a few months ago.

In reference to a notice of *West African Folk Tales, collected and arranged by W. H. Barker and Cecilia Sinclair*, appearing in the last issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, I regret that the name of the publishers of this book was accidentally omitted. They are Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co., 3 Portsmouth Street, W.C. 2.

MODERN SURVIVALS OF OLD BELIEFS

BY L. J. DICKINSON

PEOPLE in towns write books on Folklore, and talk about witches and charms and spells always in the past tense, but those who live in Celtic districts know that these things exist in the present ; in fact, that the old beliefs and customs are still going on.

My own experience is chiefly in Cornwall, but I am told that many practices, extant in Cornwall, are even commoner in Ireland and Wales.

It is not surprising that this county, one of the most ancient and remote parts of Great Britain, should still abound in curious beliefs and legends, for it was the home of several vanished races before even the Celt came on the scene.

One race has left solid evidence of its stay here in the great stone monuments that are scattered all over the county, whose erection shows that the builders must have possessed mechanical skill and, as Sir Norman Lockyer points out, considerable astronomical knowledge.

Another race is said by archæologists to have been pygmies of a negroid type. Some writers have thought that the old stories of fairies originated in tales of these little folk, who no doubt fled into the wilds of moor and mountain before the advance of taller and fiercer tribes, such as the Iberians, a people for whom there is more tangible evidence.

Later still came the Celts, who in their turn conquered and colonized Great Britain. It is probable that they adopted and assimilated some of the beliefs and customs of earlier inhabitants, and that their priestly caste, the Druids, made use, for religious ceremonies, of the great stone monuments they found already in existence.

With such a variety of races there must have been strange beliefs and practices of many kinds, though in most parts of England the old ideas have now died out. Perhaps they have persisted longer in Cornwall and Wales because even the modern Celts have a stronger sense of the unseen than the ordinary Anglo-Saxon, for, descended as they are from an older race, their forefathers were more developed in soul and spirit than the heathen hordes who drove them westward.

In any case, they have retained a knowledge of the influence of mind on matter, which, whether it works through spells, or charms, or Christian Science, is very much the same.

There is not really much difference between my friend the old roadmender and a Christian Science healer. The former has treated, from a distance, the child of my neighbour, for warts, by some mysterious spell, and the latter concentrates his mind on the health of a patient, and gives "absent treatment" to a person unknown to him.

In the old roadmender's case, all he requires is the name of the patient; and he never takes payment: You may give him tobacco if you like, but it must be on some other occasion.

Another form of mental influence, which is very common in Cornwall, is "ill wishing." To "ill wish," or to "over-look," is to injure by some spell or charm, and perhaps the power to do so, which some persons undoubtedly possess, may be explained if we consider it from a psychological point of view.

No one now can deny the influence of the mind on the body, and almost every one grants the truth of telepathy, even if they themselves are too dense psychically, or too weak in concentrative power, to receive an impression, or to transmit one.

It will be noticed that a witch,* i.e. any one who is credited with the power to "ill wish" or "over-look," is always a person of determined character, with considerable will-power. If such a man or woman takes an object, a sheep's or a bullock's heart for choice, and sticks it full of pins, and burns it slowly, "saying words," a spell that is, while it is being consumed, he or she is, all that time, intently concentrating the mind on injuring the individual personified by the heart. If the person thought of is impressionable and sensitive the evil wish penetrates the astral body. It may develop merely as a depressing influence, or it may affect the victim so much as to cause actual bodily illness. It is said, if the intended victim is upright, and is also a strong character, that the "ill-wish" cannot affect him, for the soul is then like an armour of light, and is proof against evil influences, in which case the unused force rebounds towards the witch and injures him or her. Evidently St. Paul knew about these occult influences, for he tells his disciples to put on the whole armour of light.

Spells for good purposes are in constant use in Cornwall. These are cast by a "white witch," and their object is to relieve pain,

* In Cornwall, the word *witch* is used equally for men and women: *wizards* are never heard of.

to soothe the irritation caused by insect bites, and even to remove an evil spell. An old man, whom I knew well, worked his charms by twisting an ash or willow wand round the part affected, and "saying words." He was very successful in curing both people and animals.

In most cases that have come within my personal knowledge, I think the result may be attributed to the influence of mind on matter, but undoubtedly there are other happenings not so easily accounted for.

Some years ago an old woman lived near me called Mrs. Tregay,* who was believed to have "over-looked" many of her neighbours. She was a person of strong character and great magnetic force. You either liked her, or shrank from her in fear; she had also great power over animals, and her donkey obeyed her voice and followed her about like a dog. Most of her neighbours were so frightened of her that they avoided even passing her on the road.

She once met her match in witchcraft in Mr. Hale, the "white witch" of a neighbouring town, who died recently. His ostensible profession was that of a herbalist, and he always used to attend the local market, where his remedies could be bought, and his advice obtained on more occult matters. The story of how he released a man from old Philippa Tregay's spell is well-known in the district, but unfortunately it is not suitable for publication; anyhow it was quite successful.

It must be remembered that a white witch uses his or her powers for *good* purposes, the black witch for *evil* ones. That is the only difference between them. This same white witch Mr. Hale was mixed up in another case that concerned a woman I know very well. Her husband had fallen ill with a strange wasting disease, which baffled the local doctor, and the friends of the patient said he was "over-looked," so his wife, Mrs. Crowle, decided to consult Mr. Hale. She invited another woman for company, and they drove off to the village where he lived. Mr. Hale was at home, and after hearing their business, took them into an inner room, and told Mrs. Crowle to gaze steadily in a mirror that he showed her, saying that there she would see the face of the person who had bewitched her husband. Mrs. Crowle looked fixedly in the glass, expecting to see Mrs. Tregay, for it was she who was generally thought to have "over-looked" Mr. Crowle; but to her horror and surprise, the face that appeared in the

* I have changed the names for obvious reasons: otherwise the stories are related as they happened, or as they were told me.

mirror was not that of Mrs. Tregay, but of old Mrs. Crowle, the husband's mother! It gave the seer such a shock that she fled from the room, and hastily departed.

On the drive home, the two women thought over every unpleasant incident connected with the mother-in-law, but all they could remember as a reason for "ill-wishing," was a quarrel about some butter!

The curious thing to us, of course, is that a face should appear in the mirror at all, and I can suggest no explanation except that the mirror may be used as the crystal is by clairvoyants, and that most of the gazers are rather psychic. It is not very long since this occurred, and I have come across other cases where a glass has been used to discover who was the person casting the spell.

Pigs and cattle can be "ill-wished" as well as people, so that they waste away and die, and some envious neighbour is thought to be at the bottom of it. There is a farm which has always had the reputation of being under curious influences; in fact, it is still believed to be haunted. In the life-time of a man still living (and it was he who related the tale) it was "bewitched" on a very extensive scale. Day after day the animals were found dead, and everything went wrong. The crops were a failure, and even the butter "wouldn't come." At last the owners, Mr. Rosewarne and his wife, decided to journey to Exeter, to consult a famous white witch who lived there. The witch was a man of extraordinary gifts, and his fame had spread through all Devon and Cornwall. Mr. Rosewarne was so much impressed by him (for the witch showed an intimate knowledge of his, Rosewarne's, private life, before any information had been imparted), that he engaged him to come back with him to the Old Cromlech Farm to remove the spell. This was done at midnight with due ceremony. The Rosewarnes and the "witch," all the household and the labourers, each holding a lantern or a light of some kind in the hand, perambulated the farm, going through every field, and into every barn and stable, while the white witch repeated psalms as they marched along, and "said words" from time to time, with the result that the evil spell was removed, and the crops and the cattle flourished again.

What the "words" are, which are used in the spell, may only be revealed on the death-bed, and then only to a person of the opposite sex. The charm cannot be handed on even from mother to daughter, but the woman must choose a man to be the successor to her knowledge, and vice-versâ.

In but one case have I been able to ascertain the words used in the spell. It is a charm for stopping bleeding; the girl who told me about it had cut her hand badly, so that the hæmorrhage was profuse. She hastened to a man that she knew possessed the blood-charm, and she was alert enough to catch the words. The old man took her hand, and said—

Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Baptized in the river of Jordan.
The water was wild and rude—
Christ was mild and good—
He bade it stand, and it stood.
So may the blood of Mary Brown
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

This has to be repeated three times, using the patient's own name in the right place, and then the bleeding will stop, which, according to my informant, it always does.

One would not expect these words to affect the circulation of a person, still less that of an animal; yet the same charm was once used to injure a neighbour, by spoiling the carcase of a pig he had just killed. The pig, a very fine one it was said, was slaughtered in the usual way by cutting its throat. A man, standing by, who was filled with envy at its goodly proportions, muttered this charm, and at once the blood stopped flowing. It congealed within the carcase, rendering it unfit for food, and causing considerable loss to the owner. There is nothing I know of which can account for this. Perhaps some student of the occult can throw light upon it?

In many parts of the world, gipsies are credited with occult powers, and certainly in Cornwall people are afraid of offending them. Sometimes they trade on the fear they arouse to make the cottagers buy worthless brooms and brushes for twice their value. On other occasions they just look at a person, and give advice or warning, without asking for, or expecting, payment.

A few days ago a gipsy woman called at a little farm near here, and told the wife that there was money coming to her in a letter. This seemed most unlikely, but the next morning the woman, to her great surprise, received a letter with a considerable sum of money in it.

A disgusting form of ill-wishing by a gipsy, causing vermin, took place in Cornwall, and the victims were all known to me.

A woman, called Mrs. Price, kept a little shop, and a gipsy came to her, urging her to buy her wares, which Mrs. Price refused. The gipsy became angry and abusive, and could not be got rid of. At last she departed, and it was noticed that she looked

very carefully at the name John Price, written over the shop door.

The next day, the woman living opposite, whose name was also Price, came rushing in, in great excitement and distress, with her baby little John Price in her arms. She showed the people in the shop that the child was absolutely covered with vermin, which was incomprehensible, as they were very clean people, and there had not been a vestige of such a thing even the day before. The only way the visitation could be accounted for was the gipsy's curse, for it is well known that an ill-wish, or a curse, if directed at a family, or indiscriminately at a name, always goes to the youngest, and the baby, little John Price, was the youngest of that name. No doubt the gipsy had intended to injure the husband whose name was over the shop.

Another gipsy had a quarrel with John Cardew, whom I used to know, and went out from his cottage in wrath. When outside, the Cardews noticed that she was making a "ring," or circle in the road, and seemed to be "saying words."

From that day forth John Cardew's youngest little girl ceased to grow. She was then about eight, so as she grew up she became a dwarf. This misfortune was always attributed to the family being "ill-wished" by the gipsy, and the spell falling, as is the custom, on the youngest.

It is always believed that running water has great power. No witch, however malevolent, can cast a spell if running water be between her and her victim, so if you have reason to dread the enmity of a "wise woman," you should go and live the other side of a stream. I have been told of several persons who moved from one side of the parish to the other, in order to have running water between them and their enemy.

Perhaps ghosts in Cornwall are even more plentiful than witches. They are of many kinds, and to some of them the people get so accustomed that no sense of fear remains, others are annoying, and a few are regarded with terror.

There is a cottage in this parish which was formerly haunted by sounds of music, supposed to be the former occupant going on with his fiddling in the next world. The story is that some time in the eighties a Humphrey Digory had there lived alone and died. I was told he had had a crooked back, so made a living by shoe-making, but all his spare time was spent in playing the violin. He died suddenly and the cottage remained empty till a couple named Joshua and Rebecca Guy became the tenants, unaware that there was anything odd about it, yet every night they heard the unceasing sound of music. They did not enjoy it

at all; it prevented their sleeping and upset their nerves. The husband was especially annoyed, and at last he got up one night in a real rage, went to the top of the stairs, and used, I was told, "very furious language to Mr. Digory," with the result that the poor ghost went away, and the music was heard no more. This seems to show that the violent vibrations set up by the angry man were felt by the inhabitant of the astral world, who had had, probably, no idea that he was troubling anybody.

Animal ghosts, or what are known in other countries as werewolves, have been seen in Cornwall. They are generally associated with human beings who in life had been very wicked. It is not clear whether they are the persons themselves, or a familiar spirit.

In Germany and Russia there are many stories of werewolves, who actually were the debased souls of wicked men and women, which could slip out of the living human form while the body was asleep in bed, and could go out into the night to satisfy their craving for blood by killing sheep, sometimes even human beings. These, it is said, could materialize to a certain extent, and so were visible to ordinary people.

In France the werewolf is known as the loup-garou, and has the same characteristics, but in Great Britain it takes a less harmful form, and is associated, not with the living, but the dead.

In this part of Cornwall there are several were-animals: a white rat frequents the quay of Boscastle harbour, and is supposed to be the uneasy spirit of an old man who had lived there, and whose chief characteristic was miserliness. It is quite harmless; in that respect very unlike the white rabbit of Egloshayle, which haunts the corner of the churchyard, and whoever sees it dies, or meets with great trouble within a short time.

Nearer my home a spectral calf is sometimes encountered. It is said to be the ghost of a noted cattle dealer called Jobber Mail, who lived in an adjacent parish, and who made a fortune by unfair dealing, and was a very bad character in other ways. After his death the people who took his farm were disturbed every night by the appearance at the door of a huge calf, or yearling, making uncanny sounds, and they knew it was Jobber Mail. At last they could endure it no longer, and sent for the parson. What he did is not related, but anyhow he cleared the farm of the haunting, and Jobber Mail was removed to the seashore.

An old woman, who is now dead, used to relate how it was done. When she was a young girl, she was weeding corn on a hill

side, and she was surprised to see on the opposite side of the valley, "seven black men on seven black horses" riding towards the shore, with long whips in their hands, and all whipping in one direction at something that was not visible to her, though she knew they were banishing Jobber Mail to the beach called Trebar-with Strand. His penalty was to make beams of sand, and there is a hole in the rocks, called Jobber Mail's Hole, to this day. What the old woman had witnessed was evidently an exorcising ceremony, and it apparently required seven parsons in their clerical garb, mounted on black horses.

Jobber Mail is not now always tied to the shore; sometimes he wanders inland and several persons have seen him. Once he was met by the Treveague sexton, who, as he said, gave the phantom a "stripe" with his stick, and "it felt like striping a pack of wool," yet the stick was splintered into matchwood, and the man was seized with such terror that he ran all the way home, more than three miles!

The other local story is of a ghostly dog with fiery eyes who goes by the name of Gobbo, and is associated with an old man who lived at a house that is now in ruins. It is said that he was "wicked beyond ordinary human wickedness, so that he cannot rest." This apparition also has been seen by people who are known to me.

Not only do we hear of magic in the shape of spectral shapes and sounds, but the milder forms are practised to this day by quite harmless people. For instance, the custom of divining one's fate on All Hallow E'en by means of eggs, melting lead, and tea-leaves is very common.

To discover the occupation of her future husband, a maiden will take an egg at midnight, prick it, and let the white run into a wine-glass full of water. In the morning the albumen has taken all sorts of fantastic shapes that may be deciphered as quarry ladders, ploughs, rigging of ships and other forms. Last year they told me that the omens looked more like things to do with soldiers, resembling rifles and pits or trenches!

Another method of ascertaining your future husband is to weed a parsley bed at noon on Midsummer Day without turning your head. When you have finished, the first young man you see on leaving the garden is your destined husband. If no young man turns up you remain single.

A very prevalent idea in Celtic districts is that you must never rear kittens born in May, for they would bring snakes into the house. Nor must you ever do washing on New Year's

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Day, or you would wash away all your luck. And no sensible person in Cornwall will consent to wash bedding in May—for "If you wash your blankets in May, you will wash your friends away." This applies to the spring cleaning, not to the weekly wash. May is also unlucky for buying brooms and brushes, for if you do, one of the family dies within the year.

When cleaning the house on Candlemas Day (Feb. 2) you must be sure to reverse the order of your sweeping and sweep inwards, not out of the house, or you will sweep your luck away.

When I first knew Cornwall, much more was said about the piskies, or fairies, than we hear now. We were often told how the piskies were supposed to live in the tangled slopes of a valley near our house; and quite lately a woman, in talking to me of her childhood, mentioned that she had often heard the piskies in that valley. When she was young she had lived there, in a cottage now in ruins. She said the piskies would come round the place in the evening making "a great clatter with their curious voices." Her mother was always very frightened when she heard the sound, and used to bolt the door, and even put a form across it as well, for fear the piskies should get in.

I tried to find out what the voices were like, but my old friend could not tell me, beyond saying they were shrill, and like nothing else she had ever heard.

It is not only Cornish people who get into touch with the unseen in this district. For instance the Bells of Forrabury have been heard even by stray visitors. The legend is well known, how bells were being brought from over the sea for the Church at Forrabury, and owing to the profanity of the captain, the vessel was wrecked off Tintagel Head, and the captain and crew and the bells went to the bottom; only the pious pilot survived. Yet sometimes those bells may be heard ringing a distinct peal, sometimes sadly tolling from the depths of the ocean. The legend may have arisen to account for the sound of bells, which is undoubtedly audible to many people.

It has been suggested that the sound comes from another plane, and that the hearing of it indicates that the astral sense is being awakened. Cornwall is full of hints of the kind, as if the barrier between this world and the next were thinner here than in most places.

The tales and legends all show that the Celt is more conscious than most of us of the workings of the subjective mind, and that, though he may be as material in some ways as the ordinary

Anglo-Saxon, yet he still retains a sense of the unseen and of the antiquity and beauty of the ancient Celtic civilization.

This is borne out by the legend with which I will conclude.

It is said in Tintagel, that when King Arthur was slain, the famous Round Table disappeared ; no one knows what has become of it, but those who know most, say it was buried in Bossinney Mound. And once a year it becomes visible to " those who can see," and that is at midnight, on Midsummer's Eve, when it rises in a mysterious way from its long concealment in the ancient barrow, and may be seen hovering over it, shining with so great a light as to illumine the world for the brief moment that it remains visible.

Then it sinks again into the great Mound, and is lost in the unknown darkness for another whole year.

THE LIFE OF TREES

By ANGEL MARTYN

A FEW years ago a great many questions were rife as to what *life* really was. The remark was made that *motion* is not always *life*!

Without a *doubt* life is the possession of a conscious self.

As to how anything arrives at the point of existence when the consciousness of being an individual and possessing a separate existence comes, one cannot tell.

As, however, this creation of what we call a living spirit, that is of being conscious of individuality, is what is called *life*, there can be no doubt that all life is the same.

Trees are nearer to the human race than many would believe. To many of us also a tree is not merely a nature-made sunshade to hide under in sunshine, or to shelter under in storm, or to use as fuel in the cold days of winter's discontent. It is a loved object, a creation of surpassing beauty, and moreover it possesses a conscious self, suitable to its requirements, and if so may possess likes and dislikes, be a friend or a foe.

Some one many years ago, no doubt considered mad then because possessing a deeper knowledge, a more profound intelligence than others, said that the way a tree would send its roots down in search of water almost gave the impression that the tree must have a *certain* intelligence.

How some people must have laughed at the idea of a tree having intelligence!

If the tree sends down its roots to search for water not in that mechanical motion which is said *not* to constitute life, but because it can feel what we call *thirst*, then the tree has a quality we have ourselves, it has the want of food and the knowledge of how to feed itself, which is *really* the outward and visible sign of life from the first cry of a human baby or fatherless sparrow, down to the smallest insect that crawls upon this earth when it is *alive*.

While we eat and drink we live, if we cease to do so we die.

If the tree can feel thirst it can also feel hunger. It fights for its existence as we all do. It sleeps at night. One of our well-known parks had some celebrated trees. These trees a few years ago began to fade and look as if they were about to die.

Experts were called in, but no remedy could be found. At last some one discovered the truth. The trees were dying for want of sleep, the cause being that big electric lights had been placed near them and kept them awake too long at night.

Trees then eat, drink and sleep, and must do this, experiencing the same sensations in so doing as we do ourselves.

A few years ago a scientist who has devoted many years of his life to studying trees found that all leaves when put inside a strong microscope show strange markings.

He spent years in trying to discover what these markings were, but they were so small, it was only on the biggest leaves that he met with success. These he photographed and magnified so largely that in the end he found they were undoubtedly eyes. They were large circles, and in them appeared pictures of various objects passing by.

Once when remarking on this to a man noted for his flirtations, he looked quite scared for a bit, then said :—

“ Thank goodness they have not tongues too.”

Suppose they have! The strange rustlings they make in leaf-time, so different a sound is given by each tree, suppose these are the tongues of the trees! If we had only turned our ears to hear, what lovely nature secrets the leafy tongues of a tree might teach us!

If a tree possesses eyes, sleeps at night like we do, hungers and thirsts, then it surely possesses a conscious self such as we do also, and can no doubt love and hate.

How the trees bend and shiver before a storm, invisible to us at the time, breaks upon us!

I have seen trees shiver and bend thus under a sunny sky and the day hot and cloudless—no sign of a storm anywhere, yet in an hour's time we were experiencing a deluge. The trees knew that storm was coming.

In Ireland, in the wild country parts where the children of Erin are in such close touch with nature, the peasants will sometimes *warn* you.

“ Do not go near the trees to-night, for the spirits of the dead are in them.” Some folks will laugh at this, but there is no doubt that a spirit can project itself into a tree. Think how some nights—not all nights, for some nights and also some days to those who observe things, are different to other days, and other nights—an icy shiver goes down a person's back in passing trees.

A friend of mine who had spent many years in the Far East and had dipped into the forbidden art of black magic, solemnly

assured me that the spirit of a dead man *can* enter a tree—a tree is so near the human race in nature !

He said once that his native servants began to have some sort of 'fits, and when thus suffering they always spoke with the same voice, and that voice not belonging to any of them.

One day it would be the cook, the next day the gardener, but it was always the same voice that spoke. He employed his black magic to communicate with the spirit that was possessing them, and it answered him and said it was the spirit of an old man who had not been properly buried. The spirit declared it would continue to annoy them all until it *was* properly buried.

He said :—

“ If you are as you say you are, the spirit of a man, you must give me some tangible proof of it.”

The old man replied :—

“ Look at those trees ! ”

There were two trees standing up against the copper sky, not a leaf stirring in the sultry oppressive heat ; and as he looked one of them began to contort itself in a sickening manner. It twisted about like a living serpent. Then there it was again standing stiffly against the copper sky, not a leaf stirring, and the voice came from his native gardener, apparently in a fit, saying :—

“ I was in that tree.”

As one can imagine, he had the old man buried as soon as possible.

Let us hope it does not hurt a tree or any green friend when its flowers are plucked or cut off.

It may not do so, as flowers seem made to be enjoyed. Cutting our hair and finger nails gives no pain (have you ever thought how remarkable this is ?), so it may be that the rose when it is plucked experiences no suffering.

My tree, my teacher, pointing to Heaven's blue,
A tangled mystery of light and emerald hue,
Give me thy peace, and let my tired head rest,
Friend of my careless youth, upon thy breast ;
So deep a sympathy exists twixt thee and me,
My friend unchanging, my beloved tree.

THE WEIRD IN THE WEST COUNTRY

By REGINALD B. SPAN

THE extreme West of England, that region of beautiful scenery, romantic traditions, and interesting historical associations, can produce more ghost stories and weird legends than any other part of England. Most of these "superstitions" are based on a solid foundation of truth, and are as well authenticated as any human testimony and evidence can be. There is a saying in the West Country that "Superstition clings to the granite," and there is no doubt there is some truth in it, for it is on or near those five great islands of granite, of which Dartmoor is one, that we find the strangest accounts of the "Night Side of Nature."

Fairies, pixies, ghosts, witches, phantom hounds, horses, coaches and vessels; and haunted houses, glens, moors, pools, bridges, etc., abound in these wild and beautiful solitudes.

The tradition of the "Midnight Hunter" and his spectral hounds prevails in all parts of the West. In Cornwall it is associated with the famous Tregeagle, whose exploits, chiefly evil in life, and weird and gruesome after death, would fill a volume. Dartmoor is the unhappy hunting-ground of a spectral huntsman attired in black, who follows a pack of monstrous hounds with gleaming eyes and savage mien along the Abbot's Way, an ancient road which extends into Cornwall. They are known locally as the "Wish Hounds," and, according to the natives of the moor, are often to be heard on stormy nights, their wild baying and the blasts of the huntsman's horn mingling with the wailing and sighing of the wind. The valley of the Dewerstone is another locality which can boast of this phenomenon, and there the phantom hounds are known as the Yell Hounds. In yet another place they are called the "Hell Hounds." There is a tradition that the unquiet spirit of Sir Francis Drake still visits the "pale glimpses of the moon," and may on certain nights, when the moon is full, be seen driving a hearse along the road towards Plymouth, drawn by black horses and followed by several black dogs of great size.

In the parish of St. Teath in Cornwall there lived an old squire

named George Cheney, an eccentric recluse, who, whilst he avoided human beings, was devoted to animals. He kept a pack of hounds which were treated with the greatest kindness, and were all the world to the old man. Most of the pack died in a mysterious manner, and, it is supposed, were poisoned by a man who owed the Squire a grudge. Old Cheney was heart-broken over the loss of his dogs and did not live long after. It is asserted that both he and his pack of hounds have been seen after their death, and the baying of the animals has often been heard on Cheney Downs on moonlight nights, when it was the custom of the eccentric old man to take his dogs for a run during their lifetime. In the *Alleged Haunting of B—House* (by the late Marquis of Bute) it is stated on good authority that several dogs haunted that old Scotch mansion, frequently accompanied by their late master, a Major S—. These dogs, on the death of their master, met with an untimely end. It is an indisputable fact that the ghosts of these animals were seen and heard frequently some time after their death, by inmates of the house and occasional visitors.

One of the best-known stories amongst the country folk of Devon regarding the Wish Hounds is the following legend: One night a native of Dartmoor was riding home from the annual fair at Widdecombe, where he had done good business and consequently drunk a good deal of cider, finally taking a nip of something stronger to keep out the cold and fortify himself against possible meetings with the pixies and ghosts which haunt the moor.

He had crossed the great ridge of Hambledon and was ascending to a moorland plateau, on which there are some old Druidical remains—a circle of great upright stones (something similar in a lesser degree to that at Stonehenge), where strange things are said to happen on All Hallows Eve—when suddenly there came through the misty silence, the tooting of a horn and baying of hounds in full cry, and as he drew rein to listen more attentively, there swept past him a pack of hounds, followed at a short distance by a huntsman in black. Still under the influence of the potent liquor he had imbibed, the farmer met the phantom horseman with reckless courage, and as he drew level with him, shouted out gaily: "Hullo! Old Nick, what sort of sport! Show us some of your game."

"There you are!" answered the Black Rider grimly, and threw him something which the farmer caught and held in his arm. As the phantoms passed on and were lost to view in the

mist, he examined the object which he held, by the fitful light of the moon. It was not a hare or a fox, but a dead baby—and that baby he recognized as his own! He put spurs to his horse, and regardless of the rough nature of the ground, galloped on to his house in the heart of the moor. As he drew rein at the garden gate his wife rushed out frantic with grief, to tell him that their child had disappeared. The window had been opened and the cot was empty. The husband, too heart-broken to speak, pointed to the limp little form he carried, and later he described what had occurred. They sold their home and left that locality as soon as possible. (This incident was related by a blacksmith at Moreton Hampstead to a well-known clergyman.)

The valley of the Camel, in Cornwall, is one of the most haunted regions in the West. There are quite a number of haunted houses and places in that sleepy and picturesque vale.

About two miles up the river there is the little hamlet of Egloshayle, which possesses (or used to) a unique spectre in the form of a large white rabbit with luminous pink eyes.

The scene of this strange phenomenon is the road in front of the old grey church, where it passes between the river and the church. On bright moonlight nights wayfarers along that road were wont to see a large white rabbit suddenly appear from the shadows of the great chestnut trees and gambol about in the full light of the moon on the grassy open space beside the road. Sometimes it would run in front of the passer-by, and, sitting in the middle of the road, look up with fearless eyes as if to question the right of any human being to pass that way after dark. At other times it would follow the human intruder for a distance along the road, and nothing would drive it away. Blows from sticks and stones had no effect whatever. The villagers know what it is, and are in mortal terror of the white rabbit; not one of them would meet it if possible to avoid it, much less try to catch it, and the most reckless would not dream of throwing stones at the phantom.

Once a postman, finding the rabbit at his heels, ran as hard as he could down the road in a panic of terror, then thinking he had left it behind, stopped and turned round, and there the creature was still close behind, so he struck at it with all his force, and only shivered his stout stick. The rabbit merely lopped on with the utmost unconcern. No one knows the origin of this strange thing. The oldest inhabitant will swear that it has always been there. "Bad luck" had always attended those

who attempted to injure the animal, and so they left it alone and wisely gave it a wide berth. A stranger once made a deliberate attempt to dispose of the phantom for good and all, and his own death was the immediate consequence. He arrived one evening at the principal inn and was taking refreshment in the bar room, when some one came in and stated that the "white rabbit" was about again. In reply to his query as to what that referred to, he was told the history of the local phenomenon, at which he laughed heartily. "Why don't you shoot the creature!" he exclaimed scornfully, "why should you be afraid of a rabbit? Show me where it is, and I'll soon put an end to its gambols."

He was advised not to try. "Some great harm will cum to tha' surely," said one old yokel, "tha'd best lave un alone." The stranger was persistent, so a gun was procured, and armed with this he proceeded down the moon-lit road to the church, which was dimly visible amongst the trees. No one then volunteered to accompany him, but later several men, fearing that harm might come to the stranger, agreed to follow him in a body. On nearing the church, the sharp report of a gun rang out. "He's shootin' the rabbit," said one in an awed whisper. However, when they reached the spot no one could be seen or heard, and after a search the dead body of the man was found by the churchyard wall, with the contents of the gun in his body. How it happened no one ever knew, but it was surmised that in getting over the low wall he handled the gun carelessly and it went off.

Further up the Camel Valley we come to the domain of the "wicked Tregeagle," which is still supposed to be visited by his restless unlaid ghost.

The old manor house where he spent his last days is now a farmhouse. In the Lord of Tregeagle's time it was the scene of wild revelry and much evil doing. There are all sorts of weird tales about the ghost of Tregeagle and the places he is alleged to haunt. There are few people in Cornwall who have not heard of him. In his lifetime he was very rich, and his wealth in those degenerate days bought for him the right and freedom to commit any crime he pleased without coming within the pale of the law.

As a magistrate he was unjust and tyrannical and did exactly as he pleased, and innocent men were found guilty and sentenced for his own evil deeds. He was guilty of more than one murder, and there was hardly a crime he had not committed. His death was a horrible sight, and he passed away in terror of Powers Un-

seen. With regard to the alleged haunting of his old house the following story is told.

One afternoon the farmer and his wife, who were then dwelling there, went to the town to do some shopping, leaving no one in the house, which was securely locked up. It was late in the autumn, and when they returned darkness had fallen. As they passed through the old-world garden they caught a glimpse of the house through the trees, and were astounded to see the whole place lighted up. They hurried on, wondering what on earth had happened in their quiet and rather sombre abode.

As they approached the unshuttered windows of the ground floor, the sight that met their startled gaze brought them to a sudden halt. Brilliant light streamed through the windows. Strange forms in the costumes of a long bygone age were passing to and fro. They could see tables gleaming with silver and glass, and covered with choice viands, decanters and bottles, hothouse flowers and fruit. The furniture was ancient and costly, and a luxurious splendour prevailed which the worthy couple had never dreamed of. Music, laughter, shouts, oaths, snatches of obscene song greeted their ears. A beautiful girl was trying to get on to one of the tables amid a chorus of song, when the good farmer, aroused from his stupefaction and indignant that such "goings on" should occur in his respectable home, rushed with an angry exclamation to the door. In an instant every light went out and there was dead silence. They entered to find there was no one there, and all was exactly the same as when they left the house—not a thing out of place.

In another haunted house in the Camel Valley, the ghost of a cavalier of the time of Charles I appears. He is a handsome, distinguished-looking man, with a very sad and sensitive face. He passes through the rooms of the upper floor, apparently searching for something, or some one, and stops to examine the floors and walls, as if looking for some hidden recess or trap door. Years ago the bones of a full grown man were found beneath the flooring of one of the rooms, and the remains of a costume such as was worn in the time of Charles I.

At one time in the West Country clergymen were called upon to exorcise ghosts, and some became quite famous as the layers of unquiet spirits. However, on one occasion the ghost of a parson had to be laid, and for a parson to lay a parson was like Greek meeting Greek. This clergyman was buried with all the rites of the church in the village churchyard. When the mourners returned to the rectory after the funeral, with many

lamentations and expressions of regret and esteem for the "dear departed," great was their amazement and consternation on entering the library to behold the good old man, whom they had just left safely deposited for his "last rest" in God's acre, seated stern, silent, and rigidly upright in his favourite arm-chair. It was indeed scandalous after all the prayers which had been said and tears that had been shed, to find him thus; and the boldest of them in quavering tones bade him depart. The old man had no intention of going, and every evening after nightfall the inmates of the house had the doubtful pleasure of seeing once again the familiar features of their deceased kinsman, sad and stern, amid the gloom of his old study.

Their entreaties and prayers were in vain, the spectre was obdurate, and would not leave his old accustomed seat; so at last it was decided to call in a notable ghost layer (also a parson), who knew exactly how to deal with intractable spirits. This gentleman was quite successful. He spoke kindly and gently to the spectre (as he would to a great friend). The living and "dead" left the house together, and entered a wood near the garden. After a short time the ghost layer returned alone, his mission accomplished.

The majority of those who visit Somerset will have heard of the ghost of Porlock Weir. In that most beautiful part of Exmoor (the only real wild region in England left undisturbed), where the vast lonely moorlands come down to the sea, fairies and ghosts abound. Many years ago there lived at Porlock a thief and smuggler named Lucott, who appeared at Porlock Weir a week after his burial, to the great dismay of the inhabitants, who were warmly congratulating themselves on his transition to a phase of existence where his nefarious antics would be severely restricted. The parson was called into request at once. Could he lay the redoubtable John Lucott? Would he dare to try? The parson was doubtful. He was a timid little man; he had always been afraid of Lucott in the flesh, and the old salt *ex corpore* would be more than he would care to tackle alone. He finally decided to call to his aid five other virtuous dignitaries of the Church, and they held a solemn council of war. The rites of exorcism were gone through in Porlock Church, and the smuggler's ghost was duly cursed with book, bell and candle. However, in the middle of the ceremony the subject of this performance suddenly put in an appearance, grinning as though highly amused, and as the spectre advanced down the aisle, the scandalized and affrighted clergy, thinking

discretion the better part of valour, beat a hasty retreat to the rectory. This ghost was eventually laid by the parish priest of St. Decumans, who used kindness and gentleness instead of cursing and harsh exorcism.

Another famous West Somerset ghost was "Mrs. Leaky," of Minehead. When I was at Minehead two years ago I heard a good deal about their local spectre, which was still spoken of with awe and pride as one of the celebrities of the neighbourhood. Sir Walter Scott was much interested in this apparition, and inserted an account of Mrs. Leaky in his notes on "Rokeby." This story is better known than the majority of local legends. In her lifetime Mrs. Leaky was very sociable and much liked by her friends, who spoke of her as "a dear old soul," and considered that her decease would be a general misfortune to the community. Mrs. Leaky was quite of the same opinion, and would observe in a sprightly tone that though they might enjoy her society now, it would be very different after her death. This reply, rather enigmatic at the time, proved true enough after her removal to the Unseen. The gay old lady was not only ubiquitous but very mischievous, and later became quite a curse to those she left behind. Her old acquaintances met her everywhere and at all hours. A restless spirit, she roamed about Minehead and its neighbourhood, playing all sorts of pranks. A well-known doctor met her one afternoon in a narrow lane, and she ran up and, giving him a vicious kick, vanished over the hedge. She was known as the whistling ghost, as she used to appear on the quay and whistle for a boat, and whilst the boatman was bringing one, would disappear. Later she took to appearing on ships and whistling on a storm. However calm it might have been before she appeared, directly the spectre showed itself by the mainmast and whistled, a gale of wind would immediately follow. Several wrecks were ascribed to her malevolent agency and witchcraft. Her old friends and relations had indeed good reason to remember the old lady, as the ghost played all sorts of pranks on them, pulling the clothes off their beds at night, breaking the windows and the crockery, peeping over their shoulders whilst they were doing their hair before the looking-glass, and pinching them when asleep.

At one time a sort of commission, consisting of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Sir Robert Phillips, and Paul Godwin, sat on the matter of this apparition, and depositions were taken on its behalf by the eminent Mr. Byam, the most learned and respected clergyman in the West. Many people affirmed that they had

seen the ghost, and even talked with her; amongst these were Elizabeth Leaky (daughter-in-law), Mr. Heathfield, rector of Minehead, and three other clergymen. The document concerning this ghost, endorsed by Archbishop Laud, is at the Public Record Office, and in the Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, Charles I, 1637-38, is assigned to February of that year.

In the year 1810 considerable sensation was caused by the strange manifestations which occurred in a house reputed to be "haunted" at Lampford Pengerell, in Somerset.

This house was occupied by a Mr. Chase, a well-to-do yeoman. The *Taunton Courier* contained full accounts of the phenomena which were witnessed every day and night by crowds of people, amongst whom were doctors, clergymen, police officers, etc. The Rev. C. Cotton, M.A., published a small book on the subject called *The Lampford Ghost: an Authentic Account of these Extraordinary Occurrences* (Taunton, 1810), also a pamphlet, *The Lampford Ghost: Facts attested* (London, 1810). The manifestations commenced by a series of violent noises, such as bangings, and knockings on the walls and doors and stamping on the floors. The rooms shook with the violence of the blows, but nothing was seen to account for them. Later the apparition of a strange woman was seen passing from room to room, which nobody could catch, as she always vanished when any one got near enough to touch her. Unoccupied rooms were brilliantly lighted at all hours of the night by some unknown agency. Books, ornaments, and all sorts of articles in the occupied rooms were thrown about in broad daylight, all day long, before the eyes of numbers of witnesses. Hands appeared out of mid-air and touched or took hold of people at all times. The servants were struck by some invisible hand, the blows causing bruises and swellings; and they refused to stay in the house any longer. At night, heavy footsteps were heard passing up and down the stairs, yet no one could be seen. These weird occurrences lasted four months, then abruptly ceased, and the most careful investigation failed to disclose the cause or give any natural explanation.

The phenomena which I witnessed at a house in the south of France, some years ago, were of a similar nature, though still more remarkable. They lasted four months, and ended as suddenly as they began. At least twenty persons witnessed them, amongst whom were English and French doctors, clergymen, lawyers, authors. They were never explained by any natural theory, and the house where they occurred had not the reputation of being haunted.

IMMANENCE AND CONTINUITY AS OBSTACLES TO THOUGHT

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

§ I. IMMANENCE.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

SO wrote Tennyson. Deeply conscious of the immanence of the infinite in the finite, of God in nature, he realized that if one could only grasp in its entirety the meaning of one of nature's least products, then would the whole significance of nature and of That which lies behind it burst upon one's intellectual sight. But the truth which he so well perceived has, like all truths, a reverse as well as an obverse side. Blake opens his "Auguries of Innocence" with the words—

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

To some, as to Blake and all true mystics, it is given to see something of heaven in every wild flower; but the whole? That escapes even the longest-sighted, and hence the whole significance of the flower is never grasped. If complete knowledge of any so-called finite natural object yields knowledge of the whole infinite Cosmos, then only a being capable of infinite knowledge can completely know any such object. The finite mind is incapable of this, for we must never confuse knowledge of or about the infinite, which is certainly possible to man, and infinite knowledge, which is as certainly impossible. No man can see a world, hence no man can see a grain of sand; no man can see Heaven in its entirety, hence no man can see, in its entirety, a single flower. Tennyson did well in underlining his "*if*": the condition is an unattainable one.

In the early days of Science, man conceived nature to be

a very simple affair: a few general principles (perhaps, indeed, one would suffice), a few simple laws—why, the thing was almost done already, hardly anything remained to be discovered or explained. And then men of science realized that their simple laws were only first approximations, that nature was complex, highly complex, infinitely complex in fact. As measurement became more exact, laws, which hitherto had sufficed to correlate these measurements, were found insufficient and inaccurate, and new and more complicated laws had to be devised. The behaviour of gases under pressure and temperature is a case in point, which may be mentioned in illustration. In the early part of the nineteenth century, it seemed that the law followed was extremely simple, and could be expressed by the formula—

$$PV = RT$$

—where P is the pressure, V the volume, of the gas, T its temperature in degrees centigrade plus 273, and R a constant for all gases. But as refinements were effected in the methods of measuring gaseous volumes, pressures and temperatures, the law broke down as other than a rough approximation. Another, and more complicated law was proposed by van der Waal, in which certain other factors were allowed for, as under—

$$\left(P + \frac{a}{V}\right) (V - b) = RT$$

But although this agrees with nature more accurately than the simpler statement, it by no means does so with absolute accuracy.* Everywhere in the recent history of science the same gradual increase in complexity may be observed—only one of the old, simple laws still holds sway, namely that of gravity, and no doubt the time will come when that, too, will have to be given up.

Truly there may be one fundamental principle in nature, one fundamental law, which, if we could grasp it, would give us the key to the whole of her behaviour; but if so it is infinitely complex, and thus we shall never grasp it. This being the case, there is no single one of nature's phenomena that we can grasp in its entirety, for this infinitely complex principle is immanent within every such phenomenon. As our investigation becomes more precise, so do the phenomena become more complex. Water, to the naked eye, looks a very simple body—under the microscope it is seen to present a thousand problems, and the

* I have dealt with this matter more fully in *The Magic of Experience*, (Dent & Sons, 1915), Part III.

chemist in his study of it finds a thousand more. And when these are solved, new problems will present themselves in increasing numbers. Thus, from the seemingly simple are we enticed into the endless pursuit of the infinite; thus, always does the immanent infinite baulk us of finality.

The same is true if we turn to philosophy. When we are young, the world seems so simple—such a simple philosophy suffices to make it, so we think, completely intelligible. But its simplicity soon fades, and we find ourselves surrounded by endless problems. The simplest object becomes a mystery. The mystery of substance, the mystery of thought, from these two we can never escape. And there are thousands more. The simplest matter, we find, involves innumerable metaphysical problems, which we must solve, if we would understand the subject aright. But we cannot solve them, not because there comes a point from which our reason refuses to advance, but because reason can for ever advance without reaching its end. And we are obliged to be content and to act upon a partial understanding, an approximate solution.

Yet we should never despair at this insuperable obstacle that the infinite, immanent in the finite, presents to our thought; for it is, as I have said, an obstacle to finality, not an obstacle to progress. Indeed, the very infinitude of the problems that confront us promises us what is better than finality—infinite progress. And for thought not to progress is for thought to cease to be. Happy alone is he who has new worlds to conquer. Thought has infinite worlds.

§ 2. CONTINUITY.

Yet another obstacle confronts thought in its conquest of nature. There comes a time when we find language inadequate to our needs; and how think without language? We endeavour to make our language more precise, only to find that much of nature's behaviour slips between our words. We widen their significations, and then they begin to mean nothing at all, for a word only has meaning in virtue of differentiation from other words. Are materialism and idealism really distinct philosophies? we are sometimes tempted to ask. "Contraries meet," says an old proverb; is it perhaps true in a deeper sense than one usually attributes to proverbial philosophy? I believe in God, I say, you believe in Matter. Do we indeed differ, other than verbally?

When this stage has been reached and an affirmative reply

is contemplated, thought becomes completely stultified. Anything means anything, or everything, or nothing. We seek precision of language again. But how definite our words, save in words—themselves needing definition?

Bergson, better perhaps than any other philosopher, has revealed the nature of the obstacle to thought herein involved; and it may be summed up in the word "continuity." Language, if it is to be precise and mean anything at all, must be made up of signs standing for distinct ideas; but nature does not consist of distinct things. Everything in nature merges into everything else—there are no sharp boundaries either in space or time. The intellect, according to Bergson, is incapable of dealing with this continuity of phenomena. It acts, therefore, like a cinematograph, taking a series of snapshots of what is a continuous event, and then attempts to picture the event as a whole by synthesizing these elements. But how great—infinitely great indeed—is that which is thereby lost sight of compared with that which is seen! Indeed, as Bergson says, the chief function of the intellect is not to receive but to shut out from the mind the multitudinous voices of reality.

How is the difficulty to be overcome? How deal with reality as a continuous whole—how think reality thus? To the former part of this query Bergson replies that instinct, not thought, is equal to the task. To the latter he answers, Impossible: life, which is reality, can only be lived, not made intelligible to thought.

But I feel more optimistic. At first sight that the solution should be found in mathematics seems highly absurd, for is not mathematics, as the science of number, essentially concerned with discrete quantities? But mathematics is more than the science of number. It is a system of symbology of universal application. It fills in the gaps—the infinite gaps—between discrete numbers, with what are termed "irrational quantities"—happily chosen name, as if to signify a transcendence of intellect, though in truth it signals intellect's enlargement—and expands the line of numbers into a surface by means of so-called "imaginary quantities." Here then is an organon of thought superior to language, not bound to discontinuity as language is. But how apply it? Ah! that is the task.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL
WITH A DISCUSSION AS TO ITS NATURE
BY HERWARD CARRINGTON

DOUBTLESS, it is a rash undertaking to endeavour to say anything new upon this world-old problem; "Fools rush in," etc.—and it is quite possible that much that I have to say has been said before, unknown to me, far better than I can say it. Nevertheless, inasmuch as I believe that I may be able to shed some light on this great problem from a little different "angle" than has been attempted in the past, I shall set forth, here, my theories as to the nature and origin of sin and evil—advancing these theories for what they may be worth.

The origin of evil, and the nature of evil, are usually considered two separate problems; and in a certain sense they *are* so—but in another sense they may be shown to merge into one. On the current view, the nature of evil must be settled prior to the question of its origin; St. Augustine discussed the *Quid est Malum?* problem before the *Unde est Malum?* In my view, on the contrary, the problem of its nature is very largely solved by the discovery of its origin; the one is wrapped up in the other to such an extent that they are inseparable. When we discover the one, we shall, I think, also see the nature of the other. This I hope to show as we proceed.

One or two fundamental misconceptions must be cleared away, however, before we can proceed to the main theme of our discussion. And the first one is that "the problem of evil is virtually meaningless unless we admit the reality of a personal God." This is a position the validity of which I wholly deny. Yet it is one very frequently held. Thus, Marion LeRoy Burton, Ph.D., in his work on "The Problem of Evil" (p. 1), says: "The problem of evil exists because mankind believes in a wise and benevolent Creator. . . . Abolish God and evil needs no explanation." This is a statement, which is, it seems to me, wholly opposed to fact and common sense. Assume that there is no personal Creator, and the mystery of evil still remains—in another form, it is true; but yet remains. Crime, sin, wickedness, cruelty, would still exist in the world as undoubted "evils," even though there might be no personal God in Heaven at all. The tendency of

present-day science and philosophy is certainly to do away with the older, anthropomorphic conception of God ; and, this being the case, we must discuss the problem without seriously considering its relation to " God " in the sense that St. Augustine and other older writers on this subject conceived him.

My second contention (and this is far more important than will at first sight appear) is that *evil*, in any ordinary acceptation of the word, certainly *did not exist in this world before the advent upon it of animate existence*. No matter whether we adopt the older Laplacian or the newer planetesimal theory of our world, it is at least admitted that the presence of *life* upon its surface was at one time in its past history impossible ; it only arose (we do not know *how*) at a later stage in the cosmic evolution ; with the appearance of life a series of complicated new factors were introduced. And with life appeared the psychological and philosophical implicates of life—simple at first, more detailed and complicated as they proceed, in accordance with the general law of evolution. Before life (in its crudest form) appeared upon our globe, these complicated metaphysical problems were non-existent. Just as there could be at that time no smell, touch or taste—so likewise there could be no justice, no injustice, no bravery, no cowardice, no sin, no good, no bad, no evil—no anything of the kind, save only the play of opposing cosmic forces, influencing inanimate matter in a purely blind, impersonal, " physical " manner. Moral qualities did not and could not have existed in such a world. Only the great cosmic forces were engaged, and these were as incapable of " good " or " bad " actions as they were of altruistic or selfish ones.

It was only with the appearance of *life* upon the planet, therefore, that the problem of evil was introduced ; it was coincident with animate existence that this metaphysical question was, or could be, raised. Coincidental with the origin of life appeared at least the potentiality of the origin of evil.

Now, in discussing this question of evil, many of us—even moralists and philosophers—are apt to limit it to the human race entirely—as though " evil " did not exist in the animal or vegetable worlds. In the same way that psychologists, until comparatively recently, limited their discussions of " Mind " to that mature human consciousness, so moralists and philosophers are inclined to limit this question of the origin and nature of evil to the species *homo*—quite ignoring all the rest of the world ; but just as a study of the lower forms of life—physical and mental—threw a flood of light upon our psychology, and indeed even served to explain

and interpret it to us very largely (in the light of evolution), so likewise I believe, will an evolutionary study of evil, and kindred moral problems, serve to explain this to us; and enable us to perceive the problem in its true light. Viewed in this manner, I believe we shall find that the problem, so far from being insoluble, or even difficult, becomes very easy of comprehension and interpretation.

But let us return to our main question, from this newly-acquired standpoint. We must not then seek the origin or the nature of evil in man alone, but far lower in the scale of evolution—in some animal or possibly some plant. Starting from this primary basis, we may perhaps see how this psycho-moral factor increased and became psychologically more complex, as we rose in the scale of evolution—just as all other factors did—until we find, in man, their ultimate fulfilment and culmination, as the higher moral factors find their culmination in him also. The good and the bad evolve and become increasingly more complex—in exact proportion to the increasing complexity of life.

Now, it is manifestly wrong to limit moral qualities to man alone; animal experimentation has shown us that many of the lower animals have a "conscience" in the sense that man has; we say "good dog" or "bad dog" in the full confidence that the animal's good or bad conscience is active, *in proportion* to the relative degree of the dog's mental development with that of man. Cats, horses, and other animals also show this sense of right and wrong in an appreciable degree. But we should be wrong in limiting our application to these cases of self-conscious, highly-evolved sentient life. Good and evil certainly exist, in one form or another, all the way down the scale of animate existence. The bird which eats the insect on the tree may look upon it as its legitimate prey, and believe, in its bird-heart, that a wise and good Providence put the insect there for its consumption; but we can hardly expect the insect to share this view! To *it*, the Intelligence which "runs" this world must appear very far from benevolent—malevolent to the last degree, in fact. The same view would doubtless be taken by the smaller fish which were eaten by the larger fish; and, throughout the whole scheme of creation, this attitude would apply in a greater or lesser degree. What is good for the one is bad (evil) for the other. Viewed from an external point of view, this is certainly so; and to the extent that internal perception can take place in the lower forms of life it would be true there also.

Even in the very lowest forms of life, the same laws would

apply. Though Binet's *Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms* may have been overdrawn, there is nevertheless good evidence for thinking that these lowest forms of animal life possess a mental life of some sort, and to that extent their torture and destruction by other forms of life, or by external conditions, would be the greatest possible catastrophe and evil to them. Descending yet lower, to the vegetable and plant world—we find still the same upward-striving of life, the same destruction by parasites, weeds, poisons and various external and internal conditions which thwart life's highest efforts, and maliciously destroy its power to live. Must not all this appear malevolent and evil to the plant—viewed internally by its own plant-nature—and as viewed externally by ourselves? Is not the destruction of crops and forest trees an "evil"—which we are even now trying to lessen? And if the "right to live" is true for us, must it not be true all the way down the scale of animate life also—for if not, who can draw the line as to where this ends, and where destruction of life becomes right and a justifiable cosmic necessity?

All this may seem very wide of the mark and far-fetched to the reader; but to the psychologist it should appear less so, because he has grown accustomed, of late years, to see that even the noblest and highest of our mental and spiritual functions have the humblest origin—they are merely complex evolutionary creations, resulting from countless thousands of years' combining, arranging, synthesizing. Just as the fair lily springs from the slime and mud, so man arises from the primitive psycho-physical complex which constituted his original primordial self. Just so have his moral qualities evolved also, and their present highly-developed character, in man, stands in precisely the same relation to their first instinctive beginnings in the germ-plasm, as the mind of a Darwin or a Kant or an Archimedes stands to the primitive reactions of the amœba. The one is no more far-fetched than the other.

Evil, therefore, appeared—potentially at least—in the world simultaneously with the appearance upon it of *life*. The origin of evil was practically simultaneous with the origin of life, and is as much a mystery—but no greater a mystery, than it. We need not consider here the innermost nature of life, but only of its origin on this planet (or some other—but then the problem would only be removed from this world elsewhere). With this preliminary statement, then, I think we are now in a position to perceive, quite clearly, the origin of evil, and also its nature—to a very large extent.

Assuming that the mechanical play and inter-play of forces was all that existed upon this world before the appearance upon it of life, we should have to assume—and in fact all biologists *do* assume—that the conditions upon this planet (or at least that part of it whence life originated) were favourable to the formation and continuance of life. If this were not so, life could not have developed—so that this is, in a sense, a self-evident proposition. Very well! The environment was at that time, and in that particular place, favourable for the production and manifestation of life.*

So long as these conditions lasted, life prospered; it grew and increased and multiplied; everything favoured its growth. This first living matter grew and finally split up, or in some manner gave birth to other living matter, and the procession of life had begun. But—mark this—death had not yet appeared upon the earth; sickness and decay had not yet made their presence felt—for if they had, at the very origin of creation, life would have become extinct as soon as it came into being. Death, therefore, must have appeared shortly after the origin of life—how long after we cannot now tell. It could not have been present at the very beginning of things as an active factor. Sickness and decay must have been absent for a time, for the same reason.

So long as life went on in an uninterrupted and peaceful manner, just so long was "everything in the garden lovely." Life increased and multiplied, and nothing had come to destroy it. But one fine day the external forces of nature burst forth, swept down and destroyed a portion of this living substance, and injured another portion, causing it to become "diseased" and decay. The uninjured portion continued to live and propagate: the injured portions died.

Now, on my theory, so long as life went on uninterruptedly in this universe of ours, good and only good prevailed; but this first destruction of animate life marked the *first appearance of evil*. In this sense, therefore, evil is synonymous with disease and death—a curious confirmation of the old Genesis legend as to the simultaneous appearance of evil and death in the world.†

* For a discussion of the actual conditions, environment, etc., probably present at the time of the creation of life upon its surface—see Hensden's remarkable book *The Fitness of the Environment*; also the works of Bastian, Burke, Le Dantec, Loeb, Snyder, Gregory, Arrhenius, etc.—as to the origin of life on our planet.

† See, also, in this connection, Henry M. Alden's interesting work: *A Study of Death*.

For on my view, *evil*, in its first primitive form, would be merely *divergence from the normal*—departure' from those helpful cosmic laws which fostered and helped the increase of life and the growth of living matter; and *good* would be merely *conformity to those laws*. The moment that life departs from, or runs counter to, the play of helpful forces, "evil" (harm) results; as long as it remains in that channel, only "good" results.

It must be remembered, in all this, that I am speaking only of the very lowest and most primitive form of life possible—the very first life upon our planet, in fact—and if one attempts to see in all this a solution of the problem of evil, as presented by the highly developed and complex human mind, he will of course be disappointed. The trouble with those who think of "mind" only in terms of the developed human intellect find difficulty in appreciating the attempts of biologists to account for the origin of mind by tracing it through the lower forms of animate life, back to the primitive amoeba, and so on back to the vegetable world. Only one who has grasped the full significance of evolution in all its bearings can appreciate this. In the same way, one who makes the attempt to account for any complex and highly evolved quality of mind (such as the conception of evil) must be prepared to trace it backwards, through the ever-descending forms of life, until its first primitive counterpart is discernible in the lowest forms of animate life which exist.

This attempt of mine, therefore, is to trace the origin of evil back and find its true source not in the psychological field at all, but in the *biological*—in the primitive, instinctive, simple reactionary sphere whence all our highly-evolved and complex mental and spiritual powers have sprung. *Evil has a biological origin*. Its first appearance was coincident with the first divergence from normal of those forces and functions which constituted life—in fact, actually resulted from that divergence. Its nature is thus explained in its origin—it consists in *running counter to the laws of nature* which govern and foster the normal growth of life and living matter. *Disobedience to cosmic law* thus constituted the first evil—*protoplasmic disobedience*—the penalties for which were disease and death.

Starting from this primitive and humble standpoint, we can trace, and readily perceive, the gradually increasing complexity and progress of "evil" throughout the ages. It becomes more complex with the evolution of the living being as it rises in the scale of evolution and complexity. At length we arrive at man. Here, as in the simplest living organism, the same law holds good—

disobedience to cosmic law constitutes the essence of evil—conformity with that law the highest good. Just so long as a living organism conforms in all particulars to its environment, just so long does health, harmony, and “good” result; but the instant it diverges even in the remotest degree from the powerful forces which play all about it—that instant disease, disharmony, death, and “evil” (for the organism) result. In its lowest terms, then, good consists essentially in the non-divergence—and evil in the divergence—from the ordered and all-powerful forces of Nature.

As we ascend the scale of evolution, the nature of evil necessarily becomes more complex—just as the mental life of the living being becomes more complex. Evil would become relatively intricate—just as the mental structure of our sensations, volitions, associations, etc., became more complex. Possible lines of divergence, conscious and unconscious, would become more frequent; and these would extend to the mental and spiritual worlds, no less than to the material world. If a “mental world” of any sort exists—as it certainly does, in one sense—no matter what view of the mind we may hold—it is only natural to suppose that it too has its set cosmic laws and forces, and that divergence from *these* would result in mental disaster, just as the bodily divergence results in the destruction of the physical organism. As we gained more and more self-consciousness, and the power of voluntary choice was apparently given us—the right and ability to decide which course of action to pursue would result in this or that result being attained—“good” or “bad” as the case may be. Evil would still be divergence from cosmic law, but in this case it would be *voluntarily* and with full knowledge of the ultimate consequences. This, then, is SIN—*conscious choice of evil*. That is, we sin (psychologically or biologically) when we voluntarily choose to follow a certain course of action which both experience and science have shown to be ultimately detrimental. Sin is thus a subsidiary problem to the central problem of the nature and origin of evil. Solve the one, and the other solves itself.

To this extent, then, man is responsible to himself for the sin he commits; if he is ignorant of the harm he does (to himself or to others), then it is not sin, only evil—evil in its broadest sense—meaning that which is not good for the mental and physical life of the organism performing the act. The degree to which one is capable of judging and choosing, the degree of the free-will and free choice, determines the amount of “sin” in any given act; its absence removes the act from the sphere of sin altogether, and places it in the broader field of evil. If the act harms oneself, it

is evil for oneself ; if it harms others, it is evil for them. If one unknowingly and unconsciously performs an action, or a series of actions, detrimental to the organism, one has to suffer just as much as though one were in full possession of that knowledge. " Ignorance of the law is no excuse." The mother who loses her sleep night after night, because of her babies, suffers the ill-effects as surely as the one who loses it in the vainest and most selfish of pleasures. The body knows nothing of motives ; poison is poison no matter whether given with good or evil intent. Psychology alone takes motives into account, and gives them a place in the world as true realities of life.

What, then, of the motives that inspire us ? Some of these are good ; others bad. Some urge us to good deeds ; others to evil ones. Let us not be led astray here, however, by those moralists who would say that the motive is everything. We have just seen that they are all-important as to the question of sin ; but not that of evil ! There is just the difference here between the older psychology—which dealt only with the conscious mind in human beings—and the broader evolutionary psychology of today, as there is between the older and this newer conception of morals—of good and evil. We must study the problem from the evolutionary standpoint, just as we study any other psychological or physiological question connected with our complex make-up ; and, viewed in this light, it will be seen that " evil " has a far wider range and significance than before attributed to it.

But, apart from man's responsibility to himself, what about his responsibility to others, and to God ? These are ethical questions which deserve the fullest consideration ; but they can only be touched upon very briefly here, and then only from the particular standpoint occupied by the writer of this essay. Obviously evil, so far as one's neighbour is concerned, is injury done to him in any way ; sin would be the voluntary choice of the commission of that crime. As to man's relation to God—so far as evil and sin are concerned—this finds a comparatively simple solution in the theory just advanced, as it is easy to show.

For, on the basis of materialism (or monism) no God enters into the problem at all ; and the same is virtually true of Pantheism. Only in the more orthodox systems of dualism is it necessary for us to consider this problem seriously. Of course, if we accept an all-wise, all-benevolent Creator—a true anthropomorphic Deity—then we should doubtless be faced with many of the problems which so perplexed the good St. Augustine—" if God is all-good, how can evil come into the world ? " etc. But for

modern scientists and philosophers it is hardly necessary to consider, seriously, this primitive conception. Even were we to admit a God, the modern view would be that He works *according to law*: that there are certain fixed laws which govern the universe, and that these are never transcended nor thwarted. This being so, we are practically where we were before; for, no matter whether the laws that govern the universe were made by God, or originated themselves, or were the result of blind chance, they nevertheless *obtain*; and it is the divergence from these laws which constitutes evil—according to our view. Therefore, no matter whether God exists or not, for our purposes it makes no difference; the same definition of evil holds good, and would continue to hold good both as to man's actual transgression and also as to man's relation to God—for man could do nothing higher or better than obey implicitly the laws which are made here for his strict observance.

This view of sin and evil, it will be observed, does not at all agree with the doctrine, defended by Campbell and many others, that evil is a mere nothing—a sort of *vacuum*—the “absence of good.” Mrs. Eddy's doctrine thus falls to the ground; for we see that evil is a positive reality: it consists not so much in *not* doing what we *should* as in doing something we should *not*. It is a positive, not a negative thing. It is an actual force, a factor, an entity. It is doing something we should not do. And this view of the case enables us to include in our conception meanness, cruelty, perversions, evil motives and evil passions, and a thousand other manifestations of human depravity and sin which the “vacuum moralists” find it hard to account for fully on their theory. For it is certainly hard to see (if evil be merely “the absence of good,” as darkness is merely the absence of light, as Campbell and others maintain) how cruelty and premeditated vice and crime can find their place and be fully accounted for, on this view of the facts. Surely the appearance, in such cases, is that the evil deed springs from an evil motive; and this evil motive is an entity—a real “thing” as much as a good motive. If psychological facts exist *as facts* at all in the universe, a bad thought must be just as substantial a reality as a good one; and the deed committed—as the result of this thought—would be its logical effect or consequent—just as much as the good deed would be the effect or consequent of the good thought. Otherwise, what becomes of our doctrine of cause and effect?

But whence this evil thought—this evil motive? I reply, it differs more or less in differing cases; but the majority of them

find their solution in the doctrine of *evolution*. Physiological evils—such as gluttony, drunkenness, sex-impulses (morbid and excessive), etc.—find their ready explanation in abnormal developments of the original first instincts—the instinct of self-preservation and the instinct of perpetuation of the race. The artificiality of our lives, the desire for stimulation, false physiological teachings, morbid restraints and licences, etc., would fully account for these evil desires. On the other hand, cruelty, vice, revenge, blood-lust, and similar perversions of the human mind and spirit are doubtless the result of psycho-pathological conditions—actual *diseases*—calling for treatment just as much as smallpox or leprosy. All these evil motives, therefore, can be accounted for, either by the abnormal condition of the mind of the person performing the evil act; or as resulting from excessive gratification of normal cravings resident in the bodily organism—which we are only gradually learning to master as we ascend the scale of evolution. Viewed from this standpoint, all the difficulties as to the “temptations of the flesh,” etc., vanish. For we now know that man was not originally “perfect”; there was no “fall” in the Biblical sense of that word; but rather that we are constantly struggling upwards, against the cravings and desires of the flesh—which thus constitute a genuine source of evil. But—be it observed—these bodily cravings only become *evil* as the result of their abnormal development; they are normally good, our best helpers and friends. Obedience to their voice all through life would prevent much “evil.” So long as the appetites remain unperverted, they are normal. Exercise is healthful; but if overdone, it becomes harmful. The flow of the nervous current gives pleasure; but if unduly prolonged, it gives rise to actual pain.

Then, again, we must be careful to distinguish apparent evil from real evil. Many of the things we suffer from in life are for our own betterment or ultimate benefit—as we subsequently find out. These “hard-knocks” cannot be called evil. On the other hand, many of the hardships we have to bear from the hands of others are entirely due to lack of imagination or insight on their part. If they could see things as we do—look out of our eyes; think our thoughts, imagine themselves in our place—these things would not be done. Many of the lesser ills of life—trials, “crosses,” minor evils—are doubtless due to this lack of sympathetic imagination. Up to a certain point it is a pathological condition. Prove this to a man, and he frequently changes his attitude and life-habits. The “source” of evil is removed.

In the preceding article, I have endeavoured to outline a theory as to the origin and nature of evil, from a slightly different and more fundamental standpoint than has been attempted in the past. I have tried to show that the roots of evil lie, not in the psychological but rather in the biological field—as do all our mental and moral activities. Disobedience to Cosmic Law is the root and essence of evil—protoplasmic disobedience first of all, gradually becoming more and more mental and conscious as we ascend the scale of evolution; until, in man, we find *sin* possible—which is the voluntary choice of evil. Buried deep in the past lies the origin of evil—in the primitive struggling “bioplasm” which first inhabited our globe. Evolution has developed this into man. Coincident with this growth, man’s mind and morals evolved also—his conscience and his conception of good and evil. The explanation of these problems is to be found in the doctrine of Evolution, and there alone.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE current issue of *The Quest* will be useful as an object lesson to some who have regarded this excellent quarterly review as occasionally or frequently over-technical and difficult for readers who are not specially prepared. We have never been in agreement with that view, though it is admitted that the serious and competent consideration of serious and great subjects is not to be treated like the light literature of the home journal and the story magazine. But on the present occasion there is a singular variety of subject-matter, so that if it is not meant for the mass of uncritical readers, it should at least attract a very considerable circle; and Mr. Mead is to be complimented not so much on maintaining the level reached by his review at its inception but on securing a further elevation and an increased interest. Mr. George Morley gives us a suggestive and sympathetic study of Shakespeare as the apostle of brotherhood, of service in the hour of need, of practical use in adversity, and as the begetter of hope in others. The points are extracted deftly from the immortal plays, and the thesis is that they exhibit not merely the inspired moods of a moment but the rule of life which entitles the poet to be called "Shakespeare the Well-doer." Mr. Walter Winans, the sculptor, gives us his views on the "cubist, futurist and vorticist movements," which he terms "the crude attempts of people who are unable to paint, model or draw a straight line, and who are utterly ignorant of anatomy." He began, however, to model a statue on such lines, presumably as a question of experiment, but found speedily that he was caricaturing Nature and felt himself much like a worshipper repeating "travesties of prayers." One has of course seen these monstrosities and their effect is like that of an exercise in Black Magic, full of ugliness, indecency and impotence, so that they are not unduly compared to the Black Paternoster, which is the prayer of faith said backward. Turning to the more important articles, there is Mr. Fawcett's "Philosophy and War," which discusses the origin of conflict in our world-system; whether war, humanly speaking, is a blessing, a curse or an admixture of good and evil; whether finally it is likely to recur indefinitely, or whether a time may come when wars shall be no more. The consideration is interesting but not especially convincing. Mr. G. H. Powell estimates the prospects of "Man and Woman after the War," writing as one who seems rather impressed than otherwise with "the inequality of the sexes" and marshalling many problems but little in the way of solution. There remain those subjects which are the more particular concern of *The Quest*, and they are represented in the present issue by Mr. Rhys Davids on "The Buddhist Principle of Change"; by Fleet-Surgeon Beadnell's very curious study of the evolution of laughter and smiling; and finally by the editor's own article, entitled

"The Religious Opportunity." Though the Church, which, by the hypothesis concerning it, is militant here on earth, has failed at least so far "to rise to the present profoundly soul-searching occasion," Mr. Mead does not think that it is to be "counted out" of the reconstruction to come, unless its branches should count themselves out by following the old policy of mutual isolation, in which case the sceptre will fall from its hands and the spirit of true religion will remove from its sanctuaries to the hearts and homes of those who know how to worship in spirit and in truth. But it is hoped that "the great religious complexus" will finally come together in a spirit of comity.

The Indian periodicals are full of interest, though they reach us in these days after a haphazard manner. *The Vedanta Kesari* has an illuminating paper by Mr. Arthur Avalon on the Mantra Shâstra, which we should judge to be a great document of Eastern mystical experience. The unusual number of technical terms makes it difficult for unversed readers, but there are maxims full of truth and grace which all can understand, while the drift of the instruction is not beyond any one who has knowledge of mystical literature in the West. The writer may not have set out to indicate analogies between West and East, but this is what issues from his study. The supreme state of Eastern experience is one in which "there is neither within nor without, where all thought of lover, loving and loved is forgotten in the joy of blissful unity." It might be one of our own masters here speaking in a very high moment, and it shows that however far we may travel in the literature of fundamental experience, we find always a concentrated unity of heart. There are passages of Eckehart and Ruysbroeck which communicate the self-same lessons of reality as the highest of all the Mantras. He who said that "contemplation is love," the great scholastic doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, was not testifying differently from him in the Far East who called bliss the supreme love, and every mystic in his deepest state—though he may never have heard of Maya—knows well under other names that something has intervened to set up "a dichotomy of subject and object" and that the separation thus established has to be dissolved in union, if man who is made for God is to reach the term in Him. It follows that there are two points of view from which Oriental mystic literature commands attention: (1) as a record of identity in experience and (2) of the ideology by which experience was environed. That the Mantra Shâstra, or any other Shâstra or Tattva, has anything to tell instructed disciples in the West, regarding the attained term, which he has not learned from his own masters, is a claim that has been put forward; but granted the identity of experience in both parts of the world on the faith of the records of both, it falls to the ground and represents only the predilections of persons or schools.

The Kalpaka gives a "free rendering" of certain ordered aphorisms which claim to be drawn from "the sublime scriptures of ancient Tamil wisdom" and to be the work of a woman sage. Whatever be

its literary history, and notwithstanding its curiously modern aspect, the document has points of interest as a manual in brief of Yoga practice. Some aphorisms are excellent in another sense, as when Supreme Intelligence is called the *Alpha* and *Omega* of all the Scriptures, when man's body is said to exist for realization of the supreme self therein, and to reflect the immanent Lord when mind becomes pure and spotless. Many others might be quoted, similarly illustrating the unity of experience in mystic life, to which reference is made above. . . . With this translation, actual or alleged, may be compared a paper on the practice and philosophy of Yoga in *The Vedic Magazine*. It is an *apologia* for the formal exercises which constitute the external side of the practice, almost as if their "graduated discipline" were things that could lead automatically to the mystic goal. The article is worth reading, not only for its main standpoint but as containing there and here certain definitions which are explanatory of the whole subject. The end of Yoga is said to be "realization of self through concentration of mental activity." A statement like this enables unproficient readers to know the position at once, subject of course to the implications of the word "self." It is obviously the nomenal, not the phenomenal self, that which is called "shining," concentration on which is termed *Samadhi*, the final goal. But *Samadhi* is a love-state, and the radiant presence is the immanent divinity within, while the concentration is a merging process whereby the soul enters into Divine Union, for if we cannot find God within us we shall never find Him without. Once more, all this is as much the doctrine, practice and experience of the mystic West as it is of the East, as much of Suarez as of Patanjali, Kapila and other oriental teachers cited in this article. The study of Hindu marriage from the standpoint of religious philosophy continues in *The Vedic Magazine*. . . . One of the recurring debates on reincarnation is concluded in *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine* by a final rejection of the theory. This is based on spiritistic evidences regarded as proving the continued identity of personality in the world beyond the grave, and supported—at their proper values—by opinions of reputable thinkers, the one who will carry most weight being probably Abbas Effendi. For him it is bad reasoning to say that an evil man will be born again in this world to suffer for his misdeeds. Were it valid the sufferings of all holy men and Jesus among them would be referable to misconduct in a previous life. This seems a novel point, but to take up its challenge would lead to another debate which might continue interminably, to the satisfaction of neither party. . . . *Self-Culture* has a story of Black Magic and its results in a Tanjore village at no distant period. The evocation of a deceased person took place over his corpse, before its cremation. The procedure recalls that of the magician in Sibley's *Illustration of the Occult Sciences*, the operator being Edward Kelley—Dr. Dee's seer and alchemist; but in the present case the circle was broken by the assistants and the temporarily revived body destroyed the magus.

It is one of the best tales of its kind that we remember reading. . . . We are glad to meet once again with "An Indian Flower-Gatherer" in the columns of *United India*. The prose poems under this signature have always a strange charm—as e.g. "The Devotee" in the issue before us—and we wish that something might be done to present in a permanent form such examples of a harp from the East. Our contemporary has otherwise, many thoughtful articles, such as that on "the end of being." It has also sane and prudent theses on Indian Home Rule and its allied problems, besides careful reviews. We shall remember one of its quotations in the last department: "Love at first sight is real in the Divine as well as in the human courtship."

There is remarkable activity at the present day in the circles of the Masonic Brotherhood, and it is not exemplified only by the maintenance of the great charities and by special schemes of benevolence which are matters of national importance in connexion with the war, but also by the foundation of new Lodges, Chapters and Conclaves. Most recent among these is the Fratres Calami Lodge, designed to incorporate secretaries of Lodges and Chapters, more especially in the London district, but also throughout the provinces. We believe that it has a long and useful career before it. Bringing together as it does permanent Lodge officials, an assumption has been reasonably made that a serious and living interest will be taken by members in the antiquities and history of Masonry. *The Masonic Secretaries' Journal* has been started therefore concurrently with the Lodge itself, and two issues have appeared. The initial number contains many valuable portraits and illustrations important to the historical side of the Craft. There are illustrations also in the second number, and the contents are notable in both. The first issue is about equally divided between memorials of the historical kind, Masonic matters of various current concern, and things special to the Lodge itself, including its consecration, its long list of founders and the circumstances which resulted in its birth. In the first category there is an account of the schism in Masonry, leading up to the inauguration of a so-called Antient Grand Lodge which continued for sixty years, when the grounds of difference were adjusted and the present United Grand Lodge came into being in 1813. The author of this exposition is Mr. A. F. Calvert. Points of analogy between the myth of Osiris and the Hiramic tradition in Masonry are sketched by the Rev. W. W. Covèy-Crump in the second number, while the Rev. Dr. Cockrem gives an interesting sketch of an old Masonic lecture, embodying some amazing legends and *inter alia* unmistakable evidence of Christian elements long since expunged from the Craft. The lecture is referred to the first quarter of the eighteenth century. In conclusion, we note with satisfaction that Mr. I. Cohen presents a careful analytical summary of Dr. Joseph Fort Newton's epoch-making study of Masonry, entitled *The Builders*, which was noticed at some length in the OCCULT REVIEW soon after its appearance.

REVIEWS

THE MIRROR OF GESTURE : being the Abhinaya Darpana of Nandikeśvara, translated into English by Ananda Coomaraswamy and Gopala Kristnayya Duggirala. 9½ ins. × 6¼ ins., pp. vii + 52 + 15 plates. Cambridge, U.S.A. : Harvard University Press (London : Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press). Price 6s. 6d. net.

THIS volume is "inscribed by the translators with affectionate greeting to all actors and actresses" and, in his very interesting introduction, Mr. Coomaraswamy remarks : "All that is said in the present volume will serve only as an introduction to Indian dramatic technique and to Oriental acting in general. But we are encouraged to think that even so brief an introduction to an extensive science may prove of practical value to the many dramatists who are interested in the future of the European theatre ; and though we have done all in our power to serve the ends of scholarship, our main purpose in publishing the 'Mirror of Gesture' is to interest and assist the living actor—not that we suppose that it might be profitable for him to adopt the actual gesture-language of the East, but that it may inspire him with the enthusiasm and the patience needful for the re-creation of the drama in his own environment." Both the *Mirror* itself and the Introduction referred to will, however, be of no less interest to students of mythology and of Eastern religion and philosophy generally, than to those interested in the drama merely. For the drama and the dance in India (and the two cannot be separated) are essentially mythological and religious ; hence "the behaviour of the artist must of necessity be studied, and not impulses ; for the human actor, who seeks to depict the drama of heaven, is not himself a god, and only attains to perfect art through conscious discipline." This is the essential difference between the dramatic art of India and that of the West. The lists of gestures of which the *Mirror* mainly consists well exhibit that characteristically Indian love for enumeration and classification that strikes the Western mind as so curious in its arbitrariness. Nothing, indeed, is left to the initiative and impulse of the actor—so much so that one may question whether the term "artist" is rightly applied to him—his every gesture being as rigidly fixed as the words he must speak. To the student of symbolism, however, this system of gesture-language cannot but be of the greatest interest, and clarity is added to the text by the excellent plates with which the book is provided. The translators deserve to be highly congratulated for their production. H. S. REDGROVE.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH MYSTICAL VERSE. Chosen by D. H. S. Nicholson and A. H. E. Lee. Oxford : The Clarendon Press. Pp. 644. Price 6s. net (India Paper, 7s. 6d.).

INNUMERABLE are the sins of omission and commission that are laid, with or without justice, at the doors of compilers of anthologies. Every critical faculty the reader possesses is on the alert, and if he is an ardent

poetry-lover, he hunts through the pages like a tiger searching for its prey. The compilers of this new and very welcome Oxford book will not escape lightly, for they have provided the lover of mystical poetry with some severe shocks—tempered, be it said, by some pleasant surprises. Nothing, however, can blind us to the fact that but a scanty page and a half is devoted to Christina Rossetti; that Alfred Noyes has ten pages, Shelley only five, James Rhoades and Bliss Carman eleven each, and William Sharpe but two and a half. Some unknown writers, whose work scarcely seems to reach the level necessary for inclusion in a standard volume of this kind, are copiously quoted, while William Watson, Thomas Hardy, R. L. Stevenson, James Elroy Flecker, and John Freeman are altogether omitted, though there is not one of these who has not written poems "containing intimations of a consciousness wider and deeper than the normal"—to quote the words in which the compilers themselves explain what has guided them in their choice. Again, Herbert Trench, author of some of the finest modern poetry in a deeply mystical vein, is quite inadequately represented, and, while there are three poems by the Indian poetess, Sarojini Naidu, there is not one by Rabindranath Tagore! This is an omission which indeed causes a gasp of dismay. Readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will, however, find many names that are familiar to them—notably those of A. E. Waite, Nora Chesson, Aleister Crowley, G. M. Hort, and Eva Gore-Booth—and the religious poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are well represented. But there are translations available of mystical passages from the ancient Welsh and Gaelic which might well have been included, in addition to the short extract from the bard Amergin with which the anthology opens.

But, having now allowed "carping criticism" its fling, let us give thanks for the treasure here spread before our eyes. It has been said that England has given the world nine-tenths of its poetry, and though that may be an exaggerated claim, it certainly is impossible to look through any good English anthology without a feeling of pride in the noble inheritance that the years have handed down. To this pride is added—after reading, for instance, such poems as Francis Thomson's "Hound of Heaven," Henry Vaughan's "Eternity," Swinburne's "Hertha," to mention only three of the gems contained in these pages—a glow of satisfaction in the thought that a nation so often accused of hopeless materialism has yet produced so great a volume of poetry of a purely spiritual nature—poetry that expresses a deep, abiding consciousness of the unseen worlds where dwells that peace which man, for all his struggling, "did not make and cannot mar."

E. M. M.

THE IRISH ON THE SOMME, being the Second Series of "The Irish at the Front." By Michael MacDonagh, author of "Irish Life and Character." With an Introduction by John Redmond, M.P. London, New York, Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton. Price 2s. net.

NOTHING more graphic, heart-rending, yet inspiring, in the way of war records, has been written than Michael MacDonagh's tribute to The Irish on the Somme. As in the first of the series, *The Irish at the Front*, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., has contributed an Introduction, and the

present volume is dedicated to the memory of Major William Redmond, M.P., whose name is in itself a consecration.

Mr. Redmond asks the question, "If five years ago any one had predicted that in a great war in which the Empire was engaged 173,772 men would have been raised from Ireland, and that there would be more than half a million Irishmen with the colours, would he not have been looked upon as a lunatic? It is the free offering of Ireland." The answer will be found in Mr. MacDonagh's thrilling pages. He devotes separate chapters to the individual exploits and achievements of the Ulster Division (known as "The Light-hearted Brigade"), who have added Ancre, Beaumont Hamel, and Thiepval to the banners of Ulster; to "The Tyneside Irish" who dashed so magnificently over the heights of La Boiselle, through Bailiff's Wood to Contalmaison; and to the Irish Brigade ("the everywhere and always faithful"), who stormed Guillmont and Guinchy like an avenging Fate. The author devotes more than one chapter to the many honours and distinctions won by the Irish regiments, and many a fervent page to those who have made the supreme sacrifice, especially dwelling on the beloved memory of Lieut. Kettle, of the Dublins. Particular interest is attached to the chapter on "The Wearing of Religious Emblems at the Front," and it will be remembered by OCCULT REVIEW readers that Mr. MacDonagh some time ago contributed an article to this magazine on the same subject. "Mystery," he says, "surrounds the Irish Catholic soldier at all times. His realization of the unseen is very vivid. The saints and angels are his companions, not the less real and potent because they are not visible to his eyes. But it is on the field of battle that he is most closely enveloped by these spiritual presences."

EDITH K. HARPER.

DREAM PSYCHOLOGY. By Maurice Nicoll. Cr. 8vo, pp. 194. London: Oxford University Press.

BETWEEN the scientific dissection of dream material which forms the basis of modern psycho-analysis, and the empirical interpretation of dreams comprised within the pages of the popular dream-book there is a wide gulf. That gulf is hardly less wide than that which has sprung up between the Vienna and Zurich schools of psycho-analysis. Yet one could hardly wish for a more healthy sign of the vitality of the nascent science—for it is still in a rudimentary stage—than the cleavage between the followers of Professor Freud, of Vienna, and Dr. Yung, of Zurich. Mr. Nicoll follows for the most part Dr. Yung, although he does not claim that all his views would be endorsed by the Swiss school.

It stands to reason that the analysis of those upwellings from the Unconscious which we term dream phantasies will be profoundly influenced by the view taken of the nature of that vast field which lies beyond the threshold of normal consciousness. While, to the follower of Freud, "the Unconscious is like a Zoo in the heart of a great city, full of caged beasts," to the author of the present work "the significance that has been given to the Unconscious is one that links up with the Aristotelian conception of an *entelechy* or a form-giving cause or principle. . . . This teleological view of the Unconscious gives a value to its symbolism that is purposive. It has an aim that is creative, healing, or developmental." Hence the constructive method of dream interpretation favoured by Mr. Nicoll, which, while it may render the interpretations more speculative,

yet removes the whole subject from that narrow, and we venture to say perverted outlook which persists in finding a sexual interpretation for any and every form of dream symbology.

Dream Psychology, while not professing to be anything like an exhaustive treatise on the subject, yet gives a succinct purview of the fundamental principles underlying dream interpretation in a manner which renders the work by far the best introduction to this newly-opened field of research that we have so far come across.

H. J. S.

RATIONAL MEMORY TRAINING. By B. F. Austin, A.M., B.D., Ex-Principal of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ontario. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

SYSTEMS for improving the memory seem to have been in vogue even among the Ancients. Many of us know the reply of Themistocles when advised to adopt one of them: "Teach me rather the Art of Forgetting! For I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would." Most systems, however, up to the present day, have consisted merely in the acquirement of an artificial form of memory which weakens instead of strengthening the mental faculties, and practically in time defeats its own object. The difference between artificial mnemonics and true memory is most ably and scientifically set forth in the present volume, which aims at "the daily exercise of memory under the right physical and psychical conditions," and also "to point out the laws that govern the reproduction of ideas, and the best methods of cultivation, mental classification, and natural association of ideas, as aids to recollection." This law of the association of ideas is, in fact, the governing principle of the science of memorizing correctly; a very interesting branch of psychology, of the greatest importance to teachers. Mr. Austin is an enthusiast on his subject, and quotes many authorities, past and present, as a background for his own carefully thought-out and practical scheme. It would seem, indeed, that our ancestors thought much more of the training of the mind in those habits of attention and concentration which are so essential to a good memory than do we in these somewhat slipshod days of "tabloid information." The author points out that much of the history of mankind has come down to us in the form of oral tradition, as for instance the lore of the Hebrews. The same may be said in regard to the Druidic Triads, and the legends of the Scottish Highlands. This was achieved by verbal repetition, from generation to generation, not by the placing of mental images in imaginary compartments, a plan which Mr. Austin makes clear at best creates but a "sensational memory" with no staying power. But mere repetition alone does not always attain much beyond its immediate object, i.e., the memorizing of a given quantity of a particular subject. For Mr. Austin's specific method, and sound general advice, the reader should study carefully the twelve chapters of this invaluable book which the author has succeeded in making amusing as well as instructive by means of much apt quotation and anecdote. Professors of mnemonics in bygone days seem to have had even a worse time than modern mediums, for Schenkel, says the author, in the sixteenth century was brought before the Inquisition, who branded him as a sorcerer and denounced his system of memory-training as the work of the Devil!

EDITH K. HARPER.