THE ATLANTIS QUARTERLY

A Journal devoted to Atlantean and Occult Studies

EDITED BY

LEWIS SPENCE

AND

CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

CONTENTS

PUBLISHED BY THE POSEIDON PRESS
34 HOWARD PLACE, EDINBURGH

Vol. I., No. 4 March 1933

"THE PROBLEM OF LEMURIA"

By

LEWIS SPENCE

AUTHOR OF "The Problem of Atlantis"; "The History of Atlantis"; "Atlantis in America"; "The Mysteries of Egypt"; "The Mysteries of Britain"; "Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria"; etc.

LEMURIA, the Atlantis of the Pacific, has not so far been made the subject of any serious and authoritative study, and in order that students of this most fascinating phase in the history of the ancient world may no longer be without guidance, Mr Spence has in the present volume treated its traditions and remains in the practical yet fascinating manner which proved so successful in the case of his "Problem of Atlantis." In these pages he has collected all the available material concerning the sunken continent of Oceania, its ruins, legends, its racial relationships and geology, and has attempted a reconstruction of the life of its inhabitants. Some of the well-attested facts presented regarding the existence of inhabited islands and land-masses in the Pacific in times quite recent are little short of astounding, and the material relative to the actual survival of thousands of members of a native white race in Oceania, the probable descendants of the Lemurians, cannot fail to arouse widespread astonishment. The volume is an enthralling contribution to one of the most absorbing of human mysteries and is richly illustrated.

Published by Messrs RIDER & CO.
Paternoster House, London, E.C.

Price - - 10s. 6d. net

45945
c/Sc+

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF ATLANTIS

COUNTLESS ages have passed since Atlantis sank beneath the waves, but the wisdom that was hers still survives. That this is so, more than one intimation has been vouchsafed in this Journal, and that the statement is capable of proof is indicated by the article " Was Atlantis the Birthplace of the Mysteries ? " published in last issue.

The Atlantis Quarterly was founded primarily to supply a forum of publication and discussion for those students of the subject who could not readily discover the same elsewhere, and as a medium for the presentation of historical and scientific matter pertaining to the sunken continent. But as numerous communications have been received, requesting practical guidance in those mystical paths to the illumination of which this Journal is likewise devoted, the Editors have resolved to form a Brotherhood or Society of those who are desirous of attaining the arcane knowledge bequeathed to the world by the Atlantean adepts.

This, they wish to make clear, was not preserved through the medium of " akashic records," or by supernatural agency, as some unofficial schools of vain observance pretend, but has been handed down by tradition, as in the case of all other mystical knowledge of any real value. To duly registered subscribers of this Journal who desire it and who attach themselves to the Order, a private and personal communication in typescript will be sent with each issue of this Journal, commencing with that published on 6th June. No charge will be made for the same, or for joining the Order, the sole condition being that the recipient must be a registered member of The Ancient Order of Atlantis and a full subscriber to *The Atlantis Quarterly*.

Subscribers, old and new, who desire to join the Order will, on receipt of their written request, be furnished with a card of membership of the Order, entitling them

to a copy of the quarterly instalment of unpublished material dealing with the ancient arcane wisdom of Atlantis, magical and mystical.

In conclusion, the Editors desire to say that they are only too well aware that the higher stages of arcane knowledge of any genuine mystical system are incommunicable. What they intend to pass on to members of the Order in the first place is instruction concerning the early stages of initiation into the Atlantean Mysteries. More they cannot do through the medium of correspondence. Advanced knowledge may be communicated at a later stage to those who reveal themselves as worthy of it, but in no case will any fee be charged for such instruction. If the demand for membership permits, lodges of the Order may be founded in various centres.

Contributions from eminent Mystics in many countries and of many various arcane brotherhoods will be added to the communications alluded to above from time to time, and arrangements are now being made to enlist the ripest opinions of the mystical world in this new endeavour of enlightenment.

Subscriptions to

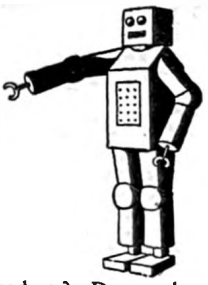
THE ATLANTIS QUARTERLY

THE rate of subscription to *The Atlantis Quarterly* is Fifteen Shillings per annum, payable in advance. Cheque or money order should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE POSEIDON PRESS, 34 HOWARD PLACE, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

The dates of publication for the four issues forming the second volume, are *6th June*, *6th September*, and *6th December* 1933, and *6th March* 1934.

Back numbers may be obtained at any time by new subscribers.

Are you a ROBOT



—*or* DO YOU THINK FOR YOURSELF?

DARE you throw off the shackles of tradition and orthodoxy? Do you close your eyes and say, "What was good enough for those before me is good enough for me?"

For centuries the knowledge about himself has been kept from man-suppressed. To-day the Rosicrucians, a NON-RELIGIOUS Brotherhood, offer every man and woman the opportunity of a frank study of life's mysteries. Do you know the facts about thought formation, law of vibration, life on other planets, whether there is a soul?

A Fascinating FREE Book

Write to-day to the address below and receive the FREE book "The Wisdom of the Sages." It will tell you how you may share this knowledge and achieve real happiness. Address: SCRIBE T.U.V.

ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD

SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA

PANSOPHIA

(All Wisdom)

The **Sincere at Heart** will find knowledge of the highest spiritual order and an ancient, approved, systematic occult training, in the **Universal Pansophic Society for North America and Mexico.** Post Office Box 763, **Oakland,** California, U.S.A.

CORRESPONDENCE in English, German, French, Spanish

"PLUMES OF TIME"

By **LEWIS SPENCE**

A cheaper edition of this collection of English and Scots poems, first published in 1926, has just been issued at **1s. 6d.** net.

"Here beauty of thought and music of speech are all in all, and we move amid gracious words as in an old garden."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Every line Mr Spence writes is quotable."—*Scots Observer.*

"In his Scots poems Mr Spence is happy in recapturing the music of Dunbar and Henryson . . . and Scotland's Golden Age."—*Aberdeen Free Press and Journal.*

"His art is at its highest in his poetry, particularly in the most difficult thing he has essayed, and with a success quite unparalleled—his poems in Middle Scots."—*Daily Record.*

"No other Scottish poet has written of the Scottish Capital in language so befitting her dignity and beauty . . . His verse has a Parnassian sureness of phrase and richness of diction not often met with to-day . . . Two or three of the sonnets are probably among the best in English verse.—*The Scotsman.*

Messrs GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.
Museum Street :: London

The POEMS of Charles Richard Cammell

"Mr Cammell has gathered wisely from his several books, published here and on the Continent. He shows an extraordinary versatility of metrical power . . . his choice and treatment of subject reveal impeccable taste and scholarship."—*The Saturday Review.*

"A poet's poet. He has been read and enjoyed for years by the poets and writers of many lands. . . . The range in the two hundred and fifty pages of this finely printed book is astonishing. Passionate love poems, epistles, lyrics and elegies, satires and translations have been poured out in profusion . . . he stands almost alone as a verse satirist to-day. . . . Mr Cammell's great ode, 'The Triumph of Beauty,' is one of the most extraordinary achievements of modern verse. . . . Of the translations, many of them from the French, it is no exaggeration to say that they are unsurpassed in our language. No one, I think, who has read them, would venture to criticise this view."—*The Poetry Review.*

:: *Price 10s. 6d.* ::

LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS
8 Regent Street, S.W.1

THE ATLANTIS QUARTERLY

A Journal devoted to Atlantean and Occult Studies

Edited by LEWIS SPENCE and CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

Vol. I., No. 4 March 1933

FOREWORD

THIS issue of *The Atlantis Quarterly* concludes the first year of its publication, and, so that we may be enabled to make suitable arrangements for the forthcoming series, we would exhort our readers to send in their annual subscriptions at the earliest possible date, as delay in doing so may greatly affect the general scheme of the *Quarterly*. So far, the support afforded has been encouraging, but, if the *Quarterly* is to achieve a wider measure of usefulness, it must be on a considerably greater scale than heretofore. We rely, therefore, on the good offices of our subscribers to make every endeavour in their power to enlarge the circle of our readers.

So far a very considerable number of readers have registered as members of the Ancient Order of Atlantis, but it has been resolved to postpone the issue of the first supplement of typewritten matter having a bearing on the arcane wisdom of Atlantis until the publication of the first number of our second year's series (next June), as the list of those interested is as yet not sufficiently large to justify the added expense of this extra.

This number contains, among other features, a most interesting communication from Professor Russo, the well-known Italian Atlantalogue, on " Classical Notices of Submerged Continents." A new feature deals with " Our Readers' Experiences," and contains among other occult communications a surprising sequel to the strange case of " The Sorceress of the Isles," which appeared in our first number and which aroused so much speculation. Mr Charles Richard Cammell contributes an article on

the celebrated German witch, Sidonia von Bork, and Mr Lewis Spence commences a serial work dealing in personal and autobiographical vein with " The Faerie Faith," in which so many of our readers have evinced such an extraordinary interest. Still another new feature is " Atlantean Notes," in which readers will be kept abreast of world research regarding the question of the sunken continent.

The second year of the publication of *The Atlantis Quarterly* will be marked by contributions of great value and interest, not only as regards the affairs of the sunken continent but in respect of other subjects of occult significance. Thus the whole question of the position of Spiritualism, in relation to its claim for the future existence of the human spirit, will be discussed at length in an endeavour to arrive at some basis of certainty; the veridical descent of Rosicrucianism will be examined into. Recent expeditions in search of the site of Atlantis will be reviewed, while many other subjects of pressing interest to students of the arcane will be dealt with by expert pens.

Intimations that a certain arcane society existing in Great Britain has been endeavouring to get into close psychic touch with the management of this journal have been received, and if the brotherhood in question believes the time to be ripe for a more explicit communication of its intentions, the editors will be happy to hear from its responsible leaders.

CLASSICAL NOTICES OF SUBMERGED CONTINENTS

By Professor DOTT. AVV. NICOLA RUSSO

(President of the Italian Society of Atlantean Studies, Founder and Director of the Scientific Review, Atlantis in Italy.)

THE man who loyally tries to account to himself for what goes on around him, and who never ceases to investigate the most intimate recesses of human nature, will one day reach the point of having no more secrets to discover in the universe nor in the depths of the sea. *A time will come when* the mystery of Atlantis, obscured by the famous veil of Isis, will be revealed to us, when astonished eyes will admire masterpieces of wonderful workmanship and will be able to decipher the mysterious characters of the fire-worshippers.

And then the wonderful tradition of Plato will no longer be a fable, and those imaginative writers will no longer be called visionaries who for years have dedicated themselves with meticulous care worthy of a Cenobite or of a Trappist monk, to the reconstruction of the old Atlantean civilisation.

That this land really existed and that it formed a connecting link with the various regions of Europe, Asia, and Africa, we can prove otherwise than from numerous works of art of similar workmanship ; we can prove it also from various political and social ordinances connected with pantheistic religions which worshipped in the forces of nature and in the planets, the essence of the one God, great and beneficent, who regarded with watchful eye sinful humanity here below.

The first to decipher these secrets was Plato, who did not know how to account for the fact that in the lesser Panathenea a veil was carried that had embroidered in

the middle an episode of the war between the Athenians and the Atlantides. There must, therefore, have been a point of union between the two continents, and this point of union must have been constituted by another continent, the vanished Atlantis. And Greece must have been at one time in serious trouble, for those kings of Atlantis suddenly resolved to make a surprise attack, and united together for that purpose. Forming a very powerful army, they resolved with one mighty blow to reduce to subjection the territory of Egypt and the other cities lying on the near side of the Delta of the Nile. Face to face with this imminent danger, Greece made use of all her forces, threw herself on the common enemy that had come to take possession of and to disperse the sacred relics. Victory smiled on the young nation, but a tremendous seismic-tellurian upheaval, having been caused by great earthquakes and inundations, in the space of one day and one terrible night all the contending warriors sank together into the earth, and in the same manner disappeared the island of Atlantis, submerged by the sea. This was the reason why the bold navigators of antiquity did not dare to cross that unnavigable and inexplorable tract of ocean, because the great mud-flats which the island made in the depths of the sea impeded their passage. Aristotle in his marvellous writings mentions an island situated in the Atlantic, discovered by the Carthaginians.

All this Plato in his wanderings learnt about the mysterious continent while in Egypt, and notably at Saïs from an Egyptian priest. It is useful to point out the importance of this sacred city, where Solomon learnt the glorious origin of his country. Saïs, for some time the chief city of the Delta, stood on the right bank of the Canopic arm, upon an artificially raised spot, to-day occupied in part by Sa-el-Hadjar. It was then famous for the worship of Neith and Isis. The great annual festival, called the " Mysteries of Isis," was celebrated at a lake near the city. Saïs was also one of the cities which was supposed to contain the tomb of Osiris. It was a royal city under the XVIIth, XXIVth, XXVIth,

and XXVIIIth dynasties, and reached its highest point of prosperity under the XXVIth, from 697 to 524 B.C. Psammenitus and Amasis were the most illustrious kings. It was still more famous as a seat of learning, and was visited by Pythagoras and Solon. Plato was anxious to observe near at hand the exotic and wonderful region where lay the archives of all the legends, where were revealed the secrets of nature, where the divine arts could be learnt, where the inmost recesses of science might be probed, where medicine, astrology, painting, and sculpture had reached the highest point. This desire became so urgent that one fine day he decided to embark from the Piræus for the small sum of two drachmæ. Egypt, for generations, had allured the Greeks on account of its fruitful commerce and its exotic curiosities. Plato was so extremely surprised at it that in his extreme old age we find him saying that among them (the Egyptians) were to be found works of painting and sculpture completed ten thousand years before. When he came back to his native land, we find him weaving the thread and spinning the fabric of the legend of the great civilisation of the vanished land of Atlantis.

That Atlantis before the time of Plato was known in sacred traditions and legends is proved by the fact that Homer and Hesiod were already acquainted with the legend of Atlas, condemned by Jove to bear the heavens on his shoulders. Herodotus also, in the fourth book of his " History," mentions the Atlanteans, and Diodorus, too, in his " Library of History," in the third book, at chapter liii., tells of the Atlanteans, a people more civilised than the people of these countries, and inhabiting a rich land containing great cities. He adds that among the Atlanteans and in the region bordering on the ocean, the gods were born.

Theopompus, in the seventy-sixth section of his " Work on the Greek Historians," says, supporting Plato's thesis, that Europe, Asia, Libya (*i.e.*, Africa) are islands surrounded by the ocean, and that the real continent lies beyond.

the middle an episode of the war between the Athenians and the Atlantides. There must, therefore, have been a point of union between the two continents, and this point of union must have been constituted by another continent, the vanished Atlantis. And Greece must have been at one time in serious trouble, for those kings of Atlantis suddenly resolved to make a surprise attack, and united together for that purpose. Forming a very powerful army, they resolved with one mighty blow to reduce to subjection the territory of Egypt and the other cities lying on the near side of the Delta of the Nile. Face to face with this imminent danger, Greece made use of all her forces, threw herself on the common enemy that had come to take possession of and to disperse the sacred relics. Victory smiled on the young nation, but a tremendous seismic-tellurian upheaval, having been caused by great earthquakes and inundations, in the space of one day and one terrible night all the contending warriors sank together into the earth, and in the same manner disappeared the island of Atlantis, submerged by the sea. This was the reason why the bold navigators of antiquity did not dare to cross that unnavigable and inexplorable tract of ocean, because the great mud-flats which the island made in the depths of the sea impeded their passage. Aristotle in his marvellous writings mentions an island situated in the Atlantic, discovered by the Carthaginians.

All this Plato in his wanderings learnt about the mysterious continent while in Egypt, and notably at Saïs from an Egyptian priest. It is useful to point out the importance of this sacred city, where Solomon learnt the glorious origin of his country. Saïs, for some time the chief city of the Delta, stood on the right bank of the Canopic arm, upon an artificially raised spot, to-day occupied in part by Sa-el-Hadjar. It was then famous for the worship of Neith and Isis. The great annual festival, called the " Mysteries of Isis," was celebrated at a lake near the city. Saïs was also one of the cities which was supposed to contain the tomb of Osiris. It was a royal city under the XVIIth, XXIVth, XXVIth,

and XXVIIIth dynasties, and reached its highest point of prosperity under the XXVIth, from 697 to 524 B.C. Psammenitus and Amasis were the most illustrious kings. It was still more famous as a seat of learning, and was visited by Pythagoras and Solon. Plato was anxious to observe near at hand the exotic and wonderful region where lay the archives of all the legends, where were revealed the secrets of nature, where the divine arts could be learnt, where the inmost recesses of science might be probed, where medicine, astrology, painting, and sculpture had reached the highest point. This desire became so urgent that one fine day he decided to embark from the Piræus for the small sum of two drachmæ. Egypt, for generations, had allured the Greeks on account of its fruitful commerce and its exotic curiosities. Plato was so extremely surprised at it that in his extreme old age we find him saying that among them (the Egyptians) were to be found works of painting and sculpture completed ten thousand years before. When he came back to his native land, we find him weaving the thread and spinning the fabric of the legend of the great civilisation of the vanished land of Atlantis.

That Atlantis before the time of Plato was known in sacred traditions and legends is proved by the fact that Homer and Hesiod were already acquainted with the legend of Atlas, condemned by Jove to bear the heavens on his shoulders. Herodotus also, in the fourth book of his " History," mentions the Atlanteans, and Diodorus, too, in his " Library of History," in the third book, at chapter liii., tells of the Atlanteans, a people more civilised than the people of these countries, and inhabiting a rich land containing great cities. He adds that among the Atlanteans and in the region bordering on the ocean, the gods were born.

Theopompus, in the seventy-sixth section of his " Work on the Greek Historians," says, supporting Plato's thesis, that Europe, Asia, Libya (*i.e.*, Africa) are islands surrounded by the ocean, and that the real continent lies beyond.

He tells that once the King of Phrygia, Midas, had intoxicated Silenus by having wine put into the fountain at which he drank, and having thus obtained power over him, he would not set Silenus free until he had first revealed to him the mystery of his knowledge. And thus he had made him confess that Asia, Europe, and Africa formed one single island surrounded by the ocean, and that there only existed, in fact, one vast continent, isolated, located outside the land in which they were, and which was called Merope (Meropide ?). The beings who dwelt there, brought face to face with the inhabitants of the (known ?) earth, were twice as tall as they and lived twice as long. They possessed many populous cities, but two were of far greater importance than the others : one named Maximo, the other Eusebe. Those who lived in Eusebe dwelt in eternal peace and passed their lives undisturbed, making use of the riches they had, since the earth was so fertile and so abundant that it produced fruits without being cultivated or sown. Among them were born beings who were all healthy and perfect, without defect or disease, and they passed to the other life unperturbed. The gods protected them in return for their veneration, and often had intercourse with them. The citizens of the first city, on the other hand, warring constantly with the neighbouring cities, had enlarged the circle of their domain. They could not die of any wound made by the spear, but only of a blow received from a stone, or a knife, or a club. They possessed great quantities of gold and silver. For a time, spurred on by the desire of crossing the Ocean, they had reached the limits of Europe, *i.e.*, as far as the land of the Hyperboreans, whose felicity they had often heard extolled. Having reached that spot and seen the manner of life there, they were so disgusted that they immediately decided to return to their own place. In their lands lived in many great cities men called Meropes, who occupied a region situated at the extremity of their country, called Anosto. All round them ran two rivers, one named the River of Grief the other the River of Joy, on whose banks grew trees as tall as plane-trees. Whoever tasted

the fruits of these trees, which were on the banks of the River of Grief, could not but fade away in incessant lamentation, which brought him to the gates of death; while he who tasted the fruits that ripened on the River of Joy suddenly forgot all his past desires and became gradually ever younger, passing on and on through the ages of life, becoming again a youth, a boy, a babe, till finally he melted away placidly into nothingness, and was extinguished.

Among the ancients, Plutarch, Diodorus of Sicily, Strabo, Macrobius, Ælian, speak of a distant continent beyond the Atlantic.

Proclus, in his Commentary on the "Timæus" of Plato, says: "The historians who speak of the Island of the Outer Sea say that in their time there were seven islands consecrated to Proserpina, three others of a great extent: the first was consecrated to Pluto, the second to Ammon, the third, of 1,000 furlongs in size, to Poseidon. The inhabitants of this last island had preserved from their ancestors the tradition of Atlantis, of an extremely large island, which for a long space of time exercised dominion over all the islands of the Atlantic Ocean and was itself also consecrated to Neptune." Marcellus has recounted this in his stories of the Ethiopians.

Diodorus the Sicilian, after having spoken, in Book III., of the Atlanteans, says, in Book V., chapter xix., that near Libya there was an island in the high seas of considerable extent and situated in the Ocean. It was a few days' sail distant from Libya and located to the west of it. Its surface was fertile, mountainous, uneven, and of great beauty. This island was irrigated by navigable rivers. There were to be seen there numerous gardens, filled with every species of tree and orchards and watered by springs of sweet water. There were country houses sumptuously built, whose garden-plots were ornamented with trellises covered with flowers. It was there that the inhabitants passed the summer, enjoying with delight the sweetness that the country provided for them in such great abundance. The mountainous region was covered

with thick woods and fruit-bearing trees of every kind; a mountain-dwelling was made beautiful by small valleys and by numerous springs. In a word, the whole island was well irrigated by sweet waters which contributed not only to the pleasure of the inhabitants but also to their health and strength. The chase provided them with different animals and procured for them succulent and sumptuous dishes. The sea that washed this island contained a multitude of fishes, for the Ocean was naturally very full of fish. Lastly, the air was so temperate that the fruits of the trees and other products grew in abundance during the greater part of the year. In a word, that island was so beautiful that it seemed to be rather the happy abode of some god than that of men.

The Phœnicians had carried on from ancient times a very extensive maritime trade: their commerce flourished and daily they added to their wealth. So one day they tried to go beyond the Pillars of Hercules and to emerge into the Ocean. Indeed, they constructed powerful triremes with which to brave the shock of the fickle element, and while they tacked about the coast of Libya they were buffeted by violent winds far out into the Ocean. Tossed by the tempest for some days, they were at last able to arrive at the Happy Isle (or, Isle of the Blest). Having taken cognisance of the richness of the soil, they communicated this discovery to all. Hence the Tyrrhenians, who were powerful on the sea, wished to set up a colony there, but were hindered from doing so by the Carthaginians, who, fearing on the one hand that very many citizens, attracted by the beauty of that island, would leave their country, caused a decree to be passed by the Suffetes, which threatened to inflict the pain of death on anyone who should leave his native soil. Of this island, then, no more was known, as the tremendous cataclysm plunged it into the depths of the abyss.

Nor does Plutarch, the famous historian of Cheronea, omit to mention this island of Paradise, an abode so pleasing to mortals. In the life of the great General

Sertorius, it is stated that Sertorius, when the storm was over and his life saved as by a miracle, landed on the farthest sea coast of Spain, higher up than the mouth of the River Beti, which, entering the Atlantic Ocean, has given the name to the part of Spain that is near it. Here Sertorius was found by some sailors who were by chance returning from the Atlantic Isles, and they informed him that two of these islands were separated from the rest by a small stretch of sea and were 10,000 furlongs distant from Africa, and were called Blessed or Fortunate. There, in their delta, it rained little, and the rain which fell was slight, the winds were light and full of dew. The soil was rich and not only easily ploughed and sown, but—a miraculous thing—without being tilled at all, it produced of itself fruit really sweet, capable of feeding an idle multitude. The air was very fine and mild, and varied very little with the seasons. Therefore the winds which blew from the land towards those parts, such as Boreas and Aquilo, were softened by distance, and sometimes, indeed, did not reach these islands. But the winds, Caurus and Zephyr, which came from the sea, brought refreshing rains, rare, indeed, but mild. Many things were grown there easily on account of the humidity of the air, so much so that the Barbarians had believed the Elysian Fields to be there and the habitations of the Blest so celebrated by Homer. Sertorius, having learnt these things, had a great desire to go and see these islands, and to live there and dwell quietly without tyranny and without war, in rest and peace. But he was hindered from making that journey through bringing aid to the enemies of Ascalus.

Plutarch, in his " Treatise on Isis and Osiris," speaks of the Island of Panchaia. This happy isle is said to have existed in the Indian Ocean, to the south of Arabia. It was inhabited by a pious people divided into three castes, who enjoyed the blessings of nature in perfect unity without any notion of division of private property.

Diodorus, in the second book of his " Library," tells us of the journeys of Iambulus and of a discovery of

a Fortunate Island. Sacrificed by the Ethiopians to the God of the Sea, left to his fate on the Indian Ocean, kept from returning again after sailing about for four months, Iambulus arrived at the aforementioned island. The inhabitants marvelled greatly at his arrival, and welcomed him with all possible cordiality. Their land was situated below the Equator, and the night there lasted exactly as long as the day, and at noon objects had no shadow. The climate was mild, and every kind of fruit ripened in abundance, without any tilling of the ground being required. Thence sprang a plant like a reed, which produced a kind of fruit that, on being ground, served to make a species of bread. The inhabitants, the tallest and handsomest men hitherto known, had some knowledge of astronomy, and used an alphabet of seven characters which, correctly arranged, are sufficient to give twenty-eight sounds. Besides this they had a language composed of two parts, by means of which they not only imitated the voice of man, but understood the language of birds, and could speak at the same time with two persons. They did not receive into their community the sick or cripples, and the men reached the age of a hundred and fifty years, and left this earth voluntarily, according to the custom of the country. They went to a place where the mandrepora grew and, intoxicated with the perfume of that plant, they fell asleep and died. All over the island the most beautiful fountains of water, warm and cold, welled up, and the sea—a thing that astonished him—was mild, and greatly agitated by ebb and flow. Iambulus and his companions remained on that island for quite seven years. Finally they were driven out as malefactors. After a voyage of four months' duration he arrived at the Indian continent, in the neighbourhood of a king who dwelt in Polibothra. He was a friend of the Greeks, and conceded to them a path leading into Persia. From there Iambulus returned to his native land, where he wrote the story of the marvellous island, with details of a similar kind about the wonders of India.

Strabo, speaking of Atlantis in his "Geography," says

that Posidonius accepts the opinion of Plato about Atlantis, and that the tradition relating to that island could not be pure fiction. The Egyptian priests, interrogated by Solon, had assured him that there existed in ancient times an island of that name, but that that island had disappeared, even though it was of the size of a continent.

The Greek tradition of Atlantis was continued by Ælian, in his "Diversified History," and through the Neo-Platonist, Philo the Jew, Iamblicus, Sirianus and Proclus, not forgetting the good Crantor, the man of hieroglyphics; by Posidonius Ammianus Marcellinus, in the fifteenth book of his "Histories," and by two apologists, the ardent Tertullian in the apologetics and Arnobius in the first section of the "Disputationes Adversus Gentes," Book VII.

Of continents that had disappeared like Atlantis, tradition mentions Hyperboreas, the continent Pean, a vanished land in the Pacific, and Saturnia, the enchanted isle, where Briæreus watches beside the sleeping Saturn.

And finally, Lemuria has roused so much interest that the learned scientist, Lewis Spence, has written on it a book of great scientific interest, now published, which, on account of the minute examination he has made of the question, has engaged the attention of all the learned men who were interested in the fascinating problem.

This Lemuria, after an existence calculated to have been about 50,000 centuries, disappeared at the end of the Miocene Period, in consequence of a cataclysm which seems to have left no other remains than the islands and islets of the ocean, the Sunda Archipelago, and part of that immense distance stretching from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific, thus making it evident that Insulindia is only the remains of the vanished continent which was united to India and Indo-China, and which a great seismic-tellurian movement plunged entirely into the depths of the Ocean, shattering that island of Ceylon, where the ancients said was to be found the cradle of the world.

Another continent that has vanished is Tyrrhenia, according to the theories of Forsyth Maior and the Atlantologue, Nicola Russo of Bari. It must have embraced Sardinia, Corsica, the Tuscan Archipelago, and the two promontories of Argentaro and Circeo. That land formed, as the still existing parts attest, a separate geological system independent of the Appenninic. With regard to the existence of Atlantis, we owe to the intensive investigation of the scientist, Ignatius Donelly, the concrete affirmation of that existence and of the great civilisation which had its roots in that region. The famous book of that learned English writer, "Atlantis, the Antediluvian World," was published in 1890 in London by Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. He strongly maintains that there was life on the great vanished continent, and in thirteen affirmations discusses the importance of his theories. In the first thesis he says that for a time there was a vast island in the Atlantic Ocean opposite Abyla and Calpe (the Pillars of Hercules), called Atlantis. He maintains that what Plato has written is true history, and goes on to affirm what Crantor upheld, as mentioned above. Man on that miraculous isle passed gradually from the troglodyte state, perfecting himself to the point of assuming the rôle of civilised humanity. This region, with the passing of time, became populous and powerful enough even to the point of invading the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, the banks of the River Mississippi, the River of the Amazons, the coasts of South America along the Pacific, the Mediterranean, the western coasts of Europe and Africa, the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian Sea, which it populated with different nations. It was the real world before the Deluge, before Eden, before the Garden of the Hesperides, before the Elysian Fields, before the Gardens of Alcinous, before Olympus, Asgard, Mesomphalos, places so renowned among the ancient peoples, where human beings enjoyed perennial happiness. The mythologies of Egypt and of Peru show us the real religion of Atlantis, which consisted in sun-worship. Thus the oldest colony of Atlantis was probably Egypt,

whose civilisation reproduced that of the mother country Atlantis.

In some places it is affirmed that the objects of the Bronze Age which came back into Europe show their derivation from Atlantis, where there were good artificers who knew how to work in iron. The male and female divinities of the ancient Greeks, of the Phœnicians, of the Indians, and of the Scandinavians, were kings, queens, and heroes of Atlantis, and the acts of heroism which mythology attributes to them are none other than a confused record of historical happenings. The Phœnician alphabet, which is the first of all the European alphabets, is derived from the Atlantean alphabet, which was taught to the Maya of Central America. So that Atlantis was the home of the Aryan or Indo-European, and of the Semitic, not excluding the Turanian, peoples. Atlantis perished in a terrible convulsion of nature, in which the entire island was submerged, with the loss of all the population. Those few who had time to escape from the general disaster on boats and on rafts carried the account of the event to the peoples who were in the East and West—a tradition that has come down to our days with the legend of the universal Deluge—similar to those peoples who inhabited the old and the new continent. But when did Atlantis disappear? According to Filippoff, the astronomer of Algiers, in 8180 B.C. Which shows, indeed, that the ceremonial of divine worship in Egypt was performed at the time of the passing of the vernal point from one sign of the zodiac to another, since in the zodiacal circle the first Thoth was symbolised as Cancer, calculating the entrance of the equinoctial point into such a constellation, and not its continual displacement, as the aforesaid date has deduced.

Now it seems possible that this intriguing problem may be resolved through a sensational paragraph which appeared in the newspaper, *La Croix*, of Strasbourg, on 28th December 1929: "We hear from New York that in the neighbourhood of the island of Begamè in the Archipelago of New Providence (the Lesser Antilles, some little distance from the Cape of Florida), various

captains of mercantile ships had perceived the structure of an island which had neither appeared nor been contemplated in the geographical maps. Approaching the island, they saw on it ruins of ancient construction.

" The American Minister of War sent three destroyers to verify this, and thus was established the certainty that the unknown surface perceived by the sailors really existed, and that it had emerged from the waves in consequence of a recent upheaval of the land.

" A special scientific expedition will set out shortly for the Archipelago of New Providence to determine the epoch to which the construction of this city goes back. Till now all that has been established for certain is that the ruins belong to a city that might have contained a very numerous population and which, according to all probability, had existed before the conquest of the American continent by Europeans.

" The architecture of certain edifices, as well as the arrangement of the streets, makes us suppose that it was an ancient American city that had disappeared in consequence of a great geological catastrophe. But it is known, on the other hand, that certain scientists suppose that the Antilles (West Indies ?) are the last remains of a vanished continent that might certainly have been the Atlantis of which Plato speaks."

There are obvious evidences to prove that Atlantis really existed and that human migration across the passage-ways of the continent was divided into two opposite directions: one through the East and the Indian Ocean towards the Australian lands and the Pacific, right to the Island of Pasqua; the other by way of the Atlantic towards the West into America, so that the perfect resemblance of religion, of rites, and of arts in American civilisation and that of the Mediterranean lands make us, therefore, assume the existence of connections between Libya and Ethiopia with the Maya.

The time will come when the mystery of Atlantis will be revealed to us, and we shall read the wonderful history of it through the inscriptions which, in a really

marvellous manner, the excavations will bring to light. And then Antiquity, as Science understands it, will be venerated and its lore made evident to all the nations, who will come and bring their offerings in order to learn the secret of their divine origin.

(*Translated by* M. E. MACDONALD CLARK.)

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROSICRUCIANS

By LEWIS SPENCE

OF late years the controversy regarding the former existence of the Rosicrucians has languished somewhat, but it has never wholly withered, and the question is still posed: Did such an Order as the Rosicrucian formerly flourish, and, if so, what were its tenets and its main objects? Those are still to be found who reply to the first part of this question affirmatively, although all close students of mystical literature are aware that from De Quincey's time to our own a quite extraordinary amount of proof has been brought to buttress the negative position. Indeed De Quincey, in his crushing essay, and Mr A. E. Waite in his no less authoritative "True History of the Rosicrucians," seemed to have given the *coup de grâce* to what many believe to have been one of the most extraordinary hoaxes in the records of human credulity. But none of those whose aim it has been to shatter the arguments of the pro-Rosicrucians appears to have sufficiently allowed for the fact that the fraternity of the Rosy Cross may have had affiliations with still older mystical societies, and its present-day protagonists point triumphantly to the circumstance that a Rosicrucian Brotherhood still flourishes.

It is now generally agreed that the first public revelation of the Rosicrucian Order, real or imaginary, was closely connected with Lutheran propaganda. In the second decade of the seventeenth century there appeared in succession three works, obviously from the same pen, "The Universal Reformation," "Fama Fraternitatis," and the "Confessio Fraternitatis," the expressed intention of which was the purification of an unrighteous and worldly age by the foundation of a society composed of the learned and the enlightened. The spirit of the time

was pro-mystical, and the projector of the proposed brotherhood tempered his invitation to the world's wisdom with more than a hint of the mysterious. It was in the " Fama Fraternitatis " particularly that arcane suggestions were thrown out. It speaks of the Order of the Rosy Cross as already instituted, and narrates its inception and history.

Christian Rosenkreuz, it informs us, a man of noble descent, travelled widely in the East, and acquired its occult lore. Upon his return to Germany he established a secret society, composed first of four and afterwards of eight members, who dwelt together in " the House of the Holy Ghost," the location of which is not specified. Having instructed his disciples in the arcane tenets he had acquired during his Eastern travels, he dispatched them on a mission of healing throughout Europe, but commanded them to forgather at the central institution annually on a given day, the word " Rosy-Cross " to be their watchword, and its pictured representation their sign or hieroglyph. They were, furthermore, to preserve the secret of the society's existence for 100 years. Christian Rosenkreuz died at the age of 106 years, and not even his disciples knew the whereabouts of his place of burial. But when the Order had existed for 120 years a door was discovered in the House of the Holy Ghost leading to a sepulchral vault, where were discovered the secret books of the Order, the " Vocabularium " of Paracelsus, and a quantity of mystical apparatus. Under the altar was found the body of Rosenkreuz himself, without taint or corruption, holding in his right hand a book written on vellum in golden letters. Immediately after this narrative follows a declaration of its mysteries addressed by the Order to the world. It professed itself to be of the Protestant faith, and stated that the art of gold-making was but " a slight object " with its members. The House of the Holy Spirit, it says, " though a hundred thousand men should have looked upon it, is yet destined to remain untouched, imperturbable, out of sight and unrevealed to the whole godless world for ever."

The " Confessio " contains little more than general

explanations upon the objects and traditions of the Order, which is therein described as having several degrees. Not only princes, nobles, and the wealthy, but " mean and inconsiderable persons " were admitted to its ranks, provided their intentions were pure and disinterested. The Order, we are told, possessed an esoteric language, and had accumulated more gold and silver than the whole world beside could yield. It was not, however, the mere gathering of wealth which concerned it, but philosophy and the inculcation of altruistic sentiment.

The spirit of the Order is, indeed, well illustrated by a passage from the writings of Robert Fludd, the English Rosicrucian. " We of the secret knowledge," he says, " do wrap ourselves in mystery, to avoid the objurgation and importunity of those who conceive that we cannot be philosophers unless we put our knowledge to some worldly use. There is scarcely one who thinks about us who does not believe that our society has no existence; because, as he truly declares, he never met any of us. And he concludes that there is no such brotherhood, because, in his vanity, we seek not him to be our fellow. We do not come, as he assuredly expects, to that conspicuous stage upon which, like himself, as he desires the gaze of the vulgar, every fool may enter: winning wonder, if the man's appetite be that empty way; and, when he has obtained it, crying out, ' Lo, this is also vanity ! ' "

Naturally, such a proclamation as the " Fama Fraternitatis " created an enormous sensation. Hundreds of scholars offered themselves, by pamphlet and otherwise, to the service of the Order, though no address appeared in its published declarations. But to none of these was any answer vouchsafed. Seemingly reliable evidence has been discovered that the author of the Rosicrucian treatises was John Valentine Andrea, a celebrated theologian of Württemberg, known also as a satirist and poet, and the suggestion has been made that his reason for the publication of them was that he sincerely deplored the wretchedness of his country consequent upon the Thirty Years War, and hoped to remove it by the institution of such an Order as the " Fama " describes, holding out the

hope of occult knowledge as a lure to the learned. That he did not avow the books as his own, or make any answer to the hundreds of applicants who desired to join this Order, has been critically explained as averse from his scheme.

But this " explanation " on the face of it is insufficient and unlikely, and takes no notice of the facts that not only did Andrea disown the writings in question, but actually joined the party of those who ridiculed the Rosicrucian Order as a chimera. Moreover, he confessedly wrote " The Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosycross," a comic extravaganza, designed to satirise and discredit the entire Rosicrucian position. It is also manifest that the " Universal Reformation " was borrowed wholesale from the " Raguaglio di Parnasso " of Bocalini, who suffered for his faith in 1613.

The work of Bocalini, of which the " Universal Reformation " is merely a reflection, is unquestionably in the direct line of mystical profession and tradition, and is manifestly inspired by older arcane writings, Byzantine, Gnostic, and Kabbalistic. Although Lutheran in spirit, it exhibits little or no Teutonic influence, and it therefore remains for the opponents of the reality of Rosicrucianism to show, not that its obvious German imitation has no traditional arcane authority, but that the Italian model was not so inspired. Rome was the uncompromising foe of all occult learning, an attitude which drove the professors of the mystical into the opposing camp of Lutheranism. Nor can the serious intentions of Bocalini and his standing as a protagonist of occult lore be challenged; and although his work differs slightly from the German Rosicrucian writings, internal evidence is wanting to show that it was not founded on circumstances of fact much more ancient than the Milanese himself actually appreciated. This indeed reopens the whole Rosicrucian question. But not only are Kabbalistic and Gnostic influences obvious in the writings of Bocalini, but others are apparent which I believe have a more or less direct bearing on the Mysteries of Egypt, and that he was in the direct line of succession as regards this particular tradition seems to me more than probable.

GHOSTS OF A NORTHERN CASTLE

By LEONORA, COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE

HAD you asked me, " Do you believe in ghosts ? " about the time the twentieth century began I should no doubt have smiled the complacent smile of ignorance and replied, " Why, yes, in ghosts and legends, in Grimm's ' Fairy Tales '—read by moonlight on the nursery window-sill—and in all the delicious fictions that beguile our leisure hours." At home they had told me: " These things, to be sure, make conversation, but you must be careful ; educated people of course know better than to be credulous."

And I, therefore, " knew better " than to believe in the foolish superstitions that scientists and learned men of our day had so completely explained away.

But as life lengthens we discover more and more that education does not lie entirely in books nor the improbable entirely in fiction. We are given lessons sometimes when we least expect them. My first lesson on this subject was neither desired nor expected.

We came to Northumberland during the summer of 1899, and a friend who was going abroad let us rent her old home by the Cheviot Hills.

We were glad to be near enough Chillingham to keep in touch with my husband's aged father, and gratefully accepted the opportunity.

Of that most romantic part of the British Isles Sir Walter Scott wrote, ". . . Each hill is crowned with a tower, or camp, or cairn, and in no situation can you be near more fields of battle : Flodden, Otterburn, Chevy Chase ; Ford Castle, Chillingham Castle, Copland Castle and many another scene of blood are within a forenoon's ride." (Letter to William Clerk, 26th August 1791.)

The fair demesne we entered had indeed a history, but looked cheerful and homelike enough: large sunny rooms, beautiful formal gardens and wide lawns. The views of hills and valleys inspired us to an outdoor life of healthful activity.

The room I chose for my own had windows to the south and east that made it bright in spite of its ancient furniture and curtained four-post bed. To be sure, there were sounds at night—thumping on the wardrobe—quite natural, I thought, with so much old wood about. But presently there were sounds of footsteps; a silk dress rustled at the bedside, not once, but every night as I lay down to sleep. There seemed to be a certain routine followed by whatever made the sounds. First, the glass and china on the washstand were rattled about, then the dressing-table was similarly handled, after that the door opened—I always lock my bedroom door—and footsteps could be heard along the passage or walking up and down the stairs. This was interfering with my rest, and I became indignant enough to carry from the hall below an assagai, that it might be used to scare off a practical joker, for I meant to stand no nonsense.

Meanwhile, I undertook investigations into the matter of rats or mice, or the likelihood of disturbance by pigeons, for there had always been pigeon-posts in these old towers. Not finding in these any solution I brought to the bedroom my magazine rifle. I was an accurate shot, and forgot in my indignation how serious might have been the consequences were the intruder really in the flesh, as I persisted in imagining.

One day, however, the butler came to me with a very grave and disturbed look, saying he could not understand who was walking about the passages, that he had followed someone—yes, it was a lady; she was dressed in brown, and had opened the door and walked right into his lordship's dressing-room. He followed her to see what she could be doing there, stepped into the room after her, and—there was no one. He could not understand. Soon after a housemaid ran to the servants' hall in hysterics about a ghost. She had closed the windows in my room

and was drawing the curtains without especially looking at a lady sitting in an armchair by the fireside, for she thought it was a guest who had come up to speak to me. As she turned to leave the room the lady disappeared before her eyes.

It was at a coming-of-age ball about that time that I met a prominent dowager whose mediæval castle looked far more weird and forbidding than our abode. She came up saying, " I recognised you from your pictures, my dear, and wanted to introduce myself. You are living up in Glendale, they tell me. How do you like it ? " " Oh, very much," I replied. " Who could but love the lordly strand of Northumberland ? " " Are you comfortable ? " she persisted. " What room have you chosen for yourself ? " When I answered " The so-called Green-room " she gave a little shriek of horror, exclaiming, " But, dear child, for two months you mean to say you've slept there ? Why, do you realise that a week is the utmost time anyone has been known to sleep in that place ? "

No, fortunately, I had not known, though already the thing was worrying me. Repeatedly I had jumped up as the footsteps reached my door and looked down the dark passages and stairs, but saw nothing.

The disturber had one awkward trick that I managed to frustrate. We used candles in those days, and time after time the light was blown out straight into my face. Doors and windows were shut, curtains drawn ; there was no draught to account for this thing.

Finally, one night I laughed, saying to it, " All right, you may now try something less easy," and fetched an oil lamp, which it never succeeded in extinguishing.

Another night, before going to his apartment, my husband stood talking to me when, suddenly, the casement on the south side was flung up violently. He rushed to examine it, looked down the iron-railed area, over the gravel beyond, but not a trace could be seen, either then or next morning, of anyone having been there. It was a fine, calm summer night, not a breath of wind stirring. A window so high up could not have been reached without

ladders or ropes or some visible means. Had the upper sash dropped we should have said it was caused by the fall of one of the weights. But how was the lower sash pushed up so noisily?

Evidently neither spears nor rifles were of any service in such a case. I tried after this speaking to the ghost when it would not let me sleep. Standing in the centre of the room I said, "Look here, this place belongs to just one of us two. This is a material house and I am the one who is in the material body, so, I ask you, please clear out." There was dead silence for the rest of that night.

My weapon now was an open Bible on the pillow beside me, displaying promises of peace and protection. It proved more effective than any other.

Nevertheless it seemed wisest, after another month, to move into the large guest-chamber, called "the King's room," on the opposite side of the house. My husband confessed that he had never in past years been, as a guest, in the "Green-room" without falling ill, and he wished me to run no more risks. Henceforward I was left in peace, but not so our household.

Days now began to grow short and dark. One afternoon, at dusk, I sent a footman out to order the carriage. As he came back from the stables he saw, walking toward him, a lady in brown. She seemed as natural as any other human being, yet he declared that he walked right through her, and then—she was not there!

We gave a dance soon after, for the trades-people of the district; many were tenants of our family and others were old friends. It was from them we learned the ghost was well known and is reputed to be Flora Macdonald. So far as I have been able to find out this is not impossible, for she is said to have crossed the Border and lived for a time amongst the wild crags and moors of north Northumberland.

There were said to have been monks also in this ancient dwelling, but at a far earlier period. It was years later that "they who knew" told me the proper procedure would have been to ask the ghost what it wanted in lieu of desiring merely my own peace. How

often I wished I had known enough to do this, and wondered what would have been the response.

People often say to me, "Oh, but I should be so frightened if I saw a ghost!" How do you know? It might be no more alarming than a visit from your friend or neighbour.

The attractive old stronghold where I first met ghosts still stands to-day. The owners of that day died, and after them another generation died. The place was sold to complete strangers who admired its beauty.

The new laird married, and having heard there were uncanny stories he strictly forbade all retainers and relations ever to mention such a thing, lest his bride be disturbed thereby. She consequently never heard the tales.

Many changes have been made in the house, and I have heard nothing recently about the "Green-room," but the latest account—it came to me only a few days ago —seems to allow of no break with tradition.

The young châtelaine, one day last month, being weary and wishing to see no company, went out for a long stroll in those lovely grounds, having taken the precaution to say that if anyone called she was "not at home." On her return, as she crossed the lawn, a lady walked up the drive toward the front door, a lady dressed in brown. The dress seemed old-fashioned, giving therefrom the impression that its wearer must be aged. "I shall have to receive the poor old lady now," thought the hostess, "since we can't help meeting face to face," and followed briskly toward her visitor. Stepping nearer, her hand ready to greet the caller who was now at the door, she stopped—the lady in brown had vanished.

THE OCCULT IN CHINA

By Dr JOHN STRANGE

THE occult arts in China are little known even to the enterprising and inquisitive spirit of Western science, and the volumes in English which deal with them are few in number and scarcely of a kind to yield more than a very popular and general notion of the scope and significance of celestial sorcery. Chinese magic, indeed, for one cause or another, falls to be included in that quite appreciable list of interesting but neglected subjects which still confronts workers in the field of research. The reasons for this neglect seem apparent enough. Those Britons who have devoted their lives to China are usually either missionaries, who have naturally no bias toward the study of matters pagan, or men of commerce, with still less appreciation for the mysterious. Such British scholars, too, as have adopted the study of things Chinese are more concerned with her ancient history and religions proper than with the weird story of her equally venerable sorceries.

The occult sciences, known in China as Ao-tse, have flourished there for countless centuries, and are to-day as vivid as ever in their association with and application to Chinese life. Generally speaking, they follow the bent of Chinese native philosophy in recognising effects practically and in interpreting causes imaginatively. They do not spring from Confucian practice, which is averse from their spirit and almost wholly material, but rather from the philosophy of Lao-Tze and Shih Huang, whose books contain what may be called the classical references to magical precept in divination, geomancy, astrology, and alchemy. They have become part and parcel of the Taoist religion, and are at the present time an essential part of the life of the Chinese people.

Taoism, as a faith, has steadily lost ground during the last twenty centuries, but what might be called the more practical of its schools has attacked the secrets of nature in the hope of finding the elixir of life, the secret of the transmutation of metals, and other proofs of unity with the source of existence; and even those who honour the Confucian morality or the Buddhist "way" do not hesitate to give ear to the less orthodox beliefs of Taoist magicians, for the Taoist priests are indeed the "official" magicians of China. The Taoist augurs or diviners have a definite organisation and an official head, and may be regarded as the recognised practitioners of magic and all that it implies. Their headquarters are still in the province of Kiang-Si, and they greatly venerate their founder, the first Taoist exorcist, Chang Tao Ling.

The initiation of a Taoist magician or Wu closely resembles that of a medicine-man in less civilised communities. The caste is hereditary, or as nearly so as possible, and from childhood the Taoist practitioner is trained in the mysteries of magic. For some days before his trial he keeps a strict fast, abstaining from wine and all pungent foods, maintaining a pious vigil, observing great cleanliness, and reciting many spells and charms, concentrating the while on the Tao; that is the "right way," or "absolute reason." On the eve of his initiation an elaborate sacrificial service is held in the nearest Taoist temple. He is questioned as to his ability to exorcise spirits, and is then put to the ordeal of the ladder of swords. Barefooted, he essays the dreadful ascent, and if he is successful in negotiating it is hailed as a qualified Wu, or sorcerer. The grand aim of the neophyte is to tread the twelve-stepped ladder of sword-blades nine times, thus achieving the dignity of subduing the thirty-six celestial and seventy-two earthly influences. The idea is to impress the spirits of evil with the superhuman qualities of the Wu.

The demons and spirits of good and evil, over which the Wu is supposed to have dominion, are extraordinarily numerous, but may be divided into two classes—the Kuei, or spirits capable of good as well as evil, and

associated with death and darkness; and the Mo, which are wholly evil. There are also the Yao, or apparitions which arise out of the imagination of man, and have no existence of themselves, but which are merely his subjective visions. Yet many sights and sounds which cannot easily be explained are labelled as Yao, or "prodigies." At all these the Confucian scholar and gentleman sneers, yet he will admit that he has power over them by reason of his superior educational knowledge! As for the great mass of the people, it may be said that they are more prone to the terrors of demonism than perhaps any nation in the world, and exhibit more dread of the unseen and supernatural than many folk far less gifted with the blessings of civilisation. The exorcism of demons is usually carried out by noise, the repetition of spells, and the scattering of rice and beans as offerings—and occasionally by the agency of bad smells!

The *vade mecum* of the diviner and fortune-teller is the "I Ching," or "Sacred Book of Changes." Its code consists of eight combinations of lines of full and half length, each combination having a reference to some earthly or heavenly power. The full lines refer to the Yang, or active male principle of nature, which corresponds to light, or the divine, while the broken lines are associated with the Yin, or dark and terrestrial female principle. These "lines" are replaced in actual practice by stalks of milfoil, which are cast down at random on a table and inferences drawn from the positions in which they fall to the right or left. Other processes of divination or luck-reading are connected with the occult reading of the lines on the shell of the tortoise, dreams and visions, and the blowing of the wind. Connected with divination is "hsiang mien," or physiognomy, that is the reading of fortune by the features of the face, and this has had an extraordinary influence in determining events of national importance.

But of primary moment in connection with the subject of Chinese magic is geomancy, known as Feng shui, which deals with the proper disposal of the body

after death and the determination of a lucky or ominous grave for it. Feng shui means " wind and water," and relates to the situation of the grave, the site of which might be invaded by these elements. The site of the grave must be governed by the relation of the surrounding streams to the celestial dragon, and a special magical compass is employed to determine a suitable locality.

Astrology in China is based upon the " Book of Changes," and is concerned with the male and female principles of nature represented respectively by the sun and moon and the five planets, which symbolise the five elements. These are associated with the first two of the eight diagrams already alluded to, and an analysis of these shows the advisability of any proposed action. Chinese astrology is merely the application of the eight diagrams to stellar movements.

The demonology of China is a vast subject, and the country has a special and particular vampirism of its own.

THE TAIGHAIRM

A Highland Horror

By DUNCAN MACBETH

AN extraordinary degree of interest attaches to the old Scottish and Highland rite of the Taighairm, that divinatory custom with which so many dark stories and horrid legends are bound up. Down the centuries and out of the Celtic gloom have descended numerous traditions respecting this method of placing oneself in contact with the unseen world, but these accounts conflict with one another and have certainly led to much misunderstanding regarding the precise significance of the dreadful ceremony.

What was the Taighairm? Perhaps the best general answer may be discovered in its etymological source, for the expression "Taighairm," in Gaelic, means "an echo," and in the peculiar connection in which we are dealing with it, an echo from the beyond. In short, the word may be construed as meaning an oracular reply, wrung from the intelligences of the Otherworld by more or less drastic means.

This particular species of magic, the necromantic, was intended to fortify human understanding by a reference to supernatural knowledge. Taighairm was thus any means employed to compel a divinatory answer from the spiritual sphere, and in some cases to force from it not only an oracular or prophetic reply, but such boons or gifts as the operator might covet. And yet it is scarcely correct to allude to it as "necromantic," for that expression implies commerce with the spirits of the human dead. Rather, as its examples reveal, Taighairm is demonic, divination by the enforced revelations of evil spirits, whom the enchanter, by arts the most terrible, bends to his will.

The most common method of practising Taighairm was that illustrated by Scott in "The Lady of the Lake," in which Brian, the seer, is described as lying on a ledge near the rushing stream all night, wrapped in a bull's hide. It was, indeed, usual to roll the percipient in a bull's or cow's skin, and to carry him either to a solitary spot or to leave him under the arch formed by the projecting waters of a cataract, where he lay all night, while supernatural intelligences seemed to flit around him, yielding him those fateful answers to his questions regarding the welfare of his clan which in the morning he delivered to his comrades as oracular responses.

The wrapping of the priest or mage in a bull's or cow's hide is, of course, a custom of enormous antiquity. It was practised by the Babylonian augurs, by the Jews, as is hinted in Leviticus, and formed a part of the ritual of initiation of the ancient Egyptians, with whom the *Tikenou*, or initiate, was wrapped in a cow's skin to signify his rebirth from Isis as an "Osirian." Those who frequented the Temple of Amphiaraus in Attica for the purposes of divination sacrificed a ram and slept on its skin in expectation of visions, as did Virgil's priest as recounted in the Seventh Book of Æneid. Yet in the Hebrides of Scotland we encounter the selfsame rite at a date so comparatively recent as the eighteenth century, for Martin, in his "Western Isles," tells how an islander of Lewis who passed the night in a cow's hide confessed to the minister of North Uist that "he felt and heard such terrible things that he could not describe them."

But another and more dreadful description of Taighairm was practised in the Western Islands of Scotland. In this ritual, black cats were dedicated to the subterranean spirits, and were one after another roasted upon a spit before a slow fire for four entire days and nights. When the horrible rites had been continued for a time, the demons began to appear, also in the shape of black cats, which mingled their dismal cries with those of the unfortunate sacrificed animals. At length

a cat appeared of larger size and more frightful aspect than the others, and begged the magician to desist, promising the gift of second sight, or some similar occult power, should he spare its progeny.

The last Taighairm was said to have been held in Mull about the middle of the seventeenth century. The exorcists were Allan Maclean and his assistant, Lachlain Maclean, both of whom received the second sight. Of this particular ceremony it is said that "The infernal spirits appeared, some in the early progress of the sacrifices, in the shape of black cats. The first which appeared during the sacrifices called upon 'Lachlain Oer.' Allan, the chief operator, warned Lachlain, whatever he might see or hear, not to waver, but to keep the spit incessantly turning. At length a cat of monstrous size appeared, and, after it had set up a horrible howl, said to Lachlain Oer, that if he did not cease before their largest brother came, he would never see the face of God. Lachlain answered that he would not cease until he had finished his work if all the devils in hell came. At the end of the fourth day there sat on the end of the beam in the roof of the barn a black cat with fire-flaming eyes, and there was heard a terrific howl quite across the straits of Mull into Morven." By this time the elder of the two men was quite exhausted, and sank down in a swoon, but the younger was sufficiently self-possessed to ask for wealth and prosperity. Shortly before this, Cameron of Lochiel received at a Taighairm a small silver shoe which, put on the foot of a new-born son of his family, would give courage and fortitude to the child. One boy, however, had at his birth a foot too large for the shoe, a defect inherited from his mother, who was not a Cameron. His lack of the magically bestowed courage was apparent at Sheriffmuir, where he fled before the enemy.

The appearance of evil spirits in the shape of cats has reference to the peculiar traditions respecting this animal in Scotland, where, even more than elsewhere, it was regarded as the magical beast, the associate of

witchcraft. That it had anciently a totemic character in the North of Scotland is known, the Catti of Caithness calling themselves by its name, " the Cat Folk." The Irish of old called the Shetland Islands " Inse Catt," or " Isles of the Cats," and Caithness was called by the Norse " Ness of the Cats." The people of the east of Sutherland are still known as " Cataich," or " the Cat Folk," and the Duke of Sutherland as " Duic Cat," or " Duke of the Cats." There is also good evidence that the Clan Chattan, or Mackintoshes, had a tribal association with the cat.

The cat had, therefore, a great repute as a mystical animal in Scotland, therefore it was not surprising that evil spirits should take its form at a time when its worship or adoration had degenerated into paganism—for the religion of the last age is almost invariably the magic of the next.

Taighairm was therefore not only a divinatory act, designed to glean knowledge or receive prophetic or oracular statement from supernatural beings, but an act in another of its phases by which it was possible to wring gifts or even qualities from such beings. The circumstance that in some cases the seer was placed beside a rushing stream assists the theory that he was so situated as to catch the oracular speech of the water or the water-spirits, for water among primitive peoples is often regarded as having a prophetic voice or quality.

Says Dalyell in his " Darker Superstitions of Scotland " : " The relics of sacrifice may be also denoted by the custom of the Hebrides, where an attendant, clothing himself in a cow's hide, on New Year's eve, was exposed to an assault, from which he redeemed himself by reciting a verse."

As votaries slept on skins in the temples of Amphiaraus and of Æsculapius—the reputed offspring of Apollo, the god of divination—and as clothing in the skin of the victim formed part of sanctified rites, it may be presumed that the Taighairm whereby the Scottish seer, wrapping himself in a hide, sought nocturnal responses, is some

relic of ancient religious ceremonial obliterated from the page of history.

But Taighairm by the torture of animals in order to procure a boon seems to be of almost purely Scottish origin. It has, in fact, much of the same character of what Mr E. S. Hartland has called " robberies from fairyland," in which a silver beaker or a lucky cup, horn, dish, or other vessel is purloined from the supernatural beings by guile, only in Taighairm force is employed instead of fraud. These were probably sacrificial vessels dedicated to the old pagan worship of the house-spirits. Some familiars, we know, if not actually tortured, were at least kept prisoner until such time as they executed the behest of the enchanter.

The intention of that aspect of Taighairm which employed torture was manifestly to force the great eponymous spirit of the Cat tribe to comply with the wishes of the enchanter, just as the Eskimos beat their sledge-dogs during an eclipse of the sun so that the Great Dog in the sky may, hearing the howls of his " subjects " on earth, refrain from swallowing the luminary.

It was by some such method of reasoning, then, that the practitioners of Taighairm argued that they could compel the Great Cat to grant them supernatural gifts through the ill-treatment and torture of his " folk "— an idea that would appear to link up the dreadful rite with an ancient belief in the totemic or tribal cat-god of the Picts of the North of Scotland. And do not the negroes of West Africa lash their ju-ju idols unmercifully if all is not auspicious with them in matters of luck and harvest and hunting ?

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

The Belief and its Origin

By "ALBUFARAGUS"

SECOND only in importance to their grand quest for the germ or seed of gold, which had the power of transmuting base to precious metals, was the search of the alchemists of antiquity for the elixir of life, a potion capable of indefinitely prolonging existence. More than one of them, indeed, claimed to have discovered it, and actually furnished a credulous Europe with the prescription for immortality. But so vague are the terms of most of these recipes that a modern chemist would assuredly find great difficulty in making up even the least elaborate among them. Many of the drugs and essences of which they are composed appear to have had a symbolical significance, and the allusions to them are wrapped up in a language so obscure that it is obvious that their prescribers either employed the terms of allegory or were writing of them on hearsay alone.

In all likelihood the feverish anxiety to prolong life, which distinguishes these writings, arose out of the desire of the alchemist to pursue his labours in quest of gold past the allotted span. Thirty or forty years spent in unavailing research for the grand arcanum would naturally seem to him insufficient, and he would crave the boon of youth to enable him to carry out his overmastering purpose. Arnold de Villanova, one of the most celebrated of the fraternity of gold-seekers, appears, indeed, to confound the specific of rejuvenation with that for gold-making. "It not only rejuvenates man," he says, "but converts metals into gold." Yet he admits that so far he has not been able to pluck the secret from the arcana of nature, and that the future alone can solve the problem of immortality. He feels, however, that it had been

unveiled by isolated individuals, and that a first essential to its discovery is the possession of " an amiable nature " in the seeker. The stag, eagle, and sparrow-hawk, Arnold assures us, all undergo a natural rejuvenescence, " and the apes of Caucasus, whose diet is pepper, prove a sovereign remedy for the lion, who grows young by devouring their flesh."

The recipe of the alchemist Trithemius, dictated by him on his death-bed, may perhaps be disqualified by the very circumstances of its origin, if not because of its rather nauseous components. He enjoins those who would live long and preserve mind, health, and memory, along with perfect sight and hearing, to take calomel, gentian, cinnamon, aniseed, nard, coral, tartar, and mace, to pound them together, and to take five grammes of the mixture in wine or brodium for the first month. During the second month of the treatment it is necessary to take the specific in the morning only, and during the third month thrice a week, so continuing through life.

In his " History of Magic," Eliphas Levi unveils Cagliostro's great secret of rejuvenescence. To attain this, a retreat of forty days must be made once in every fifty years, beginning during the full moon of May in the company of one faithful person only. It must be also a fast of forty days, drinking May-dew—collected from sprouting corn with a cloth of pure white linen—and eating new and tender herbs. The repast should begin with a large glass of dew and end with a biscuit or crust of bread. There should be slight bleeding on the seventeenth day. Balm of Azoth should then be taken morning and evening, beginning with a dose of six drops and increasing by two drops daily till the end of the thirty-second day. " At the dawn which follows thereafter, renew the slight bleeding ; then take to your bed and remain in it till the end of the fortieth day."

On the first awakening after the bleeding one must take the first grain of Universal Medicine. A swoon of three hours will be followed by convulsions and sweats, necessitating a change both of bed and linen. At this stage a broth of lean beef must be taken, seasoned with

rice, sage, valerian, vervain, and balm. On the day following take the second grain of Universal Medicine, which is astral mercury combined with sulphur of gold. On the next day have a warm bath. On the thirty-sixth day drink a glass of Egyptian wine, and on the thirty-seventh take the third and last grain of Universal Medicine. A profound sleep will follow, during which the hair, teeth, nails, and skin will be renewed. The prescription for the thirty-eighth day is another warm bath, steeping aromatic herbs in the water, of the same kind as those specified for the broth. On the thirty-ninth day drink ten drops of elixir of acharat in two spoonfuls of red wine. The work will be finished on the fortieth day, and the aged man will be renewed in youth. By means of this jubilary regimen Cagliostro claimed to have lived for many centuries.

This last prescription leaves the tyro as much in the dark as ever, as it fails to instruct him in the properties of the "Balm of Azoth," or how to compound the "Universal Medicine." Moreover, he is left to conjecture what both astral mercury and sulphur of gold may be.

Roger Bacon described the elixir of life as "a certain medicine, the which, when it is cast upon mettals or imperfect bodies, doth fully perfect them in the verie projection." He believes it to be composed of quicksilver and sulphur. But he explains that there are two species of elixir, the red and the white, which are mystically described in other alchemical treatises as "the fair white woman married to the ruddy man." Bacon prepared an elixir of gold, coral, vipers, rosemary, lignum, aloes, and other ingredients which even the adventurous medical science of his day must surely have looked at askance. Yet that it was partaken of by hundreds is stated on good authority.

THE CLOISTER WITCH

By CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

THERE is certainly no more wonderful story of witchcraft than that of Sidonia von Bork. The marvellous fabric of the romance stands on a firm historical foundation, and the telling of it by Meinhold [1] constitutes one of the most original and picturesque narratives in the German or any literature. Lady Wilde's famous translation of this book caught the Pre-Raphaelite poets and painters in its powerful grasp. The entire brotherhood was as completely ensorcelled by the golden, gold-netted hair and wondrous eyes of the witch as were the princes and knights of old Pomerania "as she passed along the corridor" of the ducal castle, and "gave them her white hand to kiss, glittering with diamonds." William Morris printed a splendid edition of "Sidonia the Sorceress," [2] and pictures and drawings by his hand, and Burne-Jones's, and Rossetti's, testify to the profound impression this weird and stately tale created in their minds. With the whole group it was a treasured favourite, taking and filling a privileged place in their book-shelves, and in their hearts, between Sir Thomas Malory's "Mort d'Arthur" and the Rev. Charles Maturin's "Melmoth the Wanderer."

Sidonia von Bork was of noble birth and high rank, "a castle and land-dowered maiden." She was from childhood beautiful beyond praise, and as superlatively wicked as she was beautiful. She was crafty and cruel,

[1] Johann Wilhelm Meinhold, 1797-1851, Pastor, Doctor of Theology, and Poet. "Sidonia von Bork, die Klosterhexe," was first published in Leipsic, 1847, 3 vols. Meinhold was also author of "The Amber Witch."

[2] At the Kelmscott Press, 1893. Another notable edition is that with woodcut illustrations by Lowinsky, 4to, London, 1926.

arrogant and ambitious. Such was her pride that " many noble gentlemen who sought her in marriage were rejected with disdain, as she considered that a count or prince alone could be worthy of her hand." At the Court of Wolgast she set herself deliberately to win the affections of one of the young princes, and so successfully that she soon " stood in a very near and tender relation to the young Duke Ernest Louis von Pommern-Wolgast," who would, in scorn of all remonstrance, assuredly have married her, had she not been detected in a mean amour, which was the primary cause of her ruin.[1] Banished from the Court and repudiated by her kindred, Sidonia was now an outcast ; she became the associate of banditti, falling from bad to worse, from crime to crime. At length she disappeared, " and for thirty years no one could ascertain where she went or how she lived ; though sometimes, like a horrible ghost, she was occasionally seen here and there."

Magic had always a fascination for Sidonia. While still at the Court she had sought of a witch-maiden a love-drink to ensorcell the already enamoured prince, and after her disgrace she learned of an old woman many secrets of the Black Art, by which means she had brought about the death of a young wife and mother as pure and virtuous as she herself was wicked and depraved. This fearful crime was verily the damnation of Sidonia : " she felt the eyes of the corpse were upon her . . . and Clara's eyes . . . never left her brain from that day." During her thirty years of obscure wandering she must have meditated revenge on the royal house of Pomerania, and it was to Magic she turned for the accomplishment of her purpose.

[1] The inscription at the back of her picture does not, however, mention this scandalous story, but merely states that " Duke Ernest Louis von Wolgast, aged about twenty, and the handsomest youth in Pomerania, became her lover, and even promised her his hand in marriage. This promise he would faithfully have kept if the Stettin princes, who were displeased at the prospect of this unequal alliance, had not induced him to abandon Sidonia, by means of the portrait of the Princess Hedwig of Brunswick, the most beautiful princess in all Germany."

Sidonia's former lover, Ernest Ludovicus, was now the reigning Duke at Wolgast. He had espoused the Lady Sophia Hedwig of Brunswick, and their daughter, "the young and beautiful Princess Elizabeth Magdalena, was betrothed to the Duke Frederick of Courland." The castle of Wolgast was filled with that simple and dignified happiness which was so characteristic of Court life in the old German principalities. It was now that the sinister figure of Sidonia entered once more on the scene.

"On the 1st of May 1592, when the witches gather in the Brocken to hold their Walpurgis night, and the princely castle of Wolgast was well guarded from the Evil One by white and black crosses placed on every door, an old wrinkled hag was seen about eight o'clock of the morning, walking slowly up and down the corridor of the princely castle." The young princess was the witch's first victim: "three times she blew on her ladyship's little hand, murmuring some words before she kissed it." The girl became possessed with a devil. The description of this incident is of deep interest to the inquirer into Satanic possession. There is a fearful scene in a church, where, "to the unspeakable horror of the whole congregation, it (the fiend) seemed to move up and down in the chest and throat of the young princess, like some animal," ere, after an intense spiritual conflict, it was exorcised by a devout Lutheran doctor. The next to perish was the Duke Ernest himself, done to death by her he had so loved in the days of her beauty.

The drama unfolds itself, now homely and even humorous, now wild and picturesque, now once again sinister and grotesque. Sidonia has cursed the House of Pomerania. In both its ducal branches, of Stettin and Wolgast, the malediction has taken root, and the sorceress, by an infinity of magical practices, causes it to take effect. "She spat out" at the Duke of Stettin, and he, too, fell sick and died. At the knight Dinnes Kleist, the Amadis of Pomerania, "she spat out," and that same day he came to a violent end. The curse continues; the spells are multiplied. Sidonia has now, after many frustrated attempts, forced herself upon the good sisters of the

Convent of Marienfliess, and there, a nun, in the odour of Sanctity, she practises her devilish arts. She has become greatly skilled in the Dark Science. By Sympathetic Magic she can kill her victims at a distance. Rossetti must have found the inspiration of "Sister Helen" in Sidonia. One by one the princes of Stettin and Wolgast die, childless; but ere the last is carried to his rest in the ducal vaults, ere the curse is altogether fulfilled and Pomerania has passed to Brandenburg, Justice overtakes the Cloister Witch. Now Lady Canoness of Marienfliess, she has become the terror of Pomerania: from the convent, her Familiar comes and goes to do her evil bidding. All who oppose Sidonia, or stand in her path, perish one by one. We are told that the corpses of many of these "had a strange and unnatural appearance . . . horrible to look upon, by which signs it was easy to perceive that he (the victim) had been prayed to death, as the fearful night-hag had threatened." The appearances are given in detail: "No one tittle of the signature of Satan was wanting thereupon." In short, so dangerous had the witch become, and so rife was witchcraft in Pomerania, through the example of her, that when, in 1618, Duke Francis began to reign at Stettin, he proclaimed that there should be a great witch-hunt throughout all the land, and many were the women, young as well as old, innocent as well as guilty, who were brought to the rack and the stake. At last the nets were drawn tight around the Convent of Marienfliess. Sidonia's aged accomplice, the lame witch Wolde, was seized, tried, condemned, and burned beneath her window, and then the Lady Canoness herself was dragged forth from her sanctuary, degraded from her conventual dignities, and imprisoned in the witches' tower of Saatzig. "She was accused of having by her sorceries caused sterility in many families, particularly in that of the ancient reigning house of Pomerania, and also of having destroyed the noblest scions of that house by an early and premature death. Notwithstanding the intercessions of the princes of Brandenburg and Saxony, and of the resident Pomeranian nobility, she was publicly executed for these crimes on

the 19th of August 1620, on the public scaffold at Stettin; the only favour granted being, that she was allowed to be beheaded first and then burned. . . . This terrible example caused such a panic of horror that contemporary authors scarcely dare to mention her name, and, even then, merely by giving the initials."

When Sidonia lay in prison awaiting death, the Duke Francis sent his Court painter to her with instructions "to paint her portrait, now in her hideous old age," behind her portrait in a picture painted in her youth "for her princely bridegroom," the Prince Ernest. "Long did she weep and groan when she looked upon the portrait of what she had been sixty years before; then clenched her fists, and cursed to all eternity the princely race which had first brought her to public dishonour. . . . Ah, that was indeed the portrait of her youth!" If Meinhold can be believed, he saw it "at Stargard, near Regenwalde, in the castle of the Count von Bork." He says that:

"Sidonia is here represented in the prime of mature beauty—a gold net is drawn over her almost golden yellow hair, and her neck, arms, and hands are profusely covered with jewels. Her bodice of bright purple is trimmed with costly fur, and the robe is of azure velvet. In her hand she carries a sort of pompadour of brown leather, of the most elegant form and finish. Her eyes and mouth are not pleasing, notwithstanding their great beauty—in the mouth, particularly, one can discover an expression of cold malignity. The painting is beautifully executed and is evidently of the school of Louis Kranach. Immediately behind this form there is another looking over the shoulder of Sidonia, like a terrible spectre (a highly poetical idea, for this spectre is Sidonia herself painted as a Sorceress). It must have been added, after a lapse of many years, to the youthful portrait, which belongs, as I have said, to the school of Kranach, whereas the second figure portrays unmistakably the school of Rubens. It is a fearfully characteristic painting, and no imagination could conceive a contrast more shudderingly awful. The Sorceress is arrayed in her death garments—white with black stripes; and round her thin white locks is bound a narrow band of black velvet spotted with gold. In her hand is a kind of a work-basket, but of the simplest workmanship and form. . . . A sheet of paper bearing an inscription was found behind the painting, betraying evident marks of age in its blackened colour, the form of the letters, and the expressions employed."

This inscription related the chief incidents of the life of Sidonia von Bork, who " was in her youth the most beautiful and the richest of the maidens of Pomerania," also her death, and how the picture came to be painted, and how it was preserved.

When Sidonia, before her trial, was stretched on the rack, " the Duke promised her life and pardon if she would free the other princes from the ban; but her answer was that she had enclosed the spell in a padlock and flung it into the sea, and having asked the devil if he could restore the padlock again to her, he replied, ' No; that was forbidden to him '; by which every one can perceive that the destiny of God was in the matter." So it was that, " respecting the illustrious and princely race of Pomerania, they perished each and all, without leaving behind one single inheritor of their name or possessions," for " she so bewitched the whole princely race that the six young princes, who were each wedded to a young wife, remained childless." And even their " princely remains had indeed a mournful destiny . . . they were plundered and outraged in such a disgraceful and revolting manner, by church robbers, that it is impossible even to read the account of it . . . without as much pain as emotion."

Thus was the curse of the Cloister Witch fulfilled—or was it, as the good " Dr Theodorius Plönnies " would have us, after all, believe, " not, methinks, because of the spell which the demoniac sorceress laid on them, but because God loved this race so well, that He withdrew them from this evil world before the dreadful strifes, wars, and calamities came upon them, which our poor fatherland now endures? For before these storms broke over our heads He called them one by one from this vale of tears."

THE FAERIE FAITH

By LEWIS SPENCE

CHAPTER I

EARLY EXPERIENCES

FROM the first there has always prevailed in me a consciousness of association with some extra-terrestrial sphere. This sphere I call Faerie, because in the old time it was the accepted name for a bourne of mystery which men of a certain temperament then realised as having an existence actual enough. Even to-day, as many have come to know, it is not yet closed to the spirit of man.

That cannot be of the nature of obsession, which has its beginnings in infancy, and from the age of four I have experienced a sentiment of close familiarity with what I feel to be a state of being not actually dissociated from the human, but lying in spiritual juxtaposition with it. This appears as remote only when I have striven to come into closer touch with it or have been greatly occupied with common tasks. It has ever seemed nearer when the mind was untrammelled and open to suggestion.

What is the true nature of this ever-recurring yet elusive influence which, instinct assures me, has its origin in some plane lying just over the rim of the terrestrial? Folk-lorists think that the almost universal belief in Faerie is nothing but a survival of a pagan tradition of a realm of the dead, while others have it that the prevalence of animism, the belief that all things have sentient being, accounts for its world-wide acceptance. They point out that many of the circumstances of the world of the dead refer to the Faerie realm, such as that the eating of Faerie food makes it impossible for a mortal to return

to earth ; and that the passage of time in Faerie is of a swiftness unknown in the world of men.

But none of the realms of the dead, as I understand them from many myths, appears to resemble the true country of Faerie, although I believe that some of the later and less authentic descriptions of Elfin may have been influenced by Classical and even by early European ideas of after-life. To me, as I have apprehended it, Faerie never has seemed in any way associated with the place of souls departed. Indeed I believe it to be peopled with beings as different from the dead as from the living.

Before I was able to read I had the strongest intimations that I was surrounded by an influence which I was able even then to distinguish very clearly from the terrestrial. Nor has this influence ever departed from me. Although it was irregular in its early visitations, these were at times so continuous as to interfere seriously with my education. My parents and teachers complained bitterly of my inattention. In fact, for long intervals I was plunged into a state of reverie in which I was almost oblivious to outward conditions. This day-dreaming is, I believe, a fairly common condition among children, but in my own case it became so marked that it was regarded as a vice to be sternly eradicated.

But it was during these intervals of semi-trance that I really existed. Whilst they lasted I felt conscious that I was absorbing not only a vital force essential to my being, but actual knowledge of such a sort as would be of use to me in the kind of life I instinctively knew I was to lead. The most extraordinary intimations of the reality of another sphere occasionally invading or inter-penetrating this were compelled upon me. I realised at once almost that the usual Faerie literature of the nursery, which I read in common with other children, was no mere fantasy, but bore much the same clumsy relation to the Faerie of reality as the record of a daily newspaper might to ordinary life ; that is, it was a conventional and therefore distorted reflection of actuality. Certain drawings and pictures of the Faerie world appealed to me as having a closer fidelity to it than others. I knew

intuitively that those which depicted it with elaborate detail or Oriental warmth were as misleading as those advertisements which seek to imitate the actualities of Egyptian art, and that such as revealed it as a region scanty in background or shadowy in its perspectives were more truthfully inspired. For example, I recognised the composition of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus," apart from its human details, as perhaps the most truthful rendering vouchsafed us of a Faerie landscape.

It was the same with music. Some compositions appealed at once as inspirations from a familiar environment. Happily my mother was most musical and played on the piano for many hours in the day. Her execution was brilliant, her repertoire extensive and catholic. In the phrases of Beethoven I never could recognise any inspiration of Faerie, and have always remained unresponsive to him; nor did I find them in Schubert or Hadyn, fond as I was of both. Handel I adored, but so, too, it was with him as with Bach and the older Germans. Wagner I early came to relish, for rhythmic reasons; but it was in passages of Schumann and in some of the older Italian school (certainly not in Mozart) that I discovered the strongest affinity with Faerie. Weber was, of course, an outstanding illustration of its spirit, though he rendered it as flamboyantly as did Sir Noel Paton in his "Quarrel of Oberon and Titania." But I believe that it was in the old cities of Italy that Faerie music first came to definite expression, though the music of the French ballet, as expressed in "Sylvia" and "La Source" and "Naïla," has assuredly captured the whole phrase of Faerie much more completely, as have, indeed, some of the airs of the old Scots ballads. Coleridge Taylor is, I think, its best modern representative in music.

In the world of poetry I quickly found myself discarding all that was not kin to Faerie, and undoubtedly this native bias warped my whole attitude to what is believed to be poetry to-day. Coleridge was certainly a child of Faerie, though his intimations of it were shot and traversed by fogs from the morasses of philosophy. Keats caught the note of its forlorn more clearly than

any, and Shelley frequently heard it, although he mingled its airs with those of human feeling. Blake painted its colours on things earthly, and occasionally seized upon its very speech. Lascelles Abercrombie has been *en rapport* with it.

About the age of ten I began to be conscious of a heightened and extraordinarily intense effort from without to bring me more closely in touch with what I call Faerie. Some power for which I could not then account was hourly impressing on me the urgency of its appeal. In all other things I was quite a normal boy, rather given to mischief, apt to be unduly sarcastic, really fond of fighting for fighting's sake, and not at all studious in my work at school. However, I read a great deal, believing very little of what I read. Indeed I entertained a profound native suspicion of most terrestrial institutions.

I was a haunted child. No Freudian notions will account for my predispositions. My father was entirely wrapped up in sport and the killing of things; a less imaginative man one could scarcely encounter. He contemned " dreamy " people, and teased me for my visionary propensities. My mother, though very musical and " artistic," also disliked day-dreamers. She was a sentimental, brilliant, yet practical little woman, with a genius for languages which I always coveted, and had been a " star " scholar at school, both in Scotland and France. Her mother was a highly mystical person, prone to what I considered the grossest superstitions, credulous yet certainly not " æsthetic," and a good deal of my youth was occupied in sneering covertly at her tales of bogles, to which I listened out of mere politeness. My more distant forbears were one and all people of the very sternest purpose in medicine, South American " wool-growing," shipbuilding and journalism—the very adamant of Scottish effort, acquisitiveness and efficiency, scornful of those who did not excel in the practical, and to material purpose. Nor were the ideas instilled in me at an early age, those of a rigorous Presbyterianism, such as would in any way have stirred in me an affection for the romantic or the remote. In a word, the Freudian

idea can discover no trace of early sophistication in my personal history.

The intimations of which I speak were of such a kind as I believe to be fairly exceptional in modern man, however prone to them his earlier progenitors may have been. In these the unusual and fantastic were predominant. They lent to every object an appearance of the unfamiliar. The commonest things were enhanced, not as regards their colour or outline, but because they emanated an influence, were surrounded by a peculiar enchantment, weird and unterrestrial. That it was unusual I know, for the excellent reason that it was not always present, nor could I produce its effect or cause it to cease at will. While it lasted the light and the wind seemed to have reactions different from the normal, even the very rise and fall in the breeze of the household washing on a line had a strange effect. The clamour of the geese held the note of Elfin, the whole very ordinary scene afforded by a large garden behind a country house took on an aspect not to be accounted for by the usual. It was as though the atmosphere were drenched with enchantment.

Some influence unterrestrial appeared to outline, to halo every object, to interpenetrate most things, and give them a semblance other than the ordinarily material. It is difficult extremely to describe such a state in ordinary language. I came to the conclusion that this potency swung earthward, like a water-spout, wherever I chanced to be, drenching all things within its ambit with its peculiar magic. In these careless and unguarded days it came often, particularly when the mind was free from the cares of school. Never do I recall it coming on a Sunday at any time in my life. Too much sunlight invariably destroys it, as does the almost entire lack of the same. Firelight assists it, complete darkness drives it utterly away. It flourishes in woody places, by lone sea-beaches, in long meadows, by still lakes—in such places, indeed, as Elfin is known to haunt.

Yet never did I espy visually the least trace of Faerie, nor hear a note of it in youth. My one sensual intimation,

save through the "illusion" I have described, was vouchsafed in later years, and in the hours of early morning, when for many nights on end I assuredly heard Faerie singing, wordless, and of wonderful harmony. I have always been able to conjure up to my hearing a full orchestra, complete in every part and instrument, and actually as capable of being heard and recognised in all its functions as if it were distant not more than the cast of a large room's length. I mean it is not heard as by the mind's ear, but as though actually present in brass, wood, and strings. But that is the mental conjuring of a man steeped in music. The singing of which I speak was not of that nature, nor was it evoked by a mental trick. It came unbidden, and aroused intense surprise, while it awoke also the most decided recognition. It was only after some considerable experience of it that I recalled several instances of it in the Folklore of Faerie.

About the age of ten an incident occurred which opened the way for a more vivid self-consciousness in relation to my experiences. Others began to observe that I had intimations from and associations with some extra-terrestrial influence. I had seen our Highland cook casting a puzzled eye on me on more than one occasion. At last one day, as I was helping her to pick gooseberries for a tart she was to make, she put it to me that I saw or heard something others could not see. She had known such people, she said; indeed some remote relative in "the North" was prone to association with "the Fairies." I told her quite frankly that I neither heard nor saw anything untoward or out of the ordinary, but made it as clear as a boy of ten could that I was aware of something in my life for which I could not account, and that I knew it made me different from other people. Indeed I went so far as to tell her that "things certainly looked queer" while the mood was on. She assured me that that signified "*They* were not very far off, and biding their time." But although I spoke quite openly of the matter, I have always had a strong aversion from alluding to my intimate psychic life to other than the most sympathetic people, and I

remember going to bed that night thoroughly convinced that, somewhere, someone was furiously angry with me for responding to the Highland woman's inquiries.

Unhappily, she mentioned the matter to my mother, who, although a woman of sub-romantic and somewhat sentimental nature, clever, and enthusiastic about music, heartily despised what she called " superstition," of which she had had an overdose from her mother's relatives, who were prone to the supernatural, to freits and second-sight, and the more popular side of the occult. Indeed my mother contemned this kind of thing with all the sarcastic emphasis of which a peculiarly vital and rather combative nature is capable. The poor Highland woman's well-meaning communication was construed as a slur, suggesting some kind of mental " queerness," or instability. Working herself into a passion, she attacked me furiously, expressing her disgust and disappointment that any son of hers should be a liar and an idiot !

My dismay and confusion on hearing this denunciation were equalled only by the rage and contempt I felt for such want of comprehension. I worshipped my mother as a creature whose beauty, brilliant gifts, and sparkling wit appeared to me to surpass the human, and the appalling revelation that she was incapable of understanding me was one of the severest blows I have ever had to support. Indeed, no bereavement or disappointment I have since encountered has compared with it. The feeling that the strongest of all ties of which human nature is capable had been warped or loosened, if not severed, induced in me at first a wild and tragic despair, later a firm resolve never again to trust anyone with knowledge of my secret life unless they seemed worthy to receive the same by reason of sympathy. My mother very naturally communicated to my father what the Highland woman had revealed, and this made me the butt of his good-natured sarcasm. None knew half so well how to tease and rally as he, yet, although he was only partially equipped with the ability to comprehend such gifts as I chanced to be born with, he was not so foolish as to misunderstand them altogether, although he wished

me to turn them to practical uses. Like all his family, he respected letters, and his erudite brother, "the Doctor," encouraged me in my leanings to the study of Mythology and the curious, in which he was no mean adept. But my father was sternly opposed to anything in the nature of an "unsettled" literary career. He had been at school with Robert Louis Stevenson, whose family circle and social relationships in Edinburgh slightly intersected his own; he regarded Stevenson as a charlatan, and his preferences were for Andrew Lang.

Conditions thus threw me back upon myself and encouraged rather than destroyed the secret life I led. Dour and determined, I masked my preferences and pretended to lead the life of an ordinary Scottish schoolboy in the 'eighties of last century. I plunged into sport and grew keen on cricket and football, was rather a glutton, fought far too much, and neglected my schoolwork. If there was any mischief afoot I was usually the leader in it, and I conceived such a passion for gunpowder as I am sure no Nihilist of those days ever entertained. Every penny I could scrape together was spent on the explosive, and more than one really serious accident was the result.

I read omnivorously, yet chiefly Folklore, History, Poetry, and on the romantic side of Magic. Still the influence remained, powerful and ever-recurring. It now began to express itself in rhythm rather than in verse. That is, I was obsessed by rhythms, sometimes musical, sometimes merely in their purely natural state. The rhythms of sea and wind and the noise made by trains, carriages, and machinery entranced me, and seemed to find in me a place of native echo. If I chanced to be interrupted in these rhythmic "seizures," a feeling of the most savage rage instantly possessed me, and this spasmodic anger at any disturbance of my dreams has, I am afraid, never left me.

Just as the urge to express my secret life through the medium of poetry began to make itself felt, it was decided that I and my second brother should be sent to school in England. Utterly in despair at the bare notion of

banishment from my native land, I begged abjectly to be allowed to remain in Scotland, but to no purpose. But in England I found friendships with boys of somewhat similar temperament, for my own native environment was certainly not rich in the type. More than one discerning master, too, encouraged my halting gift of composition and the peculiar studies to which I was devoted. But I should be ungrateful did I not render tribute to the stimulus I received from one cherished master at my Scottish school, who placed in my hands at least two works which had a profound and lasting effect upon me, Goethe's " Faust " and Smith's " Dictionary of Classical Mythology."

By this time I had read Grimm's " Teutonic Mythology " in Stallybrass's translation, Keightley's " Fairy Mythology," " The Arabian Nights," Chambers's " Popular Rhymes of Scotland," which had an overpowering effect on me, as striking the most intimately native familiar note of Faerie I had yet encountered, the Scottish ballads, the Fairy Tales of Perrot, Madame D'Aulnoy and the Comte de Caylus, Hazlitt's " Fairy Tales," the " Morte d'Arthur," several books on Norse mythology, Spenser's " Faerie Queene," a good deal of Milton, the poems of Hogg, to which my father was partial, and the Mabinogion. My imagination grew with what it fed upon. But nowhere could I procure books on Irish legend or Faerie, and volumes on the lore of the Highlands it seemed impossible to procure in the Dundee of 1886, though I must confess I would rather have perished than enter a library to inquire for them, so nervous had I grown that my secret might be surprised.

The withdrawn mental and psychic life I led had very naturally developed an extreme shyness with my own family, though I was normal enough with those outside of it. But the feeling of difference betwixt myself and others grew, and encouraged the desire for solitude. I took to school in England the poems of William Dunbar, and my trusty Chambers's " Popular Rhymes," to which I cleaved as the last vestige of a native and comprehended condition in a foreign environ-

ment. Hogg, too, I read and re-read, and saw in his " Kilmeny " the apotheosis of the Scots Elfame.

During the three years of my exile I returned home for a few weeks of holiday only, and whilst in England I experienced little or nothing of the Faerie influence. If I ever did, it was a pale and miserable reflection of it. Nor have I ever known it in the Highlands of Scotland, which gives me to believe that it is in my case a thing of the Lowlands only. Moreover I experience it much more powerfully when in my birthplace than elsewhere.

The influence has by no means been a matter of early experience alone, indeed it has persisted throughout life. It is true that at times and seasons of peculiar stress it has disappeared for very considerable periods, and there have been fairly long intervals when, in an accession or acceptance of an overdose of common sense, I have almost entirely flouted and rejected its omens and associations. But in the event it has returned with a force and passion so overwhelming as to leave no doubt as to its reality and genuineness, indeed with such might as to compel the recognition of it as a portion of my very self, something inalienably associated with personality, neither illusory nor induced by external material agency.

Particularly have I observed this influence at work whilst in the state of poetic composition. It then became so marked that its unterrestrial character could no longer be questioned. During such periods I have carefully examined its effects, mental and physiological, sometimes almost with the detached viewpoint of a scientist, an attitude which it was frequently difficult to maintain. Those visitations were preceded by a marked urge to composition so potent as not to be withstood, and were usually accompanied by an almost painful nervous reaction mingled with a feeling of extraordinary rapture, elation, and exaltation. At times on taking up my pen the lines poured into my mind at a rate so rapid that I could not set them down quickly enough to keep up with the process of " dictation," for that is the only word I can find to describe it. Then, often quite suddenly, the influence would cease, and I would find myself casting

about, in the enchanted aftermath of intense emotion, for expressions which would complete the idea or fill the gaps left by the first almost incoherent and overwhelming rush.

For experience has given me to believe that the communication of what I might call the essence of poetry, poetry in its purest form, is incoherent in character, that is, it is hieroglyphical or symbolical, the oracular action of some external supernatural force which seeks to convey an idea not of this world. If the human receptive apparatus be not perfect (and it never can be so), gaps there must be, irrelevancies, wrongous conceptions, and "translations." The poet is, indeed, in the position of one who attempts instantly to translate, and translate with excellence, a language which he only partly comprehends, but which he apprehends only with that part of his being which is immortal, a part as a rule sadly hampered for that purpose by the deafness of the shrouding fleshly envelope which surrounds it.

This notwithstanding, the speech is often clear enough. And not infrequently subsequent correction or alteration is vouchsafed in what Ben Jonson calls "the second heat." Art, of course, can repair the gaps and bring all to a beautiful whole and unity. And it is when conscious art is joined with the gift of clairaudience of which I have spoken that great poetry is born.

The reason why I associate this clairaudience with Faerie is because it inevitably brings to me Elfin intimations. I can well understand that it does not do so to every poet. The message must, indeed, filter through a man's heart and mind and be coloured by the ideas which chiefly rule therein. But I believe that in some manner it is inalienably associated with what I call Faerie, that is, some external and supernatural potency, and that to the mind most attuned to this potency it will arrive in such strength and purity as will overcome the merely human passions and ideas which it must encounter on its arrival. I have particularly noticed indeed that it is those very emotions and ideals to which normally I am most prone which scarcely ever appear in my verses. They are

almost invariably overwhelmed and defeated by others which I recognise as coming from some source which I can in no wise reconcile with my normal human feelings or aspirations, and the fact that they most frequently take the form of highly etherealised descriptions of such terrestrial scenes and circumstances as most nearly approach traditional notions of the unterrestrial has made me believe that they have taken the line of least resistance and have sought the channels most native to their own unearthly character.

Of course I am only too well aware that the psychologist could refer my experiences to origins vastly different from those to which I have attributed them. But I have always been profoundly suspicious and, I may say, contemptuous of mere cleverness of any sort, which has always appeared to me as more of the nature of insolent stupidity than anything helpful. When we behold the world to-day, and recognise what mere talent has made of it, it certainly does not move us to accept its dicta in any sphere, most assuredly not in the circumstances of that noumenal world of which it seems not only wholly ignorant but even offensively scornful. Moreover, experience has revealed to me that cleverness is the sign of a vulgar and meretricious mind, that it is suspect of associations with the animal attribute of mere cunning.

What, indeed, is science but curiosity systematised, or thought but an extension of the will-to-preservation. Little that is exalted can issue from such degraded roots. But from inspiration descend the nobler virtues. Inspiration is neither of curiosity nor of thought, but is a communication from the Supernatural to such men as are known to be fitted to receive it—" most attuned to that potency," as I have already expressed it. To the illuminated I need say no more, and to those who are not illuminated by nature or experience it would be a waste of time to say any more.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR READERS' EXPERIENCES

Sequel to "The Sorceress of the Isles"

"The Sorceress of the Isles," a true story by Iona Macdonald, which appeared in our first issue, finds a sequel of interest in the following communication from Hill Field.

"IN the south-west of England, on the Cotswolds, is a little village, part of which lies under one of the most elevated hills, and on top of this hill is a stretch of common land leading to another village in the next hollow about two miles away. There are only a few old cottages tucked snugly under the hill, of the typical Cotswold style, low built of limestone, with flat stone tiles and large well-built chimneys; one of these has been added to at some time or other and turned into a little house. An old parish road leads through this part of the village with the cottages on either side; it is steep and winding and little used, and leads on till it becomes a track through a wood of beech and larch, where in early spring the primroses make a carpet of pale yellow, and later the wild hyacinth like a veil of blue mist under the pale green make these woods an ethereal and fairy-like place. Along this old road, which winds through gateways for about two miles up from the main road, is a wonderful view of the Severn valley, with the Malvern Hills in the north, some twenty-eight miles away, and the Forest of Dean and the Welsh mountains in the west. Sunsets from here are often magnificent, sometimes turning the Severn Sea (as the mouth of the Severn is called) into a sheet of silver, sometimes blood-red and gold, and from the little house and the cottages this same view can be seen."

Our correspondent used to stay in the little house till it was bought by "a widow lady from London," after which she, in turn, bought one of the neighbouring cottages. The two ladies became friends. The widow

lady was " a woman arrived at the summer of life, with soft grey hair, slight rounded figure, and a sweet oval face showing depth of character, with expressive blue eyes.

" I found her interesting. She was clever and had travelled a lot, and she was a good conversationalist: I think I am a good listener, and perhaps this is why she told me much. I gathered that she belonged to a certain branch of religion, and sometimes she talked of it with great sincerity, and often with a depth that I could not fathom. A friend used to stay with her for long and short periods, a woman about the age of thirty or less; she was foreign-looking (I learnt afterwards that she was partly Italian). Her skin was olive colour, and she had dark eyes shadowed by long dark lashes: eyes that saw beyond what in the ordinary way could be seen, so it seemed to me. She was below medium height, not slim, yet not stout. She wore her thick dark hair parted in two plaits, reaching beyond her waist. Her garments were of hand-woven silk or wool in the shape of a tunic with girdle; they were always of warm bright colouring, and in fine weather she walked barefoot and always hatless. I noticed that she had perfectly shaped feet, and that her flesh was sun-tanned; she was certainly striking in appearance, unusual, and I thought lovely to see, for she seemed to fit in with the surroundings of woods and hills. She wandered alone, and as I never met her with her hostess, the widow lady, I did not come to know her.

" Several years passed, in which time I was busy with my craft for the winter exhibitions each year in London, and visits to the cottage and the hill were very limited. But life is strange; people and things crop up again in unexpected ways. One year to the exhibition came a new craftsman, a wood-engraver, but it was not till his second year as an exhibitor that his wife (who came with him) found that I lived in the Cotswold country; and in course of conversation I gathered that she had more than once stayed with my friend, the widow lady, in the little house, and knew her well, belonging to the same branch of religion to which she had so often referred during our talks together. At this time I called to mind

a sign or symbol appearing in the wood-engraver's work that was the same as I had seen the widow lady wear as a pendant, and also hanging in her bedroom and sitting-room at the little house. The result of this was a reunion. How nice it was to see my friend again. We lunched together, and she asked me to a special service of the Order, when the founder of it was going to preach, and to this I went. I will only say here with regard to the service that it was most devout and very beautiful: the sermon lasted for one and a half hours, but I could have listened to the preacher's beautiful voice and the well-chosen words for much longer. The service was held in the room of a house used entirely for the Order. It had restful hangings, and in a prominent position hung the symbol or sign that I had seen in my own remote little village in the Cotswolds and again in the craftsman's work at the exhibition, and was to see later in the far-off Hebrides.

. . . . . .

"There came a reason for me to give up my craft, and because of this I no longer went to the London exhibitions, and it was not till my second visit to the Hebrides, some years later, that a strange thing happened. In the summer of the year 1930 (early June) I stayed at Mrs MacRae's cottage, on the isle mentioned in an article written by Iona Macdonald, called 'The Sorceress of the Isles,' and published in Vol. I. No. 1 of *The Atlantis Quarterly*. After I had been on the isle three days, the good lady came to me saying she had wanted to ask me something ever since the first moment she saw me when I came as a visitor to her cottage. She put it to me like this: 'I feel that you belong to a certain branch of religion,' here she named the Order, 'or that you know something about it.' She handed me a book with the sign I had seen and knew so well inscribed on the cover, a book which I had also read. I answered her with a question: 'What is it that makes you think that I belong to or know anything of this Order?' 'I canna' tell, but there iss something putting the thought into my mind.' I told her that I did not belong to the Order, but

that I knew at least five people who did. At this her eyes brightened. 'Aye, it wass in my mind, it wass so.' Then at some length she told me of the tragic passing on of Miss Genaro, which is described in the article I have referred to above. As she was relating it to me a vision of the Italian, whom the children had called 'The Beautiful Lady' and whom I had so often seen on the hill near my cottage, came before me. When Mrs MacRae had finished she would have shown me a photograph, but I asked her to let me describe Miss Genaro first, and as I was doing this, Mrs MacRae's face lit up and I knew then that it was the same person. The photograph confirmed it. This visit of mine to the Hebrides was in June following the tragic incident in the winter of 1929, so it was all fresh to Mrs MacRae—in fact, the next day a letter came bearing a foreign stamp, addressed to Miss Genaro, and which Mrs MacRae had been instructed to send (as she had often done before with many other such letters) to a solicitor in London. To anyone who knows the Hebrides it will be evident to them how difficult in the winter it is to get in touch with the mainland. I fully realised this when I heard in detail all the arrangements with regard to an inquest and the burial that had to be made, especially in this case where the poor lady seemed to have cut herself off from all her relations; one can imagine how glad Mrs MacRae was to find someone who could pass on to friends of Miss Genaro's how everything possible had been done. It all seemed so simple and very beautiful to me how Mrs MacRae had arranged the funeral, how she had got the only piper on the isle to play a lament, and how the burial took place in the ancient and noted burial-ground; and then I was told how the islanders had raised a little cairn of stones on the place where the body was found. I have this June, 1932, again visited the isle. I have added a stone to the cairn (which is quite a big one now). I have seen the simple little marble memorial, in the shape of an open book, engraved with the initials and the date of the passing, which is placed on the grave. It is strange the way things link up, but I am still

wondering why it was that Mrs MacRae connected me in any way with this poor lady; there was nothing I had belonging to me or about me as far as I could see that should make her feel I knew anything of her; the fact that I came from so far away as the south-west of England was sufficient in itself to make it seem improbable for me to have known anything, and yet Mrs MacRae was so certain I did. Moreover, Miss Genaro had never mentioned her visits to the Cotswolds while she was staying on the isle. It is only since I came back from the Hebrides this year that *The Atlantis Quarterly* containing 'The Sorceress of the Isles' has been sent to me by a friend who knew I should be interested. I wish I had seen it before my visit, for I should like to have talked with the islanders who are said to have seen an apparition thought to be that of the lady in question.

"Although this communication does not help in any way to find the reason for that tragic passing of Miss Genaro, I cannot help thinking that, to those who are interested in it, this rather strange linking-up may make the tragedy more interesting still. Another strange thing is that, before I knew of the death of Miss Genaro, one winter day I visited the hill and was thinking more than usual about her. As I was passing the little house, suddenly a vision of her came to me; I saw her going from the little gate into the darkness of the wood. It was so momentary that I did not think much about it at the time, but when later my visit to the isle brought me the knowledge of her death and the date of it, I again remembered my momentary vision and realised that I had seen it just about the time she passed on. I feel certain that Miss Genaro is often in the sanctuaries on earth that she loved, and still loves. A few days ago I passed the little house on the hill and walked on the common and through the woods where I had so often seen her, and although it is a good many years ago, I felt very close to her, almost heard the quiet tread of her bare feet on the dead beech leaves—just in the same way I sensed her presence when I stood by the cairn of stones on that little isle in the remote Hebrides."

The Ghost of a Wizard and an Egyptian Vision

CICELY EDWARDS writes:

"There was a time when anyone who confessed to having seen the denizens of another plane was either pitied for having hallucinations or laughed at. To-day, people are beginning to realise that we, with our limited senses, are not in a position to be sure of anything regarding that which exists outside the range of our own particular sphere of vibrations. Therefore, those who have been privileged—and they are more numerous than most people realise—to see or experience things outside our usual routine are not met with the ridicule which used to be their lot. In fact, now, those who have any experiences to relate are listened to with interest. A day or two ago this fact was brought to my notice by a conversation at a tennis tea-party. I was sitting next to a young officer whom I had not met before. He happened to have just returned from their regimental camp which had been situated in some fields close to Gordonstoun, the ancient home of the Gordons, now belonging to the Gordon-Cummings, who took the name when an heiress of the Gordons married a Cumming. There are many stories relating to the doings of an ancestor, called by the local people 'the Wizard,' about whom a good deal has been written.

"Gordonstoun is an eerie house, at least it always felt so to me; it has several secret chambers, a gruesome water-dungeon,[1] and place for hanging people, among its attractions. A beautiful old stable, built round a circular plot, is supposed to be the site where the Wizard carried on his orgies with the Devil. At any rate, the place is reputed to be haunted. The young officer had heard this report and asked me if I had also heard it. I told him that I had read that a daughter of the Wizard, whom he had dishonoured, was supposed to haunt the house,

[1] There is a water-dungeon, a fearful place, at Moy Castle in the Isle of Mull, the ancient stronghold, now half in ruin, of the Maclaine of Lochbuie.—ED.

and that the famous witch, Isobel Gowdie, also haunted it, and that a local gentleman declared to me that he had not only seen her but spoken to her. Twice, at different times, when finding myself alone at the top of the principal staircase in broad daylight, I distinctly saw, a few feet in front of me, a spiral of bluish mist about six feet high, and slowly in the middle of this mist a draped figure formed and as slowly dissolved. I cannot say what it was, I merely state what I saw.

"After relating to some friends my various experiences of the 'uncanny,' I was asked to write them down, so I will take the opportunity of doing so now:

"My earliest recollection of anything of this sort was as a child, when I used to see the 'little folk' peeping round trees in the park of my home. All my life I had an intense love of Nature, and it may have been this sympathy with Nature that allowed me to see these Nature spirits, for such, undoubtedly, they were. I remember once, at the age of nine, being very excited at seeing two of these 'little people' tiptoeing along a gallery which ran round three sides of the front hall. I called to my brother to come and catch them, and a race ensued between the 'little folk' and us. We chased them down the gallery and the two flights of wide stairs to a closed-up door, through which they disappeared. If you wish to know what they were like, they had round white heads rather like a turnip, a tight jacket and shorts of a bright sort of red-brown, and very thin legs; their height was about eighteen inches to two feet. The 'little people' differ greatly; some are much smaller and of stouter build, and the fairies again are lighter and more ethereal and wear more drapery. Alas! as is so often, after growing up I did not see them again.

"But the power, or whatever it may be, of having queer experiences has not departed, as the following will show: I have only once to my knowledge seen the ghost of an animal. It happened thus: One fine afternoon in May, about five o'clock, as I was walking along Heriot Row, Edinburgh, I remarked to myself upon the absolute

emptiness of the street, not even an animal to be seen, when suddenly upon the pavement a few feet in front of me appeared a large black and white fox-terrier, which trotted along until it came to a house with a boarded-up door. The dog went up the steps and disappeared straight through the wooden shutter and closed door. I went up and examined the barricaded door to see if there was by any chance an opening through which it could have gone, but no, the door was solidly covered with its protecting shutter and nailed down, as it had been all the winter, for I had noticed it before.

" Another, and quite different, experience, was seeing acted in a dream a picture which I saw some months later on canvas. I have had several of these, but will just relate two: In a dream I found myself looking through a gap in a ruined wall of a fort on a cliff overlooking the sea. I was dressed in the costume of an Egyptian girl of the lower orders. As is always the case in these dreams, details seem to stand out much more clearly than in ordinary life. I could see the pebbles rolling backwards and forwards with the gentle ebb and flow of the sea. After some time I left the breach in the wall, and walking across the ruined fort came out into the country beyond, which was sandy and covered with large boulders. On coming round one of these I came upon two men in the dress of Roman soldiers. One seemed to be strangling the life out of the other. I looked on quite unconcerned until the vanquisher got up and came over to me. Taking up my hand, on the third finger of which I wore a blue turquoise cut like a scarab, he remarked, ' Oh ! What about Artimeus ? ' I was about to reply when he dropped my hand and stood at attention, and on turning round I saw a tall regal-looking lady dressed in white robes bordered with gold and wearing a good many jewels; behind her walked an Egyptian slave in coloured silks. The lady walked to the body of the dead soldier, which she touched with her foot, and then beckoned to the soldier to come to her, whereupon I went back to the breach in the wall and, on looking through it, saw a

company of soldiers in the same uniform as those I had just left, marching along the sands. While wondering if they would be able to find a place in the cliff where they could land before the tide overtook them, I awoke. Six months later I was in London and went to see an exhibition of pictures by rising young artists, and among them I saw a facsimile of my dream—the soldiers, the cliff, and sea, etc. The picture was called 'The Landing of Anthony's Army in Egypt.'

"The scene of the other incident was by the River Findhorn. I found myself walking along a part of the country bordering on the Findhorn river where I knew I had never been before, but it seemed in a way familiar, and I said to myself, 'If I take this path it will lead to a ruined tower and behind the tower is a quarry.' It was as I expected, and I remembered that tower before it became a ruin. Sitting down, I racked my brains to try to remember how it was that I had seen it all before. Then I remembered that some months before when staying in the south I had dreamt that I was walking by the Findhorn, and came upon a tower around which armed men in kilts were assembled. One spoke to me and said, 'You had better go in, as we are expecting a fight.' I thereupon asked who they were going to fight, and was told it was the Morays, who still live on the other side of the river. I then asked who they were, and the man replied, 'We are a sept of the Cummings.' I remembered that after seeing the tower complete I saw it as a ruin. Some time later I was lunching with the Gordon-Cummings at Altyre, and Sir William was showing me some old prints and sketches. I pounced on one which I recognised as the tower of my dream, and asked him who it belonged to. His reply was, 'Oh! a sept of the Cummings.'

"One other experience I may relate as being quite different to any of these. I went to stay in an old house in the south of England. Old as the house was, it was built on the site of a far older building. The room I slept in had a small room opening out of it which had once been concealed in the wall as a hiding-place. In

the middle of the night I awoke, feeling that something was coming out of the small room. I waited in suspense for a moment or two, when I felt that something was standing near the bed. I then felt as though two heavy hands were pressing on one side of the bed. I passed my hand through where I felt the weight, but felt nothing, though the pressing of what seemed like two heavy hands was still going on. In a moment or so the weights were lifted, and, to my horror, though I cannot say I was terrified, as 'it' did not feel evil, I felt a long body lie down on the other side of the bed. I confess I did not move or try to investigate, but made the sign of the cross when the weight went, and I was left in peace for the rest of the night. As soon as I was called, my hostess came into the room and asked how I slept. I told her my experience, and she said she put me in the room knowing my interest in the super-psychical. She also told me that a man had had the same experience as I had, but was so terrified that he went and spent the rest of the night in his sister's room and would not go back to sleep there again. She said that a lady who was very psychic saw a mailed figure come out of the small room and cross to the other side of the bedroom and disappear. The figure that visited me must have been the same, as it was heavy, like a person in mail would have been. While I was in the house, two men who were interested in the super-psychical—one of whom was a clairvoyant—without being told anything, were taken into this room. One of them said at once, 'Oh! I see a man in armour standing in the corner of the room.' All of which I think proves that my nightly visitor was not a creation of my imagination."

ATLANTEAN NOTES

PERHAPS the Atlantean event of the past three months has been the publication by Dr Rafael Requena of "Vestiges de l'Atlantide," a work dealing with the author's excavations at Tocoron, on the shores of Lake Valencia in Venezuela. Dr Requena is Secretary to President General Juan Vicente Gomez of Venezuela, and has been called "the busiest man in South America." His official duties occupy his time from 6 o'clock in the morning to 10.30 at night, and his book is perhaps the first to be written in a motor-car while travelling on his official duties.

At Tocoron Dr Requena states that he found large deposits of artifacts which must once have been covered entirely by water, and that they must, therefore, be the relics of a land once submerged. The author examines the Platonic sources of the Atlantis tradition, and several etymologies such as the Aztec *atl* which attracted the attention of Brasseur de Bourbourg so long ago as the sixties of last century.

But much more important are the archæological results achieved. The lake of Tacariagua in Venezuela is 232 metres beneath the level of the sea and is 333 metres in depth, yet is constantly replenished with water despite the high degree of tropical evaporation it undergoes, which indicates a subterranean movement.

It is from the existence of numerous remains and artifacts found in the district that Dr Requena believes it to have been a part of the once sunken Atlantis; "Palæolithic man of the Atlanto-American type had his origin in this place," he believes.

But a first glance at Dr Requena's book—which will be fully reviewed in a later issue—gives the impression that the artifacts found are of genuinely American character, and that they bear all the signs of American native art. Dr Wendell C. Bennett, of the American Museum of Natural History, has also excavated the mounds examined by Dr Requena.

With an assistant and twenty men he pushed four trenches through the great mound from east to west and north to south, bringing to light a score of burial-urns and many pottery vases, jade and ivory ornaments, pottery whistles, clay pipes, flint axes and tools, hollowed grinding stones, and pottery figurines.

Some of the burial-urns contained as many as six partially fossilised skeletons, skulls of which were characterised by frontal flattening and the jaws by prognathism.

Dr Bennett steadfastly refuses to anticipate the results of the intensive study to which he will subject his findings, or to express any opinion on the theory of the lost continent of Atlantis advanced by Dr Requena. Speaking of his reasons for entering into field work while visiting Venezuela, he said :

" I found Dr Requena's discoveries ten times more interesting than I had anticipated. I had expected to find the remains of one culture. I found evidence of three. What was more important, I found in the sites which he had excavated definitely defined culture strata, which is rare in American archæology. The presence of stratified mounds and urn burials not only presented interesting cultural possibilities for the little-known history of Venezuelan archæology, but the possibility as well of its connection with contingent archæological regions."

Dr Bennett says that the object most characteristic of the lost Venezuelan culture was the pottery figurine. These are practically all female figures, hollow, with akimbo arms and applied eyes.

" These figurines," Dr Bennett said, " may prove interesting for the possibility of comparison with other countries, inasmuch as pottery figurines are declared by Spinden to be characteristic of the archaic culture of Mexico and Central America, and as they also are found extensively in Peruvian culture."

Dr Bennett praised the work of Dr Requena, declaring : " He has done an invaluable service to American archæology in bringing to light priceless pages of its history."

EXPEDITION TO SEEK LOST LEMURIA

AN expedition to discover the site of the submerged continent of Lemuria will set out on its search in August of this year. *The Statesman* of Calcutta, in an interview with Colonel R. B. Seymour Sewell, Director of the Zoological Survey of India, and of the Indian Museum, Calcutta, who this year will lead the Sir John Murray Oceanographic Expedition to the Arabian Sea and North-West Indian Ocean, described the manner in which this scientific expedition will be conducted.

The expedition is being financed, it may be recalled, out of the funds provided by the late Sir John Murray, F.R.S., of the " Challenger " Expedition, and left in the hands of certain trustees. They invited the submission by eminent oceanographers all the world over of a suitable programme for the work. Out of several schemes submitted the programme of work sketched by Colonel Seymour Sewell was accepted, and he was offered the post of leader of the expedition. It should be remembered in this connection that, as Surgeon-Naturalist to the Marine Survey of India, Colonel Seymour Sewell carried out deep-sea surveys in various parts of the Indian Ocean between 1910 and 1925, and is recognised as an authority on the marine biology of the tropical seas.

After retiring from the office of Director of the Zoological Survey of India at the end of April of this year Colonel Seymour Sewell will, on his return to England, carry out the preliminaries in connection with the fitting up of scientific apparatus on the vessel. The expedition will leave England in August and is expected to reach Aden by 1st September 1933, and will carry out a number of voyages, each lasting approximately twenty-one days. It is expected that the expedition will finish its labours by the end of April 1934, and will return to England some time in May.

With an assistant and twenty men he pushed four trenches through the great mound from east to west and north to south, bringing to light a score of burial-urns and many pottery vases, jade and ivory ornaments, pottery whistles, clay pipes, flint axes and tools, hollowed grinding stones, and pottery figurines.

Some of the burial-urns contained as many as six partially fossilised skeletons, skulls of which were characterised by frontal flattening and the jaws by prognathism.

Dr Bennett steadfastly refuses to anticipate the results of the intensive study to which he will subject his findings, or to express any opinion on the theory of the lost continent of Atlantis advanced by Dr Requena. Speaking of his reasons for entering into field work while visiting Venezuela, he said :

" I found Dr Requena's discoveries ten times more interesting than I had anticipated. I had expected to find the remains of one culture. I found evidence of three. What was more important, I found in the sites which he had excavated definitely defined culture strata, which is rare in American archæology. The presence of stratified mounds and urn burials not only presented interesting cultural possibilities for the little-known history of Venezuelan archæology, but the possibility as well of its connection with contingent archæological regions."

Dr Bennett says that the object most characteristic of the lost Venezuelan culture was the pottery figurine. These are practically all female figures, hollow, with akimbo arms and applied eyes.

" These figurines," Dr Bennett said, " may prove interesting for the possibility of comparison with other countries, inasmuch as pottery figurines are declared by Spinden to be characteristic of the archaic culture of Mexico and Central America, and as they also are found extensively in Peruvian culture."

Dr Bennett praised the work of Dr Requena, declaring : " He has done an invaluable service to American archæology in bringing to light priceless pages of its history."

EXPEDITION TO SEEK LOST LEMURIA

AN expedition to discover the site of the submerged continent of Lemuria will set out on its search in August of this year. *The Statesman* of Calcutta, in an interview with Colonel R. B. Seymour Sewell, Director of the Zoological Survey of India, and of the Indian Museum, Calcutta, who this year will lead the Sir John Murray Oceanographic Expedition to the Arabian Sea and North-West Indian Ocean, described the manner in which this scientific expedition will be conducted.

The expedition is being financed, it may be recalled, out of the funds provided by the late Sir John Murray, F.R.S., of the " Challenger " Expedition, and left in the hands of certain trustees. They invited the submission by eminent oceanographers all the world over of a suitable programme for the work. Out of several schemes submitted the programme of work sketched by Colonel Seymour Sewell was accepted, and he was offered the post of leader of the expedition. It should be remembered in this connection that, as Surgeon-Naturalist to the Marine Survey of India, Colonel Seymour Sewell carried out deep-sea surveys in various parts of the Indian Ocean between 1910 and 1925, and is recognised as an authority on the marine biology of the tropical seas.

After retiring from the office of Director of the Zoological Survey of India at the end of April of this year Colonel Seymour Sewell will, on his return to England, carry out the preliminaries in connection with the fitting up of scientific apparatus on the vessel. The expedition will leave England in August and is expected to reach Aden by 1st September 1933, and will carry out a number of voyages, each lasting approximately twenty-one days. It is expected that the expedition will finish its labours by the end of April 1934, and will return to England some time in May.

With an assistant and twenty men he pushed four trenches through the great mound from east to west and north to south, bringing to light a score of burial-urns and many pottery vases, jade and ivory ornaments, pottery whistles, clay pipes, flint axes and tools, hollowed grinding stones, and pottery figurines.

Some of the burial-urns contained as many as six partially fossilised skeletons, skulls of which were characterised by frontal flattening and the jaws by prognathism.

Dr Bennett steadfastly refuses to anticipate the results of the intensive study to which he will subject his findings, or to express any opinion on the theory of the lost continent of Atlantis advanced by Dr Requena. Speaking of his reasons for entering into field work while visiting Venezuela, he said :

" I found Dr Requena's discoveries ten times more interesting than I had anticipated. I had expected to find the remains of one culture. I found evidence of three. What was more important, I found in the sites which he had excavated definitely defined culture strata, which is rare in American archæology. The presence of stratified mounds and urn burials not only presented interesting cultural possibilities for the little-known history of Venezuelan archæology, but the possibility as well of its connection with contingent archæological regions."

Dr Bennett says that the object most characteristic of the lost Venezuelan culture was the pottery figurine. These are practically all female figures, hollow, with akimbo arms and applied eyes.

" These figurines," Dr Bennett said, " may prove interesting for the possibility of comparison with other countries, inasmuch as pottery figurines are declared by Spinden to be characteristic of the archaic culture of Mexico and Central America, and as they also are found extensively in Peruvian culture."

Dr Bennett praised the work of Dr Requena, declaring : " He has done an invaluable service to American archæology in bringing to light priceless pages of its history."

EXPEDITION TO SEEK LOST LEMURIA

AN expedition to discover the site of the submerged continent of Lemuria will set out on its search in August of this year. *The Statesman* of Calcutta, in an interview with Colonel R. B. Seymour Sewell, Director of the Zoological Survey of India, and of the Indian Museum, Calcutta, who this year will lead the Sir John Murray Oceanographic Expedition to the Arabian Sea and North-West Indian Ocean, described the manner in which this scientific expedition will be conducted.

The expedition is being financed, it may be recalled, out of the funds provided by the late Sir John Murray, F.R.S., of the " Challenger " Expedition, and left in the hands of certain trustees. They invited the submission by eminent oceanographers all the world over of a suitable programme for the work. Out of several schemes submitted the programme of work sketched by Colonel Seymour Sewell was accepted, and he was offered the post of leader of the expedition. It should be remembered in this connection that, as Surgeon-Naturalist to the Marine Survey of India, Colonel Seymour Sewell carried out deep-sea surveys in various parts of the Indian Ocean between 1910 and 1925, and is recognised as an authority on the marine biology of the tropical seas.

After retiring from the office of Director of the Zoological Survey of India at the end of April of this year Colonel Seymour Sewell will, on his return to England, carry out the preliminaries in connection with the fitting up of scientific apparatus on the vessel. The expedition will leave England in August and is expected to reach Aden by 1st September 1933, and will carry out a number of voyages, each lasting approximately twenty-one days. It is expected that the expedition will finish its labours by the end of April 1934, and will return to England some time in May.

The main objects of the expedition will be, said Colonel Seymour Sewell, to discover whether there are any traces of the continental areas that are supposed to have stretched westward from India and to have formed the hypothetical continent of " Lemuria," the supposed former existence of which is based on the similar fauna present on the Indian and African coasts of the Arabian Sea. It is hoped that evidence on this point may be obtained by the use of sonic soundings during a number of voyages that the expedition will make at different points across the water stretching between Africa and India. The theory of the existence of such a hypothetical continent will be better established if there are found submerged ridges and peaks in this semi-enclosed ocean.

In addition to this, another problem of the expedition will be to study the deposition of calcium carbonate which is going on in all tropical waters. Along the coast of India there are also present deposits of glauconite, which is regarded as a shallow-water formation, and this will be studied by the expedition, which will make a further study of a type of deposit called " red clay," which is stated to be present in large quantities elsewhere. As a rule " red clay " occurs in deep water of more than 3,000 fathoms, but in this particular region near the Laccadive and Maldive islands it occurs in shallower water. Its occurrence in this area may possibly be due to the presence of a submarine ridge extending from the Chagos Archipelago toward Aden and isolating a basin in the north-east part of the Arabian Sea.

A further line of investigation will be the study of the zonal distribution of the marine fauna along the coasts as one passes from water of 50 fathoms downwards to the bottom, which in some parts of the area lies at a depth of 2,500 fathoms. Special attention will be paid to the distribution of the fauna between 50 to 1,000 fathom levels.

Investigation into the marine animals will be carried on by means of large nets that will be towed through the water at various depths below the surface, so as to obtain as far as possible animals that live in the mid-water. These animals never come to the top and equally they never go to the bottom.

LIGHT

A Journal of Spiritual, Psychical and Mystical Research — *Established 1881*

REDUCTION OF SUBSCRIPTIONS. The Subscription rate has now been **reduced to £1 per annum**, post free to any part of the world. :: **10s.** Six Months. :: **5s.** per Quarter.

Specimen Copy on application. Churches and Societies supplied with quantities of Specimen Copies for Free Distribution. Apply to

Manager, "LIGHT," 16 Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7

TEACHING IN KABBALISM

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE, thorough, profound. I. Esoteric Tarot; II. Secrets of The Tree; III. Number Magic, Talisman lore. 72 Lessons. L. 12; instalments. Specimen free.

Dr ROLT-WHEELER, Inst. Astrol. Carthage, Tunis, N. Africa

Publ. SEER and L'ASTROSOPHIE — *Specimen Copies free*

An Ambassador of Good Will and Brotherhood between East and West

"BUDDHISM IN ENGLAND"

The Organ of the Buddhist Movement in Britain

A bi-monthly Magazine devoted to the study and dissemination of Buddhist Religion and Philosophy.

Non-Sectarian. Impartial recognition of the FOUR SCHOOLS.

36 pages each issue. Sub. 7/6 per annum.

A specimen copy and a booklet may be obtained from:
THE MANAGER—"BUDDHISM IN ENGLAND,"
ST JOHN'S LODGE, GUERNSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS.

READ: WHAT IS BUDDHISM? An answer from the Western Point of View. 3/3, post free.

"THE NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE

NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION OF U.S.A.

Published Monthly at:

765 OAKWOOD BOULEVARD, CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

Spiritualism in America, and digest of the Spiritualist News of other Countries

Price per annum in the British Isles—One Dollar and Fifty Cents