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OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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VOL. XXI.

JANUARY 1915

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

A CERTAIN amount of correspondence has naturally reached me in regard to my little book of Prophecies, and the records of predictions inserted in the OCCULT REVIEW. Various psychic experiences and dreams, having apparent reference to the coming war, have been sent to me, and certain correspondents state that the great event had been revealed to them beforehand. I have not thought well to give publicity to statements of this kind generally, as, however genuine they may be, they lack that corroboration which is essential to their obtaining general credence. I have also intentionally left on one side the question of Biblical predictions, as being rather dangerous ground. It has been intimated to me from certain quarters that I have omitted some predictions of importance, and among these is named that of the Persian prophet, Baha'u'llah. He is widely quoted, I believe with reason, to have foretold a general European war, to be followed by an era of peace, though I cannot gather that his prediction was other than a very general one.

In an appeal dated October 4, 1914, his successor, Abdul Baha Abbas, alludes to Baha'u'llah's proclamation of fifty years ago, and his letters sent to the European rulers of that date warning them that the danger of a gigantic war menaced the Continent, and calling upon them in the name of humanity to take steps in time to ward off the threatened calamity. He is quoted * as stating that "the combustible materials which are stored in the infernal arsenals of Europe will explode by the contact with one spark," and that "the Balkans will become a volcano and the map of Europe will be changed." He feared "that the realization of universal war was inevitable," and though he seems to have given no dates, he foresaw the nature and cause of the war, if not with prophetic insight, at least with the prescience of true statesmanship.

A further question has been raised by the war, and this is the method of prediction from certain calculations based on the length of the passages in the Great Pyramid. A learned, but I am sure very misleading, book was written on this subject by the late Professor Piazzzi Smyth. There have been also other books written on this subject, and it is only fair to mention that the Edgars' book on this subject fixes "the loosing of the devil and the end of the age of the Gentiles for the autumn of 1914." A new spiritual era, it is stated, is to follow a period of world chaos. This reference was quoted by Mr. Tudor Pole in a recent lecture given on "Some Deeper Aspects of the War" at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on November 28 last. Another saying, which he quoted as being a well-known prediction in the Balkan peninsula, is to the effect that when the White Pope and the Black Pope should die during the same night, following this sign there would dawn upon humanity the Great White Day. The Black Pope is of course the head of the Jesuit fraternity, and it is not a little curious that Pope Pius X and the late head of the Jesuit Order died within two hours of each other.

THE BLACK
AND WHITE
POPE.

I have already inserted a letter in last month's issue dealing with a curious superstition with regard to the recapture of Constantinople by the Christians. Mrs. Powell (my correspondent) gives this tradition as it was told her at Constantinople. Another correspondent draws my attention to the fact that the story is narrated in a book dealing with the fall of Constantinople by Chedomil Mijatovitch, late Servian Minister at the

* For Bahaist literature apply to Mrs. George, 32 Argyll Mansions, Chelsea, London, S.W.

Court of St. James, whose interest in psychical matters is well known. The passage runs:—

When the Janissaries broke open the principal door (of St. Sophia), the priests had mysteriously disappeared. A legend was afterwards spread that, at the approach of the Janissaries, one of the church walls near the altar miraculously opened to admit the priest carrying the sacred jewels, and closed again after he had entered. According to this legend the same priest will reappear, coming out from the same wall, to continue the interrupted service on the day on which an orthodox emperor reconquers Constantinople from the Turks.

Another prediction to which I have alluded briefly is that of the Dominican André Bobola, who was murdered at Janow by the Cossacks in 1673. This Polish saint is stated to have appeared in 1819 to a monk in the convent of Wilna in Lithuania. An account of this strange apparition is given in a book to which I have already alluded, *Voix Prophetiques* (Paris, 1872). In telling the story the editor observes: "One might affirm that Poland is a country without a future, had it not been that the pro-

THE
BLESSED
ANDRÉ
BOBOLA.

mises of Heaven have given us an assurance to the contrary." The monk of Wilna had made a special appeal to this Polish saint and, in answer apparently to his prayer, there appeared to him, just as he was retiring for the night, in the middle of his cell, a venerable figure wearing the costume of a Jesuit, who announced himself to be Father Korzeniecki, and bade him open the window, when he would perceive things that he had never yet seen. At these words the Dominican in amazement opened his window, and looking out perceived, not the narrow garden of the convent with its surrounding wall, as he anticipated, but immense plains stretching as far as the horizon. "The scene which is unfolded before you," observed the saintly apparition, "is the territory of Pinsk, where I had the glory of suffering martyrdom for the faith of Jesus Christ. But look again and you will learn that which you desire to know." At this moment, as the father looked out a second time, the plain appeared to him on a sudden covered with innumerable masses of Russian, Turkish, French, English, Austrian and Prussian soldiers, whom the holy man was able only partly to distinguish, fighting in a horrible *melée*, such as is seen only in the most sanguinary wars. The father understood nothing of this frightful spectacle, and turned to the blessed martyr for an explanation. "When," said the latter, "the war which has just been portrayed for your benefit shall have given place to peace once more, then Poland

will be re-established, and I shall become recognized as its patron saint."

As the Dominican, rejoicing at the message but fearing nevertheless that he might be the victim of an illusion, asked for a sign of its reality, "It is I," replied the apparition, "who give you the assurance of all this. The vision which you have witnessed is real and actual, and everything shall take place as

A SIGN
FROM
HEAVEN.

I have announced it. Now take your rest, but to give you a sign of the truth of what you have seen and heard, I will, before departing, leave an impression of my hand on your writing table."

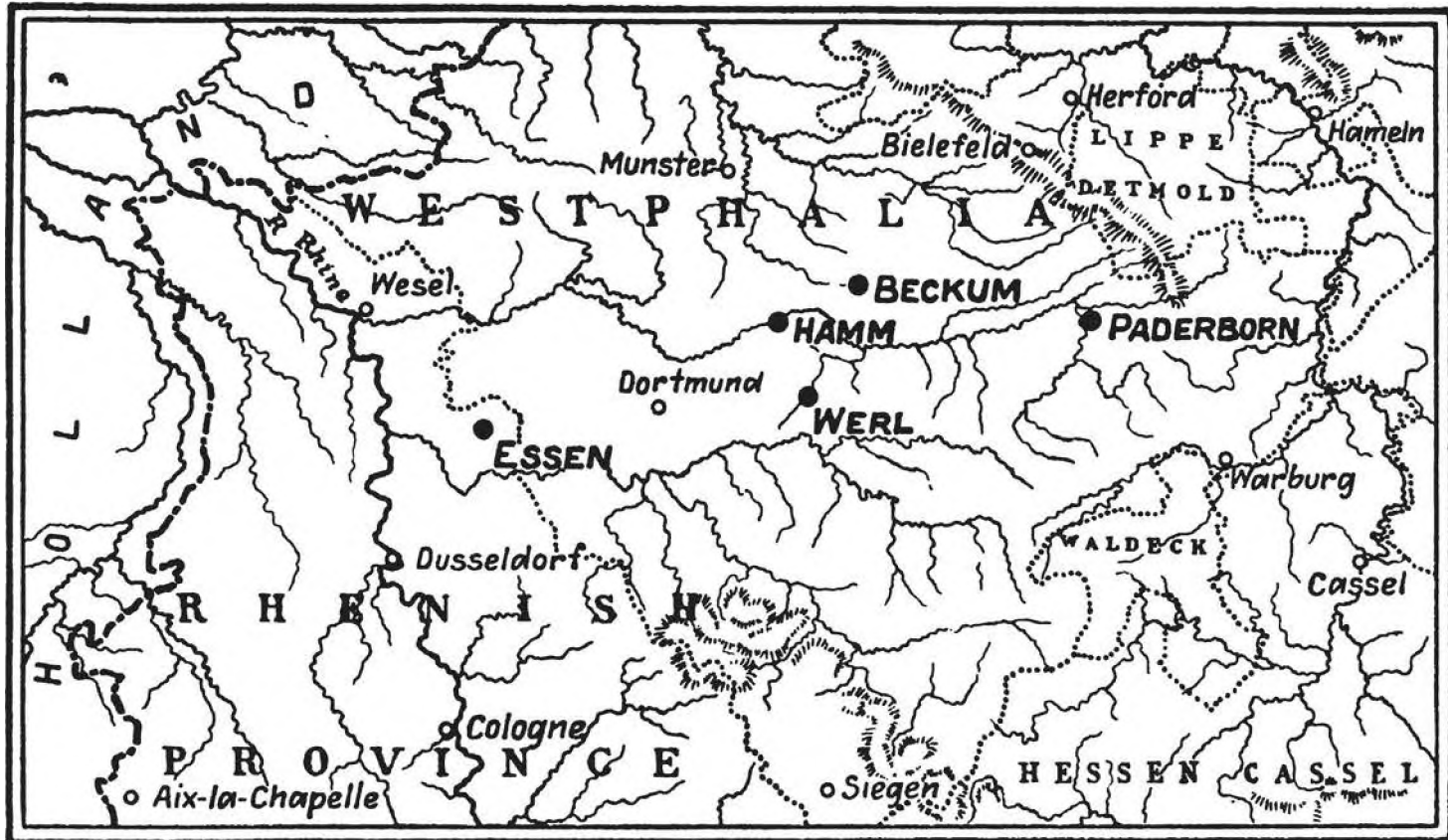
Saying these words, the saint touched with his hand the table of Father Korzeniecki, and immediately disappeared. On coming to himself the Dominican approached his table, and saw there clearly outlined the imprint of the right hand of André Bobola. He showed the marks on the following morning to the astonished monks, detailing the circumstances of his vision.

Discussion has arisen with regard to the exact locality of the places mentioned in the prophecy of Mayence, as those in the proximity of which the final battle was to take place. As to three of these there is no doubt whatever, the only place in question being that described in the fourth verse as *Bouleaux*. One of my correspondents writes that *Bouleaux* translated into

THE SITE
OF THE
FINAL
BATTLE.

German gives *Birken*,* and alludes to a place called Birkenfeld in the Palatinate. This, as a matter of fact, is too far away for it to have any bearing on the question. It will, however, be noted that there is a place called Berkum towards which an army located as indicated in the prediction would presumably be advancing. The subjoined map will make this fact clear. The places named in the prophecy are given, and also the position of Essen, alluded to in the prophecy of the Monk Johannes, is also shown. This is the locality "where Antichrist forges his arms." The words of verse 14 of the Prophecy of Mayence state (it will be remembered) that the victor shall on the day of the last battle "command seven kinds of soldiers against three to the quarter of *Bouleaux* between Ham, Werle and Paderborn." I merely put forward the suggestion with regard to *Bouleaux* in quite a tentative manner, and without authority, and if any of my readers can give me authentic information on the subject I shall be much obliged. I have been unable to trace the name on the map.

* The two words mean "Birches" in French and German respectively.



MAP OF WESTPHALIA, ILLUSTRATING LOCALITY OF FINAL BATTLE AS PREDICTED.

Another prediction which, however, only bears indirectly on the war, has been alluded to by me in an earlier number ; this is the prediction of St. Malachi about the popes, and the Latin mottoes descriptive of their reigns. My remarks have led to some further inquiry on this subject, and I therefore give the last eleven Latin mottoes dealing as it is assumed with the eleven last popes destined to occupy St. Peter's Chair.

THE
PROPHECIES
OF ST.
MALACHI.

This list commences with Leo XIII, who is described by the phrase "Lumen in Cœlo," a light in heaven. The late Pope Pius X figures as "Ignis Ardens," alluding presumably to his zeal and ardent piety. The reign of the present occupant of the Chair, Pope Benedict XV, is described by the phrase "Religio Depopulata," religion laid waste. Then follow in the order given "Fides Intrepida," undaunted faith ; "Pastor Angelicus," the angelic shepherd ; "Pastor et Nauta," Shepherd and Pilot ; "Flos florum," flower of flowers ; "De Medietate Lunæ," by the intervention of the Moon * ; "De Labore Solis," from the labour (or travail) of the Sun ; "De Gloriâ Olivæ," from the glory of the olive. For the last of the Popes the prophecy adds (I subjoin the translation only here), "In the last persecution of the Holy Catholic Church, Peter the Roman will sit (on the Pontifical chair). He will feed his sheep amid many tribulations, whereafter the City of the Seven Hills will be destroyed and the terrible Judge will judge His people."

Sometimes these papal mottoes seem intended to convey the most striking incident in the Pope's apostolate. At others they seem descriptive of the Pope himself. Then, again, in other cases they give some characteristic of his term of office. Thus Pius VI, who was Pope during the French Revolution, is described by the motto "Peregrinus Apostolicus," the apostolic pilgrim or wanderer. Pius VI was carried off from Rome in February, 1798, and thrown into prison at Sienna. From thence he was successively removed to Florence, to Bologna, to Parma, and to

APPRO-
PRIATE
MOTTOES.

Turin, and finally was taken across the border to Briançon and to Valence. In this latter place he died on August 24, 1799. His successor, Pius VII, had for his motto "Aquila Rapax," ravaging eagle, symbolic of the imperial eagle of Napoleon, at whose coronation

* This interpretation is given with some diffidence, but is, I think, probably correct. I have referred on the subject to Du Cange's "Glossarium mediæ et infimæ Latinitatis," the leading authority on mediæval Latin. There is no such word in classical Latin.

he was destined to attend, though he was not allowed to crown the Imperial despot, who placed the orb upon his own head. Another motto of a suggestive kind is that of Gregory XVI, 1841-1846, "De Balneis Etruriæ" (From the Baths of Etruria). Gregory XVI belonged to a religious order (the Carmaldules), whose parent monastery was situated in Etruria at a spot which once bore the Roman name of Balnæum, the Bath, the place having been formerly what we should now call a *Spa*. Pius IX, again, who was deprived of the temporal power, bore the motto of "Crux de Cruce," suggestive of the humiliation which his reign underwent. The mottoes naturally vary greatly in their appropriateness. Those who take them seriously will look for the final end of papal power after another eight pontificates, say in a little over a century from the present date. A future generation must be left to determine the precise value attaching to this celebrated prophecy.

One peculiarity of the present war, and I think a by no means surprising one, is that it has set so many people dreaming in an altogether abnormal and unusual way. Among other communications, I have received from a reader of the OCCULT REVIEW an account of the dreams of a young lady of her acquaintance, which commenced in the early spring of the present year, and have continued, I understand, up to date. Reaching me after the war had broken out, they cannot, of course, be taken as in any way evidential. Nor are they perhaps sufficiently precise and definite for us to be entitled to describe them as exactly prophetic. At the same time they are curiously illustrative of the symbolic way in which dreams seem half to convey coming events to our minds and half to withhold their interpretation. I think that this dream record is probably typical of many other dream-land experiences, and I hope it may be considered of sufficient interest to put on record in these columns even if it is in no way sensational in character.

A young lady of my acquaintance (writes my correspondent) has had what must be described as a consecutive series of dreams—that commenced in the early spring of this year—and has continued up till the present time. The dreams are so curious that I only regret not putting them down as they were given to me—each one immediately after it was dreamed. The first one, of which I was told soon after last Christmas (i.e. Christmas 1913), was more of a vision than a dream proper.

The lady had retired to bed and was lying quiescent, but by no means asleep, when she had the impression of looking at a stone wall.

The stone wall faded away, and what at first appeared to her to be a luxuriant garden was shown, with trees and plants that are unknown in England. As she continued to look, fascinated at this beautiful garden, she perceived to her surprise that it was filled with graves surmounted by English tombstones. She was puzzled by the fact of the incongruity of this oriental garden or cemetery containing English graves. The garden faded and the wall reappeared. This occurred twice, after which all was a blank.

The next dream was of a street in a continental city. The lady especially noted the cobblestones common to such places. As she looked about her, she recognized that she was in the Avenue Louise—in Brussels—a place she knew well. A funeral was moving along the Avenue in the direction of the Bois. The curious thing about the funeral was that the cortège was drawn, not by horses but by a motor, at the back of which were effigies of large size, of bulls ornamented with garlands of coloured flowers, the class of thing that is common enough in a continental carnival but curiously out of place on a hearse.

The next dream was perhaps the most remarkable. The lady was again in a Continental town—again she observed the cobblestones—but on this occasion she could not locate what place she was in. She saw herself, so to speak, looking up in common with crowds of people. The sky was overcast with a dense black cloud, in the centre of which two monster eagles were fighting. As they fought, one, the smaller of the two, was killed and fluttered down on to its nest and there died. There was one point about this dream which is very curious. During the time the eagles fought, a device was shown of numerous coats of arms, but though the lady did her best to make these out, she was unable to do so.

The next dream was that this lady was sitting somewhere with a friend—a white cloud-like fog arose, and in the fog thousands of forms were shown rising. She said to the friend in alarm "What is this? Is it the end of the world?" to which the friend answered, "No, do not be afraid. It is only the vast numbers of dead that are being shown to us."

The lady had during this first period before the war quite a number of dreams that appeared to deal with nothing but horrors—streets of cobblestones running with blood, deaths and funerals. None of these were as clear and concise as the ones I have related, but all very impressive, and invariably portrayed as taking place in continental towns or villages. One that she had during this early period is well worthy of note. She dreamed that she and her mother were in France (the lady had spent a great part of her very early life on the Continent). She thought that she was there again and that her sister who is dead met them dressed in black and sternly warned them immediately to go back home. The place they were in was overcast, and everything appeared very dark.

Now these dreams were all dreamed at least two months prior to there being any suggestion as to the possibility of a war. The dreams that she has had since are quite as interesting, but of course not as remarkable now that war is the centre of concentrated public thought.

The lady dreamed a short time before the report of the death of the Kaiser's fourth son Adalbert that she saw the Kaiser dressed entirely in black regimentals, even the helmet being entirely black, and the words presented themselves to her—that he had painted himself black—but whether this referred to private bereavement or the outrages of his army she had no idea or any suggestion to make.

Another dream following this one was that of a lion and lioness and cubs. The cubs appeared to fall down some precipitous place, upon which the lioness sprang upon them and devoured them.

The last dream the lady had was of some big iron gates being shown to her which were thrown open, and she saw written "THE WAY TO BERLIN."

This lady has never associated with mediums, nor has she any acquired knowledge of occult matters, as her family have a great distaste for the subject, and she has no theory as to her dreams, which come without any conscious volition on her part. She is evidently an extremely powerful natural medium, and coming events are projected on her subconscious mind as pictures thrown upon a screen.

Since these dreams were recorded the lady in question has had two more, both remarkable and to the point. Two days before the death of Prince Maurice of Battenberg she dreamed that she saw the Queen of Spain engaged in measuring out yards and yards of crepe. Nothing further was shown, but the picture was a very vivid one and made a deep impression on the dreamer. (It will be remembered that Prince Maurice was brother to the Queen of Spain.)

Again she dreamed, and this time it was of the sea. She was looking out over a wide expanse of water, when on the horizon she perceived a ship making for England. The sky was overcast, and, as she looked, a shaft of brilliant sunlight broke through the clouds and fell directly on the ship, and she read the word "Australia." This was some two or three weeks before the brilliant action of the Australian Navy in the destruction of the *Emden*.

Questions have, not unnaturally, frequently been asked as to when the War is likely to end. I see that Mme de Thèbes, in her New Year's prognostications, to which I shall refer next month, states that she expects the War to be over some time between March and July. This is in accordance with the observations I made myself in the astrological section of the Book of *Prophecies of the War*. The most favourable time of all appears to be the months of June and July, and I very much doubt if the War,

WHEN THE
WAR WILL
END.

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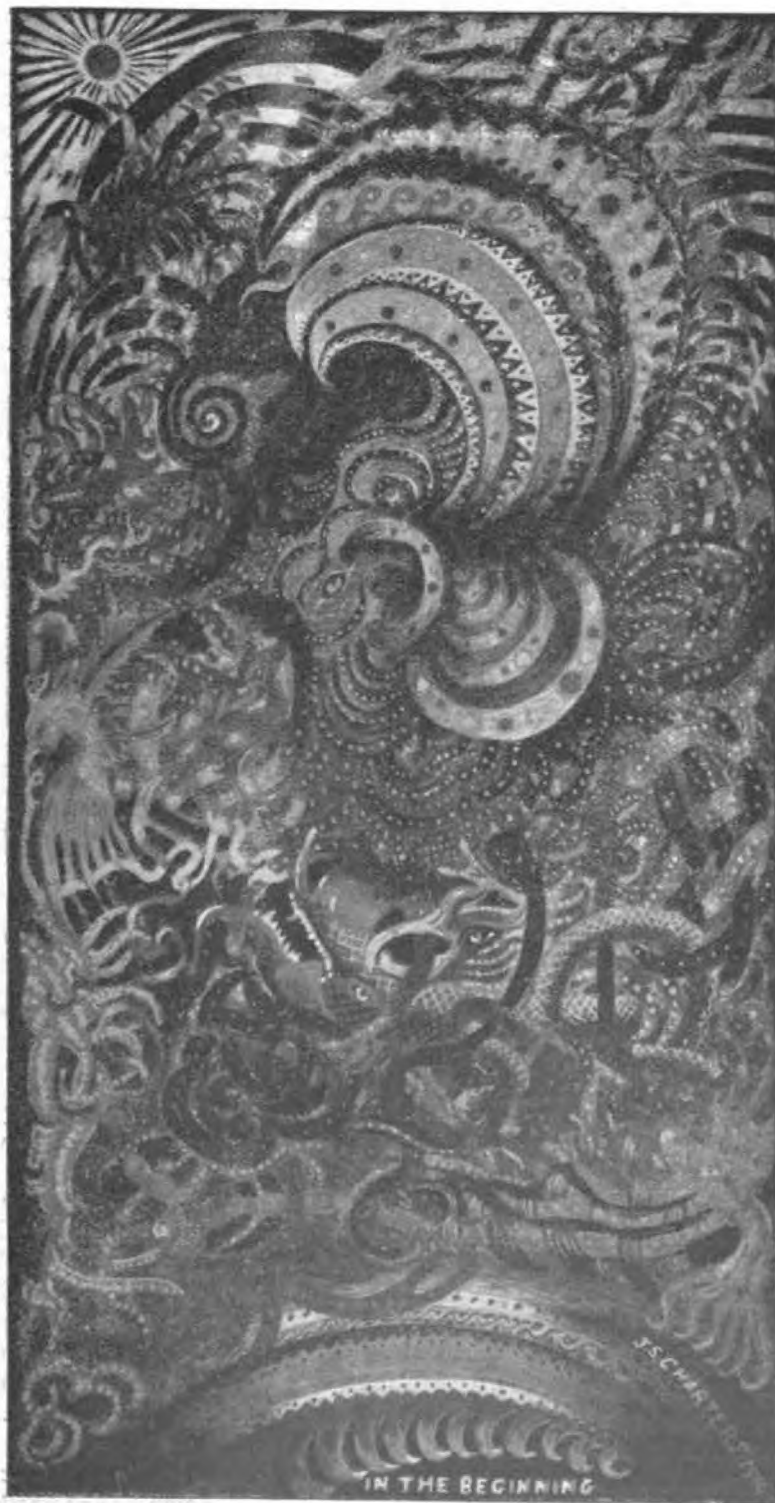
at its very longest, will outlast the propitious influences of this time. There is great diversity of opinion as to whether the War in Germany will eventuate in internal revolution or otherwise. My own opinion, for what it is worth, is that it *will* eventuate in revolution. The third quarter of 1915 may be overclouded by internal disturbances in more European countries than one, and the return of the Continent to normal conditions may thus be delayed. In alluding to the termination of the War, I must not be considered as making any forecast with regard to Turkey and the Balkan States.

A correspondent, Mr. James Charters, having seen the illustrations in the Christmas number of the OCCULT REVIEW, has sent me a very curious and apparently symbolic picture, which he drew and painted automatically only a few months ago. The picture in question is very elaborately coloured, but I am afraid I cannot undertake to reproduce any more coloured illustrations for the present, as the process is naturally an expensive one. I am therefore giving it in black and white, which will at least serve to show its curious and intricate design. I do not know

A STRANGE
DESIGN.

how readers will interpret this strange tapestry, but its draughtsman claims to see in it the following: The Sun, Moon, and stars; birds of the air, fish of the sea, fowls and reptiles, representing the earth. Each thing, he says, has its mouth open, and they all seek to devour each other. Is it, we may ask, in some way symbolic of the present great European catastrophe? or, alternatively, is it a translation into symbolic art of Tennyson's line, "Nature red in tooth and claw"? Or, on the other hand, are we to take it as a vision of the primeval world; in accordance with the title given it by its artist, "In the Beginning"? I gather that Mr. Charters has never attempted anything of this kind before, and certainly, for a first effort, if I may so call it, the result is very singular and striking. As regards the interpretation, I take no responsibility. There may be those among OCCULT REVIEW readers to whom it will convey a totally different message or meaning. Mr. J. Charters writes as follows with regard to it:—

I have sent on for your inspection a small psychic picture painted by me some few months ago. One Sunday evening I went by chance from Worthing to Brighton, and made my way into the Windsor Hall there, and during the service my eyes were drawn to what I thought the strangest painting I had ever seen. I tried in vain to make out what it was, for although it was beautiful, yet I could not make it out. [I take it that this painting was seen clairvoyantly.—ED.] When I retired that



MR. CHARTERS' PSYCHIC PAINTING.

Sunday night my brain was very active during sleep. I saw a number of struggling forms of things, I knew not what. The following evening, just as I was about to retire for the night, I picked up a small piece of card and commenced to draw something, not realizing what I was drawing, and continued from about 11 till 12.30. That Monday night my brain was even more disturbed in sleep than was the case the night before. On Tuesday night, about 11 o'clock, I again took up my card to finish my drawing, which I had completed by 12.30. I never corrected any part of it where my pencil made a mark, and it so remained till finished. Then commenced the painting in water-colour, always between 11 and 12.30 midnight. This occupied seven or eight evenings.



In the above group Miss Campbell is the second from the right in the back row. On the extreme left is Madame Leroque, the head of the ward.

My feelings at the time of painting the picture are impossible to describe. All I can say is that I felt as if I were leaving the earth. I could see nothing but my "finished" picture, even before I had started it. I had never to stop once to think of the next step to take. My brush could not have made a mistake even had I been sound asleep. From the centre of the picture I worked upwards. The sensations experienced were not of this earth; all was too peaceful. Then I worked from the centre to the bottom of the picture, and as I neared the foot of the picture so I drew nearer to earth again. I felt that keen disappointment we always experience after achieving some special thing which we have set our heart upon. When the picture was finished and I took down the message given me by spirit friends I felt quite disappointed. I should have liked it to have lasted for quite a long time. I never thought there was anything

extraordinary about the painting until I happened to show it to a friend, who seemed greatly surprised at my having done such a thing. Seeing that he regarded it as something extraordinary, I had it framed and hung it in my bedroom for many weeks. One day I thought my people at home might like a photograph of it. I forgot to mention that when I took up my card to paint on it I never noticed that it was not quite square, and I had to take a mere shaving off one side. What was my surprise to find, on taking the photograph, that the negative brought out the picture absolutely as it was at first, larger on the top.*

This is the result of my first attempt at psychic work, but I feel that it will not be my last. I know that I am well guided by spirit friends,



In this group Miss Campbell is the third from the left in the back row. Dr. Grandhomme, the surgeon, is standing forward with his back to the window. The matron occupies the centre of the front row.

one in particular, who, whenever I long or wish for a thing, sends it to me. I have received most wonderful and impossible things in this way. I wish seriously for a thing, and forget it, and perhaps a month or even a year passes, but my spirit friends do not forget, and I receive it. My dreams are almost always three days previous to what takes place, and nearly always come true.

Pictures sometimes move on the walls when I enter a place. When I am about to hear very special news about any friend of whom I have a portrait, the photograph will not keep still, and will fall in an unaccountable manner on to the floor. In one case a friend of mine was prevented by a railway accident from keeping his appointment to dine with me. I could not keep his photograph still. I actually laid it on its back on the

* The reproduction given is taken from the original, not from the photograph.—ED.

mantelshelf, and started dinner alone, knowing that something had happened, when the photo flew to my feet from a distance of some seven or eight feet away. Next day I learned the news of the disaster, but my friend was fortunately NOT hurt.

I made an appeal last month on behalf of the Red Cross Hospital (auxiliary) at Saint Germain-en-Laye, where Miss Phyllis Campbell, an occasional but valued contributor to the OCCULT REVIEW, has been nursing since the commencement of the war. I gave no particulars last month, which doubtless partly accounts for the rather scanty response of my readers. To-day I am making good this omission, and I much hope that those who are regular readers and can afford at least half-a-crown will be kind enough to lend a helping hand. I most fully recognize the scarcity of money at the present time and the numerous calls for help when there are so many, who are usually well off, but who now do not know how to make two ends meet, owing to financial losses due to the war. For this reason I have felt some hesitation in making the appeal. I would point out, however, that it is by no means the practice of the Editor to make such requests. My only excuse at the present time is the urgency of the need and the fact that those who help will undoubtedly contribute to the saving of the lives of many who have sacrificed themselves for their country's welfare, and indeed its security. I append two hospital photographs, giving convalescents, nurses and the doctor of "Salle C," where Miss Campbell is nursing. The contributions at the moment of going to press, which I beg to acknowledge with many thanks, are as follows:—

OCCULT REVIEW, £2 2s. ; M. S., 10s. ; M. L. L., 2s. 6d. ; P. R., 2s. 6d. ; J. F., 5s. ; P. V., 3s. ; Denise, 5s. ; Sec., 5s. ; S. P., 2s. 6d. ; M. S., 2s. 6d. ; H. K., 2s. 6d. ; T. R., 2s. 6d.

I am asked to draw attention to a new and important work by "Mr. Arthur Avalon," the *nom de plume* of an eminent writer on Indian religious philosophy. The book is entitled *The Principles of Tantra*, Part I, and is published by Messrs. Luzac & Co.,

"THE PRINCIPLES OF TANTRA," at 10s. net. The aim of the work is to give an exposition of Hindu religious orthodoxy. A large part of the volume consists of a translation of a treatise by a learned Indian pundit, *The Tantra-Tattva*. Mr. Arthur Avalon enters very fully into the origin and date of Tantrik worship, and its essential characteristics, as distinguished from the accretions of subsequent ages.

DAVID PATTERSON HATCH *

(A PHILOSOPHER OF THE SOUL)

BY AN OLD FRIEND

WHEN there dies a man respecting whom popular interest is so aroused that the world desires to know more of him—of his human side generally too much is expected of those who really know. It is forgotten that the numberless intimate views of the character of our dead friend were given only to the eyes and ears he intended to confide in. And the death that closed the lips of permission, likewise should stand as a barrier to the eyes of curiosity. For from himself we have learned that nothing should be said of the dead that we would not say in their living presence. And those confidences of the living which we would not exploit, should remain sacred to the living dead. But, with propriety, enough may be said to indicate, in a general way, what sort of a man was this who is startling the world.

Many years ago the writer, as one of two clerks, entered the law office of Judge David P. Hatch in Los Angeles, and a number of years later, by his generous gift, became the successor to his practice. The business intimacy thus established extended over a period of nearly ten years.

Judge Hatch was a lawyer who did not practise law with his nose pressed down between the covers of his book. Rather his eyes looked out over its pages squarely into the face of Justice. He seemed to have had little need of law books, except as he used them to convince the court that he was right. His knowledge of the principles of law was remarkable. Almost it might be said that his memory was his law library. The ordinary lawyer learns caution from the uncertainties of the law, and prefers to "look up" the decisions before advising his client. To do otherwise is not commendable, unless a lawyer not only knows, but also knows that he knows. Judge Hatch always was able to advise off-hand; and I feel bound to credit him with this finality of conviction.

Generally he was at his office early in the morning—at or before eight o'clock. But he burdened his mind very little with routine or rule. His favourite maxim was: "Whatever is, is

* Author of *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

right." At first, in my unfamiliarity with the depths of his philosophy, I got the idea that he used this expression as the slogan of fatalism. But later I came to understand him as meaning only that everything results according to natural law; that man of his own free will does the act, and that God, or Nature, has foreordained the law that is always correctly applied to every act; so that always a correct result ensues.

Judge Hatch was one of the most uncomplaining of men. If a suspicion of pain on his face intimated distress, your anxious inquiry met the prompt and hearty response: "Couldn't be better'n live"—for the Judge often abbreviated his phrases. Being a typical Yankee from Maine, the word "law" was spoken "lor"; and "it wasn't so" became "'twant so."

Judge Hatch did not present to the world on Sunday any aspect of character or of conduct that he did not show to the world on Monday or Friday. His conduct of every day approached so closely the limits of his philosophy that, in my humble opinion, he taught it better by the acts of his daily life than by any word of mouth. He was less a hypocrite than any man with whom ever I had intimate association. He made no pretensions, and therefore had none to justify. More nearly he lived his philosophy than any preacher his creed. I say "philosophy," for to him creed and religion were but the lower steps of the pyramid, while the philosopher viewed the universe, and face to face talked with God, from the capstone.

With Judge Hatch in the prime of his career, law was practised as a profession. To-day it has become a business. Commercialism has driven the soul from it, and has hammered the remainder down to the level of book-keeping, efficiency and dictagraphs.

In our day the lawyer becomes alert and aggressive for clients and business—just short of printed advertising. But Judge Hatch's clients were of the kind he had "grappled to his soul with hooks of steel." Their goodwill was his constant and only advertisement.

As a human being, he made human errors, and had human faults; but as human errors and faults are so common, and this man's spiritual philosophy was so rare, we will prefer to consider this latter aspect of him, which almost completely characterized his last years.

Never was a man less of a toady; and few men were more approachable by friendship in distress. On one occasion I shall not forget, he neglected his office and its affairs, and devoted

several hours to a seedy-looking young man from his former home, for whom he went the round of friends in quest of employment—and he got him a job.

Some aspects of the man I never could understand. Outwardly he was as calm and serene as a majestic peak. Nevertheless, I believe, in his real self he was intensely nervous. Always I had the idea that his life was one of constant self-repression.



JUDGE D. P. HATCH.

I have seen him sitting in an attitude of apparent indifference and calm facial demeanour, confronting some grave perplexity, while his hands were shaking ; giving the idea of quivering and rebellious nerves held in the grip of an iron will. I never heard him swear, but respecting such swearing as may be said to be employed to express emphasis and determination, he had no need of it, for, when occasion required, his face could look emphasis, determination and finality.

He was as gentle in speech as he was kind in heart, but he could say "No" shortly and gently, and mean it for ever. Together for nearly ten years, the writer never received an unkind word from him; and, quite necessarily, had none to return. He seemed to be a man without stubbornness. If shown to be in error, he was as glad of the disclosure as he was prompt to rectify.

It is the writer's impression that his philosophic development did not begin seriously until 1896 or 1897, when he was about 50 years of age. But from that time onward, commencing with an abstention from liquor, meat-eating and smoking, gradually it took the form of subversion of body to will, intense philosophic meditation, study, and literary work.

For about seven years he served as a judge of the superior court of Santa Barbara county, near that of Los Angeles, in Southern California. He resigned his judgeship to practise law in Los Angeles. His clientèle was very diverse, ranging from some of the heaviest interests in Southern California down to the "charity work," much of which falls to the lot of every good lawyer.

To show what was thought of the man by his contemporaries, I am copying an editorial paragraph from the *Los Angeles Times*, the "Thunderer" of the West—a paper among the least likely of any in the world to indulge in fulsome eulogy:—

A GREAT MAN.

Former Judge David Patterson Hatch, who died in this city on Tuesday, was a remarkable man in many respects. While a just judge and profoundly learned in all law and practice, he was exceptionally versed in the deep philosophies of life. In these studies he had attained to a knowledge of universal law which, although natural to him, appeared as mysticism to those who had not followed his great mental strides. Many years ago he began the publication of a remarkable series of books under the Hindoo name of *Karishka*, the most noted of these being the famous novel, *El Reshid*. This is the story of a great master of wisdom. His works on the philosophy of the Hermetics and his *Scientific Occultism* have received a wide welcome from all students in that line of thought.

Judge Hatch's prevalent demeanour was calmly grave—not serious. Jocularities with him seemed to have been reserved for intimate friends and special occasions; otherwise, it was employed only as a courteous response to the gaiety of ordinary friendships. His nature was too deep and contemplative for more than occasional demonstrations of light-heartedness.

In philosophical discussions he could become intensely absorbed, so that often his mind sought expression faster than

either his tongue or pen could travel. Sometimes this led to faulty rhetoric or spelling, the mind being too intensely engaged in its own operations to afford aid to a floundering tongue or pen. This did not result as a matter of ignorance, for the Judge was a learned man, a graduate from the law school of Ann Arbor, one of the most renowned colleges of law in the world. It was the Judge's mind that was learned, not his pen or merely his tongue.

In the old political regime in California, now passed away—the day of conventions and of the eminence of men of great political leadership—Judge Hatch was a power in the Republican party; but not for his own benefit. His help was sought and freely given on every hand. The humble wanted minor political places, and the greater aspired to higher honours; and his friends among both classes sought and commanded his unselfish aid. But, so far as I know, he asked nothing for himself, and generally he got nothing.

He had contempt for the pretensions of Creed, disliked talkativeness, despised hypocrisy, pitied liars, and hated—nobody.

He had a master mind for mathematics, his operations being largely and quickly mental. Did we begin together to figure out a problem, he would be writing down the result while as yet I was trying to recollect the rule and determine the method.

In about 1899 he turned over to the writer his office and its practice, and went into the mountains of British Columbia, in the Lake Kootenay region. There he remained for about five years, living the life of a hermit in close proximity to certain mining claims in which he was interested. While there he studied mining engineering through a correspondence school, and graduated. But, it is believed, his chief purpose in leading this hermitic life was to obtain a closer philosophic view of Nature, both physical and incorporeal; and there in the wilds of British Columbia took place his greatest development in spiritual philosophy. In this we are reminded of John the Baptist, whose prophetic voice was first heard as a cry from the desert; or of Mohamet, who is said to have sought the seclusion of Nature to gain power of soul in his coming contest with men; or even—and in becoming reverence I suggest it—of the sojourn of Christ for forty days in the wilderness for spiritual strength against the assaults of malice and ignorance, which finally conquered His human body.

On the return of Judge Hatch from British Columbia, he resumed the practice of law, for some time alone, but later in

partnership with Mr. Warren E. Lloyd, a fellow in philosophic research.

And then came death ; and the tenement he inhabited while among us, we laid away back into its native ground. And now we have his post-mortem memoirs reminding us that man has too long been satisfied with Faith, which is conviction without proof, and which has no permanent basis on which to rest, but is merely propped up by desire and longing which, being beyond present attainment, have become Hope—and Faith is only Hope realized in contemplation.

So for Judge Hatch on earth, Faith did not suffice. Like a lawyer, he sought Truth, whose basis is proof. And it may be found that Truth will oftener overthrow Faith than justify it.

BLACK MAGIC AND VOODOOISM IN AMERICA

BY IRENE E. YOTE WARNER, *British Astronomical Association, Société Astronomique de France, etc., etc.*

HAVING given a general idea of black magic as practised in West and South Africa, I now hope to give a sketch of its ravages throughout America, and particularly the United States.

Europeans, for their own profit, engaged in the terrible slave-trade. Most of these unfortunate slaves were negroes captured or bought on the West Coast of Africa, and from thence shipped to America. With them they brought their religion, and also their adepts in the black art, and their knowledge of deadly poisons. Their descendants, now at liberty, have increased and multiplied in the United States and West Indies, and despite the influence of the Christian religion, and the efforts of the administrators of the law, their black magic (known as voodooism and obiism) still flourishes, and brings in much gain to the adepts of the cult.

In the West Indies very severe laws have been enacted against that form of black magic called obiism. The obi is a curse or spell put upon a person to wither and paralyse him by unusual sensations and superstitious terrors. To make the spell effective all sorts of strange things are used;—i.e. "earth gathered from a grave, human blood, a piece of wood fastened in the shape of a coffin, the feathers of the carrion crow, a snake's or alligator's tooth, pieces of egg-shell, and other ingredients!" If all these articles cannot be obtained, at least two or three are necessary to complete the charm.

The following description of an obi-woman's house in Jamaica may be of interest. The dwelling had a thatch roof, which was stuck with rags, feathers, bones of cats and other articles. In a large earthen jar were a quantity of round balls of clay of various sizes, white on the outside. They appeared to contain hair and rags, with feathers of all kinds, the whole being strongly bound with twine. Others were mixed with portions of the skulls of cats or set round with cats' teeth and claws and with human or dogs' teeth, also with glass beads of various colours. There

were also egg-shells filled with a gummy substance, and little bags containing a variety of articles. Most of the incantations seem to take place at night, and in this they resemble the witches of Europe; there also seems to be some connection with ancient serpent-worship, joined to that of the sun and moon.

An obi man or woman used to cause great fear amongst the negroes on a plantation, and so deep was the awe in which they were held that they were seldom denounced and delivered up to the law. The practice of obi is now made felony by law, punishable with death if poison has been administered, and by transportation when only the charm has been used. It is said that negroes can only be cured of their terrors by becoming Christians, for after baptism they believe the obi cannot affect them.

We are told in a *History of Magic*, by Ennemoser, that a Mr. Koster, after travelling in Brazil, related anecdotes of the Mandinga-man (much the same as the obi-man) in that country. One day an old negro came to Mr. Koster in a great fright and showed him a ball of leaves, about the size of an apple, tied up with a plant called *cybo*. He had found it under some boards upon which he slept in an outhouse, and said it was a *Mandinga*, which had been placed there to cause his death! The ball was formed of five or six kinds of leaves of trees—of which the pomegranate was one—two or three bits of rag, and ashes composed of the burnt bones of some animals. Mr. Koster suspected one of two black women who were at variance, and thought also that the spell was meant for one of these women and not for the old negro. He sent for the suspected party and threatened to imprison her unless she confessed. She then said that the *Mandinga* was placed in the outhouse to make one of the negresses who used to clean it dislike her fellow slaves, and prefer herself above all the rest. The charm used was sometimes called *feitico*, and the users of it *feiticeros*.

Captain Besley, leader of the U.S.A. Exploration Expedition in South America, lately told a friend of mine that voodooism is very widespread in South America. In Bolivia and Peru there is a common belief among married women that if they are barren a curse has been put on them by some voodoo or a dead acquaintance. To counteract this they retreat into the woods for several days and gather the bark from a certain tree (I could not ascertain the latter's name) and crush it up with large stones. After this the barren woman returns to her village, casts the bark into a pool of water near by, and plunges into it, remaining there sometimes for hours. The idea is that the strong acids in the bark will

purge and cleanse the woman's body from the curse. She returns to her husband, and it frequently happens that she has a child. Very probably—apart from the powerful psychic aid of *suggestion*—there is really some medicinal value in the bark used in the water, and therefore the subject is worth further research and the attention of the scientist.

The following narratives concerning voodooism as practised in the United States of America will serve to show how terrible this scourge has become in some parts of that vast country. I give the facts as they were told me by a friend who lived there some years ago.

"I was one day walking near the docks at Galveston, in one of those indolent moods caused by the great heat, when quite a fat woman, of the mulatto type, came up hurriedly. She was dressed in gaudy attire and had plenty of it on for such a hot day! Accosting me rather roughly, she inquired if I had seen a thin old man running that way. I replied that I had not seen him, and I inwardly pitied him if this woman should overtake him. Her dress was so preposterous and her excited manner so pronounced that I thought I would put myself out of the way and follow her to see what might happen! At a little distance off the old man, thinking himself safe from pursuit, emerged from a public-house, mopping his head. Alas, for his inopportune exit, for the pursuing woman almost ran into his arms! Then commenced such a scene as only a voodoo devoid of the common civilities of life can make. I kept at a respectful distance and wished I had not followed them! In a moment or two a crowd gathered and I took my place amongst them, when I heard such words as 'Pay me that seven hundred dollars you owe me! *Didn't I silence the woman?* You low-class villain!' etc., etc. With the crowd of people the voodoo appeared to gather more confidence, whilst the old man seemed to want to be annihilated. Presently something was muttered between them, and they moved off; as I afterwards learned, he had agreed to her conditions. I then button-holed one of the men looking on, and he, hearing my voice, looked at me and said, not unkindly, 'Ah! the Old Country! Yes, I will tell you the cause of the trouble, for you will never have heard anything like it across the water' (meaning England).

"The old woman is a voodoo, and they are rather strong in these parts, and she has evidently removed a troublesome mistress of the man's, without payment.' In answer to my question, 'Do you believe in the voodoos?' He replied, 'Well,

I guess I do, and so do the majority of people here, although we all profess to sneer at them !'

" I thought this man could give me much information, so we retired to a public-house, where we each had a bottle of lager-beer. He told me some strange experiences that he had had, and also had heard of in Galveston, and wound up by saying that the police were afraid to interfere, fearing a spell would be put upon them. The voodoos' services are to be bought for any case, from uniting a couple of lovers to that of murder. ' It is all a question of price,' said he, ' and if you pay the price you get the action accomplished—sure.' ' But,' said I, ' you surely do not believe that they take life ?' ' Well, stranger,' he replied, ' I cannot prove it, yet there's not a man or woman in Galveston who does not believe it. We have some nasty reports hereabouts at times !'

" I took my leave of my friend and wended my way to the voodoo's rooms, and there she was, calm and sedate, as if nothing had happened an hour or so previously ! Very well indeed were the rooms furnished, and one had the impression of luxury and plenty when entering them. She scrutinized me very closely, and I felt uncomfortable under her gaze, the more so as she said to me in a very gruff voice, ' Where have I seen *you* before ?' I told her I had just arrived from the Old Country, where I had made my home ; at which she appeared much interested and, as it seemed to me, unaccountably so. She had never been in England, yet she knew Regent Street, Piccadilly, and New Bond Street better than I did myself. She said, ' You do not have any of us over there ?' and I replied ' No !' She then remarked, ' I was thinking of coming and starting in New Bond Street. Do you think I would do well there ? Here we are overrun ; there are so many in the business.' I assured her, bearing in mind what I had just seen and heard, that London would offer a great field—for the police, I added, under my breath ! She seemed to take me very seriously, and, as I inferred from her remarks, had been repeatedly urged to go to London.

" Then she asked if she could render me any service, to which I replied, ' I am awfully sorry, but there is nothing to which I can turn your great skill to help me over at the present time.' This little speech seemed to flatter her, for then she quickly added, ' Isn't there a woman in your path causing you trouble ? I could easily move her, even though she lived in Timbuctoo.' Presently a client came—a lady—and I had to leave, but before going she told me that this young mulatto woman who was waiting in the

outer room, was a profitable client of hers, that she had already removed one husband out of her path, and that she was then engaged in drawing another to her.

"I assured her that the work seemed very interesting; and that, with her permission, I would like to see how it was accomplished. This she told me was an impossibility, for no one was ever permitted to see that. But when I pointed out to her that it seemed to me that she had to initiate disciples therein from time to time, to carry on this 'noble work,' she was like a cat watching the approach of a mouse, and I felt glad that there was some one in the next room! 'Oh, as to that,' she said, 'why didn't you mention that you wanted to become a voodoo all this time back?' This was a turn in the conversation for which I was not prepared, but I excused myself by saying that I was only passing through Galveston and was going on by the night car, and that I would return in a few days, when I would call upon her. I have never seen the monster since, and hope I never shall, for the nearest approach I can give to these beings is that of the character depicted in *Dracula*, by Mr. Bram Stoker—equally devoid of heart, of sympathy and of human affection.

"At my hotel that night I mentioned the incident of the day, and was told that, though it was unusual, it was not altogether unknown there. It was with a certain sigh of relief that a little before eleven o'clock I boarded a railroad car going to Washington, and thus shook the dust of Galveston off my feet!"

In answer to my request for another narrative concerning the voodooes in America, my friend told me the following remarkable story:—

"At Charleston, U.S.A., the cult of voodooism flourishes—or did, at the time of which I speak—and it is astounding to notice the gullibility of the public, their faith and confidence in this devilish work. I am bound to admit that the voodooes *do* accomplish much for which their clients pay them!

"About the time to which I refer a wealthy woman was arrested in connection with the death of her husband. Piecing the court's records together and referring to the local papers of the time, we found that this client had consulted a voodoo as to the possibility of removing her husband. The voodoo told her it *could* be accomplished, and if she was paid (I think) 3,000 dollars it *would* be accomplished. The woman paid 1,000 dollars down then, as a guarantee of good faith, and the hellish work was started.

"I pass over the details and the wringing of the neck of an

unfortunate fowl, whose bloodshed apparently was to accomplish the deed! The details were most revolting, but in court it was admitted that the man died within three days, and though a doctor certified the cause of death as kidney trouble and weak heart, there is no doubt that it was accelerated, if not completely accomplished, by the villainous voodoo. At the hearing of the case—for much suspicion was attached to it, and it got into the courts—the voodoo woman, who was a mulatto, as they mostly are, fixed her evil eye and thought upon the judge, who after luncheon became so seriously ill that he was unable to go on with the case.

“Then the next morning the prosecuting barrister and counsel were both unable to attend because of severe internal illnesses, and it was evident to the “knowing ones” that the voodoo on trial was busily engaged in removing such as were antagonistic to her case. This state of affairs could not escape notice, and the presiding judge, who, though far from being well, endeavoured to attend the court, could not help being struck with the strange coincidence of the illnesses of the prosecuting side. He commented on it in open court, and said that although they believed that the woman was a party to their illness there was no law which enabled them to take cognisance of the power of the mind rightly—or wrongly—directed to the injury of a human being.

“The prosecuting barrister seemed very vindictive against the woman, and rightly so, for we heard incidentally that a relative of his had come under the sway of a professor of this cult. If I remember aright, this barrister died a short time afterwards from the most excruciating stomach pains imaginable. The woman was undefended so far as legal aid went, but so impressed her mentality upon all present that she was unanimously acquitted. Nevertheless they felt that they had all been hypnotized to bring in this verdict against their wills, and on emerging from the courthouse one heard a remark like this, when learning of the acquittal, ‘Well, what else could you expect!’ I have reason to believe that in later years law and order are gradually prevailing even against the machinations of the voodoos, and doubtless the hellish set will be eradicated from all Christian lands.”

SIGNS AND WARNINGS

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

AMONGST what are called superstitions there are a great many curious ones attached to certain families, to which, I have been told, the members of these families attach great importance.

In Ireland, for instance, we have the banshee which gives warning in a particularly eerie way before the death of any member of certain old families noted for their ancient lineage and aristocratic descent. It is quite a thing to be proud of, to have a banshee attached to the family, as it gives proof of distinction and pure Hibernian breeding.

The Irish, as everybody knows, are probably the most ancient race in the world, being descendants of the Phœnicians and Atalanteans—nations, in the Dawn of the World, noted for their knowledge of occult powers.

The Irish are pre-eminently "superstitious." The old legends and beliefs whose origins are lost in the mists of antiquity still cling to the Irish people and obtain credence even in this matter-of-fact age. The fairies still dance (for the Irish) on moonlight nights and take part in the affairs of human beings as they did in the days of yore, though to-day, with the advance of civilization and towns, they are constantly retreating into the wilder solitudes and making new haunts. The banshee still wails before the deaths of the scions of "good old Irish families," undeterred by the fact that it is the twentieth century—the age of wonderful material progress and mechanical achievement. I have obtained accounts of the banshee from people who both heard and saw it, and I have no reason whatever to doubt their word or intelligence. In each case the wailing noise came a few hours before the death of the person, and hovered round the house, sometimes rising high in the air, then coming right down. The appearance of it as indistinctly seen through the tree-tops was that of a hideous old woman of very small size with flowing grey robes and white hair streaming in the wind. The banshee is a fact—a positive reality which most Irishmen will never deny. It is of very ancient origin—in fact it would be impossible to trace its origin—you may go back a thousand years and still find it.

The Irish (whose daughters are the most beautiful in the

world and whose sons are the bravest) are a queer mixture—combining a love of mysticism and romance with the most shrewd practical common sense and brilliant wit. There is a great deal more in their (apparently) foolish superstitions than most people would think, as any one who has studied these subjects knows.

Attached to the family of the Earls of Airlie there is a phantom drummer who announces impending deaths of the Ogilvies by beating a drum. For over two hundred years this warning has invariably occurred before any death in their family, and has been heard by many people.

There is a legend in a certain family that a single swan was always seen on a particular lake in the park before a death. A member of this family related that on one occasion the father, being a widower, was about to marry again. On the wedding day his son appeared very depressed, which gave cause for offence to the bridegroom, who expected all to be cheerful on such an auspicious occasion. He accordingly remonstrated with him, whereupon the young man told him that his distress and low spirits were occasioned by his having seen the death warning—the fateful swan—and he thought it might be a bad omen for the wedding. However, the warning was not meant for the father—as that night the son died unexpectedly.

In Lord Lyttleton's family the apparition of a dove frequently appears before a death.

Deaths are often predicted or notified by birds flying into a room. In my own experience I have known this to be the case, as robins flew into the house or houses of relations when my grandfather died, and also at the deaths of an aunt, an uncle, a brother, and just recently a cousin (who was killed in the Great War). Shortly before my aunt died, robins flew into my mother's house in South Wales and the houses of her brother and a sister at Eastbourne.

When one of my brothers died in Siam my mother in England was awakened by hearing three loud knocks on her room door. There was no natural explanation of the sound. Exactly the same thing occurred a few years later when another brother was killed in the Boer War. I also had a warning of my brother's death.

The howling of dogs—a peculiar wailing noise (quite unlike their natural howling)—is a sign of death. I have known dogs make this noise beneath the windows or outside the doors of sick persons, and, when driven away, they returned and began again.

The persons died soon after. I have only once heard this peculiar howling myself, and that was when I was in one of the frontier mining camps in the Far West of America. I was awakened by the unearthly wailing noise of a dog. I thought at the time that it portended death, and the next day I heard that a woman had been murdered secretly in a building outside which the dog was howling. The dog did not belong to the house, and had no connexion with the woman who was murdered, nor could it have known of the murder, which was done so quietly that not a sound was heard by others in the house.

Lady Fanshawe in her memoirs relates that on one occasion, when she was paying a visit to Lady Honor O'Brien, she was awakened the first night she slept there by a voice in her room, and, on drawing back the curtains, she saw a female figure attired in white, with red hair and pale, ghastly aspect :—

“ She looked out of the window (says Lady Fanshawe) and cried in a loud voice such as I never before heard : ‘ A horse ! A horse ! ’ and then with a sigh, which rather resembled the wind than the voice of a human being, she disappeared. Her body appeared to me rather like a thick cloud than solid substance. I was so frightened that my hair literally stood on end. I pushed and shook my husband, who had been asleep all the time, and at last he awoke, and was much surprised to find me in such a fright, and still more when I told him what had happened and showed him the open window. Neither of us slept any more that night, but he talked to me about it and told me how much more frequently such apparitions were seen in that country (Ireland) than in England.” This was a species of banshee, for the next day Lady Honor informed them that one of the family had died early that morning, and expressed a hope that they had not been much disturbed and frightened by the banshee.

This apparition always appeared when one of the O'Briens was about to die—sometimes making a wailing noise and wringing her hands, but always standing by one of the windows looking out. There was a legend about some murder connected with it.

One of the most extraordinary prognostics is that of a black dog which seems to be attached to certain families. Here is one instance of it :—

A young lady, a Miss P——, was sitting at work, well and cheerful and not at all disposed to hallucinations, when she suddenly saw, to her great surprise, a large black dog standing near her. As both door and window were closed she could not understand how it had got in, but when she got up to turn it out of

the room it vanished. Greatly puzzled and thinking it must be some strange illusion, she sat down again and continued her work. Presently, happening to look up from her knitting, she beheld the same dog again in front of her, looking at her wistfully. Being now much alarmed, she rushed out of the room and told her mother, who laughed at the idea, and said she must have imagined it or been dreaming; but Miss P—— declared it was not an illusion, that she really had seen a dog. Then to humour her, Mrs. P—— said she would wait outside the door, and if it appeared again she was to call out. Miss P—— resumed her seat in the room, and very soon the dog appeared again, but when she called her mother the phantom vanished. That evening Mrs. P—— was taken suddenly ill and died. Before she expired she said to her daughter, "Remember the black dog!" It seems this dog had been seen years before at a death in the family, but the matter had been hushed up.

There is a family in Cornwall who are also warned of impending death by the apparition of a black dog. On one occasion a lady, newly married into the family and who knew nothing about the tradition, came hurriedly down from the nursery to ask her husband to come and drive a big black dog away which was lying on the child's bed, and which she felt too much afraid of to touch. When they went up the dog was not there—but *the child was dead.*

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Daniel Terry, dated April 30, 1818, and written from Abbotsford, gives an account of a curious death warning which he himself witnessed. The new wing at Abbotsford was then in progress of erection, and the famous novelist was living in the older part of the house. A man named Bullock had charge of the building and furnishing of the new rooms, and it was concerning his death that the strange manifestations occurred.

The part of the letter referring to it reads as follows:—

" . . . The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awakened by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen and thought no more about it. This was about *two* in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S——, as you know, is rather timbersome; so up I got with Beardie's broadsword under my arm—

" Bolt upright,
And ready to fight.

But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance. . . .”

On the morning that this letter reached Mr. Terry in London Mr. William Erskine was breakfasting with him, and the subject of their conversation was the sudden death of George Bullock, which had occurred on the same night and at the same hour as when Scott was roused from his slumbers by the mysterious disturbance here described. This coincidence, when Scott received Erskine's minute detail of the death of Bullock in Tenterden Street, made a much stronger impression on his mind than one would suppose from the tone of the following letter from Sir Walter to Terry a week later. He writes :—

“ Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford with the melancholy event that followed? I protest to you, the noise resembled half a dozen men hard at work, putting up boards and furniture, and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time. With a few additional touches the story would figure in Granville or Aubrey's collection. In the meantime you may set it down with poor Dubisson's warnings, as a remarkable coincidence coming under your own observation.” It appears that Bullock had been some time at Abbotsford and made himself very popular with old and young.

The following curious story is an extract from the Register in Brisley Church, Norfolk, where the original was placed by the Rev. Robert Withers, M.A., Vicar of Gateley, in the year 1706 :—

December 12, 1706—I, Robert Withers, M.A., do insert here a story which I had from undoubted hands, for I have all the moral certainty of the truth of it possible—

Mr. Grose went to see Mr. Shaw on the 2nd August last. As they sat talking in the evening, says Mr. Shaw, “ On the 21st of last month, as I was smoking my pipe and reading in my study between eleven and twelve at night, in comes Mr. Naylor (formerly Fellow of St. John's College, *but had been dead fully four years*). When I saw him I was not much affrighted, and I asked him with all politeness to sit down, which he accordingly did, and for about two hours we talked together comfortably. Amongst other things I asked him how it fared with him. ‘ Very well,’ he replied. ‘ Were any of our old acquaintances with him?’ ‘ No!’ (at which I was much concerned), but, he added, ‘ Mr. Orchard will be with me soon and yourself not long after.’ As he was going away I asked him if he would not stay a little longer, but he

refused. I then asked him if he would kindly call again. He made answer, 'No! as I have but three days of absence and have other business.' "

N.B.—Mr. Orchard died soon after. Mr. Shaw is now dead. He was formerly fellow of St. John's College, an ingenious good man. I knew him there, but at his death he had a college living in Oxfordshire, and here he saw the apparition.

Colonel David Stewart, a determined disbeliever in what he calls the supernatural, relates in his book on the Highlands a remarkable warning of death. He states that one evening the son of a neighbour came to his father's house, and soon after his arrival asked to see a little boy of the family about four years old. He was shown up into the nursery, and found the nurse putting a pair of new shoes on the child, which she complained did not fit.

"Never mind," said the young man, "they will fit him before he wants them," a prediction which not only offended the nurse, but seemed at the moment absurd, since the child was in perfect health. He was later asked for an explanation of his remark, and then confessed that he had been foolish to have made it, but he had received a warning of the child's death and felt impelled to say something about it. Then he described how that afternoon, just as it was getting dark, he had seen a funeral passing over the wooden bridge which crossed the stream at a short distance from the house. He first observed a crowd of people, and on coming nearer, he saw a person carrying a very small coffin followed by about twenty gentlemen, all of his acquaintance, his own father and a Mr. Stewart being amongst the number. He did not attempt to join the procession, which turned off further on into the churchyard. He knew that his father could not have been there in reality as he had only just left him at home, so came to the conclusion that it was a death warning for the child, a conviction which was verified the following night, as the child suddenly expired after an hour's illness. This gentleman was not a seer, had no knowledge of such things, and it was the first and last vision he ever had.

NOTES ON TWO PLAYS OF PHILOSOPHICAL INTEREST

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE

THE first of the two plays referred to in the title above is Mr. Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts*, an abridgment of which has been staged at the Kingsway Theatre by Mr. Granville Barker. Of Thomas Hardy's epic-drama one cannot say less than that it is a great and notable work of art, even if it is not possible to accept its pessimistic philosophy of history and its suggestion that "the immanent Will"—

. . . works unconsciously, as heretofore,
Eternal artistries in Circumstance,
Whose patterns, wrought by rapt æsthetic rote,
Seem in themselves its single listless aim,
And not their consequence.

But in attempting to stage this "epic-drama of the war with Napoleon, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes," Mr. Barker has attempted the impossible, and has naturally only partially succeeded, though the result is not without interest. The various supernatural spirits of the original work, personifications of different attitudes of mind, have been replaced by a chorus of two, and a Reader added to explain the play and fill in the gaps between the scenes. As a consequence of this, one is not quite sure whether one is witnessing a play or hearing a recitation. A few of the scenes—especially those representing Wessex life—are, I think, good; but many others lack realism and make only a one-sided appeal to the senses. The Epilogue has been partly rewritten, and is not wanting in a certain spirit of optimism—

To Thee Whose eye all Nature owns,
Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,
And liftest those of low estate
We sing, with Her men consecrate!
Yea Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail
Who shak'st the strong, Who shield'st the frail,
Who hadst not shaped such souls as we,
If tender mercy lacked in Thee!

These words of the "Chorus of the Pities," modified in their

effect by what follows in the original, strike a more final and lasting note in Mr. Barker's production. The play certainly makes one feel the futility of war—wherein men move artificially at the bidding of dynasts—and I note that the ironical remarks of the fourth citizen in the Guildhall scene of Part I are retained, wherein it is suggested that a man has but to do valiantly at war to be credited with every virtue.

The other play is entitled, *Savitri, or Love Conquers Death*, and is an excellent version of the famous Hindu legend of that title in the *Mahabharata*, by Mr. K. N. Das Gupta, based, I believe, on an already existing English version. A couple of performances were given early in the month at the Grafton Galleries, under the auspices of "The Union of East and West," of which mention has several times been made in these pages.

This is also a play of the inscrutable designs of the immanent Will. But here, Fate, represented by Yama, God of Death, appears in a kindlier, if nevertheless stern, guise. Neither Ganesha, God of Luck, nor even Brahma himself, we are told, could arrest the predestined death of Satyavan ("Soul of Truth"), husband of the all-virtuous and beautiful Savitri ("Prayer"). But love could achieve the otherwise impossible. The things of this world are only fleeting visions, but love persists through death to life—

For a woman's troth abideth longer than fleeting breath;
And a woman's love abideth higher than the doom of Death.

It is truly said that "legends like these impart a moral instruction to the millions of India, the value of which cannot be over-estimated."

The play was produced under the managership of Mr. William Poel, and the caste included several well-known artistes. It is to be hoped that so charming a production may be many times repeated.

THE COMTE DE GABALIS

By GERALD ARUNDEL

A FAMOUS thinker once observed that mankind may be divided into two great classes—materialists and mystics. If he had said "triflers and truth-seekers," he would have been nearer the mark. In everyday life, as well as in history and general literature, we meet with those who live on the mere foam and bubbles of existence, and those who dive deep to find the treasures of Truth—those who see only the surface of things, and those who gaze wistfully and earnestly into the wide Profundity.

To the class of triflers belong the pleasure-seekers, some dedicating their time altogether to the titillation of the senses, others luxuriating as dilettantes in the lighter parts of thought and art. To this class belong those humdrum ordinary persons who are free from genuine originality, deep moral need and the spirit of inquiry, also those who combine intellectual and spiritual purblindness with impatient desire for the little artificial distinctions of the world, whose thoughts and feelings are concentrated in what Nathaniel Hawthorne calls the "solid unrealities" of life, and who, mistaking commonplace ambition for praiseworthy aspiration, vainly consider themselves more important than all other persons.

To the class of truth-seekers belong the scientists or intellectual giants, both those who would test everything with the touchstone of the understanding and those who are conscious of the Unnamables behind the symbols. To this class belong the mystics, whose spiritual senses are developed out of proportion to the strength and amplitude of their more ordinary faculties, who, in the universe of mind, rise easily to the purest ether, and who ever seek to grasp eternal substances beyond temporal phenomena. The great poets also belong to this category—those whose minds are peculiarly emotive, who seem to be all head and all heart at the same time, in whom the elementary passions are developed in an extraordinary degree, who express the thoughts and feelings of humanity in words that are more than words, and some of whom rise now and then to the dizziest heights of apparently super-sensible being. With these must be classed those other dreamers and thinkers who give vent to their innermost selves in beautiful forms, exquisite combina-

tions of colours and enchantment of melodious sounds. There are a great many persons who, though having no claim to intellectual superiority, belong to the class of truth-seekers. To all appearance mere ordinary folks, they are yet more than mere ordinary folks; for at times they are deeply conscious of the essential significance of things, and, enjoying the most precious productions of bard and of sage, they can, as it were, make them their own.

It must not be forgotten that the trifier shows at times a gleam of the truth-seeker, and that many a truth-seeker can easily become a trifier. For human nature refuses to be rigidly classified, one individual character continually impinging on the domain of another.

In the work now before us, *The Comte de Gabalis*,* the author shows that he is really a truth-seeker, though not a truth-seeker pure and simple. At once dreamer, scientist, visionary, scholar, mystic, wit, preacher and man of the world, he is a hopeless enigma to the plain, matter-of-fact person. A Roman Catholic priest, and yet an advocate of liberty of thought; a bold investigator, and yet a believer in the ancient myths; a forerunner of modern evolutionists, and yet a confirmed occultist; desiring fame as a preacher, and yet fixing his gaze on the immutable things of a higher existence,—he is indeed worthy of careful attention. Notwithstanding the apparent contradictions in his mind and general character, he is not a pretender, not a self-mocker, not an intellectual libertine, to whom all thoughts and feelings are only thoughts and feelings, and each one agreeable in its own way. On the contrary, he is earnest, honest, truth-loving; and conscientiousness is evident in every page of his book. When we learn to see and understand him, all the inconsistencies vanish, and the various peculiarities of mind and of heart dovetail into one another. We have before us a real, massive man, clad in sacerdotal garb, with kindly, half-humorous countenance lighted up by quietly penetrating eyes, courteous in manner, subtle in disputation, learned, far-seeing, willing to give fair opportunity to an interlocutor, eager to convince the mind and satisfy the heart, now enjoying a superficial jest, now suggesting a profound truth, now analysing the analyses of physics, occasionally somewhat inclined to give himself up to a sort of spiritual ecstasy, now doing justice to a tasty meal, and pre-

* *Comte de Gabalis*. By the Abbé N. de Montfaucon de Villars. Newly rendered into English with Commentary and Annotations. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.

sently anticipating the conclusions of unborn scientists. That he is able to blend his orthodoxy with his biology, and his biology with his occultism, would show simple oddity of thought, were it not that his beliefs are based on personal experience as well as on elaborate reasoning. Most of his intellectual errors must be ascribed to his age. We suspect, however, that some of his religious doctrines and arguments would have been drastically condemned by the See of Rome, had they been set forth in detail before an œcumenical council for close consideration.

The son of distinguished parents, the Abbé N. de Montfaucon de Villars was born near Toulouse in 1635. In childhood and youth, he was remarkable for his liveliness, curiously mingled with hints of intellectual power and broken at long intervals by sudden spells of abstraction. He came to Paris in 1667, ambitious of fame as a pulpit-orator ; and certainly it seems that he was fully capable of reaching this goal. But Nature and Destiny had ordained otherwise. At first, esteemed for his gaiety, wit, humour, and eloquence, considered one of the best conversationists in the brilliant *salons* of the capital, he soon began to show that there was in him something much deeper, which his nearest friends had little suspected. His pamphlets in the cause of liberty of thought and the liberty of the subject—very unpopular themes in the shining and servile court of the proud French monarch—were loudly applauded by every true thinker, while his scientific speculations, far in advance of the time, now and then startled even recognized pioneers of progress. A Rosicrucian, in theory at least, he also wrote intermittently on those occult themes which were always dear to the members of that unique fraternity. By far his most popular work was *The Comte de Gabalis*, a semi-spiritualistic treatise, written somewhat in the manner of a novel, showing much independence of thought, much apparently wild speculation and much wealth of obscure learning. When journeying to Lyons in 1673 he died suddenly, and in circumstances that warranted suspicion of murder. If murder there was, the culprit may have been one of those gentle, kind-hearted followers of Christ, who hated all forms of liberty, and were eloquent defenders of the Inquisition, of thumbscrew, wheel, pincers, rack and burning faggot—one of those dear, loving preachers of the Word, who delighted to torture, maim and kill such persons as could be wicked enough to make use of their brains, and who must have regarded with peculiar aversion a Roman Catholic priest who was at once a profound mystic and a daring scientific inquirer.

The *Comte de Gabalis* may be roughly divided into four parts. The first part deals with the Divine Principle in Man, the second with the Evolution of the Divine Principle, the third with Man's place in Nature, and the fourth gives a series of dissertations on undercurrents of meaning in the works and lives of certain philosophers and other remarkable persons, interspersed here and there with a variety of teachings on occult subjects. Villars writes on many of his themes in too cursory a manner. But it seems clear that he does not intend to give all the details of each subject; and we must consider the fact that the work was intentionally put together in the form of a series of conversations, all the noteworthy sayings coming from the lips of Gabalis, as the author calls his spiritual mentor. We believe that many of the observations must not be taken literally, that the book is meant to force the reader to think rather than to give dogmatic teachings. The aim of Villars was, as we conceive, to awaken the mystical philosopher that slumbers deep down in the innermost heart and conscience. The reader may disagree with the letter, and smile at many of the imaginative statements; but he cannot help being affected by the spirit of the work; he cannot help receiving such psychical impressions as are more precious than rubies, "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." Similarly, one may disbelieve in the Christian theory of redemption, especially as set forth by the Churches, and yet may receive much valuable edification from the singing of "Lead, kindly Light" and "At even ere the Sun was set."

We believe, nevertheless, that not a few of the Abbé's apparent vagaries will one day be recognized as simple scientific truths. We believe that, as man becomes more and more developed, intellectually and psychically, as he rises to higher and ever higher stages of existence on this planet, he will be continually discovering fresh and marvellous powers within him, he will apprehend new worlds around, above, and beneath him. In the language of our author, he "will become the Master of Nature, will be able to overcome the Elements and to hold converse with Supreme Intelligences."

Of course he gives us the old story of nymphs, undines, sylphs, salamanders and gnomes, and gives it as unadulterated truth. His belief in the existence of such beings may or may not have been deep and unquestioning. We are inclined to think, however, that many of his observations are made in a spirit of mystical symbolism, and, whether he speaks symbolically or not, we are certain that there are powers and meanings

in the various elements of nature of which physical science is altogether ignorant.

One of his rules of life for the incipient philosopher will stagger a great many readers. "It is necessary," he says, "to renounce all sensual relationship with women." Such a vow of chastity is natural in a few special cases, but would be false and mischievous in the majority. Many of the greatest specimens of mankind, like the most ordinary people, must perforce ignore it, though, as we have indicated, it is quite in keeping with certain rare temperaments. That it is not absolutely indispensable, even to the mystically inclined, seems beyond all reasonable doubt.

Life is not all cloud, neither is it all clay. In the wilderness of human nature there are not only Ariels and Oberons, but also Calibans and Bottoms; and there must be something useful and good in Caliban, else he would not be there. The true representative of the race must have all the lights and shadows of his kind appropriately blended within him. At times he may appear outrageously materialistic, at other times incomprehensibly mystical. But he is not all-obsessed by a tyrannical mysticism, nor is he incapable of rising far above the instincts, thoughts and emotions of the worldly positivist.

Yet in the Abbé's words there is more meaning than seems evident at first. Cardinal Newman once said that, human nature being what it is, love of the Beautiful leads to love of the sensual. It is profitable to reflect on the circumstance that many of the best works of plastic art and many of the best poems in the world are indebted to sexual passion for much of their inspiration, their magic and charm. It is profitable to remember that this passion is inseparably connected with almost all the greatest theories and almost all the highest aspirations of man; and profitable it is to remember that the physically fruitless cravings and desires closely related to the sexual feeling, are not less natural, insistent and strong because condemned by moralist and legislator. Those cravings and desires are often discovered in mystics of the rarest type and in poets of the most exalted rank. Man is a vertebrate—emphatically an animal, as well as a thinking being and a never-ceasing aspirer. Let the student of human nature consider this with all that it involves, and such peculiarities will cease to appear anomalous. A being that is a paradox incarnate may well have Heaven and Earth mixed together in his composition. When we wish to see the god in man, we search for the philosophical poet: when we wish to see the beast, we search for the hot-blooded sensualist.

It is reasonable to believe that, if man continue on this planet many hundreds of centuries longer, the day will come when, having advanced very considerably, having outlived his meaner self, so to speak, he shall enjoy a more sublime and significant life than the ordinary person of the present day can easily imagine. It is reasonable to believe that, if man shall attain his majority, he shall no longer propagate the species in the same manner as cattle do, but shall have a more lofty way of expressing his personal desire and of giving birth to a new generation. Up to now, men and women have made children simply by satisfying their carnal necessity. A husband and wife cannot reasonably come to an agreement as to what their next child shall be—whether a boy or a girl, for example, whether musical genius or mechanical inventor, whether dark-haired or hazel-eyed, or blonde, or fat, or thin. Notwithstanding much that has been written by way of elucidating the subject, they cannot reasonably make up their minds that their prospective child shall be a male, that he shall bear a resemblance to a particular relative, that he shall have certain specific peculiarities of disposition, and so forth. They satisfy their desire, and Nature does the rest. A child is born, whether they wished to have that particular child or not, perhaps in spite of their ardent wish for a very different child. So far as this is concerned, man is not a whit more favoured by Nature than the ox, the pig or the shark. But if man shall reach his full maturity, the day will come, we think, when husband and wife shall be able to satisfy themselves in some higher and even more joyful and thrilling way, when they shall be able to determine all the individual traits of their prospective offspring, when they shall know exactly who each particular baby is, and what his destiny has been in prior existences. In such an age, there will also be some legitimate and lofty mode of personal expression, which will serve as a sort of safety-valve for such sentimental cravings and desires as are now considered the hall-mark of individual depravity. The true representative of the race will then be above and beyond the present animal manifestations of the ordinary fleshly instincts. If human nature shall continue a million years longer, the Shakespeare of the ten-thousand-and-twentieth century may be, in a sense, the same Shakespeare that we know, but with all wild earthly cravings and desires developed, glorified, made immaculate by growth. If, as has been said, "error is but truth in the making," it is no less true that gross sensual lust is unspeakable beatific love in the making, and, speaking more broadly, evil is good in

the making. We cannot say what good is in Caliban's nature till we see Caliban after a thousand years—with all his possibilities grown into realities, all his faculties and instincts in their highest possible state. If we saw him in the acme of his evolution, we might mistake him for Ferdinand's elder brother or for Prospero's inspirer.

And, turning over the leaves of this book, we meet with some statements on the Myth of Adam and Eve, which seem to sustain our views. "It was never the will of the Lord that men and women should have children in the way in which they do. The design of the Most High Craftsman was far nobler. He would have had the world peopled in a different manner. If wretched Adam had not grossly disobeyed God's command not to touch Eve, and had he contented himself with all the other fruits in the garden of pleasure, with the beauties of the nymphs and sylphids, the world would not have had the shame of seeing itself filled with men so imperfect that they seem monsters when compared with the children of the Philosophers. . . . The holy language makes use of these innocent metaphors to prevent us from having improper ideas of an action which has caused all the misfortunes of the human race. Thus when Solomon said, 'I will go up unto the palm-tree and gather the fruit thereof,' he had another appetite than that for eating dates."

When we remember that the man who wrote thus was also the man who anticipated Darwin, we cannot but attach more importance to his words than we should be disposed to do if these words came from a quidnunc in physical science. The author's views on the Soul, on Alliance, on the Idea of the Evil One, on Divorce, on Apollonius of Tyana, and on many other subjects, are also remarkably suggestive. Unfortunately want of space prevents us from giving them much attention. We will only say that some of them recall Swedenborg, and that they will interest all intelligent readers, even those whose disposition and mental bias are opposed to the spirit of occultism.

The additional commentary is now and then almost as absorbing as the context itself. It elucidates all difficult allusions with laudable thoroughness, throwing light on every subject that would otherwise be obscure and bewildering to the mere dabbler in cabalistic lore. On the whole, we recommend *The Comte de Gabalis*, not only to the spiritualistic student, but to all inquirers, nay, to all English-speaking book-lovers in every part of the world.

THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END

By C. L. RYLEY

WHEN all the World is left behind,
And on the margin of the main
We stand and turn our eyes to find
The goal we traveled to attain—

If, underneath the beetling rock,
We find the Well of our desire,
Whose phantom image oft would mock
Our eyes amid the tracts of fire—

If, the High Quest at length achieved,
We drink the Water side by side,
And find the Voice, that we believed
In fear's despite, hath never lied—

And, laving weary hands and eyes,
We know ourselves transfigured there,
And, in the flash of that surprise,
Are mute to find ourselves so fair—

Then, when the World is left behind,
And o'er the Deep we gaze to see
The White Sail nearing with the wind,
To bring release to you and me—

Then, when the World is left behind,
How shall we turn our feet again
To thread anew the desert blind
That leads us to the haunts of men ?

How shall we tread the common track,
How seek the way that we resigned ?
How shall we bear to journey back
When all the World is left behind ?

THE NEW CREATION

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH

IN a dream I beheld a darksome place where witches worshipped around the cauldron of the world. Their faces were drawn and haggish, their robes were grey, and, looking nearer, I saw they were the Fates whom Greece knew as the trinal Parcæ and the Norsemen as the Norns.

And lo! they chanted to the cauldron, "Arise, arise!"

And from its fumes there rose Moloch, the god of Assyria, spurting flame from his devilish lips and with the body of a burning child upon his molten hands.

And there came the figure of a Hebrew patriarch and smote down the Baal.

But again the witches gave their eldritch cry: "Arise, arise!"

And there appeared the Bull of Egypt, with his bellowing, the Pan of Greece, with his goaten beard, and Lucifer, close-eyed and swathed in crimson.

But then Christ approached them, white and still, with the cross uplifted in his pierced hand. And the Bull fell back into the tripod, Pan died with a shout as of voices over the waters, and Lucifer, too, was overpowered.

Then Christ faded, but again the witches wailed louder, bowing and circling and mouthing. The flames of the grizzly cauldron changed to green and saffron, and from them belched a creature more hideous than any that had gone before.

He had hooves of iron and a fair head crowned with blood-dappled spikes. On his brow was the brand of Cain, his eyes were the greedy eyes of the swine, his mouth babbled of lust and war and rapine and desire. Blood clotted his arms that held up the Bible upon the point of the sword. His body was bloated with blood as a vampire's; drunken with that wine of hell, he reeled up from the cauldron. And where he went, a flame shot over the land and devoured it, and there was the wailing of women, the groaning of men and the screaming of children.

And the Fates danced, howling, "*Anti-Chrestos! Anti-Chrestos! Behold the Superman!*"

And the churches crashed down and were not. And the

houses clattered to ruin, the corn and wheatfields were consumed.

And the mighty Beast kissed the Bible upon the point of the sword.

But lo! there appeared before him a very little child that could scarce stand upon its feet. Beauteous and rose it was, and wreathed in the blossoms of peace. And it tottered through the blood and fire of the land and was unscathed.

And it said unto the blond Beast: "*O Brute of the Ages, I am the New World where thou art not. Thy reign of æons is over, thy scale hath kicked the beam; the dawn cometh, and it will be Light!*"

And behold! Death seized upon the Beast, and it sank down in the mire.

And the witches' cauldron brast, and the Fates sat alone, huddling up in terror before the little Babe.

TO THE NEW TEACHER

BY R. B. INCE

WHEN night is darkest dawn is drawing near;
 Across the world the mantle of grim war
 Like vampire's shadow rests, but from afar
 There gleams a point of light unshadow'd, clear:
 Long days of sorrow pass, of doubt and fear;
 And though in heaven no upward sailing star
 Heralds our groaning earth's new avatar,
 Strange words are on the lips of saint and seer.

Quaint dogmas pass, veiled mysteries melt away,
 But still the torch is held that leads and guides;
 Pale starless night fades in the flush of day,
 Deep whispers mingle with the murmuring tides,
 And eager hearts e'en now are touched and stirr'd,
 Waiting in silence for a Prophet's word.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE NEW RACE QUESTION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I offer a suggestion in regard to this race question.

It is possibly true that more advanced egos incarnate in "uncongenial conditions," and that this is part of the process by which evolution proceeds. Each ego, which "overcomes the world," weakens the tyranny of its conventions over other souls. It blazes the trail for future evolution. Perhaps it is unwise to generalize at all—specially unwise to generalize upon insufficient data.

No real student of spiritual truth would regret the fact that the less evolved ego should receive a lift on the road through intimate association with the more advanced ego who accepts the responsibilities and cares of such parentage as may aid evolution. It would be difficult to imagine that even the devotee of music-halls, picture shows, etc., could be vitally connected with the "fully conscious" ego, and receive no benefit therefrom.

On the other hand, is there not a point reached when creative force can no longer be exercised on the material plane, having undergone the process of transmutation? On this line of reasoning the "marriage" of two such egos would not have in view the production of temporary material vehicles, wherethrough souls may function, but a unity of purpose in effort towards spiritualization of human systems as a whole. In such case would it not be abortive to attempt to bind such egos to the more material function?

The whole question of creative force and its use is closely allied to the question of material warfare. If an ego has reached the point of higher creative function, can it take part in the destructive action of war? When the Master was incarnate He said, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would My servants fight." Clearly—if we accept this—we must then realize that those who choose material warfare are not (as yet) definitely His "servants." May not the same principle be applied in regard to the physical use of creative force in concrete form?

There is need for caution in these profound questions—especially in "theosophical" circles—to avoid the crucial danger of our accepting astral shadow in place of pure spiritual verity.

A wise man has said, "There is danger in the duty of another." To each man and each woman his or her *own* duty. Nothing but execrable woe can ensue from any attempt to bind or limit the ego from the uttermost expansion of its sphere—in accordance with Divine Law. On the other hand, never was there a time when the race stood in such need of unity and intercommunion between man and woman on the basis of their high spiritual destiny. The fate of the race hangs in the balance at this moment.

Yours faithfully,
"A."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the courteous letter by "Another F.T.S." in your November issue, may I be permitted to point out in respect to the questions which your correspondent raises, that apart from a very high state of evolution, if an ego chose all his incarnations in succession which included marriage, "he" would finish his necessary experience in this direction much sooner than an ego who lapsed now and then and so had to make up his experience in later earth lives? I am assuming your correspondent knows the teaching that every ego goes through the same number of matrimonial experiences (as "he" does with every other event), but it is up against the ego to more or less hustle or dawdle. It will be quite clear from the above that a fair number can arrive at a stage when they are free from the necessity to indulge in the somewhat limiting experience of marriage, but yet may be several incarnations off Mastership. Personally I am not in favour of the type of "love" which produces attachment to individuals, as from it arise limitation and its attendant emotional and physical maladies, while an equal regard for all gives harmony.

I do not consider that the egos whose personalities respond to the human stage of consciousness will be the parents of the 1st or 2nd sub-races of the 6th root race, as it would not be either necessary or interesting for them, their creative powers and instincts having been diverted into other channels. Again, although they could furnish a fine mental environment, the material affairs of the really advanced are nearly always verging on grinding poverty, or are so terribly unstable that it would be an indescribable crime to bring children back into incarnation amid such conditions—let the unthinking, the ignorant and the selfish say what they will. I may add that I have knocked about in different countries quite a good deal, and I have never found people who have arrived at what I call the human stage of consciousness in anything but very unsettled or poor worldly surroundings, so that even if they had the inclination, they would not reproduce their species.

I believe the early progenitors of the 6th root race will be a mild mixture of the child and the animal consciousness. There is a growing

number of this type in our Society to-day, and they more or less worship the two theosophical leaders, and if Mr. Leadbeater's forecast of the early 6th root-racers is correct, either the child-animal consciousness type or their children would settle down unquestioningly among the Californian surroundings, which would be foolish or tawdry to the more robust type. The new "settlers" would be somewhat of the child type, in order to accept without questioning our leaders' teachings and textbooks, etc., without investigating for themselves, and again some of the animal stage in order to reproduce their kind without thinking whether they were satisfied with their own environment or not. I would add that I do not write this with any idea of mockery, but after much thought, as I have often wondered what use the increase in the "devotional type" was, as from an intellectual standpoint they are the talkers, emotionalists and the cliques, some of whom either do not know or do not hold to the good nourishing mental food which H. P. B. gave us.

Concluding, I would add that there is of course the problem of "mind-born" children, and of consulting the incoming ego by the future parents, the latter being a point of great interest if you could bring the consciousness through to the physical plane. Lastly, if the good robust Blavatsky teaching is referred to *re* marriage, readers will find a very fine paragraph in a *Key to Theosophy* on the subject.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. A. M. TURNER, F.T.S.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am reading with the greatest interest your Notes on the prophecies connected with the present war.

In this connection I wonder whether you have seen a penny pamphlet which is being sold by newsagents, by "Iconoclast," entitled *Is the Kaiser the Beast referred to in the Book of Revelation*, etc. In reference to the 13th chapter of "Revelation," the concluding sentence runs:—

"Meanwhile it may be pointed out that the figure 666—the number of the Beast—represents a total of 18, i.e. 6 + 6 + 6, which in turn represents the number of letters in the words 'Der Kaiser Wilhelm II,' a point of secondary importance maybe, but significant all the same."

This seems to me the weak spot of the booklet, which is rather interesting otherwise. The author's explanation may be ingenious, but surely inadequate as a solution of the strange text which has puzzled the world since it was written. Besides, why should we suppose that St. John the Divine thought in German? I know that occultists hold that there is great significance in numbers; and it

seems more likely that there is some cryptic meaning in 666. I should be very grateful if you or your readers can give me any other solutions they know of concerning this subject.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
F. GRAY.

[The number 666 has been made the subject of all sorts of fanciful ideas. An ingenious student has discovered that the Kaiser went to war in the 666th month of his life.—ED.]

A PREDICTION OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May we in thanking you for this reproduction of our prediction of the War, in your little book of Prophecies and Omens of the Great War, also take the opportunity of calling your attention to the omissions?

We said in the 1913 Antares that Germany would strike England, France, or one of her smaller neighbours.

In Antares for 1911, written in the summer of 1910, we said: "The Editor feels that his accession to the editorship of this Almanac falls on the eve of a momentous period of History when two or more European nations will become involved in war. . . . Mundane astrology contains only a modicum of truth, and affords no clue to this mighty conflict between two of the most powerful nations the world has ever seen." In our 1912 Antares Almanac we said: "At any moment Germany or one of her Allies may spring at the throat of one of her neighbours, . . . thus the strong will plunder the weak. Mars has emerged from his 'blue tent above' and may at any moment mount his chariot, and then there will be a mighty clash of arms, and a battle such as the world has never seen." These predictions led to numerous questions from many readers asking when Germany would strike; hence our prediction, which has appeared in many newspapers in England and America.

Yours very truly,
EDITOR ANTARES.

November 19, 1914.

VISIONS OF THE ETHEREAL PLANE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest the two articles on the Ethereal Plane appearing in your magazine, and as they embody two waking visions of my own, I venture to send these to you. They are as follows:—

One morning after breakfasting in bed I began to meditate on spiritual things, and found myself suddenly climbing a steep tower. It was dark, but through the loopholes I saw waving golden corn.

Believe me, all the steps were gone. Painfully I climbed up and up until I had to draw myself onward by the narrow steps above my head. At last I stood outside on the battlements, and was met by a shrouded figure, clad in brown and violet robes, who drew me into his arms and rested me unspeakably. "It is our Lord," I thought to myself. He turned me round, and I looked over into the abyss, full of clouds of vapour, and knew I was safe from physical death. Again I was turned round to look on the other side. How beautiful was the landscape! Avenues of trees, green grass and streams of clear running waters. Crowds of people rushed down to welcome me, and I knew they were all I had loved or had touched by sympathy in my earthly life. Suddenly they parted on each side of a broad green pathway, down which moved a majestic figure in pure white with a veiled face. Then I *knew* He was my Lord, and I was loosed by my supporter and ran to meet Him until I lay at His Feet, full of love and thankfulness. . . . At that moment the servant entered my room, and the vision was gone.

II.

I found myself one evening, when sitting over the fire, walking up some broad white marble steps that swept from either side of a balustrade. The building was like the Taj Mahal, that I know well. The door that closed it was a white and yellow onyx. It opened before me, and I stood in a huge white marble hall, divided into courts by similar doors. The second was like an unpolished ruby, the third an unpolished amethyst, the fourth a sapphire, and the last an emerald, equally unpolished. I now stood in the apse of the great white hall, a rotunda, and seated on the marble throne was a huge white Figure, with the face veiled, equal in size to that of Moses by Michael Angelo in the Church in Rome.

I threw myself at the Feet in adoration, and again the Vision fled as my door was opened.

III.

One morning in bed, after meditation, I was conscious of following one of my "guides" up a staircase in black cindery rock. This ended in a huge amphitheatre as dark as it was large. "Look," I heard. "I cannot see," I answered, but soon became conscious of tiny white, naked figures fleeing before blackimps. I was so sorry for them that I held out my hands and became conscious that my guide had turned back to the entrance, and I must follow. Three or four of the tormented figures clung to my dress and when I reached with them the staircase I saw white angels with mantles ready to throw over these naked creatures. I found myself with my guide there climbing further up the staircase of black cinders, and below me was vapour and rushing wind. We entered another amphitheatre as black as the last, though open at the top. "Look," I heard, and

after a while saw tiny figures trying to light fires, which, as soon as they accomplished their desire, were blown out and trodden down by their companions. It was piteous to watch the vain efforts and the unholy glee of the combatants. I turned to my guide, who explained that these were the ambitious and envious, who had no thought of aught else save to destroy the work of others. Again, the interruption of my maid caused the vision to vanish.

“ PAX.”

(Let me state that I have not practised any development of clairvoyance, but only allow it to open my inner eyes, as pleases the Unseen Spiritual Guides.)

DIVINATION BY THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—*À propos* of the use of the Bible in divination to which you refer in the October OCCULT REVIEW, it may be interesting to tell the results obtained—by the old Scots method of opening the book after prayer—at the outset of the war.

The first was Ezekiel xxv. 15, 16, 17: “ Thus saith the Lord GOD; Because the Philistines have dealt by revenge and have taken vengeance with a despiteful heart, to destroy *it* for the old hatred [or, with perpetual hatred]; therefore thus saith the Lord GOD; Behold, I will stretch out Mine hand upon the Philistines, and I will cut off the Cherethims and destroy the remnant of the sea-coast [or haven of ships]. And I will execute great vengeance [better, vengeance] upon them with furious rebukes, and they shall know that I am the Lord, when I shall lay My vengeance upon them.”

The second was Isaiah viii. 9, 10: “ Associate yourselves, O ye people, and [or, yet] ye shall be broken in pieces; and give ear, all ye of far countries: gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand: for God is with us.”

However one may regard such sortilege the latter quotation might well be the inspiring motto of those called upon to battle with the forces of violence and evil incarnated in the Germanic confederation.

Yours, etc.,
READER.

RATIONAL HYPNOTISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Since the publication of *Rational Hypnotism*, I have been so flooded with inquiries with reference thereto, and the time at my disposal for the answering of correspondents has been so limited,

that I venture to request the favour of an opportunity of dealing in your magazine with certain of the questions raised.

A leading physician of the day was kind enough to remark to me before the work was published, that a point he particularly admired was the successful nature of my attempt to lift the whole subject out of the "abnormal." In recently perusing the Memoirs of M. Henri Stephan de Blowitz, the late famous French correspondent of *The Times*, I was much struck by certain passages which had so strong a bearing upon that point that, had I alighted upon them early enough, they would have found a place in *Rational Hypnotism*. In quoting, I shall draw attention by italics to the most significant remarks.

In dealing with his childhood Blowitz wrote: "*My memory, which all my lifetime has been my powerful and precious auxiliary, was formed almost entirely alone. It was innate and natural; it required no training.*"

"In my father's room there used to be an enormous stick with a gold knob, which I always admired and envied. Every time I saw it I used to ask for it, and every time I asked for it I used to long to have it and keep it.

"One day my father said to me:

"'Listen; I will give you this stick if to-morrow you recite to me by heart the legend of "Kosros the Wise."'

"That was a way of getting rid of me, for the Hungarian legend of 'Kosros the Wise' is quite as long as Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and Sir Henry Irving will tell you that twenty-four hours constitute a very short time in which to learn *Hamlet*.

"Nevertheless, the following day I went to my father's room, and without a mistake I recited to him all the wonderful legend.

"The stick with the gold knob became my property. I did not keep it; but, thank Heaven, I kept my memory" (*My Memoirs*, pp. 6, 7).

In April, 1872, M. de Blowitz was present with Mr. John Delane, the then editor of *The Times*, during an important speech of M. Thiers at Versailles. Delane remarked that it would be a glorious thing if *The Times* could outstrip the Paris journalists in reporting their own news. "When he had left," wrote Blowitz, "a wild idea came into my head. *Following an old idea which I still retain, I sat down and closed my eyes. I then strove to call up the image of the Assembly, with M. Thiers in the rostrum, and as I had listened very attentively to what he had said, it seemed as if I could hear him speaking and that I could write down his speech.*"

"I went at once to the telegraph-office in the Rue de Grenelle. I obtained writing materials in an empty room. There I put into operation my mnemonic process. *Alternately I shut my eyes to see and hear M. Thiers, and then opened them to write out the speech for the wire.* I was able to recall and report all his speech, which was, of course, instantaneously transmitted to London. When Mr. Delane, next morn-

ing, opened *The Times* in England, he found in it two columns and a half reporting the speech he had heard on the previous afternoon at Versailles" (*My Memoirs*, pp. 52, 53).

The Treaty of Berlin was published in *The Times* at the very hour that it was being signed in that city. This achievement, described as "the greatest journalistic feat on record," was accomplished by Blowitz. Through a shrewd expedient he had obtained all of the treaty except the preamble. As a special favour the Comte de St. Vallier read the preamble to him once, slowly and distinctly. "I thanked him and took leave," states Blowitz, "and reached the station a few minutes before the train started." Some of Blowitz's colleagues having assembled to bid him farewell, he assumed, at the risk of giving offence, a particularly gloomy and stern demeanour, merely saluting them politely. "I was afraid" (he explains) "of forgetting the preamble if my attention were diverted by conversation." Directly the train had passed the outskirts of Berlin, Blowitz said to his secretary: "Take pen and ink; I am going to dictate something," and then dictated the preamble (*My Memoirs*, pp. 152, 153).

On my hypnotic hypothesis, Blowitz was accustomed to "naturally" assume that condition which when "artificially" obtained is termed "hypnosis." Admitted that Blowitz was exceptionally well endowed, and that he had an almost life-long practice of the right method, I have on many occasions obtained, by hypnotic artifices, a just as astonishing, if not more astonishing, recollection—yet without the slightest increase of suggestibility.

Though hypnotism should not be confused with suggestion, the latter is of great service in the induction of hypnosis, and that is one reason why I do not consider that the use of the eyes by a hypnotic operator is practically identical with that of other bright objects. Facial expression is capable of doing much towards inspiring confidence; and even suggesting the appearance of certain phenomena. I have succeeded in numerous cases in inducing almost instantaneous hypnosis by gradually changing my facial expression in accordance with "the special indications of the case."

It is commonly supposed that the digestive organs are accustomed to picking out the good and rejecting the bad, irrespective of the materials supplied. That naïve idea is responsible for a vast amount of ill-health. Were the idea correct, poisoning by food would be impracticable. The fact that the kind and amount of diet have an enormous influence upon health must be apparent to persons intelligently interested in the welfare of infants and the lower animals.

Ill-health is sometimes due, primarily, to weakness of some single part of the body. In such instances the physiological law should be heeded—Parts used grow; parts unused wane; parts abused resent the ill-treatment. Spinal curvature, prolapsus uterus, and a host of other conditions, demand methodical exercise, combined in many instances with certain dietetic measures.

The reason why it is no uncommon thing for me to successfully treat patients thitherto accounted incurable is that I am not the slave of any system, but act in accordance with the adage: "Where the wound is, the plaster must be." A considerable proportion of my patients have previously tested mere psycho-therapeutics, and found them seriously lacking.

What correct voice-production is to singing, hypnotism (attention-training, -development, and -utilization) is to education in general. It was as a professor of singing and elocution that, with the aim of making good certain deficiencies in the educational (drawing-out) methods then at my disposal, I undertook the investigation of hypnotism. I found it of great value, but by the study of diet I was able to still further perfect matters. Judicious diet materially helps in the preservation of the voice, and is capable of completely preventing colds—those serious drawbacks to the ordinary singer.

This line of study has been, however, of another great use to me. It has enabled me to recognize the correct niches for the various branches of hygienic medicine. When I had little more than voice-culture and other exercise to utilize, I was instrumental in effecting many remarkable cures. The addition of hypnotism considerably increased the number; but with diet added, the number of even difficult cases is reduced to a very small percentage.

52 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.

Yours faithfully,
J. LOUIS ORTON.

TWO VISIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Could you or will any of your readers give me an explanation of the two following visions:—

1. "I saw a table with a lighted lamp on one corner, and on the other corner was a lighted candle with my wife bending in front of the lamp." The lamp, candle and table I recognized as my own.

2. "I saw in the corner of my bedroom a dark grey cat lying in a curve watching me closely."

JAGERSFONTEIN,
ORANGE FREE STATE, SOUTH AFRICA.

I remain, yours truly,
R. G. C.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE magazines which reach us from India have several points of interest, both within and without their primary design of presenting the philosophy and religion of the East, with eastern writers as their mouthpiece. *The Kalapaka* has a study of spiritualism in connection with the theory of reincarnation, and it would seem that in India, as in France, there is a clear distinction of opinion on the subject. *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, now in its ninth volume and a creditable production within its own measures, sets aside reincarnation altogether, or manifests at least no faith in the doctrine. *The Kalapaka*, on the other hand, is so far concerned with the affirmative side that it is inviting co-operation for the collection of evidence on the subject—but whether speculative and philosophical or alleged recollections of anterior states does not appear. Meanwhile, it lays stress upon *Le Livre des Esprits* of Allan Kardec, and reminds us of a curious thesis in an altogether curious book which has almost passed out of recollection, the *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*, by Dr. N. B. Wolfe. He was a trenchant writer of his period, and his facts are a long record of manifestations on the part of a Napoleonic group of “controls,” among whom was included the famous Marshal Ney and other yet more illustrious personages. He is said to have testified (a) that Napoleon I was a Roman Emperor at the period of the Christ-life in Palestine, and (b) that he would again take flesh and appear as the Saviour of France in the early part of the twentieth century. *The Kalapaka*, taking this communication with high seriousness, suggests that the coming King is already in the world, but is too young to take part in the present war, which may, however, be prolonged, “and the final solution of the whole problem” may be found “by the mighty genius of reincarnated Napoleon Bonaparte, who will again reconstruct the map of Europe.” Were our contemporary of Southern India more fully acquainted with the record of Dr. Wolfe and his communicating spirits, it might have speculated in more tentative terms. He was promised the materialization of Napoleon for several hours in broad daylight, and that he should address a public assembly, but when the pledge was due for fulfilment the good doctor passed unexpectedly away. . . . Of quite another order is a striking article in *The Vedic Magazine*,

which tends to show by elaborate tabulations that, while Moslems and Christians are substantially on the increase in India, the Hindus are a dying race. In one district their extinction at the present rate of diminution will be complete in a hundred years.

We had occasion to notice last month some varieties of mendacious opinion which had found expression in a particular issue of *The Open Court* on the matter of the Great War and on the clean white slate of Germany—politically, intellectually and morally more than all—in respect of responsibility. The crime of the ages was fixed upon England only. Another issue is before us, and another point of view, not that it is characterized by novelty, though it has names attached to it which have passed with many for greatness. As on the previous occasion, there is Haeckel, to whom Rudolph Eucken is added—the biologist who is an anti-religionist, and the philosopher and Vedantist who has spoken to us much and often on idealism, life and religion. It is a curious marriage enough, and it has come about for the purpose of a pathetic appeal on the part of two German professors, who address the American Universities, imploring them not to give credence to slanders concocted by enemies. The real responsibility for the war does not rest upon Germany, nor even on England: “it was Russia alone that gave a critical turn to the event, and Russia alone is to blame for the outbreak of the war.” Last month we had Haeckel’s hysteria on the “blood-guilt” of England, Russia being categorically set aside. Possibly the intervention of Eucken has brought about the *volte face* of his senile partner. Howsoever this may be, the wail of the pleading before us certifies that if only the Universities of America will acknowledge that the crime is with Russia, these two notable witnesses promise on their part to be comforted. Their hope meanwhile for such a desired consummation is based on the fact that at least the institutions in question are aware what German culture means to the world. A verdict, as it happens, has gone forth from a wider court of judgment, for the world itself has been learning at first hand what is signified by the said culture. Paul Carus is multifarious in his mental occupations, and his *cacæthes scribendi* is incurable. His *vexillum belli* is inevitably in evidence once more, and by the help of German-made documents he shows to his satisfaction that “poor Belgium” is entitled to no sympathy for the German breach of neutrality, because her people did not “behave like peaceful citizens,” and let the invaders go through, and because their hostility “presupposes a widespread propaganda against Ger-

many." Carus is not a person whose opinion signifies on any side of any subject whatever, and we do not suppose for a moment that he will produce more impression in America than he would produce here, supposing that *The Open Court* circulated in England. We note that he has just issued a "holiday edition" of "Truth and Other Poems," of which we had not heard previously. Unhappily, his verses are bad, and we doubt whether his version of truth is likely "to perplex the sages"—as Lord Byron suggested in the case of Wordsworth.

Theosophy in Scotland has a paper on Mysticism in connection with the present crisis, which is regarded as a challenge by the writer, as it has been held by others previously. It is perhaps scarcely fair to remark critically upon what is said to be merely notes, but it is not a very good paper. It registers that "the mystical experience is the experience of a fundamental fact of our being," but with little indication as to what that experience may be. One point, however, is scored—that in Mysticism our relations to man are not less important than are our relations to God. This is true, and the writer suggests truly that the fact is lost sight of too often. He might have gone further and shown that the union with God, which is the true end of Mysticism, presupposes an union of hearts with all mankind in the love and the service of all. Love is the one path, and the fruition of love is the term: it is from the root of love in the things which are seen that we go up into the love-born realization of things unseen by the eye of sense. We agree cordially that the present natural crisis is "a call for service, both on outer and inner spheres."

There are two advantages for which our friends of *The Progressive Thinker* must feel thankful occasionally—one is their immunity, in common with all journalism, from intellectual responsibility for opinions expressed by contributors, and the other is a consequent disinclination of fellow-journalists to reflect upon sporadic unwariness in giving publicity to certain papers. We believe that Mr. Charles Dawbarn is a frequent contributor to the columns of our contemporary, and that he is above all a progressive thinker. Now, he does not happen to fall within the normal field of our appreciation or criticism, but as it was impossible not to be arrested by the title of his recent disquisition—"Speck Ego in Spirit Return"—so it seemed worth while to ascertain what it was designed to convey, and hence these words of marvelling. Though five columns have failed to elucidate the point, we did not go unrewarded in certain

other respects. We learned that the spectroscope not only bears witness to a wondrous identity of substance throughout space, but discovers intelligence "working amidst timeless limits." Presumably, the experts have made themselves a secret society to keep this knowledge from the world. Presumably, also, its independent discovery led Mr. Dawbarn further—through such vistas indeed that, finding his ego indestructible, he has arrived at these amazing inferences: (1) That he was never created; (2) that "he is in existence everywhere, at the same time, within his own limits" (*sic*, literally and actually); and (3) that in some sense which Whitman would have called "ecstatic and undemonstrable" his ego is "in actual manifestation through several forms"—also at the same time. There is a certain joy in nonsense, but it lies within measured bounds, and as the chartered libertinism of editorial non-responsibility has also its limits, one wonders whether a presumably serious journal, however progressive, is entitled to print with impunity such extracts taken *verbatim* from the Book of Bedlam.

Mr. D. Rogers, writing on "The Idealist's Point of View," in a recent issue of *Light*, dwells on a conviction which actuated the saints of old, namely, that "pain, struggle and difficulty" are both necessary to mental and spiritual development. Now, it is precisely this conviction which lies at the root of the ascetic life and doctrine. The lengths to which they were carried led beyond all relation to life and sanity, but there was this substratum of truth, and Mr. Rogers commands our entire sympathy when he says that "human character can never grow in a hot-house atmosphere." Matthew Arnold spoke long ago of the hard ascent to eternal life, and this also is true in the sense that we build up our own spiritual individuality by slow degrees only, not without labour and zeal. Our concurrence is due also to Mr. Rogers for his conception of a Deity "Who works not from without but from within; through the life-forces of the universe, including the spirits of men." In these days of stress *Light* is evidently seeking, and not without a measure of success, to keep in touch with the great issues, and is manifesting signs of its vitality in consequence.

The last number of *Modern Astrology* contains, among other interesting matter, the horoscope of the Crown Prince of Germany. The rising sign is Sagittarius, and the Moon, which is hyleg or life-giver, occupies the ascendant. The Sun is besieged by two malefics, Saturn and Neptune, the Sun, Saturn and Neptune being all within thirty-two minutes of a degree of exact con-

junction. This very striking position falls in the sign Taurus, ruling Ireland, and it is noteworthy in this connection that the Crown Prince of Germany was born on the day on which the Phoenix Park murders in Dublin created such an immense sensation in the political world of that time. Uranus and Mars are the only planets elevated above the earth, and the horoscope is an extremely evil one. The prospect of a crown is remote in the extreme, and the figure contains the signs of grave reverses and even the possibility of a violent death. The father and children are both threatened. The influences at the present time, and again in the spring, are markedly evil. Other features of topical interest in this issue are the progressed horoscopes of the rulers of Europe. The striking figure for the winter quarter is also given.

The most interesting feature in *OM*, alias the *Occult Messenger*, and one that will appeal most strongly to the student of chiromancy, is the reproduction of the right and left hands of Lord Roberts. The lines are very well and clearly brought out, and Mr. de Kerlor, the Editor, is widely recognized as an authority on this fascinating science. By the way, we wish we could persuade the Editor not to publish his guess horoscopes. That of Lord Kitchener in the last issue is impossible, if for no other reason because the subject, had he been born at the time given, could never have risen above obscurity. There are other reasons which, we think, render Lord Roberts' horoscope, published in this issue, quite out of the question. Amongst these we would indicate the presence of the Sun and Venus in the Seventh House, which suggests that the success of his career came from this direction. In addition to this, Lord Roberts is far from being a type of Aries. We would suggest without any great confidence that about the last degree or two of Virgo might have been rising, with the Sun in the ascendant, in trine with Mars. Probably Lord Kitchener was born under Scorpio. Another feature of this issue is a critical discussion of the Kaiser's features, not even excepting his moustache, which will appeal strongly to physiognomists.

As we go to press a copy of *Antares Almanac* for 1915 reaches us. The Almanac is published at 6d. by the Rexo Publishing Co., 18 Bride Lane, London, E.C. A great deal of the matter in the Almanac is devoted to what its editor describes as the New Aspects—the relations of the planets which have not been generally recognized in Astrology. There are also some Notes with regard to the War and its duration, and the horoscopes of the leading sovereigns of the world.

REVIEWS

ON THE TRACK OF TRUTH: Thoughts and Jottings by the Way. By Charles F. Moxon. Demy 8vo, pp. 364. London: J. and J. Bennet, Ltd. Price 6s. *net*.

CHIEF among the external characteristics of this volume are its plain sense married to modesty of expression, and if there were no higher claims, at least one of Mr. Moxon's readers would have been drawn by these alone. However, there are independent merits. The papers on "Destiny and Freewill," on "The Spiritual Element in Nature," and on "Heredity and the Ego" are entitled to a better description than that of thoughts and jottings, though it is accurate as regards the shorter pieces in the volume. I do not, however, like Mr. Moxon, regard reincarnation as, in the words of Joseph Glanvil, "a Key to unlock the Grand Mysteries of Providence in relation to man's sin and misery." It is not, in any case, the only key, and the symbolical expression does not connote for me an universal law. Mr. Moxon takes the opposite view, and has found therein not alone his consolation in chief, when looking on the world and life, but a light under which to study his own inward nature and retrace the history of his soul. His presentation of the subject is not the less free from a dogmatic quality of conviction. In one place, indeed, he speaks of it almost as a sequence of suppositions, results of reasoning by way of analogy and deduction, partaking somewhat of "the nature of circumstantial evidence." His views on this account will be not less welcome to the more militant champions of the question, and as outside these the number of persons who, in one or another sense, feel themselves concerned with reincarnation are probably increasing from day to day, Mr. Moxon should be sure of his audience. They on their part will make his acquaintance to their profit, while for those entirely outside the particular circle of belief, it by no means follows that the writer has no message. He has pursued the quest of truth and has gathered some things by the way which should not be without service to others on the same track. It would not be easy in these days to meet with a more wholesome book.

A. E. WAITE.

L'ÉSOTÉRISME DE PARSIFAL. Par Lotus Péralté . . . Suivis d'une traduction littérale du Parsifal de Richard Wagner. Paris: Perrin et Cie. Crown 8vo, pp. iv + 218. Price 3f. 50c.

THE present literal translation of the *Parsifal* is, so far as I know, the first which has been made in France. Lotus Péralté is a pseudonym to all appearance, but he or she whom it conceals has done the work to good purpose. It has interest as another attempt to read in a personal understanding to the surface sense of the poem. After all it may—here and there—be not so far away from the author's intention, for Richard Wagner was also tinged with occultism. On the historical side—as regards Templars, Trouveurs and Minnesingers—it reflects Eugène Aroux, who himself reflected Gabriele Rossetti, and is not history but the figments of a dreaming mind? So are we told that the Knights Templar transmitted the "experiences of

the Christian Spirit " and the " history of the interior and dramatic phases of human consciousness." It is perhaps a little surprising that this kind of *esotérisme* is still possible in France. In the present case it is joined to a very slight knowledge of the Graal literature. On the side of interpretation it is easy to distinguish the influence of Dr. Steiner, more especially as to the Blood shed at Calvary. For the rest, the Holy Graal is " the Human Cup which expresses man in his highest essence." King Arthur is the " solar source " of " sensorial life," and the companions of the Round Table are " cosmic sources of sensitive forces." If this kind of thing is the meaning of the Mass on Mount Salvateh, give me the simple Low Mass said by the humblest priest in the poorest church of this city.

A. E. WAITE.

THE CLEAN HEART. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s.

MR. HUTCHINSON has written three books: *Once Aboard the Lugger*, *The Happy Warrior*, *The Clean Heart*. The first made us expect, the second made us wonder, the third set us deeply thinking. And what better medium than the OCCULT REVIEW for a prophecy? Mr. Hutchinson may, like Wriford, go right ahead and conquer, determined of the end, and forge for himself a great name and place in the literature of the twentieth century. A critic has said of *The Clean Heart* that " There are times when any reviewer feels the inadequacy of language," and we acknowledge our debt to him—an American—for so phrasing our own attitude to this remarkable story. It is unique from beginning to end: unique in the dramatic, unique in characterization, unique in construction, unique in conception. Puddlebox is a marvel of imagination; Wriford a masterpiece. The psychology is truly prodigious and accurate; the narrative immense. More we cannot say, nor do we want; the reader will fill the gap with his own wonderment. To properly appreciate *The Clean Heart* would need many pages. We urge an instant purchase. X.

PREHISTORIC LONDON: ITS MOUNDS AND CIRCLES. By E. O. Gordon, Author of " Life of Dean Buckland," " St. George, Champion of Christendom," etc. With Appendices by the Rev. John Griffith, Author of " Edward II in Glamorgan." London: Elliot Stock, 7 Paternoster Row, E.C. 1914. Price 10s. 6d. net.

PROBABLY no more enthusiastic writer than Mrs. Gordon (who by the way is a sister of the eminent naturalist, the late Frank Buckland) has ever sought to penetrate the mists of the remote past and to connect the silent evidence of prehistoric monuments with the living testimony of tradition—" the surest of all evidence," said Lord Beaconsfield, " for tradition cannot be destroyed."

The three lengthy chapters into which " Prehistoric London " is divided, deal respectively with the Religion, Race, Language, and Literature of Pre-Christian Britain, its Open-air Sanctuaries and Places of Assembly, and its laws and statutes. The latter the author refers to a Trojan source, quoting Sayce and Schliemann's researches as affording evidence of the kinship of Britons and Trojans. The high ideals and deep learning of those priests and priestesses of the mystic Circles, as revealed in the Druidic Triads; the intense occultism of their ceremonies; the wonder-

ful, unwritten music that has come down to us from Keltic harpstrings; the deep reverence of the Gorsedd prayer;—all bring back a time which stands in silent but eloquent contrast with the fierce unrest, the blatant godlessness, of so much that passes for enlightenment to-day. One can do no more than merely hint at the scope of this fascinating book, which is enriched by twenty-two fine illustrations, and congratulate its author on having enabled modern readers to visualize so vivid a picture of life in Druidic Britain, this:

“shining gem, set in the silver sea.”

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE HOUR OF OPPORTUNITY: By Orison S. Marden, Author of “He Can who Thinks He Can,” “Every Man a King,” etc., etc. London: Messrs. W. Rider and Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

THE POWER OF PERSONALITY: By Orison S. Marden, Author of “An Iron Will,” “He Can who Thinks He Can,” etc., etc. London: Messrs. W. Rider and Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

AN IRON WILL: By Orison S. Marden, Author of “Every Man a King,” etc., etc. London: Messrs. W. Rider and Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

MR. ORISON S. MARDEN'S indefatigable literary “output” is in itself an illustration of the efficacy of the gospel he so ardently proclaims. In the three new books by this popular author, recently published by Messrs. William Rider and Son, Limited, the high level of his particular quality is maintained throughout. There is the same atmosphere of buoyant breeziness, the same apt illustration of his text by anecdotes of “real people,” and the same abundance of sound practical counsel which never bores the reader by degenerating into sermonizing. The first of this triplet of volumes, *The Hour of Opportunity*, is an elaboration of the ancient Greek legend, which was embodied by the famous sculptor Lysippus—a contemporary of Alexander the Great—in the form of a statue representing “Opportunity,” a boy in the flower of his youth, with winged feet, thick curls clustering on his forehead, but the back of his head without hair. Hence the familiar aphorism “Take Time by the forelock.” The oldest allegory known to Greek Art, it is brought right up to date by the author, who rings the changes on it like an “Air Varié” by Mozart, in eight chapters severally entitled “Are you ready for it?” “What the Employers say,” “Do you Know a Good Thing when you see it?” “Seizing the Forelock,” “Fit and Misfit Opportunities,” “All There,” and “He Missed It at Last.”

“The Education of the Will is the object of our existence,” declared Emerson—that “Greek head on Yankee shoulders” as Lowell called him in his *Fable For the Critics*—and Mr. Marden has exemplified this comprehensive truth in the seven chapters of *An Iron Will*, uniform with the foregoing. Both of the last-named volumes were prepared with the assistance of Mr. Abner Bayley, while in the third, *The Power of Personality*, the author has been assisted by Miss Margaret Connolly. Doubtless to the latter

combination we must attribute the feminine touch, apparent in the many details relating to dress, manners, appearance, and all that goes towards conveying a correct estimate of personality to the keen observer, which are embodied in such passages as : " In this fiercely competitive age, when the law of the survival of the fittest acts with seemingly merciless rigour, no one can afford to be indifferent to the smallest detail of dress or manner or appearance that will add to the chances of success : " . . . " Extra care as regards personal habits and general appearance is as a rule indicative of a certain alertness of mind which shows itself antagonistic to slovenliness of all kinds," and many another bit of sound wisdom driven home in the eight chapters comprising the book. In the concluding chapter, " Personal Magnetism," great stress is laid on the early training of children, for " it is possible to help every child to develop qualities that will make him popular and magnetic—a genuinely unselfish, noble man or woman. It is so easy to train the child when its nature is soft and plastic, when it is so quickly responsive to impressions, to be agreeable, pleasing, attractive ; to acquire the qualities and habits, the graces of manner and personality, that win and hold hearts." The intuitive graces, in short, of which our great Laureate was mindful when he wrote that—

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of royal natures and of noble minds."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF LIFE.

SPIRITS AND THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

DREAMS AND VISIONS.

PARADISE.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

By John Ball, M.D. San Francisco : 2876 Twenty-Fourth Street.

THIS series of pamphlets constitute one of the most remarkable pronouncements of free-thought which has been made for some time past. It is remarkable in that the material hypothesis is relegated to its proper place in the scheme of thought. While not forsaking the real, Dr. Ball insists upon the importance of the realizable, in which he includes all psychic and spiritual experiences. Almost every line of his writing contains an aphorism, while sound teaching, untrammelled by conventional form and orthodox views, permeates the entire series of his works. Occasionally, he is dogmatic and at times badly instructed, as when he writes :—

" It was Sir Isaac Newton who discovered God. Jesus Christ's ideas of God were essentially erroneous. And what is more, I am satisfied that he realized his mistake when he cried out : ' My God ! Why hast thou forsaken me ? ' " The record does not bear this interpretation, the Hebrew words *Eloi, lemah sabachthani* ? having been badly translated. They actually mean, " My God, how thou dost glorify me ! " The root *sabech* is used throughout the Psalms for praise, triumph, laudation ; but never in place of *Nus, natash, raphah*, to depart, to flee away, to forsake. But apart from these anomalies of expression there is much sound reading to be had with Dr. Ball, and I cordially recommend his clever essays.

SCRUTATOR.