

# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

AS pointed out in my last number, recent developments of the world war have rendered possible, if not probable, the fulfilment of certain predictions already cited in this magazine, which at the time seemed far enough from any prospect of corresponding with the march of events. I alluded in this connection to André Bobola's prediction of the great struggle on the plains of Pinsk in which were seen masses of "Russian, Turkish, French, English, Austrian, and Prussian soldiers" fighting together. The struggle is now not only being waged over this territory but we are also witnessing the association of Turkish soldiers with the

other allies of the Central Powers, as well as an attempt on the part of the latter to break through Serbian territory and make the Balkans a fresh arena of the great war. I have twice in past issues of the *OCCULT REVIEW* referred in this connection to the

prophecy of the monk Kosmas: "When ye shall see many ships assemble on the coast of Greece, women, children, and old men will be forced to flee to the mountains to escape the sword of Antichrist, until the day when the Allied Christian kings shall

march on Constantinople."\* This, as far as I am aware, is the only prediction except that attributed to the Monk Johannes, in which reference is made to the sword of Antichrist in connection with the present war. The appearance of the Kaiser's armies in the Balkan Peninsula offers for the first time an explanation of this notable phrase, while it also serves to identify the person of Antichrist in a striking manner. Why is it, by the way, that the Kaiser, fond as he is of proclaiming himself as enjoying the special favour and protection of God, is never heard in any of his speeches to make the slightest allusion to Jesus Christ? Has he, one wonders, an instinctive and intuitive repugnance to the sacred Name?

In a small booklet which is just being issued by the publishers of this magazine,† the author, Mr. Trefusis, enforces the position from his own standpoint that the Kaiser is indeed to be identified with Antichrist, the Beast of Revelations. He advances an interesting argument to support his views. It is generally recognized that by this Beast (so called) the inspired Apostle intended

NERO, THE BEAST, AND THE KAISER.	none other than the Emperor Nero, and it will be remembered that, in addition to other mysterious marks of identification, this scourge of the human race is strangely and mysteriously described as the Beast "which was and is not, and is to come."
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The point in connection with Nero is that at the time the prediction was written he had already committed suicide, i.e., in the words of the writer and at the time he was writing, he "was and is not," but though not at that time on the earth, he was yet destined to come again. That this idea took hold of the early Christian world is clear from a passage which I think I have already touched upon, to be found in the *De Mortibus Persecutorum* of Lactantius. Lactantius alludes to a current prediction in which it was foretold that Nero would again reappear on earth as "a messenger and forerunner of the Evil One, coming for the devastation of the earth and the overturning of the human race." Lactantius himself does not take the prediction seriously, but the point of importance is that it was current in his day,‡ when many Christians anticipated the return of Nero to earth as a manifestation of Antichrist. The author of the booklet alluded

\* I must apologize for a good deal of inevitable recapitulation in the present Notes, as it would be impossible otherwise to enforce my point.—Ed.

† *The War in a New Light*. By Arthur Trefusis. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 6d. net.

‡ Fourth century A.D.

to sees in the German Kaiser as a reincarnation of Nero the fulfilment of this ancient prophecy. In pointing the parallel he draws attention to the fact that Nero acquired despotic power at the early age of 17 and quickly gave himself up to the greatest excesses and cruelty. He continues in a brief sketch:—

Nero poisoned Britannicus, the son of Claudius (55 A.D.) and in 59 caused his mother, Agrippina, to be put to death. He crushed every one who stood in his way: his tutors, Burrhus and Seneca; his wives, Octavia (whom he caused to open her veins), and Poppœa Sabina, for whom he had repudiated Octavia. He was suspected of burning Rome, and threw the blame on the Christians, whom he persecuted most barbarously. And "we glory," writes Tertullian, "in the fact that such a man inaugurated our condemnation ('tali dedicatore damnationis nostrae etiam gloriamur'); for whoever is acquainted with his character can understand that it could have been nothing but a great good which was condemned by Nero."

Both St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been martyred at this time, about the year 64.

Nero loved ostentation and parade. He must fill the stage. He travelled about in a restless way. Of his amateur skill in acting, music, and singing, he was inordinately vain—an egomaniac, but nevertheless a man of many talents.

He ended his miserable existence by his own hand, 68 A.D., on the success of the revolution of Galba, his governor in Spain, leaving a name proverbial for all that is devilish.

He has now returned as Antichrist, the Beast of Revelation, and the world has awakened at last to his true character.

The order to sink the *Lusitania* (continues our author) is in strict accord with Nero's record—asphyxiating gases, flame projectors, and corrosive liquid all show the mind of Nero.

While the prophecies of Kosmas and André Bobola await a not improbable fulfilment, we have already seen some of Mme de Thèbes' forecasts translated into actuality. Writing of Italy in her Almanac for 1915, she observes: "The hour is not far distant when Italy, escaping from the difficulties of every kind which have till now paralysed her, will be under the necessity of drawing the sword and of no longer listening to the calculated

MADAME DE THÈBES' BALKAN PROPHECIES. counsels of those who bade her be ready only to come to the rescue of the conqueror. "Her hand," added Mme de Thèbes, "will be forced. The destiny of Italy must be accomplished, in despite of human calculations." Thus also of Bulgaria she wrote at a time when it seemed more than probable that Bulgaria would join hands with the Allies, the following significant words: "As for the fate of Bulgaria, it is destined to be overthrown by the men of the past." . . . "All the Bosphorus is dyed in purple. Not one of the hands from this part of the world that I have seen,

or of which I have received imprints, is either happy or fortunate. They bear witness to the wreck of the Turkish world. The neighbouring peoples, Bulgarians, Greeks, Serbians, Roumanians, and Montenegrins, will be wounded in the crash of its ruins. We are indeed far from seeing the whole of Europe again in peace, and valiant Serbia is not yet at the end of its warlike destiny."

In writing of predictions that are in process of fulfilment or may possibly yet be fulfilled, I should like here to quote the Model's Prophecy, the story of the Breton who forecasted his own fate. This has not yet appeared in these pages, and I think deserves mention, though I am not in a position to vouch for its *bona fides*. It appeared in the French newspapers some considerable time ago, in the early part of the war, and runs as follows:—

For several years a well-known French painter of battles and military life whose name is not given, but whom it should surely be possible to identify, employed a native of Brittany for his model. One day in July, 1914, about a fortnight before the outbreak of the war, the model, who was of a psychic temperament,

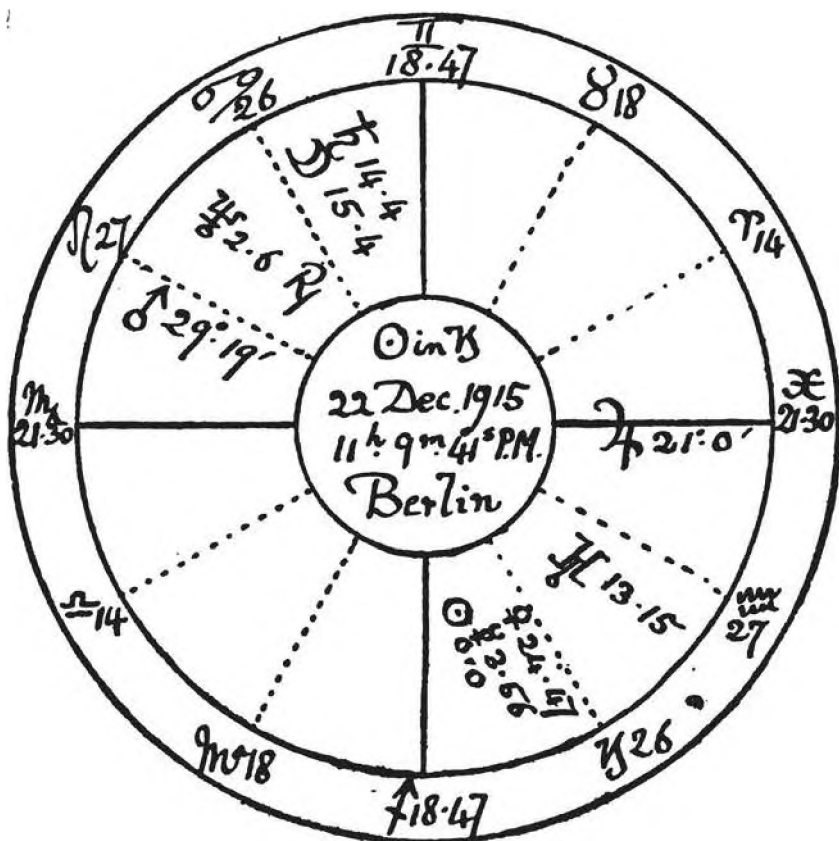
THE  
MODEL'S  
PROPHECY.

arrived at the artist's studio in a very dejected state of mind. On the painter inquiring what it was that troubled him, he announced that the country was on the brink of war. The painter pooh-poohed his fears and expressed a desire to start on his work. But his model was not to be turned from his fateful prognostication. "War," he said, "will be declared on August 2." The artist promptly retorted that if his model knew when the war would begin he was also probably aware of the date on which it would end. Yes, was the reply, I know this too, the war will end on May 22. The artist hereupon invited him to come and see him on May 23 and share a bottle of wine in celebration of the fulfilment of his prediction. "Impossible!" replied the other, "I could not come. I shall be killed in the second half of November." The story goes on to state that the model fell on the battle-field on November 27. No mention, it may be observed, was made of the year, but only of the day and month on which the war was to terminate, and apparently the artist forgot to inquire. Without, as I believe, having any knowledge of this prediction, the author of *The War in a New Light*, already alluded to, makes the following observations on the authority, as I understand, of his spiritual mentor.\*

\* Mr. Trefusis makes various other statements in this booklet on the same authority which it will be understood that I have here no intention whatever of endorsing.—Ed.

"The writer," he says, "is often asked when he thinks peace will come. It is extremely difficult for a seer to judge time in relation to future events, but it seems to him that the war will continue to May, 1916, and that peace will be signed on the 23rd of that month, but he does not give these dates as an absolute certainty."

The Editor of *Zadkiel's Almanac* in a more tentative manner seems to incline to think that peace may not improbably come



WINTER SOLSTICE AT BERLIN, DECEMBER 22, 1915.

in the spring. "The nativity of King George V," he says, "has a benefic primary direction of the moon to Jupiter in force this spring, favouring an early return of prosperity and peace." As I have already pointed out, Venus and Jupiter enter Aries, England's ruling sign, on February 13, and Jupiter remains in this sign until the middle of the year. A notable confirmation of the indications of peace is to be found in the figure for the Winter Solstice at Berlin ruling the first three months of 1916. Of this figure, of which I subjoin a diagram, Zadkiel writes: "The last decanate of Virgo ascends and the Moon and Saturn are in the tenth mansion,

ZADKIEL  
AND THE  
END OF  
THE WAR.

and Jupiter is setting. This seems to presignify that the terrible losses of the German and Austrian armies and the sufferings of the civilians will compel their rulers to sue for peace." The presence of Jupiter exactly on the Western angle of the figure (the angle of war) points surely to the probability of an appeal for peace on behalf of Germany, and not impossibly to an armistice, even if this does not lead to an immediate settlement. The presence of the Moon conjoined with Saturn at the Mid-heaven, coinciding with this, is an indication of grave discontent on the part of the people and reverses to their rulers. It may even be a portent of the commencement of a revolutionary movement which will lead to the downfall of the present dynasty. The stationary position of Mars on New Year's Day close to the eclipse of August last year and afflicting the horoscopes of the Tsar, the German Emperor, the Emperor of Austria, and other crowned heads of Europe, as well as that of President Poincaré, seems to indicate very sanguinary fighting about the end of December and beginning of January. It is remarkable that this position falls within a quarter of a degree of the very commencement of the sign Virgo which has been traditionally associated with the Turkish Empire. A further augury for an early peace is to be found in the horoscope of the King of the Belgians whose 41st solar revolution (birthday) on April 8, 1916, shows Venus, the planet of peace, close to the upper meridian, and the Sun nearly in conjunction with Jupiter, and in trine with Mars. A good direction of the ascendant to the major benefic is due very shortly after. The Tsar also has an especially favourable aspect for peace (Sun conjunction Venus), coming up with the summer months, while Venus culminates in his horoscope about the same time, so that it seems hardly likely that this can be long delayed—at least as far as the Central European Powers are concerned. General Joffre's horoscope, also given in *Zadkiel's Almanac*, has good influences in the spring, and at the end of the year, but is curiously enough under a cloud about July.

Attention was drawn in my little book, *Prophecies and Omens of the Great War*, to the remarkable prediction of Heinrich Heine in his work on Religion and Philosophy in Germany, with reference to the breakdown of Christianity in that country and its sequel, the outbreak of Germanic violence and the shattering into fragments of the Gothic cathedrals, but I did not refer at the same time to Heine's prediction of a great German Revolution "in comparison with which the French Revolution would appear as a harmless idyll." There

HEINE'S  
PROPHECIES.

are those who think, and not without considerable show of reason, that this prophecy is on the brink of fulfilment. At the risk of repeating myself I give the translation of the two predictions side by side :—

Christianity—and this is its fairest service—has to a certain degree moderated that brutal lust of battle, such as we find it among the ancient Germanic races, who fought, not to destroy, not yet to conquer, but merely from a fierce, demoniac love of battle itself ; but it could not altogether eradicate it. And when once that restraining talisman, the cross, is broken, then the smouldering ferocity of those ancient warriors will again blaze up ; then will again be heard the deadly clang of that frantic Berserkir wrath, of which the Norse poets say and sing so much. The talisman is rotten with decay, and the day will surely come when it will crumble and fall. Then the ancient stone gods will arise from out the ashes of dismantled ruins, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes ; *and finally Thor, with his colossal hammer, will leap up, and with it shatter into fragments the Gothic Cathedrals.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Scoff not at the dreamer who expects in the material world a revolution similar to that which has already taken place in the domains of thought. The thought goes before the deed, as the lightning precedes the thunder. German thunder is certainly German, and is rather awkward, and it comes rolling along tardily ; but come it surely will, and when ye once hear a crash the like of which in the world's history was never heard before, then know that the German thunderbolt has reached its mark. At this crash the eagles will fall dead in mid-air, and the lions in Afric's most distant deserts will cower and sneak into their royal dens. *A drama will be enacted in Germany in comparison with which the French Revolution will appear a harmless idyll.*

True it is that Heine did not foresee the great European conflict which was destined to bring his predictions to pass. But they are none the less startling on that account. As for this prediction of a great German Revolution which the early months of next year may well bring forth, others have foretold this, though none so long ago as Heinrich Heine. An uncle of Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, who lived in Paris and died in the year 1881, foretold on his deathbed "a terrible revolution in Germany in less than fifty years' time, a revolution compared to which that of 1789 in France was as nothing." In this vision he saw "an Emperor whose face was unfamiliar to him dethroned and driven into shameful exile and his family scattered over the earth as refugees." Madame de Thèbes in her Almanac for 1915 also foresaw the revolution. "I see," she said, "a Germany which is torn asunder, South against South, North against North. . . . Germany parodying the France of the past

PROPHECIES  
OF  
REVOLUTION  
IN  
GERMANY.

even to its great revolution. Hostages, massacres, trials, scaffolds, all are there, and in spite of this the enemy has crossed the frontiers." I take this opportunity, before the hour has yet struck, to draw attention to the fact that the revolution when it comes will not have come without warning, or unheralded by the prophets. And in truth no revolution, as it appears to me, ever came upon the world without ample warning beforehand. It will be familiar ground to most of us that the French Revolution itself was foretold, and foretold definitely enough, by many a shrewd observer of the signs of the times. It was not merely the cynical French King with his "After me the deluge" who predicted the coming calamity. The wise Lord Chesterfield in a more serious vein predicted thirty-six years in advance, that it was inevitable, declared in short that "all the symptoms which he had ever met in history previous to great changes and revolutions of Government, then existed, and were daily increasing in France." Rousseau stated in his *Emile* that in his opinion Europe was "approaching a period of crisis and a cycle of revolutions." Smollett in 1771 confidently asserted that "some great revolution must ensue in the course of a few years in the government, religion, and manners of the people of France." Cazotte, if the story of the celebrated dinner party at Monsieur Chamfort's is to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, foretold the same revolution in fullest detail, and the fate of a number of its special victims. Dr. Sibley, the astrologer, in his *Illustrations of the Occult Sciences*, published in 1784, describes a horary figure he drew on the subject, and comments upon it in the following remarkable words:—

Here is every prospect, from the disposition of the significators in the scheme, that some very important event will happen in the politics of France such as may dethrone or very nearly touch the life of the King and make victims of many great and illustrious men in Church and State, preparatory to a revolution or change in the affairs of this Empire which will at once astonish and surprise the surrounding nations.

The signs of the times are in truth too clear on such occasions to be passed unnoticed by the trained and observant eye. The causes which brought about the French Revolution are indeed, many of them, far different from those which are likely to bring about the coming revolution in Germany, but it is curious to note that the final determining cause of this earlier revolution may well prove to be the final determining cause of its coming German

MEN WHO  
FORETOLD  
THE  
FRENCH  
REVOLUTION.

THE  
FINANCIAL  
PERILS.



counterpart. What actually led, in the last resort, to the French Revolution was the breakdown of French finance, which caused the calling together of the States-General and the appeal to the popular representatives to come to the rescue of the Government. It is far from impossible that a similar financial crisis may lead directly to the overthrow of the present German Government.

Mr. Trefusis's booklet, *A New Light on the War*, is mainly based on the text "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and he deals in as delicate a manner as the subject allows with the doctrine of karma as exemplified in the terrible German atrocities in Belgium, which he looks upon from his own standpoint as a karmic retribution for the horrors perpetrated by King Leopold of Belgium, and his minions, upon their innocent

A NEW  
LIGHT ON  
THE WAR.

victims in the Congo State. He goes, however, further than this, and contends that the savage and ferocious instincts of the present generation of Germans which have so greatly surprised and horrified the civilized world, are to be attributed to the fact that the victims of King Leopold's appalling crimes have reincarnated by hundreds of thousands in German families for the purpose of wreaking their vengeance on thousands of innocent members of the race which was enriched by the unnameable horrors perpetrated in Central Africa by the diabolical king and his equally diabolical agents. This hypothesis, it seems to me, can scarcely be accepted unless we acknowledge the validity of a doctrine of national as well as individual karma. Some may shrink from a doctrine which operates so obviously unjustly against the individual citizen who in the vast majority of cases is quite innocent of the crime for which the Government of his country has assumed responsibility. Others will remind us that, however unjust such a doctrine may appear, all history testifies to its validity. That it was precisely this doctrine that operated in Biblical times when the pestilence fell upon Israel for David's sin, and that David cried in vain to the prophet Nathan, "As for these sheep, what have they done?" They will remind us again of the celebrated lines of Juvenal, which tell us that the people suffer for their rulers' misdeeds:—

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

(Whatever madness the kings commit the people are bled for it.)

They will cite again the scriptural phrase with regard to the God of Israel who "visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." The critic may

ask, "Is this compatible with Divine justice?" Clearly not, I think, if we look no further than a single life on earth and a single generation. But in fact we know nothing of the karma of the individuals involved or how far by their past lives they have been drawn into the vortex of a common national calamity. Again, however ready we may be to accept the doctrine of karma in its wider sense, in the sense in which good and evil always in the end meet with their appropriate recompense, we are not, I think, bound to assume that a particular tragedy in any individual's life is the result necessarily of some corresponding misdeed in the past. The disciples of Jesus to all appearance held a similar view to this, when they asked of their Master with regard to the blind man, "Did this man sin or his parents that he was born blind?" And we may remember that Jesus specifically denied the fact that the man's blindness was a punishment for past sin, either on his own or his parent's account. Rather, he said, the affliction fell upon him that the glory of God might be made manifest. Did he not suggest in this that compensation was in store for the man, which would more than atone for past suffering, even if it were rather in moral growth and enhanced spiritual stature than in more purely material advantages? As Mr. Trefusis well says, "Suffering, if not self-caused but freely incurred for a loving purpose, sets free spiritual forces which can be used by unseen powers to help to redeem mankind, and it is through suffering that we are made perfect."

We are inevitably reminded by the present Belgian tragedy, taking place as it does under the reign of so heroic a monarch, succeeding to and paying the penalty for his predecessor's fiendish misdeeds, of the ancient Egyptian tale of the god-fearing and devout Mycerinus, who followed a father notorious for his injustice and his crimes, and his contempt alike for all laws human and divine. Fortune and prosperity were the father's lot,

Crowned with grey hairs he died and full of sway.

To his son, "who looked for life more lasting, rule more high," came the oracle that warned him that six years only were to be his allotted span. It was not for such as he to bring down upon the Egyptian people the evil karma that was their lot. He must therefore give place to one who would more readily lend himself to be the instrument of divine retribution. Mycerinus in the celebrated verses of Matthew Arnold muses on the ingratitude and

caprice of the divine rulers of the world. "Do they," he asks, "merely pursue their own joyous existence, reckless and regardless of the sufferings of their votaries?"

Or is it that some force too stern, too strong  
 Even for themselves to conquer or beguile,  
 Bears earth and heaven and men and gods along  
 Like the broad volume of the insurgent Nile?  
 And the great powers we serve themselves may be  
 Slaves of a tyrannous necessity?

Is there, in short, after all, some mighty over-ruling Fate working on its own irresistible way, remorselessly pursuing its self-appointed task, moving to some far-off divine (or maybe diabolical) event, some master destiny in whose hands the gods themselves whom men fondly worship and pray to are themselves but as puppets, to be broken even as mortals on its wheel when their appointed reigns shall have run their course, when the time has come for Saturn as vicegerent of, the cosmic scheme to succeed to Uranus or for Jupiter to succeed to Saturn?

Mycerinus was not the first to ask the question, nor will he be the last to ask and wait in vain for the solution. The Egyptian Sphinx doubtless listened to his challenge of Divine Justice, and smiled her old inscrutable smile at the man who would probe the riddle of life. Teachers have come forward to-day more sympathetic to the cry of blind and suffering humanity who claim that Eastern Wisdom has long since sought and found the solution of the age-long problem, in the evolution of the human spirit through its many metamorphoses and its countless lives, not one of which, not a hundred of which, indeed, can alone avail to unlock the secret of the present destiny of the Eternal Self. The

REMEM- ladder has many rungs. Were we able to look down  
 BRANCE it to-day, to count the steps we have traversed in  
 RISEN FROM our long and painful ascent, dizziness would seize on  
 HELL. us, as on the man who overlooks the precipice, and  
 we should find ourselves, hypnotized by our own  
 past misdeeds, leaping involuntarily into the abyss. Those who  
 ask why, if we have lived before, we fail to remember our past  
 existences, would do well to ponder on this alternative possibility,  
 would do well to ask themselves: How, if the past were indeed  
 revealed, they would have power to withhold their tottering  
 reason from being shattered in the contemplation of the abysmal  
 depths of their own sin-stained spiritual ancestry. The Divine  
 Voice bids us await the solution of the riddle until we are strong

Y

enough to see and understand whither our dead pasts are leading us, and until then to possess our souls in patience, confident that the law of eternal Justice will be made evident by the ultimate issue, confident in the truth of that doctrine so beautifully portrayed by Sir Edwin Arnold in the *Light of Asia*—

Before beginning, and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a Power Divine which moves to good.  
Only its laws endure.

It will not be contemned of any one :  
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains ;  
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,  
The hidden ill with pains.

It knows not wrath nor pardon ; utter-true  
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs ;  
Times are as naught, to-morrow it will judge,  
Or after many days.

Such is the law which moves to righteousness,  
Which none at last can turn aside or stay ;  
The heart of it is love, the end of it  
Is peace and consummation sweet. Obey !

Amongst psychic incidents in connection with the present war the story told by the Rev. F. H. Stead, brother of the late W. T. Stead, at a service held at Browning Hall on October 10, is worth noting. Mr. Stead stated that on the evening of September 26 he was listening to the music of Bach's *Egmont*, when his brother, who went down in the *Titanic*, and also his mother, appeared to him in a vision in company with a young friend of the name of Lieut. Barnes, and assured him of a great victory near at hand, and the approaching breakdown of Prussian militarism. He could not understand the reason for Barnes' presence in the vision till he heard of his death on that particular day. Mr. F. H. Stead described his vision as the "greatest spiritual experience vouchsafed to him in the whole course of his life." There have been so many stories of the appearance of Mr. W. T. Stead since his death that have been called in question or regarded with scepticism, that it is a matter of satisfaction that one which has every appearance of authenticity should have taken place in connection with the present stirring events.

In further reference to the phenomena of the Angels of Mons,

the *Evening News* of October 14 gives a record not before published which was sent to Mr. Arthur Machen in a letter from Pte. J. East, of the 9th Lincolnshire Regt. It is another story of the retreat before overwhelming odds :—

THE MONS  
ANGELS  
AGAIN.

I don't know how I looked (says Private East), but the others looked as white as a sheet, but not afraid.

Nearer, still nearer, they came. "God help us," murmured one as he took steady aim and fired.

"We're done!" gasped another, and as I looked at him I saw him staring in front with wild eyes. And as if by magic the whizzing, buzzing, and whirling stopped.

I followed this man's gaze, and, sure enough, there, not two hundred yards in front of us, was a long line of white forms, stretching from house to house. They were making mysterious motions with their arms.

"Good lor'!" said one man, "what is it?" But no man answered. Yet every man felt in his own heart that the white barricade had been sent by some unseen power to protect that small body of English.

We retired. No one spoke until we were well clear of Mons. I said they were angels, and not a man contradicted me.

## INVITATION OF MORPHEUS

By W. H. CHESSON

WHEN Rhea turns our faces to the suns  
Whose shining is not day,  
In the delusive night be far away  
From webs that strangle and from fear that stuns.  
O let the formless god convey you then  
Down to that river's marge where all the reeds  
Praise Sleep the stiller of discordant men  
And minister to crying women's needs.

There, where oblivion is sentinelled  
By beauties manifold,  
Be richer than is avarice by gold;  
For Morpheus never yet his best withheld  
From craving love-of-loveliness; and he  
Is magic in the night to give you joy;  
So go with him, as goes a refugee  
From din and dust and wishes that annoy.

Sleep, and care not if some fools but esteem  
 Life carnately awake,  
 And blindly find celestial glass opaque,  
 And only see your eyelids when you dream.  
 Live in the world to which kind Morpheus brings  
 Perplexity and weariness and pain  
 As if they were fit loves for more than kings :  
 Sleep, and obtain from him what they obtain.

Manifest love called beauty, in the arms  
 And eager speechful eyes  
 Of longing free from doubt and from disguise—  
 They know it well whom Morpheus takes and charms ;  
 And if you'd join the dance like eddying air,  
 And hear a tune unerring in its quest,  
 And feel delight whose might dissolves despair,  
 Yield to the god of sleep and be his guest.

Within his dream there is a perfect world  
 Where change and joy are twins,  
 And griefs, remembered but by violins,  
 Are never 'twixt the soul and sky unfurled.  
 Confirm his dream by your dislike of wrong  
 Which only self-destroyers dare repent.  
 He asks no sacrifice, no ritual song,  
 Only your substitute for faith—consent.

The letters of my words are lullabies  
 Zealous for sleep for you.  
 Sink deep your heavy mind and close your view ;  
 Ether divine shall wash care from your eyes.  
 You do not listen now ; you drowse, you doze.  
 Potent one spell now is . . .  
 You travel farther than the unborn rose  
 Which tunnels through the grave to light and bliss.

# HAUNTED ROYALTIES

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

SINCE most royal families date back a considerable number of years it is not surprising they can lay claim to ghosts. Indeed, there is hardly a Royal House in Europe that is not visited by some kind or other of ghostly phenomena, periodical or otherwise. In Russia the ghost takes the form of a double. The scion of royalty who is doomed to die sees himself or herself either walking about the palace premises or seated on the throne, but always looking perfectly natural, and not in the least like anything super-physical. It is related of the Empress Catherine that after retiring to rest one night she was roused by a frantic lady-in-waiting, who in a breathless voice informed her that something very queer had happened. "There is some one exactly like your Majesty," she said, "seated on the throne. We all saw her enter the State Room, and were much mystified, as we knew your Majesty had retired to bed." The Empress turned pale, but putting on her robes hastened to the State Chamber, and there, sitting on the imperial throne, an exact counterpart to herself, sat a female figure.

Though no doubt perfectly aware of the significance of the apparition, Catherine showed no outward fear, but at once ordered her guards to fire at it. They did so, and it instantly disappeared. Not long afterwards the Empress died.

The present representative of the Romanoffs is very superstitious. He never goes anywhere without a certain mascot, and on one occasion when he had entered a train and discovered that he had left the mascot behind, he delayed travelling till the mascot was found and brought to him. He is certain to have it with him at this moment, as he is convinced that its presence shelters him from the evil influences that would otherwise dog his steps.

A lady who returned to England shortly before the outbreak of the present war related to me her experience with a ghost while teaching in one of the Royal Palaces not two hundred miles from Petrograd.

"Though the sitting-room they gave me," she said, "was most comfortably, I might almost say luxuriously, furnished, and though it was very airy and well lighted, there was a something about it that struck me as depressing from the first moment

I entered it. A month passed, however, and I was beginning to be quite reconciled to my surroundings and to attribute my first impressions to mere imagination, when the unexpected happened. I had returned from a long walk one afternoon, and was sitting in front of my fire resting, when I heard a noise that sounded like a rather asthmatical cough, and on looking round I perceived standing in the doorway a tall, thin young man, clad in a green uniform, with a very melancholy expression on his face. He advanced towards me, and, as I shrank back in alarm, he seemed to pass right through the fireplace; at all events he vanished in some quite inexplicable way. When I mentioned the matter to the maid, whose specific duty it was to wait on me, she appeared greatly alarmed, and begged me on no account to mention the matter to any of the household. My second experience of this kind took place some weeks later.

"I was walking along the corridor to my apartments about five o'clock one afternoon, when I saw, to my surprise, a peculiar light about six feet from the floor, near the handle of the door. My first act was to search in every direction for a reflection, but in vain. There was no other light anywhere else in the corridor, nothing that could in any way account for the phenomenon. I looked again at the light, and kept my eyes fixed intently on it, when all of a sudden a rapid development took place, and in less time than it takes to write it a face appeared, staring steadfastly at me. I recognized it instantly as that of the phantasm which had visited me previously. Twice it opened its mouth as if it were desirous to speak, but on my saying, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' it instantly vanished. I saw it on several other occasions, once bending over me in the early hours of the morning, and once again peering round at me from behind a curtain. Its expression was invariably mournful, and after my first two encounters with it I felt no alarm, only an intense pity. I spoke about it to a friend of mine at the Legation, and he said he had always heard the palace had several ghosts, among others that of the unfortunate Emperor Paul, who had been so ruthlessly murdered. Accordingly, I have always considered that what I saw was Paul's ghost."

Just as the Royal House of Prussia has its White Lady, which appears before any great catastrophe, so have the rulers of France their Red Man. This Red Man is said to have always put in his appearance before any serious calamity to France, and to have generally manifested itself to whoever was on the throne. Rumour said it appeared to Henry IV the night before his assas-



sination, to Louis XVI immediately prior to the outbreak of the French Revolution, to certain of the members of the Imperial Household before the Franco-German War, and to President Carnot before he was so foully done to death. The account of its appearance to Napoleon is, however, the best known. According to Mr. T. Charley, the incident took place under the following circumstances :—

On the 1st of January, 1814, early in the morning, Napoleon shut himself up in his cabinet, bidding Count Mole, then Counsellor of State, and afterwards made Grand Judge of the Empire, to remain in the next room, and to hinder any person whatever from troubling him while he was occupied in his cabinet. He had not long retired to his study, when a tall man, dressed all in red, appeared to Mole, pretending that he wanted to speak to the Emperor. He was answered that it was not possible. "I must speak to him; go and tell him that it is the Red Man that wants him, and he will admit me." Awed by the imperious and commanding tone of the strange personage, Mole obeyed reluctantly, and tremblingly executed his errand. "Let him in," said Bonaparte sternly. Prompted by curiosity, Mole listened at the door, and heard the following conversation pass between them.

The Red Man said: "This is the third time of my appearing before you. The first time we met was in Egypt, at the battle of the Pyramids. The second, after the battle of Wagram. I then granted you four years to make a general peace; threatening, that if you did not perform this, that I would withdraw my protection from you. Now I am come, for the third and last time, to warn you that you have but three months to complete the execution of your designs, or to comply with the proposals of peace which are offered you by the Allies; if you do not achieve the one, or accede to the other, all will be over with you—so remember it well."

Mr. Charley goes on to state that Napoleon expostulated with all his might, pleading that he could not possibly regain all he had lost in so short a space of time, or make terms on anything like honourable conditions. The Red Man was inexorable. "Do as you please," he said, "my resolution is not to be shaken by entreaties, or otherwise, and I go." He was as good as his word; the Emperor followed him, but to no purpose, and he left the royal presence saying, "Three months—no longer." Napoleon then retired to his cabinet and remained there for the rest of the day. Three months later he abdicated. Who the Red Man was has for ever remained a matter of speculation. Of

course there are all manner of theories, some declaring that Bonaparte had, in his youth, actually got in touch with the Unknown through the medium of certain spells he had come across in his travels, and that the Red Man was really the Evil One. Others, again, said that the Red Man was the spirit that had always attached itself to whoever ruled the destinies of France, and that it was the ghost of some one who had lived in very remote ages, like the banshee of Ireland and the drummers and pipers of Scotland. The fact that a similar phenomenon is stated to have been witnessed at other periods of French history makes one incline to the latter theory.

But, after all, getting in touch with the powers that know the future is not so impossible. I have, as I hinted in *The Sorcery Club*, myself come very near it. Just a little further and I should undoubtedly have achieved my design; I unmistakably felt their presence, only prudence stepped in and bade me desist. I was about this time lecturing in various parts of London, among others at the International Club in Regent Street, and some sensation was caused by several of my audience declaring they saw certain spectral figures standing behind me. As the description of one or two of these figures tallied very minutely with the phenomena that had hovered round me in my experiments, I was fairly well convinced that my attempts had not been in vain. I merely say this to show that others besides myself might have got hold of a similar receipt, and it is not altogether improbable that it was known in Corsica and exploited by Napoleon, whose love of adventure and exploration was immeasurably great.

But this is not the only denizen of the Unknown with which the great Bonaparte is associated. Count Montholon relates that Napoleon, when on his death-bed, informed him that he had been warned of his approaching end by the apparition of Josephine, which had appeared and conversed with him.

France's other great soldier monarch, Louis XIV, is said to have had several encounters with the superphysical, while his nephew took the title of Duc de Chartres in preference to that of the Duc de Valois through the agency of the apparition of his father's first wife, Henrietta of England, which appeared to his father and warned him on no account to call the infant Chartres. Henry of Navarre was very psychic, for in addition to seeing the ill-omened Red Man he saw, in the company of the Archbishop of Lyons, three ladies of the Court and the Queen, the apparition of a certain well-known cardinal. Wicked Catharine de'

Medici had her experiences, too. She saw a ghostly rehearsal of the battle of Jarnac—before that battle actually occurred—and the gallant Prince of Condé lying dead in a hedge, at which sight she was greatly terrified and impressed. France, indeed, has had its share of ghosts, and few royalties have been more haunted than the French.

Denmark's kings have a very unpleasant skeleton in the cupboard; Abel, the monarch of long years ago, who murdered his brother under particularly revolting circumstances, still haunts not only the wood of Poole, near the city of Sleswig, but, if rumour is true, travels as far afield as certain of the royal domains in Copenhagen. Gurre Forest, near Elsinore, has a very terrifying spectre. On certain nights in the year, especially stormy ones, the old Scandinavian King Valdemar IV, looking particularly evil, is said to glide from thicket to thicket and hold up one hand menacingly should any denizen of royalty, either of Denmark, Norway or Sweden, happen to pass by.

When reading at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, last year, I came across an interesting account of a visit of Charles XII of Sweden to a spot in Finland reputed to be haunted by the apparition of a little man in grey, that only demonstrated himself to royalty. The account said Charles, much against the wishes of his courtiers, who feared the knife of the assassin more than they feared ghosts, went there alone. The place was a bare piece of ground in a thick wood. Obedient to instructions, Charles made a circle on the soil with his sword, and, standing in the centre of it, struck three times on his tinder box, crying out as he did so the words:—

Come quick, come quick, come quick,  
From copse or wood or dell,  
And to the King of Sweden  
His fate and fortune tell.

He then burned some specially prepared herbs, crossed himself several times, and stood still. After waiting some time till he began to think nothing was going to happen, he suddenly felt a touch on his shoulder, and on turning round perceived the shadowy outlines of a small grey man. Very much frightened, he started back, when a voice, unmistakably that of a woman, and from very far away, commenced speaking as if to a third person. It gave a detailed account of the Swedish political situation, stating that Sweden had a very impulsive and obstinate king, who would win great renown but would jeopardize every-

thing through excessive vanity. It depicted his adventures in Turkey, where it bade him remain, saying that by coming back to his native country he was risking not only the future welfare of his country but his own soul. If he remained in the East and took service in the Sultan of Turkey's army he would one day succeed the Sultan on the throne and be the means of winning over the country to Christianity. If, on the contrary, he went back to Sweden, he would not only perish miserably but his soul would return again to Earth, at least three times, and on each occasion would occupy the body of a great soldier king, who would imperil the fortune of his country, not merely for ambition's sake, but for the love of filthy lucre. The third and last occasion on which he would return to earth would be characterized by an almost universal war, in which women would play a striking rôle. On the ceasing of the voice the grey man handed the king a ring, which it told him would vanish from his hand the day before his death. Charles took the ring and put it on his finger, and the moment he did so, found himself out of the forest walking towards his followers, who were standing in a group around the camp fire. Everything, the manuscript added, came to pass as the voice had predicted, and on the day preceding the king's death he suddenly missed the ring from his hand. The writer believed Charles XII had already returned to the physical plane twice, first as Napoleon, and secondly as Mehemet Ali, and it speculated as to when he would return again. If the author were alive now he would undoubtedly say Charles was back for his last visit in the guise either of the Kaiser or treacherous King Ferdinand. I wish I could remember the name of the work, which was written in French. I took it down, but in my hurried exit from Paris I lost nearly all my note books.

Swedish sovereigns have been renowned for seeing into the future. Charles XI is said to have witnessed the trial of the murderer of Gustavus, which occurred nearly a century later, and Bernadotte, though not of the old royal line, has been credited by some writers with having had the power both of clairvoyance and prophecy.

The mention of Ferdinand of Bulgaria brings vividly back to my memory two stories I heard about him when I was dining one evening in June, 1914, at the renowned Henriette's restaurant in Montparnasse. Two men were seated at a table close beside me, and I eventually got into conversation with them. They informed me they were journalists, and that their names were Guilgaut and Bonivon respectively. "You would

laugh if you knew where I spent last night," I observed. "It was in an alleged haunted flat in Montrouge. I don't suppose either of you believe in ghosts." "I do," Guilgaut said, "I have had more than one experience with an apparition in my life, and so has my friend." "Yes," chimed in Bonivon. "We have good cause to remember ghosts, since we stayed six weeks in a haunted hotel in Bucharest, and never had such an infernally uncomfortable time either before or since. We never saw the ghost ourselves, but one of the other lodgers declared he did, and used to wake us every other night by the most unholy screams." They then talked a lot about their adventures in the Balkans, and finally alluded to Ferdinand of Bulgaria. "If ever a man is haunted, he is," Guilgaut remarked. "He never leaves his room at night without the shadow of Stambuloff, whose death he brought about in 1895, stepping out from the wall and following him."

"That is a bit of exaggeration," Bonivon said laughingly. "But, quite seriously, we heard on very excellent authority that on more than one occasion a figure had been seen beside Ferdinand, sometimes when he was driving and sometimes when he was walking, and that it was recognized by the spectators as Stambuloff, the dead Minister. On one occasion, we were told, Ferdinand visited a certain Princess, and it was remarked that the latter appeared strangely embarrassed and perturbed, as did her lady-in-waiting. At last some one ventured to inquire of the latter what was the matter with her and her royal mistress. 'It's that man,' the lady-in-waiting whispered. 'That man who persists in standing beside His Highness. He never takes his eyes from off our faces, and he looks just like a corpse.' Her interrogator asked her to describe the figure, which he said was quite invisible to him. She did so, and the description tallied exactly with that of Stambuloff." "Tell him about Ferdinand and the fortune teller," Guilgaut said. "Yes, that happened when we were staying close to his Kohary estates," Bonivon responded. "Ferdinand is notoriously sly and mean, and one day as he was passing through the village where we were staying, he chanced to encounter a charming itinerant Hungarian maiden, who eked out a very precarious livelihood hawking ribbons and telling fortunes. Ferdinand had his hand read, and thinking to trap the girl, disguised himself and came to her again the following evening. To his astonishment, although the make-up was highly skilful, for Ferdinand is a born actor in more senses than one, the girl recognized him at once as the gentleman who had

come to her the previous evening. 'I was expecting you,' she said. 'Expecting me,' Ferdinand stammered. 'How is that? Why, I've told no one.' 'Oh fie!' the girl remonstrated, shaking her finger at him. 'The gentleman who accompanied you last night came here half an hour ago and told me you were coming.' 'What was he like?' Ferdinand asked, shaking all over. 'Like,' the girl retorted pertly, 'why, you know as well as I'; and she rattled off the description of the man, which tallied exactly with that of the dead Stambuloff—whom, by-the-way, Guilgaut and I had seen many scores of times in the early eighties. "'Tell him when he comes," your friend said,' the girl went on, "'that he will perish in very much the same manner as I have," and he showed me his hand.' 'And what did you see?' Ferdinand asked. 'The same ending to the life line as I do in yours,' the girl replied. 'What it is I would rather not say. Why, there is your friend! He is beckoning to you. You had better go to him.' And to her astonishment Ferdinand turned on his heel and walked off in the opposite direction. We had the story first hand. She told it us two or three days afterwards, and expressed great curiosity as to the identity of the two men who had behaved so strangely to her."

The Polish royalty were credited with great powers of clairvoyance. Mr. Lee recounts a curiously unpleasant experience that befell Princess Natgotsky, of Warsaw. Prior to her departure for Paris Her Royal Highness had a vision. She saw herself very distinctly in a strange room. A man entered, bearing in his hand a cup, which he offered her. "I'm not thirsty," she said. He insisted, however, that she should drink, telling her it would be for the last time in her life. He then vanished. Shortly after this incident the princess came to Paris, put up at an hotel, and was taken ill. The king's physician was sent for, and on his arrival, she instantly recognized him as the man in the vision. She drank what he offered her quite cheerfully, however, saying she knew it was all right this time as the room was not the one she had seen in her vision. She got well, but, tiring of her quarters, took up her abode in a convent, and on being ushered into her apartment at once exclaimed, "My doom has come! This is the room I saw, I shall never leave it alive." She was almost directly afterwards taken ill, the same doctor attended her, and the last drink she ever had was delivered her by him.

Of England's sovereigns a very fair percentage are alleged to be still with us in the form of ghosts. Windsor Castle, Hampton



Court, and the Tower are all reputed haunted, and the phenomena seen there are said to represent Henry VIII, Richard III, Elizabeth, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Catherine Parr, Jane Seymour, Charles I, and George III. Innumerable are the stories that have come down to us of psychic happenings connected with Charles I. Mr. Lee quotes a number of them in his works. It is said that at Charles's coronation there was not enough purple in the country to make the royal robes; consequently they were made of white; it not being realized till afterwards that white was symbolical of misfortune, since heretics were usually arrayed in it for their execution. Then, again, shortly before the battle of Newbury, Charles went into a public library at Oxford, and, at the suggestion of Lord Falkland, shut his eyes and opened, haphazard, a volume of *Virgil*, which procedure was regarded as a method of telling the future at that period. It was Book IV, and the passage he alighted on began as follows:—"Yet let a race untamed and haughty foes," and ended, "And lie unburied in the barren sand." Charles regarded it as of the utmost ill omen, and Falkland, full of regret at having brought about the incident, thought to divert the king by testing his own fate. He therefore likewise shut his eyes and opened the volume, and the passage he struck commenced with the words "Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come," which proved a true prophecy of his destiny. Charles, indeed, was stalked by omens all his life. Vandyke painted his head in three attitudes, viz., profile, three-quarter, and full face, and the paintings were given to Bernini to take a cast from. The moment the famous sculptor looked at the portraits he remarked he was sure the original would meet with a tragic ending. When the mould was finished it was brought to England and taken to Chelsea, where Charles went to see it. While he was looking at it, a hawk with a partridge in its beak flew overhead, and some blood dropped on to the cast and trickled in a very suggestive fashion down its neck. The incident sent a cold shiver of apprehension down the backs of all who witnessed it, and years later, when the king so tragically terminated his career at Whitehall, it was recalled vividly.

That the ghost of George III should walk is not surprising, as it is not at all an uncommon thing for the spirits of those who have died insane to remain earth-bound. I have come across many cases in my investigations, and if all reports are true, George, in his saner moments, had a very shrewd idea that such might be his fate. I have also been told by a lady, whose memoirs I

published some years ago, that Windsor possesses other occult phenomena as well, and that sighs and all kinds of queer and wholly unaccountable noises were heard by her, when she was painting one of the royal portraits there, and that the atmosphere of certain parts of the castle was absolutely impregnated with the superphysical. This being so, one can very easily surmise that the present Royal Family are not without their share of psychic visitations—let us devoutly hope they have not the faculty for perceiving them.

## THE VISION

By C. L. RYLEY

INTO what far, dim mystery withdrawn  
 The Holy Graal long since was caught away;  
 No man there breathes so hardy as to say  
 He knoweth, or to tell when day shall dawn  
 With heavenly radiance upon lea and lawn,  
 Again the long lost Hallow to display.  
 That Vision blest for which the hermits pray,  
 And kings might give their very life in pawn.

Yet in dark thickets of the heart of man,  
 Peopled with forms and phantoms of the night,  
 A sudden glory of eternity  
 Smites into stone those beings under ban;  
 And through the wilderness amid that light  
 The wondrous pageant of the Graal goes by.



# UNDERCURRENTS

BY GERALD ARUNDEL

WE live in a dual world, and so receive two sets of impressions throughout life ; the one set belongs to the ordinary and phenomenal, the other to the extraordinary and occult. Beneath all worldly affairs, all everyday thoughts and passions, there is an undercurrent of things, to which we are indebted for some of our most edifying and instructive experiences, but which is never apprehended by persons that are essentially mediocre. It may be called an echo of the life within life, the undertone in the wild melodies of Time, the pulsation of the very heart of Nature.

There are other undercurrents in life, which are not by any means so transcendently important. There are those undercurrents of circumstance and of character, from the contemplation and analysis of which the thoughtful person gets a peculiar pleasure. There are those undercurrents of ideas which, though having but slight connexion with occultism, bear the mind into obscure regions of metaphysics, and reveal curious analogies and interesting contrasts both in human nature and in the superficial aspect of things in general. The recognition and consideration of all these are extremely useful to the artist, as also to the investigating philosopher. They are useful to the artist, for they give to his works the romance that is inseparable from nature. They are useful to the investigating philosopher, for they enable him to see every side of a question in ethics, or in sociology, or in legislation, or in any other of the related sciences.

In every life and character, even the most commonplace, there are numberless intricacies and complications, not at all obvious, caused by a chaos of accurate laws. Even the man who cannot understand and appreciate such a statement, has within him and around him these inexplicable worlds of complex forces. He is mysteriously yet naturally connected with millions of other human entities, and with events, incidents, accidents and circumstances of which he is altogether ignorant. Simple Simon though he may be, he has behind him a background that is unspeakably vast, poetical and sublime.

The due appreciation of these undercurrents of life and character is indispensable to one who would thoroughly understand individual persons and the world in general. Hence, the writer

who is impervious to their influences cannot possibly be a first-class dramatist or novelist. He may succeed when dealing with types, but he fails when attempting to create specific human creatures. The greatest dramatist known to Fame is always conscious of the undercurrents of affairs and of character. There is a sort of obscure background behind the deeds and words of each of his heroes and heroines—a sort of mental scenery behind the visible scenery. Even in Horatio, one of the most clear-cut and most normal of all the characters of fiction, we see indications of special undercurrents of temperament and of circumstance belonging exclusively to this particular man. The method of the dramatist is like the method of Nature—exuberant yet correct, simple in complexity and complex in simplicity, often obvious to the eye of a clown, and yet suggestive beyond the demonstrations of a sage.

Now, if the ordinary undercurrents of life are so important, how precious are the deeper undercurrents—those that are particularly psychical in their origin and their influences! They are of a higher order, and more closely connected with the Beyond. Eluding scientific analysis and all the guesses and researches of systematic inquirers, they reveal something of the deeper self, and give glimpses of the noumena behind the symbols of Nature.

A famous writer says: "Some things are opposed to reason, whereas others are above reason." The ordinary scientist is not aware of this, and so he puts all inexplicable phenomena into one narrow category. But he who has depth of soul as well as intellectual clearness and comprehension, however iconoclastic he may be so far as current orthodoxy is concerned, sees and feels that psychics is above physics, not opposed to it—he knows that unspeakable suggestion is very often far more convincing than exact demonstration that the deeper experiences of the ego are an irrefragable proof of the truths of the higher spiritualism. In vain does Haeckel expend his energies in trying to prove that "the riddle of the universe" is in itself a negation of transcendental psychics. In vain does Huxley smile half-contemptuously at the best convictions of Russel Wallace. In vain does Ingersoll, mingling clearest wisdom with midnight darkness, attempt to show that all spiritualistic doctrines are on a par with the "mistakes of Moses," with the old belief in witchcraft, with the outworn creeds and dogmas of pope and pastor. Notwithstanding all their learning, talent and conscientiousness, such men never recognize that what we call Super-Nature is the real Nature, and what we call Nature is the Sub-Nature. They

look upon all spiritualism as antiscientific, whereas there is not a single primary truth of recognized science that does not suggest spiritualism.

Let us recall a few of those undercurrents of experience which belong to the history of psychics. At times, especially when we are in the midst of much action and confusion, there is a sudden pause—a sudden spell of silence. The affairs of our immediate surroundings seem to come to a standstill, and so also do the affairs of the outside world. If the ticking of the clock is heard, it serves but to make the stillness and silence more impressive. Instead of breaking the seal of silence, to use the metaphor of Longfellow, it gives to silence the gift of expression. Silence is no longer merely the absence of sound; it has suddenly become an independent power, with a subtle and insistent tongue capable of half revealing marvellous secrets. In such a moment, we feel the presence of the others.—The others!—But who are they? The others—they are the beings whom we knew and loved long ago—long, long ago, whom we saw from day to day, but whom we have never seen since our birth—perhaps for centuries, for ages. The others—they are those with whom we had so many thrilling adventures in far-away places. And now they are here beside us, each of them distinct in character, yet vague, invisible, intangible. They are here, and have brought with them a world of dim memories from those stirring times. Presently an incongruous sound from the normal world—the crude voice of some shallow person in the same room, or the creak of a chair, or the rattle of a cart-wheel, or the snappish bark of a dog, breaks the spell—and the others are gone. Once more earth is earth, time is time, men and women are men and women.

There are many deeply interesting experiences resembling this, among which is the memory of some special individual person whom we knew in a bygone life, with whom a particular scene, or even a particular name, is associated. I had an acquaintance whom I always thought of as bearing the name—Eric, so much did he remind me of an Eric with whom I had been familiar many generations aback. That first Eric was a lad, afterwards a young man, of very uncommon mind and heart—one of those human rarities of whom Hartley Coleridge may be taken as a type, and whose life was, in the end, as obscurely tragical and as tragically obscure as that of Bramwell Brontë. "I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite wit, of most excellent fancy"; and if I should meet him in the street this day, I should recognize

him and call him by his name. I remember the scenes of his early days as vividly as if I had seen them a fortnight ago. I remember his wonderful eyes, his peculiar smile and almost boisterous laughter. I remember his quaint sayings, his sudden humorous moods, his occasional strange melancholy, his wealth of original fancy, his keen and startling wit. But though I have the liveliest remembrance of him, I have never felt his presence as I have felt the presence of many another being of the past.

Then, there is the recognition of places seen for the first time with our present physical eyes. Once, when in a certain part of South America, I could not help starting in amazement and asking myself at what particular time I had known this scene. The fair, uneven common, half-surrounded by low wooden houses sweetly embedded amid a profusion of shades, the great mountains in the background, a certain sense of sadness and solitude in the very heyday of a rich summer's noontide—I recognized them at once, and a dozen minute touches of nature here and there. Likewise, when, in another part, I saw the huge beetling rocks rising high above the reckless, foaming waves that sent forth voices of deep-toned thunder from mysterious caverns, when, turning towards the land, I saw fragments of a town or village far-away on the hill-side, and, in another direction, the queer little port with its buildings of antique construction and its motley group of human figures—when I felt and inhaled all the atmosphere of the scene. I could not but be conscious that these things had once been very familiar to me.

Never, since my birth, have I been in any part of Egypt; indeed I have never been near any part of the coasts of Africa. And yet, in another sense, I have lingered long in the palaces of the Pharaohs and have gazed upon all their mighty works—I have sat on an ancient throne, and have lived the most exciting adventures in court and camp and forest. Nay, I have been in a city compared with which all the historical cities of Egypt are modern, the ruins of which are yet undiscovered, the name of which has long been lost. I can describe many of its places, and the physiognomies and characters of several of its inhabitants. Such experiences I have had, not in imaginative reveries, not in visions of the night, but in my calmest and clearest moments, having my wits about me, and not altogether unconscious of the twentieth century and western civilization.

Now, what do such memories mean? I can conscientiously declare that I have carefully considered all the explanations of those thinkers who are opposed to the higher psychics, and that

not one has convinced me. This is their most cogent argument : certain parts of the cerebral organism retain deep hereditary impressions, and, just as a child inherits particular traits and bodily weaknesses and capacities, he can inherit fragments of memories, and also a disposition to attach peculiar importance to them. Therefore, when a spiritualist remembers some past event, it is simply that an hereditary impression is active in his brain. When he remembers having lived in Egypt, for instance, it is proof positive that one of his remote ancestors lived in Egypt, an ancestor from whom he has inherited certain mnemonic impressions, and those impressions were caused by the Egyptian experiences of his far ancient progenitor.

This argument can be easily overthrown. Admitting that a person can inherit mnemonic impressions, it has yet to be proved that he can inherit the clear and accurate and lively remembrance of a particular event or incident, with every detail in its proper place. An objection may be raised against the assumption that the details are all correct ; but still, the clearness and deep reality of the memory refute opposition. Dis-jointed fragments of memories, floating like dim, vague clouds across the horizon of the mind, may, for the sake of argument, be granted. But a real, coherent, determinate, lifelike remembrance is altogether a different matter, and cannot be explained away by a reference to heredity. Even more difficult would it be to account for the intense conviction of personal experience which causes the person to state that he remembers the event or incident. This experience is above all argument ; and it would be just as easy to convince me that I do not exist as to convince me that I myself never had the experience which I myself remember that I had. The objector is here brought to a standstill, for he cannot take a single step in advance without entering the regions of pure spiritualism<sup>1</sup>; so true it is that too far east is west.

The sudden nearness of a past event is another undercurrent of life having a connexion with psychics. At times, whether we happen to be in a very thoughtful mood or not, we feel and see and know that a particular event, long past, is here and now, that we are in the midst of it, the intervening years having been swept away by some occult force. There is a sweetness in such experiences which cannot be expressed in human language, which cannot be suggested by musical sounds, by the skill of painter or of sculptor, a sweetness which would be defiled and well-nigh destroyed by the very attempt at expression. In 1910 I saw the funeral of a distinguished English writer who died in 1859 ;

and I have seen a fragment of the French Revolution with all its colour, animation and reality. Of course, the first experience does not prove that I was in London in 1859, nor the other that I was in Paris in the days of Robespierre and Danton; for these and all other similar experiences are not memories; they are distinct mental and visual impressions accompanied by much psychic feeling.

An undercurrent of life that is even more significant, is the apprehension of a future event. Some particular fragment of Time, not yet made common property by the law of progression, is suddenly given to our individual consciousness. We see a page of the Future, so to speak. It is not a mere presentiment; it is something superior to insight and intuition. The mind sees and feels and knows that some special event, which people do not suspect, will certainly take place within a given time. It appears quite natural that it should take place, and natural also that we should know it beforehand. We find ourselves on a very high plane of being; we interpret the silence behind the sound, and recognize golden meanings in darkest destinies. Somewhat in harmony with the great Unspeakable amid the various scenes of life, we listen to what Wordsworth calls—

The still, sad music of humanity.

But our pensiveness is dominated by a feeling of supreme elevation and command, like the glorification, the beatification of the ego.

These inward adventures may be explained by reference to that theory of the rhythm of events and circumstances to which various writers have alluded, and also by reference to a theory which may be called the theory of the belts of thought, the full explanation of which would necessitate much lengthy argument. As there are zones and seasons in the physical world, so also there are zones and seasons—vicissitudes of states and conditions, in the mental world. If the laws of mind were as demonstrable as the laws of electricity, light and sound, a vision of a past event or a startlingly prophetic dream would appear no more marvellous than a mirage in the desert or the phosphorescent phenomenon in a tropical sea. As the sailor in mid-ocean sees an English landscape in the sky, or the complete likeness of a ship upside-down, so the spiritualist in a peculiar phase of mental being sees intangible entities and other things that cannot be seen by one who is not in that particular condition of mind and feeling—the ego can suddenly become conscious of some far

event, either past or future, and, by its subtle power, can compel the eye to see it, either as it is actually fixed by Destiny, or twisted awry, as it were, by cross-currents or counter-currents of thought.

These theories are sound, deep, far-reaching. They show that essential abnormality is a scientific impossibility, that in the regions of thought and feeling, as in those of physical nature, there is wonderful method in wildest medley, there are regulating centres in rudest eccentricity.

Then again, at intervals, we seem to be on the verge of a startling solution—we are about to do with a thought what Archimedes would have done with a lever—we are about to solve the great mystery. Perhaps some trifling incident has just occurred, an incident which, however, through the association of ideas and other laws of our inward being, causes us to reflect, boldly, calmly and clearly, on a large variety of subjects. The laws of sequence, even the most obscure, seem to become plain and simple. We feel that, if we only put ourselves to the task, we should explain the wherefore of matter, the meanings of necessity, the alpha and omega of mind. We are about to solve it at last—the problem of problems. Only one more thought is necessary, and we feel that, if we reach it, the great work would be done. We are near to it—very near to it;—we have nearly got it at last, when—the whole experience passes, and the supreme opportunity is gone! I suspect that when the indispensable thought shall come—in the very moment that my mind shall grasp it—my heart will cease to beat. Then my friends will say, “He is dead,” and I shall think and feel, “I am fully awake at last!” In other words, the experience is simply a foretaste of the change commonly called death.

The undercurrents of life associated with an overpowering sadness are also extremely important. Those associated with certain apparitions and with certain dreams may be called super-psychic communications. The adequate relation of them would fill a library of no inconsiderable size, and replete with inexpressible meaning are many of the stories. These too we must leave for some other occasion. Not less significant are some of those experiences which seem to throw much light on the wonderful subject of Gonochovisism, or the theory of the existence of the bi-sexual race who, according to Indian and Greek traditions, preceded the race of man. We must reserve them for some other time, remarking, however, that the arguments that can reasonably be based on them are an excellent explanation of all sexual abnormalities, mental and physical, all those peculi-

arities of feeling, disposition and capability, which are deviations from what is considered the normal standard.

I will mention one other undercurrent connected with psychics, that which may be called the rarest, since perhaps but one person in twenty million has had experience of it, and since it has never been noticed by a single psychologist. Fortunately I myself can give a personal account in this connexion. One night, after much thought on the original birth of the ego, I tried to surprise myself falling asleep, but I could not sleep. Suddenly I felt that I was being born—for so I must necessarily express myself. It was not a dream, not a far-fetched reverie, not the consequence of a sickly nervous condition. My thoughts were clear enough; my pulse was in its normal state, but yet I felt that I was being born. If any one had asked me, "Where are you now?" I should have answered, "In my bed, and yet not there at all." If he asked, "How do you feel?" I should have answered, "It is somewhat unpleasant, but I know that I shall soon be free." If he had asked, "What are you doing?" I should have answered, "I am being born." I was casting off a clammy wrappage, and I knew that with success would come a heavenly freedom, the supreme bliss for which loftiest spirits have no name. I was impatient to liberate myself, and should have succeeded, if a sudden train of new thoughts had not come to me and put an end to the experience. Here again, I believe that had I succeeded, my friends would have enveloped the wrappage in a shroud and put it in a coffin, while I, standing outside of Time, should have felt gloriously free, and should have pitied them in their earthy delusion.

The meaning of all such undercurrents of life hardly needs any further observations. They are strong proofs of the reality of the higher spiritualism, and, in answer to those who question the wisdom of the statement, I say, in the language of Shakespeare—

Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.

For much knowledge of human capacities and human destiny, we shall be indebted to psychic science; but it seems none the less certain that we shall never succeed in learning all that there is to be learnt. Beyond the circles connected with finite existence there are the circles of infinity, and of those we can have only suggestions.

The shadowiness of sublunary things would be unmeaning if there were no Eternal Realities behind the ever-shifting scene, no insistent glimpses of bright and immutable Verities amid the



sad changes of mortality. "When I was in Padua," says Samuel Rogers, "I once stood contemplating a picture of the Last Supper in the refectory of a convent. 'You admire that picture,' said an old Dominican to me, 'I have sat at my meals before it these seven and forty years, and such are the changes that have taken place among us—so many have come and gone in that time—that, when I look upon the company there—upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are—I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are shadows.'"

The old Dominican was perfectly right and perfectly wrong. Man, as he appears, is a shadow; the substance that casts the shadow is individual spirit or central consciousness, for shadow without substance is unimaginable, and a race of sentient beings without individual spirit or central consciousness, is an impossibility. He who lives on the mere husks of life deals only with fleeting shadows, whereas he who tries to reach the kernel lives near to the Eternal Substances. The shadow passes: the substance continues for ever.

# THE WHITE LADY AT CARLSRUHE

BY ARCHIBALD McDIARMID

IN view of the interest taken in the White Lady of the Hohenzollern, readers of this REVIEW may like to learn what one whose family was formerly closely associated with the Court of Baden has to say on the subject. For private reasons, a pseudonym is used, but the details given are strictly authentic, and the real names of those concerned are known to the editor.

In the thirties, the grandfather of the present writer took his family abroad. In those days Carlsruhe society was brilliant and international, for the capital of Baden had its resident diplomatic representatives, which is now no longer the case. The writer's grandfather, whom we will call Mr. K——, possessing a family of daughters fond of society and dancing, wished to rent a house large enough for balls and theatricals. This was not easy to find at Carlsruhe. A certain palace, standing opposite the present *Schloss*, and which appears to have been bombarded in the recent raid, was uninhabited. It was called the *Markgräfliche Palais*, and belonged to the younger sons of the House of Baden, who did not require it as a residence. Mr. K—— offered to rent it. This met with much opposition. Such a thing was unheard of, but he argued that it was much better for the premises not to be left empty. Finally, his representations prevailed, and soon the old walls re-echoed with the laughter and merriment of a host of young people. Acting was a favourite amusement, one room being set apart as a theatre.

The youngest of Mr. K——'s daughters, the present writer's mother, of particularly bright and winning disposition, was a leader in all the gaiety. Coming of one of the most ancient Scottish families, it was not surprising that she had the gift of second sight. She did not seek to cultivate it, seldom referred to it, and when anything out of the common happened to her, took it simply and naturally. Later in life Sir David Brewster said of her, that she would make a most excellent medium. It may be remarked, by the way, that her character was one of singular loveliness and purity, and though living in the world, all that was evil seemed non-existent for her.

One night, she had gone to bed and was thinking with pleasure of a fête about to take place, one feature of which was to be a

play of which the dress rehearsal was to be held on the morrow. Suddenly, she heard a threatening voice say: "It shall not take place. I shall prevent it." Starting up, she lighted a candle, and saw a grey woman of sinister aspect lifting a warning finger. The figure made for the adjacent room, occupied by Mrs. K——, and vanished. The young girl felt frightened, and seizing the candlestick with a trembling hand, went into her mother's room, only to be informed that no one had entered.

She had a twin-sister, afterwards married to the chamberlain of the Grand Duke of Baden. This sister was not in the habit of having unusual experiences, but next morning, on appearing at breakfast, she related that she had had a curious dream. She had dreamed that young Countess U——, the bride of a foreign diplomatist, had told her that she was going to a far country, where she would not want her elaborate *trousseau*, and that the sisters would receive part of it. This was related as a joke to Countess U——, on her arriving for the rehearsal. Laughing heartily, she answered, "I shall take good care that that does not happen. I want all my pretty things myself."

A few days later, on the morning of the one appointed for the fête, a message came to the Palace to say that she was dead. Gossip put this down to tight-lacing, she had a beautiful figure. Whatever the cause may have been, a sudden fainting fit, from which it proved impossible to resuscitate her, ended her young life. She was only nineteen. Of course, the fête did not take place. Not long afterwards, her French maid came to the Palace to ask if the young Scotch ladies would buy some of the beautiful lace, gloves, and dainty shoes, which had formed part of her late mistress's lavish *trousseau*. Her master, overwhelmed with grief, had made her a present of everything, but as she was going home to France, she could not afford to pay duty on so many new things. She had been round the town to sell them, but the German ladies' hands and feet were too large, whilst those of Mr. K——'s daughters were so small, like those of her late mistress. Purchases were made to help her out of her difficulties, and thus the dream concerning them was fulfilled.

Many appearances of the *Ahn frau*, as the White Lady was frequently called, have been related. She is said to have been seen kneeling by the dying bed of the Margravine Amelia of Baden, the beautiful blind Princess, mother of the wife of Alexander I of Russia and of other well-known royal personages. This happened at the Palace at Bruchsal, once the residence in succession of two Prince Bishops. Several visits of the White Lady are sup-

posed to have been made at different times to the ugly, many windowed Palace of Mannheim, but it is difficult to authenticate them! On one occasion she was undoubtedly impersonated, though this points to her occasional appearance being recognized, or the *ruse* would not have suggested itself.

A young Princess inclined to stoutness was not allowed to satisfy her very hearty appetite. Dismay reigned in the Palace at reports of the *Ahn frau* having been encountered more than once in the long, dimly lighted corridors. The solution was that the Princess met her *fiancé* surreptitiously in remote corners, and whilst he supplied her with cakes, bonbons, and other delicacies to make up for the meagre fare she was allowed, a friendly lady-in-waiting assumed the rôle of the White Lady to keep off intruders. That may therefore be accepted as a fictitious appearance of the *Ahn frau*.

It is more difficult to get at the truth concerning other appearances attributed to her during the period when Stephanie Beauharnais reigned as Grand Duchess in the Mannheim Palace. There was rivalry between the older and younger lines of the House of Baden. Grand Duchess Stephanie's husband of the older line died at a comparatively early age, of what some held to be heart disease and dropsy, whilst others attributed it to poisoning, administered with a view to establishing the present succession. How his two infant sons died is an impenetrable mystery. Previous to their deaths the White Lady was seen; whether the manifestation was genuine in either or both cases can never be known. Equally trustworthy people have held diametrically opposite opinions on the subject. It is averred that the late Grand Duke Frederick believed in foul play, and, being a just man, was the less grieved that his son's, the present Grand Duke's, marriage proved childless.

Margrave Karl Friederich of Baden, the father of Grand Duke Karl, contracted a second marriage in his old age with a Fräulein von Geiersberg, afterwards raised to the rank of Countess Hochberg. She was said to be an intriguing woman, bent on her sons receiving Grand Ducal rank, and being given the right to succeed to the throne of Baden. This took place in due course. To forward her schemes by the extinction of the older line, Countess Hochberg was credited with impersonating the White Lady, at the demise, or in one case the apparent demise, of Grand Duchess Stephanie's sons. The one child died undoubtedly after the *Ahn frau* had been seen, though whether of a natural death or not is not established. The other was believed by many to have been

exchanged by Countess Hochberg, disguised as the White Lady, for the dead baby of a peasant woman, and Grand Duchess Stephanie was always prevented from approaching sufficiently near to identify the corpse. The Grand Duchess herself believed that an exchange had been made, and that her little son had been kidnapped. So firmly did she hold to this belief, that in later years she felt assured that Kaspar Hauser was her child. This was a youth whose mysterious appearance at the gates of Nuremberg, and faltering account of having been reared in some underground abode, roused great interest as to his origin. So great was the Grand Duchess's desire to behold him, that she besought the late diplomatist, Lord Augustus Loftus, to arrange an interview. But just as it was to have taken place, Kaspar Hauser, being left momentarily unguarded, was assassinated by some person unknown. If the *Ahn frau* was impersonated to encompass the ambitious Countess's ends, it only shows that her appearing was held to be a certain harbinger of death.

The present writer, after much comparing of evidence and personally visiting the Mannheim Palace to question those grown grey in the service of Grand Duchess Stephanie, has felt unable to come to a definite conclusion concerning this strange history, and can only guarantee the genuineness of the appearance of the White Lady at the *Markgräfliche Palais* at Karlsruhe, as related at the beginning of this paper.

## WEST COUNTRY SUPERSTITIONS

BY R. B. SPAN

IN the *Contemporary Review* for October, Mr. J. G. de Montmorency gives an account of the "Witches of Exmoor," and shows how superstition is rife, even to-day, in that wild and beautiful country. The West Country has always been noted for its strange superstitions, and not least for the belief in the power of witchcraft, handed down through untold generations. Not only on Exmoor (which is partly in Somerset), but in all parts of Devon and Cornwall do the ancient beliefs in witches, and ghosts, fairies and all kinds of native spirits still exist. Perhaps it is because the sophistry of a more or less artificial civilization has failed to penetrate to the more remote country regions, and kill the primitive and natural instincts of humanity. Most of these beliefs and superstitions have a solid foundation in fact and in occurrences of ancient and modern ages. There has always been good and sufficient reason for the widespread belief in ghosts, simply because ghosts have always existed, and will continue to do so as long as the human race inhabits this planet. There is no doubt an equally good reason for the belief in fairies, though they no longer manifest their presence as in the past ages; but even to-day there have been one or two instances of their having been seen in Ireland.

The beliefs of the West Country are, however, different to those of the Irish, having none of the poetry and romance of the Emerald Isle. They are quaint and matter-of-fact. "White witches" (or "wise" men and women) were common in Devon, and in some of the villages are still consulted. A few years ago there was a notable "White Witch" at Tiverton, named Snow, who did a great business, principally in curing ailments by charms. As one instance of his proficiency I will give the following instance, the facts with regard to which are well known in this neighbourhood. A farmer in a large way of business was out in a storm one night and caught a severe chill which settled on his chest, and in time he became a complete wreck and drew his breath with much difficulty. Being a man of comparative wealth, the best doctors were consulted, but without any benefit, and his life was despaired of. Then some one suggested "Old Snow," and as a last resort the

well-known "wise man" was brought in. The result was marvellous. In a few hours he began to mend and in a week became quite well, and more robust and hearty than he had ever been before. What the wise man gave him or the manner of the charm he used was never revealed. The farmer certainly looked—when last seen—as if he had many years of healthy life before him.

A well-known White Witch in Devon was old Marianne Vooden, of Bratton, who lived in an old half ruined house on the outskirts of the village. In the stormy winter of 1893-94 the roof fell in and carried down the flooring of the upper storey, and her only means of egress and ingress was through the window, and when the rain poured in at the broken panes she used to take refuge in an old oak chest, keeping the lid up with a brick. She had been handsome at one time with her finely cut aquiline features and piercing dark eyes. She usually wore a red kerchief about her head and an old scarlet petticoat, and was indescribably dirty. She had an elaborate book of charms and recitations to be used for the healing of all kinds of diseases and injuries. Some of her charms might appear irreverent, and even blasphemous, were it not for her evident earnestness and sincerity.

For instance, to staunch blood (in wounds, etc.) it was necessary to recite the following: "Jesus was born in Bethlehem, baptized in the river of Jordan. The water was wide and the river was rude against the Holy Child. And He smote it with a rod and it stood still—and so shall your blood stand still, in the Name, etc."

Her cure for whooping cough was to cut the hair off the cross on a donkey's back, fasten it in silk bags, and tie these around children's necks. An infallible (but unpleasant) remedy for fits was to swallow a dose of pounded wood-lice.

Nearly all her charm recitations referred to Jesus Christ and ended by invoking the Name and aid of the Holy Trinity, and each recitation had to be repeated thrice. Marianne had the power of staunching blood even at a distance. On one occasion some men were cutting hay on a farm at Kelley about eight miles distant, and one of them cut himself very badly, so that the blood flowed in streams. The farmer at once directed one of the men to dip a kerchief in his blood and gallop to Marianne's tumble-down cottage, and ask her to stop the bleeding by blessing the kerchief. The man was gone two hours. As soon as Marianne charmed the kerchief the flow of blood at once

ceased and the injured man suffered but little inconvenience from the wound thereafter.

The rector's son on one occasion called on the old woman, and she brought out a glass of poppy wine she had made for him—thick and dirty. "I am almost a teetotaller," said he, "and so can do no more than just sip this to your health and happiness," and put the glass to his lips. "Ah! Mr. Edward, dear," she said, "I've offered this glass of wine to some, and they, so proud and haughty, they wouldn't tich it; but you'm no so—and now my blessing shall be wi' ye night and day and gude fortune shall ever attend ye—that I promise."

About fifty years ago it was not uncommon to meet the village postman walking with one hand extended holding a handkerchief which had been sent to the White Witch to be blessed. It was important that it should touch no one till it reached her.

A certain farmer—described as "a God-fearing and sensible man and very prosperous"—used to staunch wounds, and cure sprains, abscesses, etc., by striking the place lightly and reciting certain mystical sentences.

A writer in *Devon Notes and Queries*, October, 1906, describes how a large surface wound on one of his arms (which had been broken) was healed by a "wise man" in Exeter after several months' futile treatment by doctors and chemists. This "healer" was the "seventh son of a seventh son" and possessed psychic gifts. He was a country carrier between Exeter and Moretonhampstead. He examined the patient's arm as he stood by his cart, said something over the wound, and gave him a small velvet amulet. The wound was very soon healed and never troubled him again.

One old woman, who *professed* to be a White Witch and a God-fearing woman, was notable for the numbers of presents she received from farms and cottages, on which she subsisted quite luxuriously—in fact lived on the "fat of the land." The method by which she evoked such generosity was peculiar. Relying on the fear which she generally inspired as a wielder of magical powers, it was her custom to hint to people who had well-stocked farms and larders that things might not go well with them if they did not share the best of their produce, etc., with her; and sometimes she would meet a child coming from school, and fixing her mesmeric eye on it, would say: "My dear, I knawed a child jist like you—same age, red rosy cheeks, and curling hair—full of life and laughter, but that child shrivelled



up—the cheeks grew white, the hair went out of curl—and—she—died!” Before the day was spent, a basket of eggs, a pound of butter, or a plump chicken came from the child’s mother as a propitiatory offering.

The true “White Witch” is consulted not for ailments only, but in love affairs to a large extent, and also in the discovery of who has cast the “evil eye,” and caused illness, or loss of property, or sickness amongst farm stock, and other misfortunes. The mode of procedure was described in the *Letters of Nathan Hogg* in 1847—chiefly the methods of White Witch Tucker in Exeter.

With regard to the herbs used by white witches, what Jesus the son of Sirach said centuries ago, is still true, viz. : “The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them ; by such doth he heal men and taketh away their pains.”

A notable trial for witchcraft occurred at Exeter Castle on August 14, 1682, when three old women (one being over 80) were found guilty and executed ten days later. The chief evidence against them was of causing grievous bodily harm to many women, bringing about the deaths of five persons, bewitching cows so that they would not yield their milk, and raising storms which wrecked vessels. It was stated as a proof of their diabolical natures that they could only say the Lord’s Prayer backwards. One of them, Mary Trembles, confessed that she was able to travel invisibly, and the other two admitted to magical practices—and later they were induced to confess that they had caused deaths by their black art. On the scaffold, however, they denied everything that they had previously admitted.—*The Tryal and Execution of Three Witches at Exeter*. London, 1682.

In Cornwall witchcraft was more prevalent than in Devon—or in fact any part of England. The powers of the sorcerer were passed on from father to son through a long succession of generations. There are many families—the descendants from the ancient Cornish people—who are even yet supposed to possess weird powers of one kind or another. Several families which have become extinct are reputed by tradition to have had dealings with evil spirits, and some to have made compacts with Satan himself. The most famous dealer in Black Magic was a woman known as the Witch of Fraddam. There is a curious legend concerning her and the Lord of Pengerswick, who was also conversant with magical practices—but he was more a

white magician than a black one, though his deeds were often fearsome. This Lord of Pengerswick came from some eastern clime, bringing with him a foreign lady of great beauty. No one beyond the selected servants was allowed within the walls of Pengerswick Castle; and they, it is said, were bound by magic spells. No one dared tell of anything of what happened there, consequently all was conjecture amongst the neighbouring villages. Certain it was that Pengerswick would shut himself up for days at a time in his chamber burning strange mixtures which sent forth strong odours from the windows of the lofty tower. Lady Pengerswick was never seen beyond the castle grounds, and evidently led a very lonely life. Many are the strange legends connected with Pengerswick Castle—of which to-day only a small tower remains to mark the site of a once famous fortified place. In the time of Henry VIII a man who had committed great crimes lived there, but long previous to that period the place was noted for its wickedness.

When Pengerswick, the magician, took up his abode there, the Witch of Fraddam was in the zenith of her power and was doing much harm in Cornwall, so he set himself to thwart her evil designs, and the result was a bitter feud, lasting several years, between the two—each trying to destroy the other by magic. In the end Pengerswick came off the victor, and he was the only person who ever had complete power over the famous witch. It was said that the devil felt sure of securing the soul of the Witch of Fraddam, but was by no means certain of Pengerswick, as the sorcery he had learnt in the East was so potent that even Lucifer feared him. Where the Lord of Pengerswick came from no one knew. He arrived one day from some Eastern country with his lady and three dark-skinned servants, who never spoke except in a foreign tongue. They brought piles of costly things and a number of magnificent Arabian horses. Having gold in abundance he entirely renovated the castle and fitted it up in the most luxurious style, besides adding many rooms and two towers. Long did this strange pair inhabit the lonely castle, and though the Lord of Pengerswick rode very frequently in the adjacent country on a splendid horse of great value, none of the neighbouring gentry ever made his acquaintance. He was feared by all, and yet they respected him for many of the good deeds he performed.

Eventually he disappeared from Cornwall in the same sudden way in which he arrived, leaving the castle and its rich furnishings shut up. Some time later the castle was seen to be on fire, and

St. Michael's Mount was illuminated in a remarkable manner. The interior of the castle was entirely destroyed ; not a vestige of furniture, books or anything belonging to the " Enchanter " could be found. The inhabitants of Market-Jew crowded to the fire, but were powerless to stop the progress of the flames. Some of the witnesses declared that when the flames were at their highest, they saw two men and a lady floating in the midst of the fire, and that they ascended from amidst the falling walls and passed quickly out of sight. The Witch of Fraddam, whom Pengerswick subdued and destroyed, haunted the neighbourhood for long after her death, and was seen (it is stated) by fishermen floating in a boat shaped like a coffin on the sea below Pengerswick, where her appearance generally indicated a storm.

Cornish miners declare that they sometimes see little imps, or demons, underground, and that their appearance is a good sign, showing that a lode of some value is near by. One miner stated that he had on two occasions seen them when he came to work, sitting on pieces of timber, or tumbling about in curious attitudes. Another indication of the proximity of tin lodes is a curious rapping noise known as the " knockers," and it is said in Cornwall that wherever there is a lode of tin you are sure to hear strange noises. As an instance of this, some people had taken up their abode in a newly built house in a mining district. From the first night strange noises were heard which they could not explain. Rappings were heard on the doors and walls, and at the dead of night footsteps passed to and fro in the kitchen and ground floor rooms and ascended and descended the stairs, but whenever the family tried to find out what it was, the noises ceased and no one was to be seen. There was no natural explanation of the sounds, and as the house had only just been built it could hardly have been supposed to be haunted. A mining-engineer, who was well acquainted with the miners' superstitions, said that it was probably the " knockers," as one of the levels of a large tin mine extended in that direction. Later a rich lode of tin was discovered—as far as could be judged—right under the house, but a good distance down. When the lode was found the noises ceased.

Among the mining population there is a deeply rooted belief in warnings. At Wheal Vor there has always been (and is still) a belief that any bad accident is presaged by the appearance of a white rabbit in one of the engine houses. Miners solemnly declare that they have chased these appearances till they were hemmed in with no possible way of escape

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—and yet they got away. The white rabbit on one occasion ran into a "windbore" lying on the ground, and though stopped in, the rabbit was not found. In this famous old mine there appears to be a general belief in death warnings and apparitions. One fine hale old man stated, on being relieved from his turn as watcher, that during the night a sound like the emptying of a cart of stones occurred in front of the account house he occupied and feared it was a warning. He met with his death two days later.

The fishermen and sailors have their superstitions and true tales of weird happenings. Fishermen dread those parts of the shore at night where there have been wrecks, as they say the spirits of the drowned appear to haunt the sea there, and they often hear the "calling of the dead." Some declare they have heard drowned persons hailing their own names. Years ago, one night, a gig's crew was called to go out to a small vessel to the west of St. Ives Head. Two other boats noticing the foreign-looking schooner also went out. As the first boat approached the strange vessel they could see the men on board it and distinguish details of its build. The men made ready to board her, and the bow oar standing up made a grasp at her bulwarks, but his hand met nothing solid, and he would have fallen overboard had not one of his mates seized him just in time. Then the ship and its lights disappeared. The next morning the *Neptune* of London, Captain Richard Grant, was wrecked at Gwithian (close by) and all perished. The captain's body was picked up a few days later to the west of St. Ives Head, where the spectre ship was seen, and was buried in Gwithian churchyard.

Phantom lights, which have been seen by scores of pilots and hundreds of ships, are known as the "Jack Harry Lights." They are the same as the Flying Dutchman seen off the Cape of Good Hope. These are generally seen before a gale, and if a ship is seen with them, it is like the ship which is fated to be wrecked in the gale. Sailors say: "What or how it is we can't tell, but the fact of its being seen is too certain to be doubted." One old sea captain stated that coming down the Channel one night they had a phantom ship alongside of them for miles. It was a moonlight night with a fine rain and mist. They hailed her several times but could not get an answer, and they didn't know what to think of her, when all at once ship and lights completely vanished.

At Porthcurno Cove there is a curious legend of a phantom ship which used to appear quite frequently. It was said to have

come in from the sea about nightfall when the mists were rising from the marshy ground in the bottoms, and passing through the breakers on the shore, glide up over the sands, and steadily pursue its way over the dry land as if it were water. It was described as a black, square-rigged, single-masted vessel, without any crew, unless, indeed, the ghostly sailors were battened down below. On it went to Bodelan and thence to Chywiden, where it vanished like smoke. This ship is connected with a mysterious man who, returning from sea, went to live at Chywiden, where for years he lived alone—never speaking to any one but the one servant he kept and who had come with him. He would roam about at night accompanied by a number of black dogs whose howlings used to disturb the country. When he died the servant sought the aid of two peasants to bury him, and when the corpse was laid in the grave the dogs gathered round it howling in a most uncanny fashion. As soon as earth was thrown on the coffin the story went that both servant and dogs disappeared, and at the same time a large boat which they kept in the Cove vanished.

West Country death omens are similar to those in Lancashire and Wales—

The howling of a dog three nights in succession outside a person's door or window, a raven croaking over a house, a cock crowing at midnight, and the peculiar formation of wax round a lighted candle known as the winding sheet all indicate an approaching death. It is believed that a man cannot die easy on a mattress of fowls' feathers, and that death is retarded and the dying kept in a state of suffering by having any door locked or bolted in the house. There is a strong prejudice against burying on the northern side of a church. In most churchyards in Cornwall you will notice the south side full of graves, and scarcely any on the northern side.

## 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.]

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: A REJOINDER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mrs. Eddy has not failed to discriminate between "mind and the spirit of life," if what Mr. Lovell, in your issue for October, means by "the spirit of life" is the same as that referred to by Paul when he said, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." This "spirit of life" is the Divine Mind, and Mrs. Eddy has drawn the distinction between this Mind and the carnal or mortal mind as no one before her has ever done.

The healing which results from Christian Science treatment is brought about in the same manner as that wrought by Jesus and his disciples, both being the practical application of the spiritual laws of divine Principle. Naturally it is only those who have sufficient spiritual understanding of these laws to demonstrate them who are in a position to say how the healing is done. When Mrs. Eddy says, "No intellectual proficiency is requisite in the learner" of Christian Science, does she not mean exactly what Jesus meant when he said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven?"

Jesus did not heal by the use of animal magnetism, nerve force or nerve energy, as Mr. Lovell asserts. He defined his method thus, "If I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you." It was the absolute spiritual truth which Jesus knew which enabled him to destroy the discordant conditions of error, just as a mathematician would correct a mistake in computation by his knowledge of the science of numbers. Jesus healed at a distance just as easily as at hand, and Christian Science heals though the practitioner and patient may be thousands of miles apart, which proves that nerve force or animal magnetism has nothing whatever to do with the process.

Mrs. Eddy has not made the statement in *Science and Health*, "animal magnetism has no scientific principle." What she has said is: "Animal magnetism has no scientific foundation" (*Science and Health*, page 102). Our critic says the assertion that "the human mind is not a factor in the healing work of Christian Science," is nothing but "high-sounding jargon." The carnal or human mind

is referred to in Romans as "enmity against God." Does he suppose that beneficial results can proceed from "enmity against God"? Christian Scientists heartily agree with the saying of Jesus, "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." This is precisely what they are endeavouring to do, with "signs following."

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

TALBOT HOUSE,  
ARUNDEL STREET,  
STRAND, W.C.

### SIGNOR MAJERONI.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—*Re* Querent's letter, March number, seeking information *re* the late Signor Eduardo Majeroni.

The late Signor Majeroni was settled in Sydney for some years, he arrived here 1876 or 1877 with Mme Ristori. According to the local press he made a deep impression as Essex to Ristori's Queen Elizabeth, also as Holofernes to her Judith.

He was considered particularly good as Joris Ipanoff and Armand Duval; later on he studied and appeared in English, but it was thought the English language somewhat dimmed his brilliancy.

He gave many performances in English, extending over a period of some years; he lost his voice through his illness, and therefore could only attend to the business side of his profession. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, October 21, 1891, in an article on his death, states:—"Eduardo Majeroni died (of a gradual decline) yesterday (October 20, 1891) at Victoria Street Sydney." In a notice of the funeral the same paper states the inscription on the coffin was—

EDUARDO MAJERONI,  
Died, Oct. 20, 1891.  
Ætat 51 years.

He now sleeps in the picturesque Waverley (Sydney) cemetery close to the ocean.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES M'COY CARTER.

SILVERLEIGH, HENRIETTA STREET,  
WAVERLEY, SYDNEY,  
AUSTRALIA.

### THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The ineptitude of many of the proposed solutions of Revelation xiii. 18 must have often struck you. The endeavour to find its fulfilment in varied personalities stretching from Nero to Mr. Gladstone, and now according to a letter in the *Daily Mail* (Oct. 4)

at last fulfilled in the Kaiser, though by an ingenious method which I am afraid schoolboys would call "fudging!" only seems to prove to me that the would-be solvers are on the wrong tack altogether.

Surely, Sir, no such prophecy can ever find its final fulfilment in any period, place or personality? Else, if that were so, the passage in which it occurs would become obsolete, we would tear the leaf out of our Bibles? A seer, I take it, is one who from his exalted outlook deals with principles and not with persons or incidents. A partial fulfilment, if you like the expression—which I do not—may be met with here and there. But a complete filling out of all he meant with a consequent exhaustion of his message seems to me inconceivable.

What have we here, for instance? St. John appears to put the key into our hand in the very first sentence, "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the Beast; for it is the number of a Man."

Surely, Sir, there is the answer at once. "It is the number of a Man." Why, certainly, for it is the number of all men, of all Humanity?

Let us look into it a bit more closely. There is no doubt a puzzle here, and one put intentionally. St. John wasn't going to let the clue lie on the surface, people must dig for it, however slightly. Familiar as he was, and as he assumes his readers to be, with the Kabbalistic system of interpretation known as Gematria, or the numerical valuation of the letters composing the word under consideration, he gives them in Greek letters what is equivalent to 666.

Now for a solution. Let us add the digits, making 18, adding them again we find the number 9. Now 9 is known as the number of generation: it, so to speak, generates itself, as all multiples of 9 will work out eventually to 9.

But it is not numerically generative alone. The nine months of gestation give us the clue we want.

For in nine months a mature child is produced and, regarded as a member of the genus *Homo*, we may call it a perfect animal after its kind.

So, then, 9 will stand for man viewed from his lowest, his animal standpoint, and thus in fact for his lowest nature or for what we and the poets are wont to call the "Beast in Man."

Is it not clear, then, that whereas we must all be sharers in this physical necessity, it is only when the lower nature dominates and obtains control of the Higher Self, that man can be termed a Beast? (Nursery language and schoolboy chaff of the boy who overeats himself will bear me out to the very letter!)

So, then, whenever and wherever a prominent personality exhibits this displacement of values, of controls, of masterhood, and the lower nature predominates over all the finer, nobler instincts which are latent in every one, there will "he that hath understanding" recognize



the features of the Beast, and rightly, and so far as he is himself concerned will labour with the poet to—

Move upwards, working out the Beast  
And let the Ape and Tiger die.

Yours obediently,

FOXLEASE, SOUTHBOURNE,  
HANTS.

F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

### THE RETURN OF THE CHRIST.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I often read accounts of dreams in your OCCULT REVIEW, which I always take, and venture to send you the following dream a lady I know related to me quite lately, hoping you will insert it in your magazine, and that some one will be able to interpret it. She dreamed she was in the Academy with her husband and had said to him she wished to go home, as she felt tired, but he answered, "You can't go until you have seen the wonderful picture, painted by a man who lived in the time of Christ." The picture had a legend, which was that the fish which was painted in the corner of the picture, and was said to be a real fish petrified, would come to life when Christ returned to earth. The fish had nothing to do with the rest of the picture, which was a scene in the East, with the figure of Christ standing on the sea shore in a white robe, and holding a staff. A few people had claimed to see movements in the fish, and when she went up to the picture, she also saw movements, and then doubting what she saw she went nearer, when the fish suddenly raised its head and looked at her. She felt great surprise and a curious elation, which woke her up.

This is the dream, and when relating it she still feels the same feeling of elation.

If you can find any one who can read its inner meaning it would be interesting, and I should be very grateful if you will print it for that reason.

Yours very truly,

117a EDITH ROAD,

FRANCES E. DYER.

WEST KENSINGTON,

[Surely this dream, whether we accept it or not, bears its own interpretation plain for all to see! The fish-symbol of the early Christians for their Divine Master, as well as the reason of its adoption, is familiar ground to every student.—Ed.]

### THE POWER OF PSYCHIC SYMPATHY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I had a curious dream the other night in connexion with the War, which might be of interest to your readers. I give it exactly as it occurred, without modification or writing up of any kind. It was as follows:—

"If one could only really help them!"

I seemed to be standing on the platform in the great hall of a

hospital. The room was filled with wounded soldiers. Many of them were jovial, full of spirits. Some, in spite of their pain, were making a heroic effort to appear cheerful out of compliment to the performers. A few were unable even to raise a smile. One or two, God help them, had a fixed look as though they were still living through the scenes of horror and awfulness from which they had so lately come.

God help them indeed! We, who were here merely to entertain, felt powerless to do more than that. One's desire was to share the sufferings of these splendid souls who had been through hell for our sakes, and for all we hold dear. My heart ached with impotent sympathy.

Suddenly it seemed as if the fire of this intense longing was taking shape. Surely I could distinguish a flame that surrounded me spreading and spreading, and, as it increased in extent, taking a curious blue colour. As it grew the light seemed to touch those who were nearest to the platform and, wherever it fell, a look of resignation and peace stole over the tired faces. On many the traces of pain lessened and disappeared. It was a marvellous experience, almost like a peep into the fourth dimension.

Presently I remembered that before coming to the hospital I had neglected to order certain things for my material comfort. It vexed me, for I knew that no shops would be open when I returned. Instantly the light vanished and I was standing in total darkness.

"Why is this?" I thought angrily, "why has all this happiness left me?" Far, far away a voice seemed to answer: "Your sympathy has ceased. There can be no power to help others if one selfish thought remains."

As the voice stopped speaking I bowed my head in shame, but when I raised it a glimmer of flame again surrounded me. I had remembered that a man in front of the platform had lost both his eyes!

Then I awoke, with a new hope in my heart. If sympathy be strong as this, a power is given to man to help, though he may not be fitted to fight. It was worth trying at any rate.

A bird was singing on a tree outside. Was it fancy, or did its song really fit these words:

God's in His Heaven,  
All's right with the world!

I may mention that this dream came to me after a visit to the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich.

R. C.

### "WE GET WHAT WE WANT."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW*

DEAR SIR,—In his article on "Psychism and Idealism" in the August number of the OCCULT REVIEW, Mr. J. Arthur Hill states that his deepest intuition tells him that "the true explanation of psychical phenomena is still unfound." He has his pet hypothesis which he puts thus:—"We get what we want."

Psychical phenomena, he says, occur all over the world, but the explanations thereof vary with the beliefs of the people. "We get what we want," and even the laborious and patiently amassed evidence of the S.P.R., which is admittedly impressive, may be no more than a painful and partial materialization of the strenuous desire of the investigators. Mind is the reality. It is the only thing that does anything.

Let us apply the newly-discovered hypothesis of Mr. Hill to his own conclusions. He is filled with the idea that "We get what we want." In making an analysis of various psychical phenomena his mind is obsessed with his great discovery, and consciously or unconsciously he wants to prove that even the most astounding and critically observed phenomena are nothing more than a reflex of the expectant attitude of the observers of the phenomena. He wants to make out that "we get what we want," and accordingly he tries to give an explanation of the phenomena to accord with his pet hypothesis. If the observer of a psychical phenomenon is said to get what he wants, may it not be said that Mr. Hill, sitting in judgment upon the explanation of the observer, "gets what he wants"? In fact, according to Mr. Hill there are no such things as phenomena, but our mind unconsciously cheats us by projecting itself upon the ether, and the ether and etheric influences are ever ready to help in producing the deception. Does it not happen in several instances that we do *not* get what we want, and in other instances we do not want anything, and yet the phenomena take place?

N. D. K.

### THE ANGELS AT MONS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—So far as I know the most exact of the historic parallels to the "Angels at Mons" incident has not yet been cited.

It occurred during the First Crusade, when the Christian army (following the usual fashion of Christian armies) had blundered along, and finally got into a mess in the valley of the Orontes. But although the Turks *ought* to have exterminated them, somehow they failed to do so. The following is the explanation given:—

"... But we had better allies fighting for us than Greeks; an Emir once asked, 'Who are all those men in shining white armour on white horses who always fight on your side?' 'They are legions of martyrs led by Saints George, Demetrius and Maurice,' replied the Norman. 'But whence they get their horses you must ask my chaplain.'"

The incident is from Robert of Saint Rémy and is quoted in *The Making of Western Civilization*, by C. R. L. Fletcher, published last year. The verbal exactness of the parallel is noteworthy, as is also the mention of what is evidently an old problem, that of ghostly animals.

Yours faithfully,

P. H. PALMER.

101 KING'S ROAD,  
READING.

## VISIONS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In view of the large number of pre-war professing occultists, I have left a few lines which I have had long in mind to submit to you, until now, as I considered that many could have elaborated and explained the reason of the above appearances in greater detail and more technically than myself, who simply follow such matters privately. I will venture to trouble you at last, however, and beg to state that from personal experience I have always found that all such visions as those at Mons, etc., are simply the result of thought.

When a person thinks, or even reflects thought with clearness, one of the finer types of matter—sometimes called "elemental essence"—is drawn upon and the thought takes astral form. Now for centuries hundreds of thousands of people have thought of the fights at Crecy, Agincourt, Poitiers, etc., and of the English archers and the knightly and historic charges, and in astral matter or thought such conflicts have been and are being still fought with varying vigour according to the strength of the national and individual emotion. Of course such performances are often quaint and sometimes foolish; for instance, after the renewal of the controversy as to who won Waterloo, the battle could be seen clairvoyantly being refought with the English and her 1815 Allies clearing the French off the field alternately. All so-called great happenings which live in the memories of the crowd go on in thought, and can be seen by the genuinely advanced clairvoyant and sometimes by people under the stress of strong emotions or physical weariness, like the unfortunate soldiers at Mons and La Cateau.

The mysterious individuals who are said to be helping wounded and dying soldiers are practically always quite real. Many of them are still physically alive, but leave their physical bodies for service at the "front," which is a busy and sometimes slightly dangerous occupation. Further in reference to the appearances of Christs and apparently divine beings, I hope I may say without shocking any one that an "invisible helper" can, as far as "permission" goes, assume almost any appearance he likes, if his masquerading as a Master gives him more power to help the disabled, dying or dead, though of course such a "helper" would not tell a person who had just passed over that he was actually a Master. None of the "Great Companions" from Krishna or Quetzalcoatl down to the Galilean would make it any aggressive concern of theirs if a relatively lesser brother were to work either as them or for them in the cause of humanity.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

MR. G. LOWE DICKINSON presents, in *The Hibbert Journal*, some excerpts from a pamphlet on the growth of Germany and the World-War, by Dr. F. W. Förster, professor of education at Munich and a pacifist, notwithstanding "his idealization of the moral discipline of war." It is interesting to observe how present conditions strike an enemy who regards them as the result of a conspiracy for which England is chiefly to blame, but who implores his countrymen to remember what England has given them, while he realizes on his own part that "if we were Christians there would be no war." Dr. Epstein tells us that in the nine months dating from the declaration of war Germany has conceived and begotten 4,518 war publications. The statement introduces a comprehensive survey and salient instances of the literature, being those that are "dignified and scholarly" in mode of presentation. But "such is the influence of this Demon of War" is the remark which follows an account of one production, and it might be appended practically to all, while of each writer in succession it might be said, as of one, that "hate has made him blind." A short, significant letter from Professor Bryce, of Harvard, is entitled "An American thinker on the War." Most of it has appeared in *The Morning Post* and will be remembered by some of our readers. It registers the Lusitanian incident as closing finally the writer's personal neutrality, and stigmatizes "the German Prince" as now the declared enemy of mankind. The Presidential Address delivered to the British Academy by Viscount Bryce enumerates certain facts that make the present situation novel as well as terrible. They include the immense range of the war, its "prodigious influence" upon neutral nations, the extreme changes in its methods and character, its cost in proportion even to the vastness of the armies engaged, the fervid interest taken by the body of each nation concerned, the moral issues which have been raised, and the fallacy that such a conflict would be averted by the vast interests involved. There are other notable articles, including a Quaker's apology in respect of the war. The keynote is in a single sentence: "One feels that there can be no case for Christ's sanction to war."

*The Quest* opens with an article by Dr. W. Tudor-Jones on three foremost Italian thinkers of the present day—Benedetto

Croce, Bernardo Varisco and Professor Aliotta—each well known among us by English translations. Croce stands for the reality of mind or spirit. Varisco carries his solution of great problems from the domain of ethics to that of religion, and holds that Divine Immanence in manifested things is not less certain than are things manifested or the Divine Being. Aliotta rejects Absolute Idealism and adopts a Theism “on the lines laid down in this country by Professor James Ward.” He stands therefore for an Absolute Self-Conscious Personality existent in the universe. Dr. Tudor-Jones regards Varisco as the deepest of the three and as destined to exercise profound influence on current thought. We seem within a memorable distance of that time when philosophy without God will not only have had its day but ceased to be. *The Quest* closes with another informing article, very different in kind, bearing that of Mr. C. G. Montefiore on “Jewish Apocalypses and Rabbinic Judaism.” Too technical for summary in the present place, we can note only that the Apocalyptic writings “anticipate an early coming of the Redemption, the New Order and the Messianic Age,” while those who would know the content of this literature will find all materials available in *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha*, by Dr. Charles. The body of the issue contains three papers arising out of the war. Mrs. Mona Caird writes on the rôle of brute-force, and holds that real power—good or evil—is spiritual, not physical; that society is not based on force; that the present international system is a dismal failure; and that salvation will be found only by placing brute-force—really an obedient monster—“under wise and broadly sympathetic ideas.” Miss Jessie L. Weston discusses Germany's literary debt to France, which seems confined to romance-literature, especially that of chivalry and the Graal. Finally, there is Mr. Mead's important article called “Peering Ahead in the Murk.” Its thesis, closely reasoned, is that the moral progress which is the duty of the individual must be required of the nation and that “the good future of humanity” depends chiefly or entirely upon “willing recognition” of a corporate common task.

It is with satisfaction that we welcome on its reappearance our contemporary *La Revue Spirite*, founded by Allan Kardec in 1858. We have borne testimony to its high place among European journals devoted to experimental spiritualism and psychological studies. Publication was suspended at the beginning of the war, and its restoration is signalized by an article on Divine Justice in the light of *les épreuves d'une guerre sans précédents*.

The writer is Léon Denis, well known in the psychical and occult activities of Parisian groups. It is expressed with that subdued strength, reserve and patience which have characterized our French compatriots from the beginning, and will, as we believe, maintain them to the end and the crown therein. For Léon Denis, it is in spiritualism only that we shall find a solution of the manifold problems raised by the present tragedy, and therein also consolation adequate to the national sorrow. The article will command sympathy and concurrence among readers of *THE OCCULT REVIEW*. . . . *Le Théosophe* continues to appear in the reduced form noted on a previous occasion, and has also its words of counsel and encouragement at the present crisis. It affirms that the hope of victory manifests so utterly as "an emanation" of essential Justice that the confidence so inspired is rather "a matter of faith than of reasoned conviction," though the one is not without the other, since the Allies possess the fundamental elements, or moral strength and material resources, necessary to encompass the end. As *La Revue Spirite* looks for help to Spiritualism, so does *Le Théosophe* have recourse to what it terms the logic of theosophical instruction, and to "the Great Beings who lead evolution forward."

An article on Realization in *The Kalpaka* is interesting from two standpoints—as illustrating distinctive principles of thought which apparently separate Christian Mysticism from that of Vedanta, and as exemplifying Christian doctrinal influence upon Indian religious thought. Regarding the first point, Yoga is the path, *ex hypothesi*, leading to union with the Divine; it is a path of power, and a strong will is essential therein. In Christian Mysticism the work is one of love, which is scarcely named in the article. Yet the distinction is chiefly on the surface; will is towards extirpation of things which hinder, while that desire which is offered as the key of attainment is really love at white heat. As to the second point, while not pretending that we are qualified to speak with authority on matters of Indian doctrine, we have been told that the fall of man and the legend of an earthly paradise have no place therein. But the article begins by affirming that man has indeed fallen, that Paradise has been lost and has to be regained, the path to which is through experience that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within." Here then is the Christian influence, and the question is how it is adapted to enlighten Indian teaching. The lost paradise is that state wherein God is known as the only reality. The fall of man is into his present dream-condition, wherein he is the denizen of

an illusory separated universe; return is by awakening from sleep and comes about when the soul's eye turns inward, for there God is shining, and there is the Kingdom that we seek.

Once again *The Builder* is with us, and we regret only that space fails us to review it on every occasion, for each issue deserves well at the hands of readers, Masonic or not. It appears in an enlarged form, to commemorate the fact that the National Masonic Research Society is already "the largest organized body of Masonic students in the world," having secured 10,000 members in ten months of existence. It will commemorate also the creation of a "House of Light," or Home and Library of the Society, an illustrated article on which appears in this issue. Among historical papers we note in particular one on the Charles Martel legend in Freemasonry. But that which will most concern our readers is the resolution adopted unanimously at a recent session of the Grand Lodge of Iowa and telegraphed to the President of the Republic. The last clause is this: "Resolved, that the Grand Lodge of Iowa rededicate itself to the cause of peace among nations and brotherly love among men; that it commend the President of the United States for his patient, patriotic and untiring labours in behalf of neutrality, and beseech him to do everything humanly possible to keep our Republic from being drawn into the tragedy of world-war; *but if this is impossible, we pledge ourselves as men and Masons to stand behind him whatever may befall.*" The italics are ours. The resolution was drafted by the editor of *The Builder*, Dr. Joseph Fort-Newton.

A particular interest attaches to the last *Journal of the Alchemical Society*. It contains a Presidential Address by Professor John Ferguson, LL.D., his subject being a poem of some length on "The Marrow of Alchemy," first published in London, 1654-55, under the editorship of George Starkey. The interest is of two kinds. There is the lecturer's methodical account of the poem, including occasional attempts to elucidate its meaning, and there is his consideration of certain literary problems connected with the text. They are of importance to Hermetic history, as they concern not only the real authorship of the poem but the identity of Eirenæus Philalethes, a great master of alchemy to whom Starkey refers incessantly. Professor Ferguson has given, almost unawares, a reference which may remove the mask of the Latin pseudonym.



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## REVIEWS

**AGAR HALFI, THE MYSTIC.** By Roland Filkin. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 317.  
London: William Rider and Son, Ltd. Price 6s.

THE Rev. Philip Alletson, on the verge of breakdown through overwork in the East End, seeks calmness and repose in a little country and seaside living in the West of England, but hardly has he settled down before he and his sister find themselves involved with the Master of Storton in a bewildering fog of mystery, through which, from time to time, shoot lurid gleams of a diabolic influence which threatens to overwhelm them all. Already two of their little community have mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace behind, while Constance Alletson's sensitive nature is dangerously menaced by the malign influence which seems to lie behind these sinister happenings.

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**THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.** Part II. By L. A. Bosman. London:  
The Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Road, Clapton, N.E. Pp. 111.

THIS little book forms the second part of the author's esoteric and symbolic study of the derivation of the Hebrew Alphabet—a subject which at first thought seems too abstruse for any but the grave and learned. As a matter of fact, it is treated in such a way as to interest all who have even the smallest and vaguest knowledge of such things. Each letter is taken separately, and the author's notes on the inner meaning of form and sound, and also on its astrological affinity, are of absorbing fascination. The letter *Lamed*, for instance, with its upward stroke and downward curve, corresponds to the dual sign Gemini. It is "symbolical of the uplifting force of Nature, the wing of a bird, or arm of a man," and in its higher aspect signifies "that Cosmic Wisdom which is everywhere, which links and binds, sustains and supports." It represents "the human stage beyond mind, when the inward, assimilative contraction has been uplifted and expanded, and the two made one." Again, the letter *Tzaddi*, meaning literally, fish-hook or dart, represents the Third Race of man, "during which passion, desire and feeling were definitely developed and fully manifested by means of sex," and is "a fitting symbol of the way of the occult student through the snare of Scorpio." Some of these analogies may seem a little far-fetched when thus torn

from their context, but students who read the book carefully will find in it an inherent reasonableness, while a clearing-up of some obscure points is promised in a later work. The scope of the book is far wider than might be imagined, and many subjects of far-reaching interest are touched upon. Regarding man's eternal search for Peace and Rest, Mr. Bosman remarks wisely that he does not, as a rule, truly realize what he is seeking, but thinks "that peace and rest come with cessation of motion," not discriminating between the feverish and excited activity of the lower mind and desires and the "Motion of Nature," which is "One of the Three Great Attributes of God, and never ceases." The final chapter discusses the theory that the Hebrew letters were derived direct from the Egyptian, and is as interesting as the rest of the book—which is no small praise.

E. M. M

IS IT ARMAGEDDON? OR, BRITAIN IN PROPHECY. By Henry Sulley. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., 4 Stationers' Hall Court, E.C. Price 6d. net.

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EDITH K. HARPER.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. By Arthur Ransome. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Pp. viii. + 312. Price 6s.

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