

OCULT REVIEW

EDITED
BY
RALPH SHIRLEY



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THE
OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY

RALPH SHIRLEY

“ NULLIUS IN OBLIVIONEM JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI ”

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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VOL. XXIV.

JULY 1916

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE has been considerable correspondence in recent issues of the OCCULT REVIEW under the heading of "The Sexes Hereafter," dealing with the relations of the sexes in the other world, and the question as to how far sexual relations can be regarded

as permanent and essential in their nature. A great THE SEXES HEREAFTER. divergency of views has been expressed, and it is clear that a number of my readers hold very diverse opinions on the subject, and feel very strongly on the points at issue. Without wishing to dogmatize in any way on a very difficult problem, I think it might not be beside the mark if I put forward one or two considerations which seem to me to have a very important bearing on the question under discussion.

In the first place, some of my correspondents take, not unnaturally, a very strong stand as to the danger of emphasizing too greatly the importance of the sexual side of life as a permanent factor in the evolution of the ego. They intimate, not without reason, that this has led to certain gross abuses in lower forms of religion, and which have not been entirely confined to those lower

forms, but have left their impress on more spiritual types of worship as well. The explanation of all such forms of Phallic worship seems to me to lie in one essential misconception which I have treated elsewhere in this magazine, but not in relation to the point at issue. This misconception is by no means confined to barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes. Its acceptance is indeed assumed among all or almost all Christian communities, and its vitiating influence is to a greater or less extent perceptible throughout the vast majority of the religious systems of the world. The belief to which I allude is that the parents are in reality the prime authors of their children's existence; that, in fact, without their intervention their children would not exist either in this world or elsewhere. This belief results in the ascription of a form of God-like creative power to the parents themselves, and endows the act of parentage itself with a sanctity to which in reality it has no claim. Assuming the orthodox standpoint, the sexual religious school, if I may use the expression without offence, possesses an enormously powerful argument in its favour. We associate creation with divinity, and to be able to create is to possess, up to a certain point at any rate, the attribute of a god. If, however, we accept the hypothesis of pre-existence, whether as part of a general reincarnationist belief or otherwise, the argument in question, which was undoubtedly at the base of all early Phallic worship, ceases to possess any validity. To offer facilities for birth on the physical plane does not contain the implication of any high spiritual power or any high spiritual level of attainment, and it does not accordingly offer any basis for religious worship in connection with the ideas relating to the entry of human life upon the earth. Those who dispute the hypothesis of pre-existence are indeed in any case confronted with an exceedingly embarrassing problem in the fact that the animal world is endowed with an equal and indeed greater capacity for reproducing its like on the physical plane, and this fact alone should surely make us hesitate before ascribing any undue weight to a natural power which is the common property of all sentient organisms. I have put my argument on this matter in a logical form, with a view to appealing to the reason of my readers, but I think that I am not without justification in quoting an expressed statement of the Master in its support. "That which is born of the spirit," says Jesus Christ, "is spirit; and that which is born of the flesh is flesh." This statement seems to me to have been made expressly with a view to meeting contentions such as those

CREATION
AN
ATTRIBUTE
OF DIVINITY.

above alluded to. Christ could not, indeed, be more emphatic on the point; and His words absolutely preclude, for those who accept them, all idea that the parents of the body are the parents also of the spirit of the child. Whatever position, then, we may adopt, we must clearly dismiss this popular delusion from our mind, and look elsewhere for the source of the individual ego.

In putting forward this argument I am far from wishing to maintain that the essential difference between sex and sex can be disregarded in religious thought, or from denying that it forms an essential element in the relationship between all forms of manifested life, and indeed between the forces of which those forms are an expression. I rather wish to emphasize the fact that no undue or exaggerated importance should be attached to its specific manifestation on the physical plane, and that such manifestation for the reasons before mentioned, is not entitled in matters of religious worship and of religious ceremonial to the stress which has been frequently laid upon it, owing as I think to the radical misconception of regarding humanity on the physical plane as itself endowed with creative power. It is always well to bear in mind that nothing can be expressed on the physical plane which does not exist in essence on the spiritual, and that the essential differences between sex and sex, as expressed in male and female, are themselves merely physical correspondences with spiritual realities even when, as in certain cases it happens, the correspondence between body and spirit is by no means perfect. Spirit, however, in its essence can scarcely be conceived of as either male or female alone, and the perfect man, in order to become so, must also be perfect woman as well, and, needless to say, this truth also implies its converse.

Wherein, then, we may ask, lies the necessity for the twin-soul? Wherein lies, that is, any justification for the theory that each individual has one spiritual counterpart of the opposite sex to himself? The convictions of some people with regard to this theory are as positive and unshakable as is the scepticism of many others. At first sight the belief seems to involve an assumption that the male always remains of the masculine sex and the female always feminine. It must be admitted, however, that this is not necessarily or obviously the case.

TWIN SOULS. The real difficulty lies in conceiving of twin souls as being at any one given period both of the same sex, and, if there is any truth whatever in the theory, it would

seem necessary that when one twin passed from male to female, or vice versa, the other would necessarily undergo a corresponding change of sex in the reverse direction. The theory, attractive as it is, undoubtedly involves grave difficulties and grave problems. Nor is it clear how any evidence can be brought forward to establish anything stronger than the affinity of two beings of different sexes through a series of past lives ; for it should be borne in mind that though the expressions " twin souls " and " affinities " are used frequently almost as if they were interchangeable or synonymous in meaning, the existence of affinities is in evidence all around us, whereas the existence anywhere of two affinities completing one whole individual, and making what practically amounts to a single unit, is not possible of substantiation, at least as far as our finite consciousness is concerned.

However the truth may be on this matter, it is at least certain that our existence in earth life creates ties and relationships other than blood relationships, which leave their mark on the individual ego. While the ordinary relationship of marriage is not necessarily a relationship for more than a single lifetime, it is obvious that marriages of affinities are liable to repetition in subsequent lives, and even the more prosaic kinds of marriage may create claims in the after-life which will inevitably demand recognition on another plane, however unwelcome such recognition may sometimes be. The author of *Letters from a Living Dead Man** gives a case in point, where a man who was twice married was confronted in the other world by both his wives, each demanding the prior claim upon his consideration. Judge

DOMESTIC Hatch (if it indeed be he) to whom they appealed,
 DIFFICULTIES reminded them of the words of Christ that " When
 IN THE they shall rise from the dead they neither marry nor
 HEREAFTER. are given in marriage, but are as the angels which
 are in heaven." But the observation of the Master had probably reference rather to the sex relationship which, he wished his hearers to understand, had no counterpart in the relationships between spirit and spirit. Eventually the two wives agreed to share and share alike, and it is obvious that such difficulties can be adjusted in another sphere in a manner which is not practicable under present earth conditions. We are left somewhat in doubt as to whether the unfortunate husband would not have been glad to have been rid of both of them. It seems to have been rather a case of " How happy could I be with neither ! " The author ends by suggesting, as it seems to me

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in a rather cynical manner, that perhaps the only way in which he could get free from his two insistent companions was by returning to earth again. He adds, however, as an afterthought, that there are ways in the other world (for those who know them) of cutting oneself off from people whose companionship is not desired, and we are bound to admit that, if it were not so, the life after death might indeed have terrors greater than those with which it is usually credited. The point I wish to emphasize is that in contracting ties in the present life man is liable to contract obligations hereafter to an extent perhaps which he does not realize. The Christian hymnologists have harped upon the idea that the future life is one in which there are no more partings, and indeed the author of the Book of Revelation has introduced into the description of his heaven the statement that there is no more sea—the sea being clearly the symbol of separation. It is perhaps more helpful to reflect that like attracts like more readily under conditions where the grosser physical element is eliminated than it does in our present sphere, and that the solution of the problem of spirit companionship is doubtless facilitated by the working of this natural law.

We should, in any case, bear in mind that in *Letters of a Living Dead Man* the communicant writes merely from the *threshold* of the other world, where the ties of this life have necessarily not had time to undergo the sifting process which may be held to operate in a world in which artificial relationships have no durable influence. The well-known proverb, "Marriages are made in heaven" conveys something less than a half truth, and relationships of the kind, if they are to have any eternal validity, must clearly be based on something more potent than religious or legal ceremonial. So far as Church or State is concerned they are pledges for one life only. I am far from disputing that there are numerous marriages which have a deeper and more permanent meaning; but they are the exception rather than the rule, and it is not to be supposed that the individual can be held in an after-life to relations whose basis is other than natural sympathy and community of temperament. As the author of *Love's Chaplet** well says:—

The struggle and stress of mortal life is a continual burning, a constant fire, in which the soul and its parts are purified. Its loves are consumed

* London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, W. 1s. net.

utterly away in this crucible if they are not of a spiritual nature. The weariness of exhausted longing, of satiety, are an essential part of the martyrdom. Vain loves in which the spiritual essence is lacking disappear altogether under the test of experience. They vanish like dew under the noonday sun, and the soil is left dry and barren, unwatered by the tears of the soul, for such loss causes no deep grief.

Disillusionment and a sense of fatigue is all they leave behind, and in time, even in the course of the same incarnation, they may be, and often are, utterly forgotten. But the birth of a great love is the birth of an immortal thing, which, though springing from a fresh need in each life, comes from that past which is as mysterious as the future.

We are all familiar with the expression that certain ideas are, as the phrase goes, "in the air," and we know by what apparently curious coincidences important discoveries have been made simultaneously by two different people who had no collusion whatever with each other. Thus the planet Neptune was discovered at the same time by Adams in England and Leverrier in France; and the Darwinian theory of evolution, as it has come to be known, was arrived at quite independently by Charles Darwin and Alfred

THINGS
"IN THE
AIR."

Russel Wallace. My attention has been recently drawn to a curious coincidence which appears to be another scrap of evidence illustrative of the same natural law, whereby certain ideas are received simultaneously by two minds quite independently of each other. All the world has been recently admiring the brilliant cartoons of Mr. Louis Raemakers, which have enjoyed an enormous popularity in this country, and elsewhere among the allied nations. One of these bears beneath it the inscription, "The wise men offer their gifts." The scene is laid in the stable at Bethlehem. At the left, in the foreground, is the Holy Family. On the right are the three "wise men," clad in kingly garb. Each brings his gift—of bomb, cannon, and sword. The background is filled with battle-smoke (the modern incense!). Under these kingly crowns cannot fail to be recognized the three monarchs of Germany, Austria, and Turkey. . . . The Christ Child in His mother's arms has turned away in horror, covering his face with His tiny hands. Here is seen the supreme product of twentieth-century wisdom. Love confronted with the emblems of hideous hate shrinks back appalled.

The idea conveyed is, of course, the conflict of the opposing ideals of the Christ Child and the Superman.

It is not a little remarkable that at the end of November, 1914, Miss Edith Harper, while in company with a friend (Miss Clarissa Miles) at the Brompton Oratory, had a strange trans-

cidental experience during the service, in which she saw a vision of the stable at Bethlehem, parallel to a very great extent with the conception depicted in the cartoon of Mr. Raemakers. Fortunately for the evidence in this case, Miss Miles sent a description of the vision to Sir Oliver Lodge, who retained the MS. and corroborates the date of its receipt. At the time of her experience Miss Harper had no knowledge of Mr. Raemakers or of

RAEMAKERS' his cartoons, which I think I am right in saying
 CARTOON did not become popular in this country till a later
 AND A date. The cartoon in question was given to an
 STRANGE editor in Amsterdam by Mr. Raemakers in the first
 PARALLEL. week of the following December, but appears to have
 been executed somewhat earlier.* Miss Harper's

attention was not drawn to the coincidence until December of last year; i.e., a full year after the cartoon was handed to the editor in Amsterdam. It was then that a friend of hers who had been to the exhibition of Raemakers' cartoons in London remarked to her, "Raemakers must have had the same vision as yours when he drew 'The Offerings of the Magi.'" It will be noted that the transmutation of the instruments of war presented by—shall I call them "The Black Magicians?"—who take the place of the Magi, occurs only in Miss Harper's vision, and that it is in this particular that it differs from the Raemakers cartoon. It may be remarked that a cartoon could hardly have been utilized as a medium for producing such an effect. Still it is clear that the idea was not in the mind of the artist, for he wrote to Miss Harper: "I do not feel so near to the blessed moment when the symbols of war will change into the elements of love and life. . . . Oh, it will come, that moment, but the hands that shall hold the wine and the bread and the rose must be pure ones, and the hands that hold in my picture the emblems of death and destruction must be lamed for ever."

Quoting these words I have given the clue to the exact point of divergence between the cartoon of Mr. Raemakers and Miss Harper's vision. It remains for me to quote the original document which, as I have already explained, is in Sir Oliver Lodge's possession. It is with the latter part only that we are specifically concerned, but the conditions under which the vision was experienced will be best appreciated if I give it in full—

* Mr. Raemakers writes: "I made my drawing of the Magi about the same time, it may have been a little earlier even, because I remember that I did not finish it at once, but it was in my studio at Haarlem during at least two weeks."

Sunday, November 29, 1914.

Went with C—— to the Oratory, to High Mass at 11 a.m. The music was glorious, but I did not at first feel conscious of any special influence. Some time after we took our seats, and when the clouds of incense began to roll down the chancel, C—— said, "Is it not beautiful!" and at the same moment I felt the presence of innumerable spirits. It seemed as though they were the souls of those who had passed over in battle, friends and relatives of the worshippers in the Oratory (many of whom seemed Belgian refugees). My first feeling was one of intense sadness, but this changed quickly into a sense of joy, even exultation. It was as though spirits incarnate and discarnate met in mutual recognition in the familiar music of the Mass; as though many who had vainly sought their loved ones suddenly realized their presence with an intensity of delight and rapture no words can describe. I felt the joy of those on the "other side"—as a wonderful vibration, and the thought was given to me, "We find one another in the heart of God." Then the sensation died away. I was

conscious again of nothing but the ordinary surroundings. Suddenly I seemed to be looking down an avenue of foliage and flowers. All was brightness and sunshine, and as I looked, under a green arbour of what looked like rosemary, came the figure of the Christ Child leading a lamb. Again the scene vanished, and I only saw the Oratory as before.

Then I thought of Christmas Eve, and seemed to feel, as in a vision, a curious mingling of nineteen hundred years ago and the Christmas Eve that is now so near. There were lonely fields and great darkness, but instead of shepherds watching their flocks there was only the vigil of soldiers, sentries guarding their lines in the silence of the night. "Again the Herald Angels will salute the happy morn, and some there be among the watchers who will hear their music."

Next I had as it were a vision of the Stable at Bethlehem, the cattle in their stalls, and the Christ Child lying asleep in the Manger, His Mother bending over him. It seemed that the Magi drew near, bringing their offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh, but as I looked, expecting to see them, three dark forms approached the Manger, and in place of the Wise Men's offerings of old I saw only a Krupp gun, a torpedo, and a bomb. Such is the offering of twentieth-century wisdom to the Christ Child. His Mother looks startled and amazed. The Child's eyes open and He looks at her and smiles. Then he stretches out his hand and touches the hideous symbols of modern warfare, one after another. As He does so I see that they have vanished, and in their place is only a cup of wine, a loaf of bread, and a *Rose*.

E. K. H.

A correspondent sends me another of those curious kabalistic calculations with which we have been specially familiar since the war began. The cutting is taken from the French paper *Le Gaulois* of May 28. In whatever light we may look

upon these strange computations, it is undoubtedly curious what coincidences we at times arrive at through this method of divination. Here, at any rate, is the latest calculation for what it is worth—

MORE
KABALISM.

	FRANCIS-JOSEPH.	WILLIAM II.
Born	1830 ..	1859
Became Emperor	1848 ..	1888
Age	86 ..	57
Length of reign	68 ..	28
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	3832 ..	3832

It is curious enough that in the case of both these Emperors, the digits of these four numbers add up to identically the same figure, but it is still more curious to find that if we divide the total by two we obtain the date of the present year, 1916. Our prophet goes further and adds the two first figures of 1916 obtaining 10 and the last two, giving the number 7, and fixes the 10th of July as a fateful date, but it is obvious that we are equally justified in adding together the first two digits of the undivided total making 11, and the last 2 making 5. In this way we shall obtain the date November 5. In fact, when once we begin to juggle with figures the deductions we can draw, if we choose, are almost limitless. Still, the result of the original calculation is not a little remarkable. Readers will perhaps remember that we have already had the date July 23 given us by an American psychic as one of particular note. Apparently there is nothing astrological in the prediction, though the date given corresponds with the transit of Saturn over the German Emperor's ascendant and of Mars over that of the Austrian Emperor.

A curious story in relation to the present conflict is given in an interesting French periodical, entitled *Je Sais Tout*, and as it has not previously come under my notice I hasten to add it to the long list of records that I have already collected. Spandau, a German town not far west of Berlin, possesses a citadel jealously guarded by a ring of fortifications. It is in this citadel that the famous tower of Julius stands, where, as is well known, the German war treasure won in the Franco-German War of 1870 is jealously guarded. The interior rooms of the Tower of Julius are secured by a succession of gates and secret locks. A visit to the tower can only be made in the presence of the officer in charge, of the curator and his two assistants, of the governor of the fortress, and of the two officers of the Imperial Chancellor, or of a functionary specially selected by the Emperor. The Emperor alone can visit the treasure tower without special authority. Now it is stated that on a morning in May, 1914, the Emperor and his Chancellor, Bethmann Hollweg, betook themselves to the tower.

THE TOWER
OF SPANDAU.

At the moment when the last secret door had been opened to admit the Emperor, the following inscription written in French appeared to the astonished gaze of the little party: "It will not be long before the citadel suffers the fate of ——" An inquiry was instituted, and it was established that nobody from outside had penetrated into the tower. William II thereupon gave instructions that the inscription was on no account to be effaced, and decided to make a fresh visit in June. Accordingly after a month had elapsed he went once more to the treasure tower of Spandau in the same company as before. Again, when the last door was unbarred the fatal inscription was to be seen, but this time it was completed. It now ran: "It will not be long before the citadel suffers again the fate of 1806." It may be recalled that it was in 1806 that the victorious armies of France under Napoleon took possession of the citadel of Spandau.

A further story is given in the same periodical with regard to the bells of Ney, the falling of which is said to be an omen of peace. Ney is a little town in the Lower Pyrenees, and it is stated that the bells of the church tower fell there shortly before the Crimean War, and again before the termination of hostilities between France and Germany in 1871. A rumour was current that they had fallen again, but this I gather is contradicted as the result of inquiry at the town in question. Probably it is merely one more of the numerous romances to which the present war has given birth.

A more interesting matter, from the astrological point of view, is that Brussiloff's great victory over the Austrians which turned the tide on the Eastern front, was fought exactly as Jupiter was transiting the place of Mars in the Tsar's horoscope. The earlier transits of Jupiter over the planet Mars in the horoscope of the German Emperor all coincided with signal victories for the German arms. I have already on more than one occasion drawn attention to the approaching conjunction of the Sun and Venus by primary direction in the Tsar's horoscope, which was already coming into operation when the battle took place, and which reaches its maximum force about September next, and, as usual, operates very powerfully during the preceding quarter.

In the *London Observer* of May 28, and other papers, appeared a story from the front of one of those apparitions in the sky of which we have heard so much during the present conflict, and which may perhaps be worth citing.

In a letter written to his mother at Eastbourne, a sergeant in one of the battalions of the Royal Sussex Regiment says: "This morning, May 22, about 12.30 or 1 o'clock, we saw a most beautiful white cross in the sky. It sailed along until it reached the moon. I think every one about here saw it, and for about ten or fifteen minutes there was not a shot fired. There was absolute silence on both sides. We are wondering what this vision means."

It is somewhat strange that at the same time as my attention was drawn to the above paragraph, I had placed before me an issue of the *Theosophist* for May, 1916, in which may be read the following lines:—

There are in our visible world men and women of the Red Cross going forth into the battlefields to heal and to restore men's physical bodies. But surely there must also be on inner planes a *White Cross* brigade, of men and women who bear on their foreheads a cross of silver fire, who heal men's soul-bodies? And if men and women may be consecrated with that Cross, is it not a privilege to accept the karma of ill health joyfully as God's gift, and to join that band of White Cross healers?

Are we to take it that the world has well-nigh paid the karmic debt which it has incurred to the avenging powers of the spiritual plane, and that the White Cross is a token, like the rainbow of old, of coming reconciliation?

I am publishing another article this month dealing with the ever popular subject of curious superstitions. A lady correspondent enables me to supplement this with two further records of a like character. Bats, it appears, are frequently regarded as of special ill-omen. My correspondent states that she was staying in a country house some time ago where the party had just finished dinner, the table being brightly illuminated, and the windows open, as it was hot weather. Suddenly a curious noise was heard, and a small bat was observed to have flown into the room. It alighted on the floor underneath a chair on which a member of the party was sitting. By the first post next morning the lady in question received a letter to say that her favourite sister had died suddenly.

BATS AS
DEATH
OMENS.

A further omen with which some of my readers may be familiar is that a fire burning on one side only while the other half remains black and dead is an indication of a sudden departure or death in the house. In confirmation of this my informant gives two instances. She writes:—

I was staying in one of our watering places, and it being very cold I asked for a fire in my room at night (it was winter time). Some men had been billeted the day before, and were to stay for a fortnight. There

was also an invalid in the house, but she was well looked after, and was expected to live on for some long time yet. On going into my room at night I at once noticed the fire was *completely* out on one side, and tried to make it burn otherwise. On going into breakfast in the morning, I remarked on this saying, "I wonder who is leaving?" Later in the day the men were all sent on to the next town, and I was told that the invalid had died suddenly in the early hours of the morning! I could not help remarking: "It was strange about my fire!" Another time I was staying in the Midlands, and I noticed two fires in different rooms there burning quite one-sided. I felt sure there I should hear of some departures, and curiously enough, and greatly to my surprise, I found I was to be one of them! also a gentleman who had intended staying on for some time and had unexpectedly to pack up and go.

As regards omens at the Front, my correspondent adds that she has heard that our soldiers do not care to be the third to light their cigarettes or pipes from the same match. It appears also that there is a superstition against having a chaplain on board ship, the idea being that he is likely to bring bad luck.

The value of the water-diviner's art will be obvious to all who have been concerned in the erection of houses and in estate management. The architect who employs a competent water-diviner can obviously save his clients many thousands of pounds. The present war has, however, brought to light further evidence of the invaluable nature of the services of the dowser. It will interest the British public in especial to know that the situation at Suvla Bay was saved at a very critical moment by the services of Sapper S. Kelley, of the 3rd Light Horse Brigade, Australian Expeditionary Force, in his capacity of water-diviner.* The absence of water was one of the greatest difficulties in connection with the holding of the position on the Gallipoli Peninsula. The Turks, in fact, boasted that it was untenable by a large body of troops for this very reason. The arrangements accordingly made by the authorities for water distribution were on a vast scale. It was actually brought from Malta, being towed in huge barges to the improvised piers at Anzac. On the beach a large steam pumping plant was erected, which pumped the water from the barges to large tanks on both the right and left of the Anzac position. The difficulties of supplying water under these conditions were grave in the extreme, especially as the heat was intense, and the least hitch in the organization led to a shortage of the

* I am indebted for the details of this interesting record to the *British Australasian*.—ED.

supply. Matters had become very serious, and a complete breakdown was threatened, when the attention of the generals in command was drawn to Sapper Kelley's reputation as dowser. He was sent to headquarters, and asked to endeavour to discover if there were any indications of underground water in the area. Early next morning Kelley started on his investigations, and very soon located water within a hundred yards of Divisional Headquarters. On being opened up by the engineers, the well was found to give a volume of over 2,000 gallons of pure cold artesian water per hour. Two other wells were subsequently opened up in the immediate vicinity. By six o'clock that evening every man in the section had his water-bottle filled, and within a week Kelley had located the positions of over thirty-two wells, on which pumps were subsequently erected. The water supply obtained in consequence was calculated to be sufficient for 100,000 men with one gallon per day per man. It must be remembered that not only did the troops require water, but there were also thousands of mules which also required watering, and that one mule will drink as much water as twenty men. The instrument used by Sapper Kelley was a small piece of copper which he holds in his hands and by which he can ascertain the depth at which the water is to be found and also whether it is a pocket of water, a spring, or an underground river. Previous to these experiments the engineers in their endeavours to find water had sunk shafts within fifty yards of the spot indicated by Kelley and had gone considerably lower in the earth than he found necessary, but without success.

I am inserting in the present month's issue an article which is something in the nature of a résumé of a little book recently published on the other side of the Channel, by M. Demar-Latour, purporting to interpret the cryptic prophecies of Nostradamus, and to show their bearing on the present war. As the writer remarks, I have already expressed my views on the matter of the Nostradamus prophecies, and I cannot pretend that the French book which I have read, or the present article, has led me to change these in the slightest degree. It is, of course, as the writer says, perfectly well known that the prophecies were in existence as far back as 1568. This knowledge, however, is of very little value to us unless we can establish the fact that these prophecies have actually been fulfilled, and as far at least as the present conflict is concerned, I cannot think that a valid case has been made out.

C

THE PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS

FROM "NOSTRADAMUS," by A. DEMAR-LATOURE *

Adapted and translated, with the Author's kind permission, by L. DE MONTGOLFIER

HISTORY tells us that, in times of distress, when a great calamity had befallen them, the ancients turned to their augurs for advice or consolation. Human nature has not changed. In this, the greatest crisis the world has ever known, many anxious people are hunting for predictions, hoping to find in them a clue as to the issue of this war. Since the war began a certain number of prophecies have been unearthed, not only on this side of the belligerents, but also in the opposite camp, and strangely enough, most of those that have been circulated in the Central Empires are unfavourable to Germany.

The difficulty in a prophecy lies in authenticating its date. Many of them are very accurate as to the events which preceded their publication, but the date of their origin is somewhat uncertain.

Amongst the prophecies which have attracted my attention perhaps the most remarkable are those of Nostradamus. A book containing them and printed in 1568 (or three years after the prophet's death) has been deposited at the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, so that no doubt can be entertained as to the date of their origin.

In an article which appeared in the April number of the OCCULT REVIEW over the signature of Mr. F. Thurstan, this subject has been slightly touched upon, but I would like to treat it more extensively.

In his notes of the month of the same issue the Editor expresses an unfavourable opinion on the prophecies of Nostradamus, based on their obscurity and confusion, but the same may be said of any forecast whatever, if we admit that the seer, looking at distant events, can only perceive them in a confused manner. I beg to differ from the Editor, in view of the fact that many of the predictions of Nostradamus have been verified in the past, especially as regards the French Revolution and the French Empire, but even if they were looked upon in the light of mere coincidences, the striking character of these coincidences would doubtless be of interest to the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I am indebted to M. Demar-Latour's very clever book, *Nostradamus*, for a study of these prophecies, which I propose to publish

* Edited by *Les Editions Pratiques et Documentaires*, 56 Rue d'Aboukir, Paris.

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for the benefit of the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. It is very difficult to translate Nostradamus' old fashioned language into modern French, but this the author of the book has very ably done. In order to enable my English readers to form their own opinion on these predictions, I think the best way is to publish the text in the original French, to which I append a translation which slightly differs from that of M. Demar-Latour, being closer to the text. The readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will thus be afforded the opportunity to compare it with the text and to correct me, if need be, for which I shall be most happy, for I do not pretend to vouch for the strict accuracy of my work. I hope I may be excused any fault of style which may arise from so close a translation, and from the construction which I am preserving in conformity with the text, my desire being first of all to give a faithful interpretation of the prophet's meaning.

THE PAST.

To cite all the events predicted by Nostradamus which have been realized in the past, volumes would not suffice; I will therefore merely select a few of them.

The following quatrain is said to refer to the execution of Charles I on January 30, 1649, foretold eighty years in advance—

“Gand et Bruxelles marcheront contre Anvers;
Sénat de Londres mettront à mort leur Roi,
Le sel et vin lui seront à l'envers,
Pour eux avoir le règne en désarroi.”

“Ghent and Brussels will march on Antwerp;
The Senate of London will put their King to death,
The salt and wine will be bitter to him,
So that they may rule in disorder.”

The French Revolution and the first Empire were foretold by Nostradamus in a number of quatrains which have been proved strictly accurate. I will only cite the following.

ON THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

“Par grand discord la terre tremblera,
Accord rompu dressant la tête au ciel,
Bouche sanglante dans le sang nagera,
Au sol la face ointe de lait et de miel.”

“There will be a great discord which will cause the earth to shake,
The old bond will be broken, the Revolution raising its head will
defy Heaven,
A bleeding mouth will swim in blood.
On the soil will roll a head which had been anointed.”

ON THE ADVENT OF NAPOLEON I.

- I. 60. "Un empereur naîtra près d'Italie
 Quià l'Empire sera vendu bien cher.
 Diront avec quels gens il se rallie
 Qu'on trouvera moins prince que boucher."
 "An emperor will be born near Italy (Corsica)
 Who will be dearly sold to the Empire.
 His supporters will be told
 That he was less of a prince than of a butcher."

VII. 13. From a maritime city formerly tributary (Ajaccio, which had recently been conquered), a man with a shaved head (*tête rase*) (Napoleon used to be called by his soldiers "Le Tondu") will take the power and will reign for fourteen years as a tyrant (1800 to 1814).

THE PRESENT.

I will now come to the most interesting part of the subject, that is the quatrains which, it may be contended, have reference to the present war.

THE WAR OF 1914.

- III. 24. "De l'entreprise grande confusion,
 Perte de gens, Trésor innumérable.
 Tu n'y dois encore faire extension
 France, à mon dire, fais que sois recordable."
 "A war will break out which will cause a great confusion,
 A loss of people, and immense waste of money.
 When you become involved in it (literally : when this extends to you)
 France, remember, I predicted it."
- II. 34. "L'ire insensée du combat furieux,
 Fera à table par frères le fer luire ;
 Les despartit mort blessé curieux,
 Le fier Duel viendra en France nuire."
 "An insane passion for furious battles
 At the banquet of life will cause brother-nations to draw the sword ;
 Amongst the Nations (severed by Alliances : dispartuit) there will
 be many dead and wounded,
 France will be involved in this fierce Duel."
- I. 55. "Sous l'opposite climat Babiolnique,
 Grande sera de sang effusion ;
 Que terre et mer, air, ciel sera inique
 Sectes, faim, Regnes, pestes, confusions."
 "Under the opposite climate of Babylon,
 There will be a great effusion of blood ;

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So great indeed that the earth and the sea, the air and the sky will seem to be in revolt.

There will be disorders (as in Germany and Ireland), famine (in Germany), diseases, and overthrow of kingdoms."

VI. 21. "Quand ceux du Pôle artiq unis ensemble
En Orient grand effrayeur de crainte,
Esleu nouveau, soutenu le grand tremble
Rhôdes, Bisance de sang barbare taincte."

"When the Nations of the North unite together
In Orient a great dread will spread,
A new elected (King) (King Constantine?) will be in great fear,
Rhodes and Constantinople will be tainted with barbarous blood."

THE SACRED UNION OF FRANCE.

I. 43. "Advant qu'advienne le changement d'Empire
Il adviendra un cas bien merveilleux.
Le champ mué, le rocher de porphyre
Mis translaté sur le roc noiseux."

"Before the (German) Empire changes
A marvellous event will take place.
The field will be transformed (literally: the field will moult) (comparing a field to a bird), a porphyry pillar
Will be erected on the rock of dissensions (rocher noiseux, literally: quarrelsome rock, from the French word noise, quarrel)."

These two last verses have been interpreted thus: France will be transformed, a sacred union of her sons will take the place of the dissensions rooted on her soil.

THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

"De l'aquatique triplicité naistra
D'un qui fera le jeudi pour sa fête,
Son bruit, loz règne sa puissance croitra,
Par terre et mer aux Orients tempeste."

"In an aquatic land (Great Britain) a triple entente will be formed
By one (Edward VII) who will be under the influence of Jupiter,
This monarch will have an increasing power
On land and sea in spite of the storm brewing in the Orient."

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH OF FRANCE.

I. 98. "Combien de fois prinse cité solaire
Seras changeant les lois barbares et vaines,
Ton mal s'approche. Plus seras tributaire,
Le Grand Hadrie recouvrira tes peines."

"How many times will you be taken, sunny cities (of the North)
And you will change your laws into the vain and barbarous rule
of the enemy,

Your misfortunes will soon be ended. No longer will you be tributary,
Your great Fatherland will heal your pains."*

GERMAN ATROCITIES IN BELGIUM.

The following quatrains are supposed to refer to the German atrocities in Belgium and to the destruction of Louvain—

VI. 96. "Grande cité à soldats abandonnée
Onques n'y eust mortel tumulte si proche,
O quelle hideuse mortalité s'approche,
Fors une offence n'y sera pardonnée."

VII. 97. "Cinq et quarante degrés ciel bruslera,
Feu approcher de la grande cité neuve,
Quand on verra des Normans faire preuve.

"La grande Cité sera bien désolée ;
Des habitants un seul n'y demeurera
Mur, sexe, temple et vierge violée,
Par fer, feu, peste, canon peuple mourra."

"Great city (Louvain) given up to the sack of soldiers,
Never was there such a mortal tumult.
Oh! what a hideous mortality!
Not one offence will be forgiven."

"The flames will make an angle of 45 degrees with the sky,
And in one instant everything will be ablaze,
When the Normans (English and French at Charleroi) will prove
their courage.

"The great city will be desolate,
Of its inhabitants not one will be left,
Its houses will be knocked down, its women and girls violated, and
the churches polluted.
By the sword, fire, plague and gun will the people perish."

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

"Au côté gauche à l'endroit de Vitry
Seront guettez les trois rouges de France
Tous assumez rouge, noir non meurtry.
Par les Bretons remis en assurance."

"On the left side of Vitry
The armies of the red trousered French soldiers will be watched by
the enemy,
The French will be decimated, the Germans (dressed in dark colour)
will be unhurt.
Then the Britons (regiments of Little Brittany and of Great Brit-
tany) will be victorious."

* Surely the translation of this should run: "The Great Adriatic will
hide your afflictions."—ED.

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THE BATTLES ON THE YSER.

- IV. 81. " Pont on fera promptement de nacelles
Passer l'armée du Grand Prince Belgique.
Dans profundres, et non loing de Brucelles
Outrepassez, de tranchez sept à picques."

" A bridge will be promptly made of boats
To transfer the Army of the Great Prince of Belgium.
Near a river with deep waters and not far from Brussels
Will this Army withdraw, and there dig seven lines of trenches."

FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

- IX. 35. " Et Ferdinand blonde sera descotte
Quitter la fleur, suivre le Macédon
Au grand besoin, défaillira la route
Et marchera contre le Myrmidon."

" And fair-headed Ferdinand will fail (sera descotte)
He will forsake the flower (the lily flower, his mother's arms, who
was a Princess of Bourbon Orléans),
When his help was urgently needed, he will take the wrong road
And will march on Serbia (and probably Greece)."

THE GERMAN HEAVY ARTILLERY.

- I. 26. " Le grand du fouldre tombe d'heure diurne
Mal et prédicit par porteur populaire
Suisant présage tombe d'heure nocturne
Conflict Reims, Londres, Etrusque pestifere."

" The heavy shells fall day and night,
As has been predicted, on Rheims, London and Italy."

THE SUBMARINES.

- I. 21. " Quand le poisson terrestre et aquatique
Par force vague au gravier sera mis
Sa forme estrange suave et horrifique
Par mer aux murs bien tost les ennemis."

" When the fish living under and above water
By a vague force will have been run aground (Does this apply to
President Wilson's ultimatum or to the efforts of the Allied
fleet ?)
And of its strange, pleasant and horrid form nothing further will
be seen.
Then the enemy will be defeated on the sea and soon driven to the
wall."

III. 2. " Au Crustamin par Mer Adriatique
 Apparaîtra un horrible Poisson
 De face humaine et la fin aquatique
 Qui se prendra dehors de l'hameçon."

" As far as the Adriatic sea
 There will be seen a horrible fish
 With a human face (because built by men) and aquatic means
 Which cannot be taken with a hook."

THE CRIMES OF VON TIRPITZ.

" Le chef de classe par fraude, stratagème,
 Fera timides sortir de leurs galères,
 Sortis meurtris, chef renieux de crème,
 Puis par l'embûche lui rendront les salaires."

" The chief of the German fleet (classis, lat. fleet) by fraud, stratagem,
 Will oust innocent people from their boats,
 Many will be hurt, this chief, in acting thus, disowns his baptism
 (cream is used in baptizing children);
 Then he will be ensnared and paid back in his own coin."

THE SERBIANS AND BULGARIANS.

II. 90. " Par vie et mort changé règne d'Ongrie
 La loy sera plus aspre que service
 Leur grand cité d'Urlements puincts et crie.
 Castor et Pollux ennemis dans la lice."

" By the life (of Francis Joseph) and the death (of the Archduke at Sarajevo), the fate of Hungary will be changed.
 The Law in war time will be harder than the service in time of peace.
 The great cities in the Empire will be filled with cries and howlings.
 Two neighbouring countries (Serbia and Bulgaria) will make war
 one against the other."

There are also a few quatrains describing the asphyxiating gases too long to be cited here.

RUSSIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

" Du Pont Euxin à la grande Tartarie
 Un Roi sera qui viendra voir la Gaule,
 Transpercera Alane et l'Arménie
 Et dans Bizance laissera sanglante Gaule."

This quatrain has been translated in the following manner by M. F. Thurston in his article published in the OCCULT REVIEW.

From the Euxine Sea and Grand Tartary a King there will be who will come to face Gaul. He will penetrate through Alane and Armenia, and in Bizance will leave Gaul all bleeding.

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I submit my translation so that the readers may judge for themselves—

From the Euxine Sea and Grand Tartary
A King there will be who will visit France

(The Emperor of Russia has been a visitor to France on several occasions).

He will penetrate through Alane and Armenia

(The Russians have already penetrated through Armenia).

And in Constantinople will leave a rod tainted with blood
(i.e. will punish the Turks).

The point bears on the translation of the word *Gaule*, which may mean either Gaul or a rod.

The last meaning would seem better appropriated to the rule of the verse, which would hardly admit of two rhymes with exactly the same word and the same signification.

RÉVOLUTION IN GERMANY.

VI. 2. "Grand de Magonce pour grande soif estaindre
Sera privé de la grand dignité
Ceux de Cologne si fort le viendront plaindre
Que le grand groupe au Rhin sera jeté."

"When, to quench the great thirst of the people of Mainz,
A great man (the Kaiser) will be deprived of the high dignity,
The people of Cologne will pity him so much
That the group (of Germania) will be thrown into the Rhine."

THE KAISER'S DEFEAT.

"Dans le Danube et du Rhin viendra boire
Le grand Chameau ne s'en repentira :
Trembler de Rosne, et plus fort ceux de Loire
Et près des Alpes, Coq le ruinera."

"The great camel will drink the waters of the Danube and of the Rhine,
And he will not repent.
But the soldiers of the Rhône and still more so those of the Loire
will make him tremble.
And near the Alps, the cock (France) will ruin him."

THE PUNISHMENT OF WILHELM II.

"Alors qu'un Bour . . . sera fort bon
Portant en soi les marques de Justice,
De son sang portant long nom,
Par fuite injuste recevra son suplice."

"Then an executioner will be appointed
To carry out the sentence of justice,

On a man bearing an illustrious name,
But the unjust man will take to flight and thus escape his chastisement."

THE END OF THE WAR.

- I. 100. "Long-temps au Ciel sera veu gris Oiseau,
Auprès de Dole et de Toscane terre,
Tenant au bec un verdoyant rameau,
Mourra tost Grand et finira la guerre."
"For a long time there will be seen in the sky a grey bird,
Near the East and Italy,
Holding in its mouth a green branch,
Then a great man will die and the war will be ended."

THE TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR.

- I. 63. "Les fleaux passez diminué le monde
Longtemps la Paix, Terres inhabitées,
Seur marchera par Ciel, Terre, Mer et Onde,
Puis de nouveau les guerres suscitées."
"These scourges will have diminished the world.
A long peace will ensue, many countries will be inhabited.
People will be enabled to travel safely (seur) by land, water, and in
the air.
Then again wars will break out anew."

Several other quatrains would also seem to apply to the present war, but their meaning is somewhat obscure. I will only cite the following—

- I. 18. "Par la discorde négligence Gauloise
Sera passage à Mahomet ouvert :
De sang trempé la terre et la mer semoise
Le Port Phocen de viles et nerfs couvert."
"By a disunion in negligent Gaul
A passage will be opened to the land of Mohammed.
Palestine and the surrounding seas will be besmeared with blood.
The Mediterranean Sea will be covered with sails as far as Marseilles."

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

IT is strange how the belief in omens, signs, charms, divinations, spells, and good and bad luck, has existed throughout the ages amongst all sorts and conditions of people, from peasants to Emperors, in all parts of the world. Even in the most advanced civilization and amongst the most learned people, these apparently foolish superstitions have always found ready acceptance, and persistently refuse to be banished to the realms of myth and fable. We find that some of the greatest and most celebrated persons have been the most superstitious. For instance, we have Plato, Pythagoras, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Dryden, Cromwell, Goethe, Tennyson, and other great minds showing a credulity in superstition which would be considered a weakness and lack of intellect in those less favoured by nature. The superstitious beliefs recorded in this article are a few of the best known and reliable which are in vogue amongst the general run of people. The ancient Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and Hebrews, had a firm belief in omens, spells, signs and divinations; and no doubt some of our beliefs have come down to us from them. The Irish, for instance, have superstitions very similar to those of the ancient Greeks.

Most people are interested in matrimony, so no doubt would like to know something of the omens and signs connected with that important matter—so pregnant with happiness or woe for many. Marriage with a diamond ring was held to forebode evil, because the interruption of the circle augured that the reciprocal regard of the sponcers might not be perpetual. Hence a plain and perfect golden circle is now invariably in use.

It is considered unlucky to marry in Lent.

Marry in Lent,
And live to repent.

The month of May is also unfortunate for marriage, and has been considered so since the time of the Romans. Who weds in May comes to poverty.

O' the marriages in May
A' the bairns die o' decay.

also, the wife will not remain long with her husband.

And again—

Married in May
Will rue the day.

Violets should not be worn by any of the wedding party, as it is "the flower of death."

Green is an unfortunate colour, and no one should wear it at a wedding.

Brides in green
Sup sorrow unseen.

It is unlucky for the bride to wear pearls at the marriage; to look in the glass after she is fully dressed, or look behind her in going to church.

In Scotland, December 31 is supposed to be the most fortunate day for marriage. In England, Valentine's Day is largely honoured. To marry on the birthday anniversary of a relative of the bride or bridegroom will bring good luck. It is a good omen for the bride to hear a cat sneeze on the eve of her wedding. To see a flight of birds as the couple go to the church to be married foretells many children. White is the best colour for the bride to be married in—any other colour should be avoided. Grey horses in the wedding carriages bring good luck.

It is a most fortunate omen if the sun is shining brightly on the wedding day. Marriages should take place at the full of the moon. The custom in some places of throwing an old slipper or shoe after the wedding pair, as they leave the bride's paternal mansion, is a relic of a very ancient superstition, and is supposed to bring happiness to them.

It is said that unless the party at a wedding counts even, one of the guests will die within the year.

Here are a few omens connected with death, and which are generally taken as warnings of the approaching decease of some one in the household, or a near relative.

A peculiar ticking noise (said to be produced by a small insect), known as the "death watch." The howling of a dog three nights in succession outside the door, or beneath the window, of one who is ill; the animal persistently returning when driven away. The croaking of a raven over the house. The sound of bells in the night. The sudden call of a person's name, proceeding as it were from the air. The sudden dropping of an article of furniture without any apparent cause. The squeaking of a mouse behind the bed of a sick person. A robin tapping thrice at the window of a person who is ill. Three raps on the door given by no human hand. A peculiar formation of the wax round a burning candle

known as the "winding sheet." To dream of all your teeth falling out. To hear the cuckoo's first note when in bed, betokens illness or death to the hearer, or one of his family.

A well-known death warning is the falling of a picture from a wall without any cause or reason, and the falling off a table, or elsewhere, of the portrait of a person without any apparent cause, is an almost certain sign of that person's death approaching. A bird flying into the room and out again, a sudden influx of mice into the house, and the desertion of a rookery by all the birds, are other significant omens.

At sea sailors consider that a shark persistently following a vessel indicates the death of some one on board. If a body is exhumed, or after burial removed to another place, it will bring death, or some calamity, to the surviving members of the family.

It is always ominous to see the figure of an absent person. If the figure is very shadowy, Death has not yet seized its prey, but if very distinct and solid looking, the omen forewarns the beholder that he is already dead.

When a person dies unseen there is a superstition that the first who discovers him will die in a similar manner. The door of a chamber opening of itself (though latched) indicates death. There is a superstition in Yorkshire that when a person is dying he sees *something*: if he sees anything white he goes to heaven, if black, hell is his destination.

It is reported that there is a pool adjoining to Brereton (Cheshire), the seat of that honourable family, wherein bodies of trees are seen to swim certain days before the death of any heir of that house, and after they are never seen till the next occasion. In the park of Credenhill Court (Herefordshire), there is an ancient elm of immense size called the "prophet elm," with a clear bole of forty feet, and a girth of fourteen feet eleven inches, to which a superstition attaches that the breaking of a branch betokens the death of the head of the house.

In Lanhadron Park (Cornwall) an oak bears leaves speckled and white before a death in the family. "It is certain," says Carew (*Survey of Cornwall*), "that divers ancient families in England are forewarned of their deaths by oaks bearing strange leaves. On some country estates, rooks abandon their nests at the approach of a death in the mansion, and do not return till after the funeral. When a man does anything out of the ordinary line of his conduct, or directly the reverse of his character, as when a peevish man becomes very good humoured, a melancholy man extremely gay and bright, or a covetous man liberal

and generous, it is common to say: "He's surely 'fey,'" i.e., he is near his end. Anything of this kind is called a "fey taikin," or presage. That death is often delayed till the ebb of the tide is a popular belief in Cornwall. A rose appearing in a garden with green sepals mixed with the petals, as is sometimes the case, is called a "death rose," and foretells death to one of the family. In the West of Scotland, if a white rose bloomed late in autumn, it was a token of early death; but a red rose doing so indicated an approaching marriage. A sick person having an intense longing for *cider* indicates approaching dissolution (Devonshire belief).

There are many superstitions regarding *money*, the making or winning of money, and riches generally. No one is more superstitious than the gambler, the gold miner, and the speculator, and there are all sorts of quaint beliefs in connection with "luck," and the bringing of good fortune. It is considered lucky to carry a piece of coal in your pocket. The tip of a neat's tongue carried in the pocket is provocative of good fortune. The pocket containing it will never want money. Other "lucky things" to carry are: a piece of rope by which some one has been hung; a badger's tooth, a spade guinea, a piece of bent money (preferably a sixpence) with a hole in it (which should be worn continuously in the left hand pocket), and a mole's foot. "He has a mole's foot in his pocket," is said of one who wins largely at play. To have much hair or down on the arms and hands is a sign that you will be rich. To set apart a certain sum, or piece of money as a nest egg, or nucleus to attract more, is recommended to those who are anxious to obtain wealth, also to have a "purse penny," i.e. any coin kept in a purse without being exchanged or given away. To leave money in an open drawer during absence from home is another good way to attract the "needful," though it sounds rather risky. Always turn the money in your pocket on first hearing the cuckoo, and wish for something.

A spider descending upon you from the ceiling is a token that you will soon have a legacy from a friend. Finding a spider on your person or clothes indicates money. No one on the Border will put on a new coat or dress without placing some money at once in the *right* hand pocket. This ensures the pocket being always full. If placed in the left, the reverse will happen.

To spit on "handsel," or first taken money, is a very old superstition for bringing luck—a common practice at one time in England. The Egyptians put it to the lips and forehead before putting it in the pocket.

Divination by various methods was almost universal in this country in past generations. Divination by the *Sortes Sanctorum* is still practised in some parts of England. On New Year's Day the master of the family opens the Bible with his eyes shut, and the passage first touched by his finger is interpreted to refer to the events of the coming year. In Suffolk the Bible is opened at midnight of New Year's Eve and a pin stuck in. Each verse in the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs, we are told, indicates the disposition or fortune of the person born on the corresponding number of the month. This method, in Cornwall, is used to ascertain the character of the intended wife—for instance a woman born on the 14th is fated to get their food from afar; one born on the 13th will become a woollen draper; and on the 24th a linen draper, and so on. John Wesley* is said to have practised a kind of divination or seeking counsel and advice by the casual opening of the Bible and placing his finger at hazard on a passage or text.* The Afghans make use of the Koran, for the same purpose, after fasting and prayer.

A form of divination called Rabdomancy is mentioned in the Bible. In Hosea iv. 12 we find: "My people ask counsel at their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them."

Joseph is supposed to have practised a form of divination by means of a silver cup into the depths of which he gazed—no doubt similar to the "divining crystal" which was in use amongst the ancient Egyptians, and has been resorted to by seers ever since. (The writer has a divining "crystal" in which prophetic visions have been seen, and which were verified in every particular in one or two instances.) "Is not this the cup whereby our lord divineth?" was asked of the cup found in Benjamin's sack.

There are many forms of divination which are connected with sorcery, on which, however, we will not enlarge here. In Ezekiel xxi. 21 there is the passage: "For the king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways, to use divination: he made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver . . ." This last is a form of sorcery—a forbidden art.

There is no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. Magpies, ravens, cuckoos, crows and robins have always had their place in various superstitions. The magpie is generally regarded as a bird of good omen.

* Southey's *Life of John Wesley*.

There is a Scottish rhyme which runs—

One's joy, two's greet,
Three's a wedding, four's a sheet.

In Essex crows flying towards you is ominous :—

One's unlucky, two's lucky,
Three is health, four is wealth,
Five is sickness, six is death.

A crow flying over you alone is a token of bad luck.

The number of cuckoo's notes which you hear the *first* time in spring shows the number of years you will remain single. You should be on soft ground and not on hard roads when first hearing it.

There are numerous " signs " from physical conditions which are certainly rather quaint, but of very ancient descent, their origin being obscure.

The itching of the right palm (we are assured) indicates a gift.

Rub it on brass, 'twill come to pass ;
Rub it against wood, 'tis sure to come good.

Itching of the ear is a sign that some one is speaking of you. Itching of the nose (on right side), a strange woman is coming ; (on the left) a strange man will arrive.

Itching of the sole of the foot, you will take a journey ; itching of the elbow, you will be married ; itching of the knee, you will kneel in a strange church.

A black spot appearing on the nails is a bad sign. White spots on the nails are lucky signs generally.

A white fleck on the thumb, a gift ; on the forefinger, a friend ; the middle, money, or alternatively a foe ; " ring " finger, a letter to come ; little finger, a journey to go.

A moist hand denotes an affectionate disposition. A cold hand, a warm heart. Small hands indicate aristocratic descent. Good teeth, good hair, and good nails are supposed to go together.

People with tapering fingers are said to grow stout towards middle age. When the teeth are wide apart their owner will be very lucky and also travel much.

The sudden loss of hair is a prognostic of the loss of children, health, or property. " Hairy persons always go to heaven." People who squint are said to be of a penurious disposition, but punctual in their dealings. Small ears denote generosity. A child born open-handed will prove generous, frank and beneficent.

Moles on the neck and throat indicate riches and health ; on

the right arm and shoulder, great wisdom ; on the breast, poverty ; on the ankles and feet, modesty in men, courage in women ; on the right ear, riches and honour ; on the left, quite the contrary. Moles on the chin, right side of the forehead, and between the eyes, all are very fortunate.

John Wesley believed that " hysterical laughter, and that laughter which is as contagious as the act of yawning (when the company are in tune for it), to be the work of the devil " (*Southey's Life of Wesley*).

There are, of course, lucky and unlucky days. The day of the week on which you were born is the most lucky and best for you. Sunday is a good day to commence a voyage on (but never on a Friday). It is also a fortunate day for marriage. Monday is esteemed the most lucky day of the week in Ireland, and all undertakings are put off till then. In Scotland no one will give away money on Monday. Tuesday and Thursday are favourite days for marrying. Wednesday is a lucky day for birth. Friday is the favourite day in Scotland for marriage. Saturday is considered lucky by the Italians as the day of the Virgin. There is an old doggerel which tells us that the days for marrying are—

Monday : Health.
 Tuesday : Wealth.
 Wednesday : Best day of all.
 Thursday : Losses.
 Friday : Crosses.
 Saturday : No day at all.

Precious stones and plants also have some superstitious beliefs connected with them. The turquoise changes colour according to the state of the wearer's health. If in bad health the turquoise becomes pale and dim, but recovers its normal colour when the wearer becomes well again.

The West Indian negroes affirm that the colour of coral is always affected by the health of the wearer—becoming much paler in disease. The opal is considered unlucky as a personal ornament.

The sapphire—the fairest of all precious stones, of sky colour—is an enemy to black choler and melancholy, and should be worn by those who are subject to fits of depression. It is also supposed to have a refining effect, and improves manners. The diamond, powdered, was believed to be a most deadly poison. When worn it is said to be " of great force against idle thoughts, vain dreams, and frantick imaginations." Certain gems, from their

inherent sanctity, could not be profaned, or used for magical purposes—and of these the diamond is the chief.

Emeralds are supposed to be unlucky with regard to marriage, and should not be given as wedding presents.

The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout sapphire ; emerald, apt to write
Records of memory ; cheerful agate, grave
And serious onyx, that doth save
The brain's calm temper ; witty amethyst.

Amongst the " charms " which were worn on the person for the purpose of bringing good luck, and averting evil influences, there is none more ancient and reliable than the word *Abracadabra*, which is written on a piece of paper and hung about the neck. *Abra*, which is here twice repeated, is composed of the first letters of the Hebrew words signifying Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ; viz., Ab Ben, Ruach, Acadosch.

" Spell " is old English for word ; so Gospel (contraction for " God's spell ") is God's Word. Certain words were often used as spells in magical processes—such as "*Tetragrammaton*," which had a peculiar power and significance, known only to wizards. Rings, seals, coins, etc., are often carried as talismans.

Queen Elizabeth used to carry round her neck a piece of gold covered with characters to ensure long life ; and when she died there was found at the bottom of her chair the queen of hearts with a nail piercing the forehead. The Indians informed the Spaniards that when they went in quest of gold they were obliged to practise vigorous fasting, continence, and various religious rites. The Indians of Hispaniola observed the same privations, and lived in the most ascetic fashion when in quest of the precious metal ; and it was remarkable how successful they were.

Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, states : " For it may be pretended that ceremonies, characters and charms do work, not by any tacit or sacramental contract with spirits, but serve only to strengthen the imagination of him that useth it ; as images are said by the Roman Catholic Church to fix the cogitations and raise the devotions of them that pray before them. If the imagination, fortified, have power, then it is material to know how to fortify and exalt it. . . . Deficiencies in these knowledges I will report none, other than it is not known how much of them is verity and how much vanity." These wise words of the great philosopher may well sum up the whole matter of charms, talismans, etc.

AUNT BARBARA'S GHOST STORY

By GERDA M. CALMADY-HAMLYN

MASSINGTON Rectory, near B——, in Devonshire, was occupied at the time of which I speak by my uncle, the Rev. James Shephard—"Uncle Jamie," as we his younger relatives, to whom he was devoted, always called him. And I, Barbara Sinclair, being, I believe, a special favourite, frequently stayed with him there for weeks upon end, acting more or less as his housekeeper and as hostess to his guests. Uncle Jamie loved to see young and lively people about the place, and he allowed me to ask any friend I chose to keep me company, in case life in the country should seem dull.

Now there was one fact about the big rambling comfortable old house (kept in apple-pie order as it was, too, by some excellent elderly servants who had served their bachelor master for more years than he or they could count) that invariably puzzled and made me very curious; namely, that what was known as the "east wing" of the house, containing larger and better furnished bedrooms than any other part, was never by any chance used when we had guests. They always slept in the smaller, low-ceiled, narrow-gabled apartments in the centre or west wing.

Many and many a time have I entreated Mary, our trusty middle-aged housemaid (who knew all the "ins and outs" of the place) to enlighten me upon the matter. But she always shook her head and changed the conversation—never vouchsafed me any direct explanation or reply. Yet there was one lovely big bedroom, full of real antique rosewood furniture—draped in quaint patterned delicate chintz, and with such a view over the lake from its wide windows—that I often longed to see in constant use. My uncle knew of no story connected with the house, and neither he nor I believed in such nonsense as ghosts or "hauntings." So we ascribed Mary's obstinate determination to prevent anybody spending a night in the east wing to some silly superstition or fad on her part—founded, perhaps, on tales she had heard in the village!

In the November of 187—(a stormy, rain-swept, dismal

month I remember it was, too!) I received a letter from two very great friends of mine—Hester and Connie Brackenford—who had lived abroad for some years with their parents, and now wrote to say they were returning to England, and of course I wrote and begged them both to come and stay with me at Massington. They accepted, and I then went off for a last decisive battle with obstinate old Mary. I would stand no more of her nonsense! My friends, being sisters, should occupy together the large sunny "chintz" bedroom in the east wing, which should be made even brighter and more attractive than it already was by the addition of flowers, books, and a cosy fire burning in the wide old-fashioned fireplace directly opposite the bed. I would brook no contradiction; possibly too Mary herself was tired of arguing the question by this time. "Very well, Miss," she answered in an acid voice, and a mysterious expression, half-fearful, half-triumphant, flitted across her withered sharp-featured face; while I swept back to the drawing-room elated at what seemed to me a very easy victory!

Just before five o'clock (when my guests were almost due) I thought I would run up to the east wing for a final inspection to see that everything was in perfect order for them. Up the wide front staircase I sped, along a narrow gallery, and under an alcove that led to a second and wider gallery, with yet another stairway beyond, and as I entered this hitherto unused part of the Rectory, I saw to my surprise (for the appearance was a very sudden and unexpected one) a tall female figure (very much it seemed to me, the height and build of our housemaid Mary) hurrying along in the direction of the further staircase and a few hundred yards ahead of me.

"Mary, is that you?" I called. But the figure made no answer.

"Mary, do come here; I want to speak to you." But it never turned its head or uttered a word.

"Mary is still sulky, I suppose, because I insist on using the chintz room for our visitors!" I said to myself, as I turned away and ran downstairs to the front hall, where at the end of the first flight I again came face to face with the recalcitrant and most-mysterious Mary, appearing now in quite a different direction, through a doorway leading from the kitchens in the centre of the house carrying two cans of hot water in her hands and some clean towels over one arm.

"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "I saw you only a few minutes ago in the east wing, and called to you. You were hurrying

along the further passage and refused either to hear or to answer me ! ”

“ You never spoke to me, Miss,” she replied with her sardonic little smile. “ I haven't been in the east wing at all this afternoon. I've been helping cook bake cakes in the kitchen, as it's Elizabeth's afternoon out, and I'm going upstairs now, for the first time since luncheon, with hot water for the young ladies' room.”

I felt certain that Mary was telling me an untruth, and for some quite unknown and unusual reason. But I could not stay to argue with her ; for, at that very moment, a carriage drove up to the door and Connie and Hester stepped out of it.

I must pass over our first memorable evening together ; spent in laughing, chatting, playing chess for a short time with genial uncle Jamie, making plans for the future, and listening to my friends' adventures while abroad ; till, soon after ten o'clock, Connie, the delicate sister, complained that she was tired. And I (bidding them “ on no account to hurry ” in the morning) escorted my guests to their quarters in the cosy spacious luxuriousness of the east wing, afterwards returning to my own small rooms on the other side of the house.

Next morning I was down betimes. Uncle Jamie appeared, read prayers, had his breakfast, and was off to a round of work in the parish. Still, no Connie or Hester appeared ; and I told Mary to sound the gong again. It was half-past nine, and I was feeling a trifle vexed and worried !—when the dining room door at last stealthily opened, and the elder of the two sisters—Hester—stole nervously into the room, looking so white and weary and distraught—“ exactly as though she had seen a ghost ! ” I said to myself.

She scarcely returned my morning greeting. “ Connie will be down presently ; she isn't feeling very well this morning,” was all she said, as she slipped into her place at the breakfast-table, and began fumbling at her letters. “ Oh, and by the way, Barbara ” (she paused, and it seemed as though she dared not look me in the face), “ I'm afraid we must leave you to-day, we ought never to have come. Aunt Maria wants us to go to her ! ”

And then Hester's gentle voice faltered ; her blue eyes filled with tears. I knew that she was telling me a lie—and for some reason so strange and inexplicable that I could not pretend to fathom it.

“ Leave me *to-day* ? you must be mad ! Hester ? ” I ex-

claimed. "What is the matter, dear? aren't Connie and you happy here? Of course, I know you are going to your Aunt Maria's, but not for three weeks or more. You promised to pay me a nice long visit first. I can't understand this sudden alteration."

The poor child burst into a flood of wild hysterical weeping. It seemed as though her nerves had sustained some fearful shock. "Barbara, we daren't—we simply could not pass another night in that dreadful, dreadful room! We should go raving mad if we did. You don't know what we have seen, what we have suffered. As it is, poor Connie has lain unconscious half the night through, and is only just now coming round——!" The rest of her sentence was lost in a burst of wild tumultuous sobbing.

"Connie unconscious, what can it all mean?" I exclaimed. "Let me go to her at once!" And in five seconds I was out of the room and in my uncle's little parish surgery, hunting for brandy and other restoratives. Then, up the wide front-staircase, with Hester at my heels, under the alcove and along the passage leading to the east wing, we found poor Connie lying on a sofa, still half unconscious and moaning pitifully.

"Don't let her come near me—don't, don't," she muttered, waving away with trembling nervous hands some malign presence that she appeared to believe was threatening her.

It was not from her, but from Hester sometime after both girls had left me, that I learnt all they had endured that fatal night. I use the word "fatal" advisedly, though at the time I saw no connection between their terribly sudden deaths and the vigil I had unwittingly forced upon them. Both my poor friends died within the ensuing year. Connie was on her way to India to be married; the ship she sailed in was wrecked; and, though most of the crew and passengers ultimately got safe to land, she, alas, was not among the number! Hester was out riding in the following September, when her pony suddenly shied and threw her. It is supposed she struck her head against a hidden rock or tree trunk, for she was picked up unconscious, and died within a few hours.

The following is Hester's account of her own and her sister's experience:—

"We were lying very cosily and comfortably in bed, about an hour after you, Barbara, had left us—not actually asleep, you know, but more than a trifle drowsy—watching the flicker of the firelight on the walls and the shadows that it threw into

dark distant corners, when, suddenly and very, very slowly, our door began to open inch by inch (although we never saw the handle move, and Connie felt certain she had turned the key in the lock before getting into bed), and a tall gaunt grey-clad figure, in shape like a woman, slithered across the floor with a swift and subtle motion that fairly made one's flesh creep, while we lay trembling with horror (wondering furiously, wildly, who our midnight visitor could be), pulled aside the curtains that hung round our bed, and stood there looking down upon us with oh! such dreadful eyes! Barbara, as long as I live I shall never forget them! They were the eyes of a fiend, of a unimaginably wicked malignant soul, set in a spectral uncanny face. For just a few brief seconds as far as I can tell (but they really seemed years to me!) she stood there glaring down upon us, as though she would willingly seize us both and carry us away into hell. Then she turned and glided out of the room as silently as she had entered.

"Connie, poor child, at first sight of the terrible apparition gave one mad scream of terror that I thought must have aroused the entire house—then she fainted dead away, and I could do nothing to rouse her. When I tried to set foot in the long dark passage down which that baleful shadow had already passed, something seemed to paralyse my every movement, turning my heart's blood to ice. Nobody answered my feeble cries for help, and I did not know in what direction your own room might lie; so, shivering with fear and with Connie in a half-dead state in the bed beside me, I lay and waited for the morning."

At the time (continued Aunt Barbara) I did not believe a single word of my friend's story, and Fate decreed I was never to see her again. Not for some years, and till after Uncle James' death, did I piece together the sinister legend that hung around Massington Rectory. Incumbent after incumbent was appointed to the living, and each in turn speedily made some excuse for leaving it again. One said the house was unhealthily situated and affected his health; another pleaded his family was too large and his income too small for the upkeep of such an expensive house and gardens. The Bishop alternately persuaded and expostulated, but all to no avail! there was talk of building a new rectory, only no funds were available. At length it passed to a distant connection of my own, with a well-off wife, iron nerves, and a love of "digging and delving" into old bygone legends, village tales, and genealogies. He it was who told me the story, bit by bit, as he could make it out.

About one hundred years previous to the incidents narrated in this story, the living had been held by an exceedingly wicked Rector, whose scandalously evil and immoral life made him a veritable "disgrace to his cloth" and notorious for miles round. He had married (and solely for her money) a wife who was several years his senior—a wealthy Scotch woman—and the ill-assorted pair led a "cat-and-dog" life, further complicated by the presence at the Rectory of a pretty and brazen young maid-servant, about whose relations with the Rector the ugliest rumours spread abroad. Quite suddenly the unhappy lady—mistress of the house—disappeared, and was never seen or heard of again! She had gone to pay a visit to her relations in Scotland, so her shameless husband explained and affirmed. Tongues were wagged, and heads shaken over the mysterious occurrence, but nothing was ever found out. Perhaps she had separated from him of her own free will, the misery and degradation of her marriage being common talk. Who could tell? And there were very few police in country districts, no telegrams, and hardly any newspapers in those long ago days. Later on, the wicked Rector himself died; and his companion in sin, the maid, took herself away from the parish. Then, little by little, there was built up a tale of the Rectory being inexplicably haunted by a tall gaunt woman with a terrible sinister glare in her eyes, who glided along passages and into certain bedrooms of the house. And (herein was the crux of the story) whoever she encountered, and looked full in the face, died within the year!

I myself never went back to the place till long after I was married. Then I stayed with the distant relatives aforesaid, and was very ill while there. Coming to my senses after several days' unconsciousness, I found that the nurse in attendance had had me moved away from my cosy former quarters on the west side of the house to the "haunted bedroom" (of all places) in that dire east wing! She declared it was more airy and pleasant for a patient; all my expostulations and entreaties to be moved back again to the west wing proved worse than useless. My agonized pleadings were treated solely as the ravings of a brain weakened by long illness. And for three long weeks I lay, trembling and helpless, fearful through each hour of the day and night lest I should glance up and see my door slowly and mysteriously slide open; that terrible ghostly female figure appear! and I receive my death sentence in the glare of those evil eyes! But still, to my relief she did not come. Till one dull grey Sunday

afternoon when I was almost convalescent, that which I had prayed to be delivered from really seemed about to happen to me.

Nurse was seated by the window reading or writing letters ; myself lying peacefully and happily in bed, thankful that the worst of my illness was over and I soon to be about again, when my very blood froze in my veins, as I saw my door-handle begin to turn ; my door to slide ajar, thrust open by a spectral hand, a woman's grey-clad dreadful figure enter and move swiftly towards the bed !

But (thanks be to Heaven !) she did not draw the curtains or attempt to look at me.

She just sat down by the bed-side, in the chair that Nurse habitually used ; I screamed loud enough to bring the household flocking to my couch ; Nurse rushed to see what was amiss with me ; but the figure disappeared from view without her noticing it. I was ill with brain-fever for a good many weeks afterwards, and neither doctors nor nurses were ever able to explain the cause of my relapse.

In due time my cousin chose to make some alterations in the Rectory, and even in the dire east wing itself ; and in pulling down one of the walls of that very same " chintz " room wherein I and my two poor friends had gone through such a vigil of fear and suffering, the workmen came across an opening in the wall covered with lath and plaster ; and inside that a little winding stairway, leading to an apparently unguessed-at chamber, a large attic high up under the roof. The door of this room was likewise blocked, and must have been so for many, many years judging by the dust heaped around and the cobwebs across it. Bursting it open, nothing appeared but in one far corner a rope, old and frayed, hanging from the ceiling, and beneath it a heap of tattered rags and some decaying bones and a skull. The doctor who afterwards examined the remains declared them to be those of a female ; but whether of the wicked Rector's ill-used, and probably murdered wife, I am not prepared to say !

[Though the names given in this story are fictitious, I have received the fullest details from the people concerned. The ghost was seen many times by different people, and the narrative may be regarded as absolutely authentic. The rectory was subsequently burnt down under circumstances of a mysterious kind, and a factory was built on the site.—ED.]

SOME ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS OF THE LATE JOHN VARLEY

By his grandson JOHN VARLEY, with Introduction by
A. P. SINNETT

MANY years ago I used to be much interested in stories told to me by my friend Mr. John Varley, concerning the remarkable achievements in connection with astrology of his grandfather, John Varley, well known to the artistic world as "the father of water-colour painting." Independently of his distinction as an artist he was equally famous among his friends as an astrologer, and I suppose that few modern devotees of that great art (or science) can have to his credit so wonderful a series of successful predictions as have gathered round the memory of my friend's grandfather. Thus it seemed to me recently, in view of the great and growing interest now taken in astrology, that it would be well worth while to record a few incidents connected with the late Mr. John Varley's astrological predictions to which I have above referred. Thus I have now been successful in inducing the present Mr. John Varley to write out his recollections of the circumstances attending these predictions. It is only fair to my friend to say that he has done this rather reluctantly, being doubtful as to the desirability of encouraging people to believe that forecasts of impending events can be obtained by astrological means. My friend's father, belonging to the generation between our own and that of the astrologer, was emphatically of opinion that the pursuit of knowledge along those lines was dangerous and misleading. Without denying the dangers, my own view is that the pursuit of Truth,—that is to say, the pursuit of trustworthy knowledge concerning the mysteries of Nature—is above all things the task appropriate to this period of human evolution. And astrology at all events seeks to fathom some of the deepest and most alluring of the mysteries which enshroud the laws governing human life.

Now the experience of those who make a study of astrology is always to the effect that however often they may fail in reading the indications of a horoscope, successes or partial successes are so frequent as to convince them that failures are due, not to the principles of the science, but to the imperfections of our skill in dealing with it. We have grounds for believing that once upon a time astrologers were more competent interpreters of celestial combinations than even the most painstaking students of the present day. The modern astrologer has to recover knowledge lost during many centuries of modern progress devoted to wholly different pursuits. And in order that this may be done effectually, the reputation of the science must in the first instance be rehabilitated. That can only be done by making public use of the best evidence available for showing that astrolo-

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gical predictions are at any rate sometimes vindicated by events to an extent that puts the theory of chance coincidence entirely out of court.

The cases described in the narrative now entrusted to me seem to me to be of that order, and I will pass them on without further preface, except to say that Mr. John Varley the astrologer was born in the year 1778, dying in the year 1849. Mr. Albert Fleetwood Varley, my friend's father was born in 1804 and died 1876.

A 60 Year-old Prediction Verified.

My father, Albert Varley, had been appointed executor to Paul Mulready, the eldest son of Wm. Mulready, R.A., and who died about the year 1864. He was looking over papers and correspondence when he came upon the following letter—I happened to be present and it was handed to me to read. It consisted of only a few lines and was written to Paul Mulready by his mother. I think these were the exact words: "My dear Paul, you are now sixty years old, remember what your uncle John Varley said of this year. 'Do not box or play at cricket, as you may receive an injury to the knee, which would be fatal. Should you survive this year you will probably live several years longer in comfortable circumstances.'" Of course I am not positive as to each word being correct, but as to the general sense, I feel certain the above does not vary in any important particular from the original letter.

Paul Mulready did not box or play at cricket, but one afternoon he went with a friend to Kennington Oval to watch some cricket practice. While conversing with his friend, and at a moment when his attention was diverted from the play, a ball, driven from a considerable distance, struck him on the knee. The injury was, I believe, not very serious, but I heard it said that the medical treatment was quite wrong. I remember him being wheeled about in a bath-chair by his man-servant, and paid several visits to him at his house in South Kensington. He was cheerful, and I think at that time did not suffer much pain. He was, however, unable to walk or stand. Later on white swelling set in and an operation was necessary—his leg was amputated by the well-known surgeon, Holmes Coote. Two or three days later he died—I believe from shock to the system, but for this accident it is very probable that he would have lived for many years, as he was a man of great bodily strength and a wonderful constitution. His father, the Royal Academician, had died some time previously, and had left him a considerable sum of money, so that in this particular the prediction seemed likely of fulfilment. I understood my father to say that Paul had

been born in my grandfather's house, and that the horoscope had been made at his birth, that is sixty years before the accident that caused his death.

A Catastrophe Foreseen.

The following incident made a vivid impression on my father's mind. He said he remembered all the details with great clearness.

My grandfather was living at the time in Conduit Street, Regent Street. He had purchased or taken a lease of an hotel, which he used partly as a dwelling-house for his large family, and partly as a studio and gallery for his pictures.

He was, so I have been told, in the habit of consulting his own horoscope each morning, and bringing up directions, etc., to date. On one particular morning (I am sorry that I never took notes of these conversations, and I forget the dates, if indeed they were mentioned) my father related, he was evidently ill at ease and disturbed in mind, and though he had an appointment he did not go out, and about eleven in the forenoon he gave his watch to my father telling him to take it to a watchmaker in Regent Street and have it set to Greenwich time. When he returned with the watch my grandfather was still walking up and down the studio, a proceeding that impressed my father as most unusual, for my grandfather grudged actually every minute that he was away from his easel. At last he remarked, "What is it to be?" and explained that there were some evil aspects in his horoscope which would come into operation a few minutes to twelve on that day. He was so certain as to the evil effects, that he would not go out, fearing some street accident. He said, "I might be run over, or a slate might fall on my head"; that he was uncertain whether his life or his property was menaced, but he saw in the figure that it would be sudden. The difficulty arose from the fact that the effects of the planet Uranus were not yet understood by astrologers, and his agitation increased as the time approached. He asked if my father was sure that his watch was put to Greenwich time, and complained that he could not go on with his work. Sitting down he said two or three times, "I feel quite well—there is nothing the matter with me. I am not going to have a fit or anything of the sort." Then rising from his seat he came towards my father saying: "What is it to be? The time is past. Could I have made some mistake in my calculations?" He took some paper and a pencil to go through the figures again—just then there was a cry of fire from the

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street. He rapidly made a note in his astrological book as to the effects of Uranus. The house was burned down, all his property was destroyed, and unfortunately he was uninsured. It is a curious fact that on three occasions his property was destroyed by fire, and three times in his life he was tossed by bulls, and whatever warning he may have had from the stars, he was unable to prevent their effects.

Not his Fault.

The following is another example of his recognition of the inevitable result of certain positions of the heavenly bodies.

A purchaser had selected in his studio two important drawings. Next day, having packed them carefully, he placed them in a portfolio, telling my father to hand them to the owner, who apparently lived in the neighbourhood. On arriving at the house my father, in the presence of the purchaser of the drawings, opened the portfolio, and to his dismay found that the drawings had disappeared. There was nothing mysterious about this. The portfolio was probably fastened at the top, and not at the sides; any one carrying it under the arm might easily fail to notice the parcel slipping out behind. My father, a boy at the time, was terrified, and not at all anxious to return home, knowing that his want of care might have exceedingly unpleasant consequences. Later in life, he said, he often looked back to that time of anxiety and apprehension as a most uncomfortable experience. At last the plunge had to be taken, and going to the studio he was asked if he had delivered the drawings. He commenced stammering something, when he was cut short. "No, you did not deliver them. I was looking at my figure for the day, after you left, and saw that I should lose them. I shall never see them again"—nor did he. "It was not your fault," he said, "but mine"—and the incident closed, to my father's intense relief.

Varied Incidents.

Another case, which I believe has been described in the Grantley Berkeley Memoirs, also shows that in spite of warning, it is very difficult to avoid stellar influence. He was on a visit at a well-known country mansion, and noting in his horoscope that on a certain day he might receive an injury to his leg, he remained in his room until the evening. As dusk came on, he decided that he would dress then for dinner. Hearing as he thought a servant outside, he was about to ask that some hot water might be brought, and on opening the door stumbled over a water

can and rather seriously injured his shin. I believe he was laid up some time. This is the story as I heard it, but I am not quite certain as to the details.

Many years ago I met an elderly man who told me he had known my grandfather, and that while in his company something had occurred which at the time impressed him considerably. A party of friends had made some excursions on a river (I forget the name), John Varley was one of them, and he remarked one day: "We shall not separate before we have witnessed something terrible!" Shortly after, when near a bridge where some repairs were going on, the weight of a pile-driving machine became detached, and falling on one of the men, he was killed in the sight of them all, in a very terrible manner.

My father had been dining with a well-known physician, who remarked as he was leaving: "You have a bad cold; I will give you something which will relieve it." On his way home he passed a chemist's shop. The man was just closing, but said he would make up the prescription which my father had just received. As there was some little difficulty about finding and writing a label, and as the owner of the shop was obviously in a great hurry to close up, my father said: "I know what it is, a remedy for a cold. Never mind the label!" On going to bed my father poured the contents of the bottle into a glass and drank it off. He remembered staggering to the bed, and only became conscious about noon the next day, and finding himself quite helpless. He was at the time a bachelor living in rooms, and having had his time fully occupied, he had not seen his father for some little time. Great therefore was his astonishment when he suddenly made his appearance with evident signs of having made a very hurried journey. The fact of his having paid a visit in daylight was to my father something quite out of the common, his painting occupying the whole of his time. On inquiring about his health, he said: "I was looking over your horoscope and found directions pointing to your death, or very great danger to-day, and came at once to see what had happened!" When he had heard what had taken place, he at once sent for food and administered stimulants, and got medical advice as soon as was possible.

The doctor on reading the prescription said: "You ought to have been dead hours ago—you have taken about twenty doses in one." A naturally excellent constitution and his strength and youth pulled him through, though he had a severe illness, and it was some six weeks before he regained his health. The doctor considered that it was only through the arrival of my grand-

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father at the critical moment that his life had been saved. I also remember that my father told me that my grandfather amongst other things told him when he was a boy that at or about the age of sixty he would suffer from stone in the bladder, which was perfectly correct. He suffered very severely for about two years, and then quite recovered.

With regard to the time of his own death, he appeared to have had little doubt. Sketching the cedar trees in Chelsea Park, he contracted a severe chill from sitting upon the grass, which probably was damp. An inflammation of the kidneys was the consequence, and although the doctor did not consider the case very serious, my grandfather was of a different opinion. My father described his visit to him. He was in bed with his astrological books beside him. In reply to hopes for his early recovery, he pointed to his horoscope and the directions which he had calculated. With such aspects approaching, he said: "There could be little hope." I have an impression that he mentioned a date, but after so many years I should not like to state that as a fact. However, his death took place shortly after this conversation.

VICTIMS

BY TERESA HOOLEY

TORN and trampled the wind-flowers lay,
Down on the high road tossed away,
Wrenched for a whim from their woodland bed,
Wounded, withered, defiled and dead.

And the white stars shuddered and shook in space,
And the moon was moved, and the golden face
Of the great sun troubled. And Jesus Christ
Anew on the Cross hung sacrificed.

Marred and mangled the wind-flowers lay,
Plucked for a fancy and tossed away—
Low in the dust each stainless head,
Despised and rejected and wronged and dead.

A TALE OF BARBADOS

THE following extraordinary occurrence is alleged to have happened in the Parish of Saint Philip. Towards the end of the eighteenth or the beginning of the nineteenth century there resided in that parish an old black fisherman—a man who invariably wore a coarse blue jacket—an article of clothing by which he was often recognized at long distances. One day he suddenly disappeared. His clothes (with the exception of his jacket) were found in a wood, the ground near by being saturated with blood. It was therefore believed that the man had been murdered: but in spite of the most diligent search and inquiries neither the man's corpse nor his jacket could be discovered. All inquiry and search proving fruitless, the matter was silently sinking into oblivion when some one, one day, startled the local authorities with the information that he (the informant) had seen the fisherman's jacket floating in a deep pond. The authorities, accompanied by others (who had got wind of the report), repaired to the pond in question, which was surrounded by fields of ripe sugar cane, and was only reached (unless you forced your way through the canes) by means of an "interval," or narrow foot-path, running between two of the fields. When the authorities reached the spot they were only in time to see the jacket floating for a few minutes in the centre of the pond, then it sunk and disappeared. The pond was dragged but without anything being found: the authorities went home, and the large crowd which had assembled dispersed. But the next day the jacket again appeared on the surface of the pond. A crowd collected, the negroes declaring it to be the work of Obeah. The authorities having returned to the spot, a boat was obtained and launched in the pond, manned, and sent to capture the jacket. But as soon as the boat got within a few yards of the jacket it sunk, and although the boatmen used their oars in every direction to discover the whereabouts of the missing jacket, their efforts proved unsuccessful. On the third day the jacket again appeared: the hour of its rising being about noon. Expert swimmers and divers were now employed to try and catch this "will o' the wisp" jacket, but in spite of all their dodges they signally failed. It was a problem that none could unriddle. Materialists believed it to be a hoax; spiritualists believed it to be some manifestation of the dead. The matter having been reported to the Governor, His Excellency, accompanied by the authorities, visited the spot. At noon, in the presence of the Governor and a large assemblage of persons, the jacket rose to the surface of the pond. Boats were manned and sent off to the jacket, but as soon as they got about a boat's length from it the water closed over it, and it

was nowhere to be seen. A detachment of soldiers had accompanied His Excellency the Governor to the spot—His Excellency directed the soldiers to discharge their firelocks at the jacket. They did so, the boatmen having "backed water" to keep outside of the range of the soldiers' fire: the bullets to all appearance riddling the jacket. But although tossed about by the water, which had been disturbed by the striking of the bullets, the jacket still floated. The boats were now ordered to approach the jacket again, but as they got near to it, it vanished, and never appeared again for that day. The Governor and the authorities returned home more nonplussed than ever—most people believing it to be the work of some practical joker. Soon after this it suddenly ceased to haunt the pond, and as the pond began to dry up about the same time it was expected that, with the abating of the water, the mystery would be explained. But although the pond was watched with this end in view the mystery of the "Floating Jacket of St. Philips" was never solved.

OUR LADY OF COMPASSION

By TERESA HOOLEY

MARY, O Mary Mother, ere He was born
 Didst thou not yearn to gather to thy breast
 All things unhappy, helpless, hurt, forlorn,
 And fold them close for comfort and for rest?
 Didst thou not yearn with tears,
 In secret shed, through unfulfilled years?

Mary, O Mary Mother, didst thou not long
 To take each soul's hid grief and make thine own,
 To share all loss and loneliness and wrong,
 Terror and anguish—thou, a woman, alone?
 Oft-times, before He came,
 Wast thou not heavy with those others' shame?

Mary, O Mary Mother, didst thou not feel
 The weight of burdens thou couldst never bear,
 The sting of wounds thou mightst not stanch nor heal,
 The lash of punishments thou couldst not share?

* * * * *

Nor love nor ruth sufficed
 Till thou didst give them to the world in Christ.

E

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Thanks for your able notes on the above in the current number of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I have experienced the sensation of wafting through the air in a dream, but there seems a difficulty in keeping balanced in an upright position. There is another kind of dream which has come to me at intervals, and possibly it may, or may not, be a common experience. It is as follows :—

With a knowledge that it is a dream some wonderful secret seems given, and one realizes that this knowledge would benefit the race incalculably; on waking the whole thing is lost, but yet one feels that it is a truth, which for some potent reasons must not be remembered.

With regards,

Yours sincerely,

TAU.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have often been puzzled as to the explanation of the following facts and wonder if any of your readers could give it me.

About four years ago I dreamed for the first time, and for no apparent reason, of Mary Queen of Scots. The background of the dream was the garden of the home in which I lived as a child. The figure wore the open ruff and round lace-edged coif that is seen in certain pictures of the Queen, but the dress was dark green brocaded with crimson roses, and which, as far as I know, is not shown in any of her portraits. The skin and hair were strangely lucent, and the lips a vivid red. She turned and walked towards another part of the garden. I followed her, but noticed that as she moved, her figure alternately fitted together and disintegrated. We stood on the lawn, and she pointed to a fairy cart and driver which were being drawn slowly past. In the cart was a prisoner, bound, with his back to the horses. The whole equipage was no bigger than a toy, and the men the size of small dolls. It vanished, and a voice of some hidden person said the words "Tyburn Tree!" Then the Queen stooped, took my hand in hers, and looked deeply into my eyes for an instant, after which

she gradually faded away—first her hands became invisible, then her arms and her figure, till finally I could only see her face, and in a moment that had disappeared also. I returned to the part of the garden where I had first seen her. A great wind suddenly rose among the trees and the same voice which I had heard before said the name “Jean Kennedy.” Then I woke up.

A year later we moved into a house near Marble Arch. Probably owing to its nearness to the ancient site of Tyburn Tree, the house proved to be in a terribly astral condition. This culminated in three weeks of a regular psychic upheaval, the events of which are too detailed and many-sided to enter into now, but through these wound, like a connecting thread, the continuous appearance of Mary Queen of Scots. With the help and kindness of various friends the house was at last cleared of its evil conditions and I recovered from their results through which I had nearly died. All this was in January, 1913. From that time till August, 1915, I never saw the Queen again. At that period I saw her twice. The first night she appeared heavily veiled. The next night I seemed to be present in the room at Whitehall, out of whose window Charles I stepped on to his scaffold. I saw him and the ghost of the Queen of Scots in the red robes she is supposed to have been executed in. As he went out of the window she turned and said something to me, but I could not hear it, and then woke up. In a few days we heard that my mother had died very suddenly. I saw the Queen again in the middle of March and noted the date. Later came the news that an aunt had died in Colorado on that night. I also saw the Queen just three days before the news of a cousin's death. On these last two occasions the Queen appeared with a smiling expression and I only saw her head and shoulders in the air. These two latter relations were practically unknown to me, but my sister and I benefited financially from their deaths. All three deaths were sudden, and in each case the Queen seems not only to have appeared, but by her dress and expression to have symbolized the degrees of each loss.

I should much like to know if there is any reason other than coincidence for this. Much that happened in the haunted house could, no doubt, be some form of hysteria. But the dreams were all before and after that time. I have never had any interest, more than an ordinary one, in Mary's life and fate, nor in Charles I's. The Stuarts of the much later Jacobite days were the ones that appealed to my sense of romance as a child. I am not much interested in spiritualism, nor was I ever more than ordinarily psychic, and that only in dreams, except in the haunted house during its bad stage. I cannot but think the tale which “spirits” repeatedly told me at that time—i.e. that I was the Mary Hamilton of the ballad—is a little far-fetched. Yet when I was a small child my friends still remember how I always dreamed of being hanged. I was first taken out of prison by a jailor in a ruff and sixteenth century clothes down a stairway into the street and

thence in a cart to a large scaffold that looked out over the sea. I had this dream again and again, though never since I was quite a child, and it is true that the main facts of the legend of Mary Hamilton do coincide with it slightly. Yours faithfully,

MARGARET LUMLEY BROWN.

100 FELLOWS ROAD,
N.W.

FLYING DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—When a little girl of nine or ten I had a very vivid and unpleasant dream of being chased up the stairs of the house where we lived by a hippopotamus. I can see the horror lumbering after me round the flights' landings even now. Usually in this type of dream one is always on the point of being caught, but never is; in my dream, however, I *was* caught, but at the very moment of being overtaken and instantaneously killed, I—an interior *me*—flew straight up, the house having disappeared, clean up into the sky vertically, thinking, "Now I'm dead and going to heaven." Alas! I never got there, for I woke up instead.

Is there any connection between flying dreams and those who have the "airy sign" Aquarius strong in their horoscopes?

Yours faithfully,
AQUARIAN.

A DREAM OF DROWNED SAILORS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In connection with the recent naval battle off Jutland, I think the following dream which I had at the time may be of interest to your readers.

I dreamt I was showing A. some haunts of my childhood's days, and standing outside a sweetshop at a corner of a road we were laughing over some childish escapade that occurred on that very spot many years ago, when I suddenly heard a faint humming sound. The road was long, leading straight to the sea, and the sound was rather like the gentle breaking of waves on the soft sand, mingled with the faint moan of the summer breeze. I listened intently, marvelling that I could hear these sounds so plainly, for we were at least a mile from the sea, and a busy little town intervened. As the sound grew more pronounced, I saw coming towards me a vast crowd of people, and when I turned to the shop window again I noticed a greyish mist reflected in it. I watched this with interest, and then as the crowd drew nearer, I could see through the glass that they were all sailors, slowly passing in little lines of three and four, with their arms twined loosely round each others' necks. They were all softly singing rather sad and solemn music of a peculiar sweetness,

music that sent a deep thrill of happiness through me, as I watched the reflection of this endless multitude, and tried to surmise what they could possibly be doing so far away from port or dock. They came quietly along, always three or four together, some in the road, and some on the narrow path, but after a while the crowd became so dense that we were obliged to turn into a side street to avoid being carried along with them. We walked a few steps in the direction of home, when, looking back over my shoulder, I instantly became aware of something unusual about this vast concourse, something I had not observed in the glass reflection. I could hear no sound of walking, and then I saw that they were all floating, quite near the ground in faint vapour that gleamed softly in the twilight. Hundreds of sailors floated by, and as I drew nearer I noticed their faces: all had the same expression of serene happiness, and their eyes, wide open, and humid with patient suffering bravely overcome, were all looking ahead as if to some glorious goal. Then I knew that these were heroes who had just passed over, and they journeyed on that long road from the sea to some distant bourne where peace awaited them. I stretched out my hands to greet them, and their forms slowly grew shadowy until they were eventually just vague outlines. I halted for a while on the borderland of sleep listening to the sweet music growing fainter and fainter until it became as the little waves breaking on the shore and the crooning sigh of the soft south wind.

I anxiously awaited my morning paper, for I knew I was to hear of some great naval disaster, and when it came I read with sorrow of the loss of so many men. Yet I have felt strangely comforted since, for have I not seen something of the great passing over, and heard the sweet and solemn requiem wafted down that quiet street, as souls journeyed along the path of the heroes to the place where joy is attained.

Yours faithfully,

DOROTHY BINGHAM-HALL.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have received and read with great interest the June number of the OCCULT REVIEW which you kindly sent me. The first article on the subject of dreams interested me especially, as I had in my own family a curious case that occurred with my own father, General Count Rzewuski, who was a man certainly not given to exaggerate anything that he said and related, and as perhaps it might prove interesting for your readers to hear of it, I propose to relate it here.

My great-great-grandfather, who was the last Hetman, or commander-in-chief of the Polish armies under Poniatowski, after having been sent into exile by the Empress Catherine and kept for five years

in Siberia, returned to Poland and settled in a small town called Chelm, where he died on November 25, 1779. He was buried on the spot in the vaults of a church belonging to a Capuchin convent. Times were troubled ones, one war followed upon another, and the body remained where it had been laid. In 1831, during the Polish Mutiny, his great-grandson, my father, was a young man of twenty-eight, and in command of a Russian cuirassier regiment, engaged in the campaign. On the eve of the Battle of Grochow, one of the most decisive in the war, he was sleeping in his tent, when he dreamt that he saw an old man enter it, whom he recognized from the portraits which he had seen to be his great-grandfather, Waclaw Rzewuski. The ghost was dressed in the Polish national costume, with yellow boots, through which the toes protruded, and it sat down beside my father, and told him that on that same day the insurgents had broken into the church where he was laid, destroyed his coffin, and set his body against the wall. He commanded my father to repair to Chelm, and to put him back into another coffin, which was to be taken to the family place in the South of Russia, and buried there, and he further commanded him to erect two crosses in two different places, one in the park, and the other in the fields, in view of the family castle. And he further told my father that he would be wounded next day.

My father awoke very much impressed by his dream, but having been really severely wounded on the next afternoon, he spent some months in a hospital, and as time went on, forgot all about his dream. But five years later he had occasion to be in Chelm with the Emperor Nicholas who visited the town, and on whom he was in attendance, and remembering it he went to the church where his ancestor had been laid. He found that it had remained closed since the Mutiny, and heard that the insurgents had in reality plundered it. He had the vaults opened by the caretaker, and actually found his great-grandfather's body in a state of perfect preservation, standing against the wall, with the toes protruding out of the yellow boots, just as he had seen them in his dream or vision. He then had the body removed to the family grave, and erected the two crosses where he had been told to do so, and they are standing there to this very day. I have heard my father relate the story several times, and he always declared that he felt convinced it had been his ancestor's spirit that had visited him on that night.

This is a perfectly true story, which does not repose upon hearsay.

Personally I have had myself a curious experience of second sight. I had a great friend General T——, already an oldish man, with whom myself and all my family had been for years upon most intimate terms. One day, it was February 19, 1893, he asked me to come and have tea with him. He had recently moved into a new flat, where I had never been before. The disposition of it was as follows: an

entrance hall, then the dining-room, which was followed by a large study. On entering this study on that day at about three o'clock in the afternoon, I was startled by seeing distinctly in the room a coffin, set in the corner of the apartment, as is generally done in Russia, with tapers burning around it, and in that coffin the body of my friend dressed in a red uniform of the Cossacks of the guards which he only wore upon very rare occasions. The impression was so vivid that I could not help uttering a low scream. The general, who had come to meet me, asked what was the matter, when, not caring to tell him what had occurred, I replied that I had twisted my foot, thinking at the same time, "How stupid; why, if he were dead, he would not be in this room, but in his bedroom." Nevertheless the thing worried me so that, on coming home, I wrote an account of the incident in my diary.

Three years passed, and on February 19, 1896, my poor friend died. When I went to assist at the prayers which in Russia are said twice a day near a dead body, I found that, as he had died from congestion of the lungs, he had been moved to his study from his bedroom to have more air, and I saw him in the very same place where he had appeared to me three years before, dressed in the very same red Cossack uniform, with the tapers disposed around the coffin, and the same flowers scattered upon the body. It was then three o'clock.

I shall not attempt to explain the incident, but relate it simply as it occurred.

I enclose my card.

Yours truly,

C. KOLB-DANVIN.

STOCKHOLM,

ERIKSBERG GATAN 14.

HOROSCOPES WANTED.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Probably among the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW there are some who could supply the information for which I am seeking and for which I should be most grateful. Would you be so kind as to include this letter among the correspondence of your next issue?

I want the hour, and for preference the *exact time*, of birth of the following persons:—

Theobald Wolfe Tone, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Charles Stewart Parnell, Burke, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Isaac Butt, William Pitt, Robert Emmet, Henry Grattan, O'Leary, Cavour, Garibaldi, Cardinal Antonelli, Von Moltke, Metternich, John Henry Newman, Rousseau, Pope Leo XIII, Pope Pius IX, J. H. Pearse, Connolly, Jim Larkin, Napoleon III.

If any one is good enough to communicate any information as to these dates, would they very kindly mention on what authority their statements are founded. The times are required for certain calculations

in Mundane Astrology connected with the events preceding the War, and a misquoted time makes all conclusions hopelessly incorrect.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE HYDE LEES.

16 MONTPELIER SQUARE,
LONDON, S.W.

SOUNDS AND COLOURS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. Cyril Scott's article on "Sound and Colour." I have always seen the letters of the alphabet, also numbers, each a different colour, and a bad headache is for me a vivid pink.

The notes of the scale are each a different colour for me, but I do not see them as Mr. Scott does in their regular prismatic order. For me B is a beautiful peacock blue, and G sapphire blue, A flat purple, C yellow, and so on.

I am very susceptible to pitch and key, and to me the more flats or sharps in a key, the richer the colour, while C major is very pale.

I think the association of colours with sounds is the clearest proof that could be of the oneness of all matter and the universal rule of the law of vibration.

I am, sir, yours very truly,

LOUISE HAVILAND.

LANE FARM,
MAIDENHEAD THICKET, BERKS.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AN excellent summarized report of a lecture on Life and Death, delivered by Sir Oliver Lodge to the Birmingham University Guild of Undergraduates, appears in the columns of *Light*, and has several points of moment. One of them is an attempt to explain the meaning of the term Life, which of course escapes definition, because it can be contrasted but not compared. As Sir Oliver Lodge says of electricity, "it is itself; it is not something else," so he can explain only how he uses it, and inevitably by way of tautology. It signifies for him "the vivifying principle which animates matter and differentiates it from what is often called dead matter." He explains further that "life is not energy any more than it is matter, but is that which directs energy and applies it to its own purposes. Death, on the other hand, is that which befalls an organism when the controlling influence is withdrawn or ceases. It is a word which belongs only to that which has once been alive, not to inanimate things, and it is of course highly ambiguous in reference to a human being, who is certainly not dead in the sense that his body is dead, when this has been discarded. Thereafter Sir Oliver Lodge proceeds to unfold his certitude that there is no extinction, that life is continuous, and that departed man suffers only a subjective change of surroundings. The last is a brilliant elucidation, but fortunately every one who counts among us is familiar with the lecturer's views, and there is little call to repeat them. *Light* has also an excellent personal memorial of Archdeacon Wilberforce by Miss Charlotte E. Woods, who is well known among us. She dwells upon her friend's deep interest in psychical matters, though his attitude was one of caution—that kind of caution which was inevitable for a mystic whose knowledge of all that they signify came from another source. Miss Woods assures us that "the Archdeacon loved this world to the end, though in his heart's depths he lived in another." And now—in her concluding words—he is "at the haven where he would be."

A notable series of articles on the ethical aspect of Vedanta is a feature of importance from month to month in *Vedanta Kesari*. They are written with the utmost lucidity and—so far as we are qualified to judge—with the authority of real knowledge. One of the last sections is concerned with the "fruit of *Karma*" and embodies a criticism of modern errors, e.g., that *Karma* itself is competent to lead the soul from bondage to liberation, whence it has been erroneously concluded that the central aim of *Gita* teaching is "to advocate a life of strenuous worldly activity," as a means to the attainment of the highest aim of man. The so-called "political subjection" of the Hindu people is referred by this interpretation to a misconstruction of the sacred text on this vital point. Misconstruction, however, is on the part of modern expositors, for *Karma* leads to liberation only in an indirect sense and is not to be identified (*a*) with individual secular

activity, (b) with that of any body of men, or (c) with that of the state. It follows, though it is not affirmed, that the alleged subjection of India is explicable on other grounds. . . . A writer in *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine* tells us that there is no people on earth "whose past history contains better evidence of spiritualism than that of the Hindus," of whom the writer is one. There is, however, a certain question respecting the word and its meaning, and the phenomena of mediumship are distinguished from the "ancient spiritualism" of India, the object of which was to "imbue worldly life" with ideas of regeneration and eternal life to come. It seems obvious that this is the intent of all religion. . . . *The Kalpaka* continues its comparison of Christ's teachings with those of Tiruvallar and deals in its last issue with the counsel not to resist evil. Numerous parallels hereto are found in sayings of the Indian sage, e.g., "Not to return evil . . . is the crown of all virtues." But what is proved by analogies of this kind seems to be that only which was expressed long ago by Saint-Martin, when he said that all true men speak the same language, for they come from the same country.

The *Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research* is perhaps more refreshing than ever. In signed or unsigned articles, one always reads Professor Hyslop's consideration of things with appreciation of his trenchant treatment of mock psychologies and floundering materialisms of the moment. His congenital hatred of humbug, and his war against gratuitous speculations, may lead him sometimes beyond those bounds which we might prescribe personally to ourselves, but he seems to carry a special charter for the cleansing, as best he can, of many Augean stables of the mind. As we upon this side, he comes across loose talk and writing on "mysterious subliminal faculties" and "unfathomed possibilities of telepathic communications," terminology which people who really know the subjects would shrink from using, and which the Professor tears to pieces in his now well-known manner. Telepathy, he tells us, is not an explanatory term of any kind, but a name which covers our complete ignorance. With the unwary it tends to become a mere shibboleth. So also suggestion—all its alleged mystical power notwithstanding—is that about which no man knows anything. As regards the sub-conscious generally, it is "a very crazy and incoherent and abnormal sort of thing, not a thing to conjure with" in the explanation of phenomena belonging to the psychological order. Elsewhere Professor Hyslop pronounces judgment on the hypothesis of reincarnation, as this is understood by him, namely, that "a man does not reach his ideal" in this life, that he "must come back to a body to make atonement for his past and to secure the moral development" which he failed to reach previously. But in the course of its incarnations "the soul has no memory of its past." According to Professor Hyslop, "this view is the direct antithesis of all rational ethics," memory being "the fundamental condition of all ethical life" and it being impossible to postulate

responsibility in its absence. Whether the definition of the hypothesis as presented really contains the hypothesis will be open to question by those who know it through the medium of eastern literature, but there is something in the memory contention, and those who say that recollection of the past "will be reached at the end of the evolution" are told that this cannot help the case, "because memory is the condition, not the end of ethical life."

Le Théosophe reminds us how Baudelaire once affirmed that odours, colours and sounds respond one to another. Gautier heard the noise of colours, and Goethe—so far back as 1786—set out the correspondence between the rainbow scale of colour and the scale in music. The subject is much with us in these days—in books as well as in periodicals. A recent French writer, whose *Alchimie du Verbe* is cited by our contemporary, attributes definite colours to the vowels. Others have produced a theory of "verbal instrumentation," but what colours are referable to what vowels has not been agreed finally. M. Gaston Revel, who comments on these æsthetic developments and on some others which rush violently towards extremes, suggests that we may be standing on the threshold of a new science and a new art. If so, it is one more revelation of the bond between all things and of that unity which perhaps it is the main or sole purpose of multiplicity to set forth. . . . In the current issue of *The Vahan* Mr. D. N. Dunlop discourses of intelligence in matter, giving some recapitulation of the subject as treated in *The Secret Doctrine*. According to H. P. B., the forces or souls of Nature "sweep onwards through mineral, vegetable and animal forms until they reach a point where God breathes upon them and they become living souls." Mr. Dunlop, on his own part, denies that we, "as individual thinking beings," build up our own forms, though this has been affirmed frequently; we descend rather "when the form has been already prepared." It is the poet Wordsworth philosophized, and the soul "cometh from afar." Mr. Dunlop adds that soul is the principle of universal love. . . . *The Progressive Thinker* gives account of an ancient sun-temple unearthed in Colorado by Dr. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution. The ruins are said to be the finest masonry in the whole field, and the most mysterious in a region rich with historic memorials. "It is unlike any other edifice constructed by cliff-dwellers, and is by far the most imposing," containing no less than twenty-six chambers. It is supposed to have been completed about a century before Columbus, but the foundations may go back at least to 1300 A.D. . . . We have been asked to acknowledge the first issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*, edited by Mrs. Annie C. Bill, and an official organ of "the Mother Church of Christ Scientist," which has declared its independence on a plea of reversion to Mrs. Eddy's original teachings. It is said that the old organization, presumably in America, has unconsciously seceded from that teaching. The statement is reproduced here under all reserves, as we know nothing concerning the issues and should not, in any case, adjudicate thereon.

REVIEWS

CONCERNING PRAYER: ITS NATURE, ITS DIFFICULTIES AND ITS VALUE. By the Author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," Harold Anson, Edwyn Bevan, R. G. Collingwood, Leonard Hodgson, Rufus M. Jones, W. F. Lofthouse, C. H. S. Matthews, N. Micklem, A. C. Turner, and B. H. Streeter. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street. 1916. Price 7s. 6d. net.

ONE of the earliest effects of the Great War was a vigorous "Call to Prayer" from churches of all denominations. This Call, we are told, has met with "singularly little response." Is it because people feel that prayer is of no avail to stay the wrath of "the God of Battles?" Or do we not know how to pray? In the volume under notice eleven very earnest and able writers, representative of their different modes of thought, have endeavoured to answer some of the difficult problems involved in a consideration of this deep subject. Absolute unanimity in their conclusions was of course hardly to be expected, but discussion, like confession, is often good for the soul, and no doubt many readers will find this book particularly helpful in enabling them to clarify their own thoughts. The beautiful essay entitled "Prayer and the Mystic Vision," comes nearest to defining the indefinable nature of communion between the finite and the infinite. . . . While admitting the power sometimes of collective prayer as a dynamic force, there is no doubt that *forms* of service tend to become mechanical and lifeless, and one must very heartily agree with Canon Streeter that the prayer of Sir Jacob Astley before the battle of Edgehill: "Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me," is worth more than half the books of devotion. Turning hopefully to the concluding study, "Prayers for the Dead," the following staggering announcement meets the reader: "We neither have, nor can have, any knowledge of the condition in which souls exist beyond the grave"! May one venture to suggest to the author of this crude and dogmatic assertion—which goes far to discount much that is otherwise good in the essay—a perusal of the works of Swedenborg, Sir Oliver Lodge, the Rev. Arthur Chambers (Vicar of Brockenhurst), and a host of other illuminates.

EDITH K. HARPER.

JULIUS LEVALLON. By Algernon Blackwood. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Pages viii. + 332. Price 6s.

SUCCESS is so often worked into a state of artistic anæmia that it is cheering to see the vigorous beauty of many pages of Mr. Blackwood's latest work. It is a story of reincarnation in which the title character schemes to expiate an error committed by himself and two others in a remote age on another planet. The attempted restitution on the part of a borrower of

"the elemental powers" leads to a double tragedy which the supposed narrator survives. Tragedy, however, is not the *mot juste* in this case, for, to Mr. Blackwood's hero, life was continuous, any particular body being merely the vehicle used in travelling along a limited section of the soul's journey.

The weakest point of the story is the objective of LeVallon's efforts. In dealing with non-human forces Mr. Blackwood succeeds where what is required is merely suggestion, atmosphere, the sense of formless deities; but when it comes to relating them with Karmic law and sins of egoism—when it comes to figuring them as creditors—he is unsatisfying. Nevertheless, as an acute critic said to me, Mr. Blackwood's writing about Fire and Air is so remarkable that one surmises that they have entered into his consciousness in some extraordinary way. I must not leave his novel without stating that a description in it of a ceremony of sun-worship is magnificently effective and that the hero's wife is one of the most fascinating of his human creations.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By Louise Pond Jewell. Royal 16mo, pp. 124. London: George Bell & Sons, Ltd. Price 1s. 6d. net.

Just as it is, with all the downs and ups, life was the great adventure for Carroll Page, though on the side of her circumstances, apart from her inward being, the downs were her lot especially. And life was continued henceforward—world without end—for death in her picture of things was the opening of a door, beyond which the adventure was much greater. For her, in this sense, the gates were always ajar. When the time came that she was called to pass through them in her turn, the *mise en scène* of physical death was suffused and exalted by an incredible rush of expectation. It is an exhilarating story, a curiously living story, in its quiet uncoloured way, a good specimen of a particular American manner of that sort of art in writing which once came out of Connecticut. There is nothing within my knowledge which is quite like the little chapter about an expected end of the world, and how that possibility was faced by Carroll, the only person in the city of Detroit who "went disappointed to bed" on the night that it did not come. The death-bed scene is wonderful—the death of a saint who had scarcely heard of sanctity, but whom St. Francis would have taken surely into his heart of hearts, for Carroll had that touch of quintessential nature which makes all things God. I agree with the publisher's description that this is a contagious book, and it will be a good day's work for any one who can be inoculated with its germs of life.

A. E. WAITE.

SUFISM: OMAR KHAYYAM AND E. FITZGERALD. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard. Demy 8vo, pp. 48. London: Sufi Publishing Society, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

DR. BJERREGAARD is well known in America within occult and mystical circles, and he is not unknown here by his contributions to *The Word*, and similar periodicals, during a long series of years. He is the author of two volumes on *Mysticism and Nature Worship*, which are, perhaps, his most important contribution to current esoteric literature. The

present *opusculum* is the recast of a previous monograph and is pleasant reading within its own measures. But Sufism is not alone an important, it is also a very wide subject, and a preliminary appreciation of six pages, on which the writer lays a certain stress, can obviously do little to instruct those who are unversed, or to concern those who are students. What remains is an interpretation of Omar Khayyám in the light of Edward Fitzgerald, with strictures on the method of translation which has given us that pearl beyond price of literature. Though it may serve little purpose so far as the critic is concerned, it is desirable otherwise to say that the fidelity of the poet Fitzgerald, in his rendering of the poet Omar, is nothing in comparison with the greatness of his work, and that this is everything. It is an old story that he often expressed, not that which was written originally, but that which—from his point of view—belonged to a metaphysics of the vineyard and the wine thereof. The point of view may be wrong, but this does not signify either. Fitzgerald denies that Omar was Sufi or mystic of any kind, whereas Dr. Bjerregaard affirms that he belongs to the golden chain of Jellalladdin, Attar and Saadi. In a qualified sense, I think personally that he is right—for all that this matters, which is little enough in the present connection. The point is that we have Fitzgerald's poem, and those who are dissatisfied with his accuracy can go to the literal French translation of M. Nicolas, printed side by side with the original text. They will find that Fitzgerald lives, while the French translation is dead. But they can go even further, for the French translation has been put—after a fashion—into English by a certain Baron Corvo, and it is—if possible—yet more dead. But for the literalists either will do, and as Dr. Bjerregaard is concerned with the postulated mystical sense of Omar, he would have found it much more to his purpose if he had taken Nicolas for his ground work rather than Fitzgerald, and adhered to the mystical sense instead of sprinkling his commentary with strictures with which every one is familiar and which every one is content to ignore. For the rest, the interpretation is suggestive, and the author tells us that he has been familiar with Sufism for more than thirty years.

A. E. WAITE.

THE IMPERSONAL LIFE. The Sun Publishing Company, San Diego, California.

THIS is a book of the Newer and Higher Thought which has pervaded America since Emerson gave us the fruits of his glorious optimism and beautiful faith. Even Ella Wheeler Wilcox, that poet of the jingle and the catch-rhyme, has written essays on Higher Thought which far outstrip her prosodic measures. *The Impersonal Life* contains much that is appealing and karmic, although one wishes the reader had corrected his proof sheets more carefully, and that the author would not indulge in the "noo speling" which makes him write "through" as "thru" throughout the book. One may be old-fashioned, but it jars the eye and jerks the mind.

Beyond these crudities *The Impersonal Life* has its good points, for thought never depends on its setting, but upon its originality and depth, and of these the booklet contains both in ample measure.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.