OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE question has been learnedly discussed by an eminent historian how far the great men of any epoch are the children of that epoch, interpreters so to speak of the spirit of the time, and unconscious instruments each of some new phase of historical evolution—agents, in short, formed by their conditions and surroundings, of the inevitable working out of the world's destiny in accordance with some supreme law, the understanding of which, could we but master it, would give us the clue to the entire panorama of human history—or how far, on the other hand, this assumed law is subject to modification or indeed transformation by the lives and actions of certain pre-eminently powerful personalities. Are we right, for instance, in describing Napoleon as the child of the French Revolution, and the instrument of a destiny of which he was the unconscious tool? Or should we rather maintain that the history of Europe for the best part of a generation was moulded by Bonaparte's iron

THE INDIVIDUAL IN HISTORY.

will, his ambition, and his individual energy and activity? The question is decided by Mr. Lecky, the historian above alluded to, at least tentatively, in favour of the preponderating influence of individual action. This decision may seem open to criticism from the more modern and more scientific standpoint, but if we carefully examine the effect of individual action and individual character in certain of the greatest crises of the world's history, we shall find reason at least to pause and hesitate more than once before condemning what I may perhaps describe as the individualist hypothesis in history.

Take, for instance, the case of Abraham Lincoln, and the supreme crisis in American history which resulted in the war between North and South, and, perhaps I should say incidentally, in the emancipation of the negro population. Any one, I think, who has carefully and dispassionately studied the interaction of the political currents of the time, and the trend of events immediately preceding the outbreak of this war, will not fail to realize that the election of President Lincoln at this crisis in all human probability changed the whole course of the subsequent history of the American continent. Nor is it easy to see what other candidate or possible candidate for the office of President would by his election have moulded the course of history in any manner remotely resembling that which ultimately eventuated. Compared with Lincoln all his possible competitors were much less definitely committed to a specific position in the matter of slavery. They all had far more of the character of ordinary party politicians, ready to trim their sails and adjust their principles according to circumstances, and less capable of taking a bold and determined stand in the face of the imminent danger of civil war, which threatened the country. The gravity of the crisis was indeed so great that their adoption of a temporizing attitude of this character is readily comprehensible. Yet, in spite of its consequences, the standpoint of President Lincoln has been endorsed unhesitatingly by history. "We want and must have [he observed in one of his Kansas speeches] a national policy as to slavery which deals with it as being wrong. Whoever would prevent slavery becoming national and perpetual yields all when he yields to a policy which treats it either as being right or as being a matter of indifference." And yet, as Lord Charnwood observes, in his *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, just published by Messrs. Constable & Co., "this candidate for the chief magistracy at a critical time had

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS WORK.

never administered any concern much larger than that post-office which he once 'carried round in his hat.' Of the several other gentlemen whose names were before the party, there was none who might not seem greatly to surpass him in experience of affairs."

"His rise from obscurity to fame and power," says William Elroy Curtis in his fascinating work entitled *The True Abraham Lincoln*,* "was almost as sudden and startling as that of Napoleon, for it may be truthfully said that when Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency he was an unknown man. He had occupied no important position. He had rendered no great public service. His reputation was that of a debater and politician, and did not become national until he delivered a remarkable speech at the Cooper Union, New York. His election was not due to personal popularity, nor to the strength of the party he represented, nor to the justice of his cause, but to factional strife and jealousies among his opponents."

In the election of Abraham Lincoln at such a moment and under such circumstances, we may, if we are religiously minded, trace the hand of an over-ruling Providence. We can hardly justify its consequences on the principle of an unalterable law of history working itself out to its inevitable consequences regardless of individual action and effort. There is in fact no more futile and fatal theory than that which tells us that certain incidents in history are inevitable, and the best thing we can do under the circumstances is to run with the current and minimize their evil consequences, if such we anticipate, by trimming our sails to the winds of destiny. The truth is that it is the men who have *stemmed the current* who have made history, and Abraham Lincoln stands forth conspicuous as one of these. By his own unaided energy and oratorical powers at a critical moment in his political fortunes he forced the lately created Republican party to do battle with his rival Douglas, and the party of indifference. It is almost safe to say that the challenge would have been thrown down by none but he, and he did so with an unmistakable emphasis which decided the attitude of the political combination with which he had identified himself, and, by so deciding it, brought about the results which compelled the South to show its hand and thus led directly to the Civil War and the unification of the States on the basis of the abolition of slavery.

IS HISTORY INEVITABLE?

What manner of man, then, was this who, untried as he

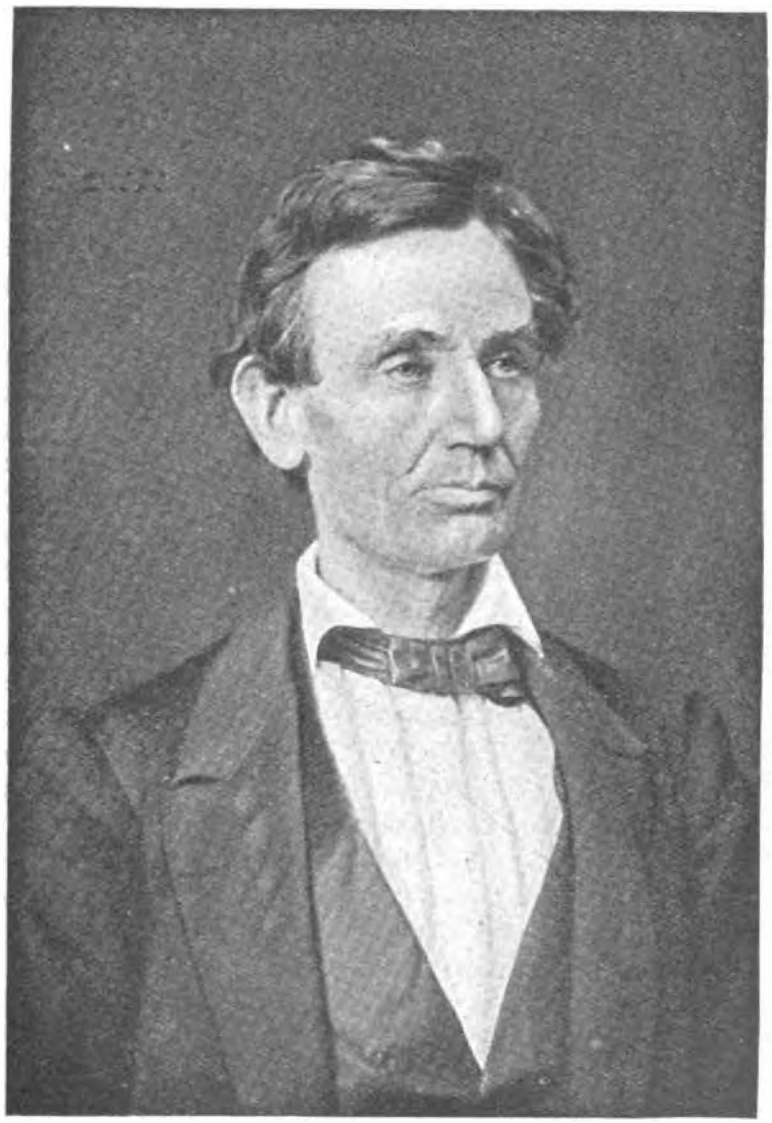
* The Lippincott Co., London and New York.

was, found himself placed in a position of supreme power at a moment which threatened the very existence of the country which he was called upon to govern, as a single coherent whole? His beginnings were of the very humblest. He was born in a log cabin in Hardin Co., Kentucky, the son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, his wife, on February 12, 1809, where his father had taken a small farm, having previously abandoned his occupation as a carpenter, apparently because it did not prove remunerative. His childhood was one of constant privation and continual financial difficulty. The troubles of his early years probably had more than a little to do with that habitual melancholy which never left him throughout his life, but which was associated, as indeed is not infrequently the case, with a remarkably strong vein of humour. This humour, while it served to sustain him in after periods of the severest stress, and early gained him a great local reputation as a raconteur and witty speaker, was later on a cause of offence to many, who saw in his broad jokes and numerous witticisms something inconsistent with the dignity of the Presidential office. Of dignity, as a matter of fact, in the strictest sense, Abraham Lincoln had none. He was hail-fellow-well-met with all, and was always most in his element with the plain man of the people. No ruler of a great nation was ever more completely devoid of what is now popularly termed "side." This no doubt was to a great extent due to Lincoln's natural humility. His tendency, especially in the early part of his life, was consistently to under-estimate his own abilities, and as so many people will always take you at your own valuation, this doubtless had an effect detrimental to any widespread recognition of his actual capacity and intellectual power. An amusing story is told illustrative of this trait in his character, and showing how this natural modesty followed him to the end of his career. The story is told by Mr. George W. Julian, a member of Congress, who states that on one occasion a Committee of Western men headed by a certain Mr. Lovejoy procured from the President an important order providing for the exchange of Eastern and Western soldiers during the war, with a view to more effective work. Armed with this document Mr. Lovejoy repaired to the Secretary for War, Edwin M. Stanton, whose temper at any time was none of the best, and who proved to be particularly annoyed at this interference with the management of his department. On having the scheme explained to him he flatly refused to carry it

LINCOLN'S PARENTAGE.

HIS NATURAL HUMILITY.

out. "But," remonstrated Lovejoy, "we have the President's own order." "Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?" asked Stanton. "He did, sir." "Then he is a damned fool," said the irate Secretary. "Do you mean to say that the President is a damned fool?" asked Lovejoy in amazement. "Yes,



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

sir," retorted Stanton, "if he gave you such an order as that." The astounded Congressman betook himself at once to the President and narrated the result of his conference, repeating the conversation in detail. "Did Stanton say I was a damned fool?" asked Lincoln at the close of the recital. "He did, sir,

and repeated it." After a moment's pause the President looked up and said: "If Stanton said I was a damned fool, then I must be one; for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him."

I think one may safely say that no man who was responsible for the conduct of a great war, since the world began, was ever so humane by nature as Lincoln. The clemency of Julius Cæsar to his enemies when they fell into his power became proverbial, but Julius Cæsar's clemency was not in it with President Lincoln's. His official position devolved upon Lincoln the duty of countersigning the orders for the shooting of deserters from the army, and various other delinquents, under martial law.

HIS HUMANITY.

Lincoln always endeavoured to find some excuse for letting the offenders off. The stories told of this trait in his character are absolutely legion. On one occasion a Congressman who had failed to move the Secretary for War to grant a pardon, went to the White House late at night after the President had retired, and forcing his way into his bedroom, earnestly pleaded for his interference, exclaiming tragically, "This man must not be shot, Mr. Lincoln." "Well," said the President coolly, "I do not believe shooting will do him any good," and the pardon was granted. This reminds us by contrast of the story of a very dour Scotch judge to whom a man who had been condemned for murder, appealed piteously at the conclusion of the trial, protesting in vain that he knew nothing whatever of the crime of which he was absolutely innocent. "Weel, weel," said the Scottish dignitary, waving aside the whole question of guilt or innocence, "ye'll be nane the waur for a wee bit hanging."

On another occasion an old man came to him with a tragic story. His son had been convicted of unpardonable crimes and sentenced to death; but he was an only son, and Lincoln said kindly: "I am sorry I can do nothing for you. Listen to this telegram I received from General Butler yesterday: 'President Lincoln. I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the Army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers. B. F. Butler.'" Lincoln watched the old man's grief for a minute, and then exclaimed, "By Jingo! Butler or no Butler, here goes!" Writing a few words he handed the paper to the old man, which read as follows: "Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me. Abraham Lincoln." "Why," said the old man sadly, "I thought it was a pardon. You may order him to be shot next week." "My old friend," replied the President, "I see you are not very well acquainted with me.

If your son never dies till orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah." It is small wonder that Lincoln's generals felt no little anxiety as to the effect his humanitarian doctrines might exercise upon army discipline.

Lincoln's instrumentality in abolishing the slave trade in America must not blind us to the fact that at the commencement of the war he was in no sense a convinced Abolitionist, and that his native caution and preference for diplomatic methods led him to deprecate the adoption of any extreme course in this matter which might appear to do violence to the American Constitution. His own views on the matter he expressed with perfect frankness. From his earliest youth the idea of human beings being sold as mere chattels revolted his humanitarian principles. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong," he once said in a speech. "I cannot remember when I did not think so, and feel so." This view, however, did not prevent him being brought frequently into antagonism with the out-and-out Abolitionists. When the Illinois legislature, of which he was a member, passed a series of resolutions in 1838 declaring that the right of property in slaves "is sacred to the slave-holding States by the Federal Constitution," and expressed "its high disapproval of the formation of Abolition Societies, and of the doctrines promulgated by them," Lincoln and five other members of the legislature voted against the motion and prepared a protest which embodied their own views on the matter. The protestors herein expressed the opinion that while "the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, the promulgation of Abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils," and added the further opinion that the "Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States."

HIS ATTITUDE TOWARDS SLAVERY.

The line that Lincoln took and adhered to with unvarying tenacity was that the extension of slavery to non-slavery States, and especially to newly occupied territories, should be rigorously prevented. Nor was he willing to acquiesce in its extension even if sanctioned by the popular vote. In order to avoid friction and danger to the Union, the Northern States had been in the habit of making concessions to the Southern slave-owners to a somewhat dangerous extent. The problem had, in fact, caused trouble between North and South for many years before matters came to the final crisis. The idea of the North was always to find some *modus vivendi*, even if not the best possible, rather than

provoke a schism. With this in view, what has been called the Missouri Compromise was arrived at in the year 1820. The point of this law was that, while making a concession to the South for the admission of the Territory of Missouri to the Union as a slave State, a *quid pro quo* was exacted from the slave-holders by which they accepted an undertaking that slavery should not be permitted further north than its northern boundary—i.e. lat. 36.30°. The repealing of this Compromise in 1854 aroused widespread antagonism, and it is not too much to say that the commencement of the violent agitation against the extension of slavery which led in a few years to the outbreak of the Civil War is to be traced directly to this decision of Congress. While arousing political passions throughout the Union to a point never hitherto reached, it had the incidental but most important effect of bringing Lincoln back into the political field as a leading opponent of this retrograde policy. The acute antagonism between Lincoln and his rival Douglas, who attempted with great plausibility to justify the repeal, dates from this period. The initiation of this new movement led to the formation of the Republican party which superseded the old Whigs, and whose moving spirit and foremost orator was the future President. The Republican State Convention of Illinois which met in the summer of 1858 and adopted Lincoln as its first and only choice for the United States Senate was made by him the occasion for an oration which has ever been remembered as one of the epoch-making speeches of history.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

"A house [he said] divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

Why, it may be asked, when Lincoln was nominated President, should the South have taken his nomination as the signal for immediate revolt? He did not propose to interfere with their privileges as slave-owning States, nor to curtail them in any way. His election, it may be urged, merely implied a decision against the extension of slavery to other territories. But it did, in fact, something more than this. It placed slavery under a ban. It was a declaration to all the world that in the eyes of the First

Magistrate of the United States slavery was in itself an immoral thing, to be tolerated, doubtless of necessity, but only because, for the time being at least, it was the lesser of two evils. Whatever its champions in other countries might think fit to declare—and its champions in England, for instance, were numerous and influential—the justification for the war on the part of the South was that slavery in itself was essentially right, and that it was, in fact, a divinely sanctioned institution. An earlier Abraham was cited in favour of Biblical justification for a principle the extirpation of which was to be the work of his later namesake.

ATTITUDE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

With regard to the attitude which the founders of the American Constitution adopted in this matter, Lincoln took up a definite and, it appears to me, a perfectly justifiable view. They yielded to slavery, he claimed, what the necessity of the case required, and they yielded nothing more. The fathers, he argued again, placed slavery where the public mind could rest in the belief that it was in the course of ultimate extinction. In fact, the Union of the States was brought about in the only way that was possible at the time, by means of a compromise; and the Union having been so brought about, Lincoln felt himself bound to recognize the conditions of this compromise. Slavery was allowed to exist not because it was right, but from the necessities of the Union. From the moral point of view no Abolitionist took a more definite standpoint than Lincoln. "Slavery," he said, "is violation of eternal right." But this did not prevent him from considering himself bound by the compact on which the Union of the States rested. To do otherwise would have given the South a handle to justify secession, and above all things, in Lincoln's view, the Union must be saved. The strongest point, indeed, which the South could make, lay in the claim that withdrawal from the Union was an inherent right of every State, and that the terms of its Constitution implied this right of secession. It is possible that this argument may not have been void of some measure of justification. But the vital necessity of preserving the Union at all hazards was too patent to the Northern statesmen for any argument of this kind to find a hearing. The prevalent feeling was indeed that the toleration of slavery, compared with such a disaster, was a minor evil. As Lord Charnwood well says: "At the best, if the States which adhered to the old Union had admitted the claim of the first seceding States to go, they could only have retained for themselves an insecure existence as a

nation, threatened at each fresh conflict of interests or sentiment with a further disruption which could not upon any principle have been resisted." The logic of facts, in short, was too strong to break down before any mere quibble as to the precise meaning to be placed on the wording of the original terms of the constitution. While Lincoln, far-sighted diplomatist as he was, yielded no whit to the Abolitionists in high moral principle, and in adherence to his convictions, he far surpassed them in that wisdom of the serpent which led eventually to the practical realization of their ideals.

LINCOLN'S DEEP RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS.

In the earlier days of his career Lincoln was unfortunate in incurring the enmity of the orthodox clergy of his State, but it may safely be maintained that during the last century there has been one man and one only to compare with him in the profound depths of his religious convictions, among all those who have been called upon to rule the destinies of great nations. Regarded from this standpoint, Abraham Lincoln and William Ewart Gladstone stand apart. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, the authors of the standard biography on the President, lay stress on this depth and strength of the current of Lincoln's religious thought and emotion. "The pressure," they observe, "of the tremendous problems by which he was surrounded, the awful moral significance of the conflict of which he was the chief combatant, the overwhelming sense of personal responsibility, which never left him for an hour—all contributed to produce, in a temperament naturally serious and predisposed to a spiritual view of life and conduct, a sense of reverent acceptance of the guidance of a superior power."

This deep religious sense was evidenced in many incidents of his career, and in none more remarkably than on the occasion of his final adoption, after much hesitation, of the policy of slave emancipation. It was on September 22, 1862, that the President issued this emancipation proclamation, announcing that "on the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and for ever free." When Lincoln first arrived at his decision to issue this proclamation it was the midsummer of 1862, and the war for some time past had been going very badly for the North. Lincoln felt that the last card had been wellnigh played and that some change in tactics was essential. He therefore decided upon the

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

adoption of the emancipation policy. Having made up his mind, he called the Cabinet together, informing them that he personally had decided upon this momentous step, and had therefore not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject matter of the proclamation before them, inviting them to make suggestions as to its wording, the circumstances of its issue, etc. After various suggestions had been offered, the Secretary of State, Mr. William H. Seward, while approving of the proclamation, questioned the expediency of its publication at the particular juncture, in view of the fact that the public mind was depressed in consequence of repeated reverses, and that any step of the kind being then taken would be looked upon as the last measure of an exhausted Government—in short, a cry for help. He proposed, therefore, that its issue should be postponed until the country had met with some military success. Lincoln was impressed by the wisdom of the view taken by Seward, and put the draft of the proclamation on one side for the moment. After the battle of Antietam, however, which necessitated the retreat of General Lee and his Southern army, the President again brought it, before the Cabinet, saying that the time for the commencement of the emancipation policy could no longer be delayed. He believed that public sentiment would sustain it, many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it, and, moreover, "HE HAD PROMISED HIS GOD THAT HE WOULD DO IT." The last part of this sentence was uttered in a low tone, and appeared to be heard by no one except Secretary Chase, who was sitting near him. He inquired of the President if he understood him correctly. Lincoln replied in explanation: "I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee were driven back from Pennsylvania I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves."

LINCOLN'S VOW.

The same profoundly religious spirit breathed through many of his public speeches, but through none more than his second "inaugural address" delivered on March 4, 1865, *i.e.* on the occasion of his taking office for the second time as President of the United States. Of this address Lord Charnwood well observes:—

> Probably no other speech of a modern statesman uses so unreservedly the language of intense religious feeling. The occasion made it natural. Neither the thought nor the words are in any way conventional. No sensible reader now could entertain a suspicion that the orator spoke to the heart of the people, but did not speak from his own heart.

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It was undoubtedly in this conviction of his sincerity that Lincoln knew so well how to bring home to his hearers, that the force of his religious phraseology lay. Had there been the smallest suspicion of cant or hypocrisy, such expressions as he used would have fallen as flat before his audience as the invocations of the German Emperor to his Divine *Protégé*. But to the intense sincerity of Lincoln his whole life as well as the deep earnestness of his manner of address were equally eloquent. He was as incapable of cant as he was incapable of posing. There was nothing of the actor about him, only the profound conviction of the immense responsibility of his office at the supreme crisis of his country's fate. When he delivered the second inaugural address the war was drawing rapidly to its close. Its issue was a foregone conclusion. The emancipation of the slaves had been merely one leading move of the great drama of the war.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL.

Neither party [said Lincoln in this memorable address] expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither expected that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—those of neither have been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences, which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

This profound consciousness of the Divine Governance of the

Universe was ever thus present to the President's mind. When the New School Presbyterians in 1863 embodied their sentiments of loyalty to the Union in a Memorial to the President, he observed in the course of his reply: "From the beginning I saw that the issues of our great struggle depended upon Divine interposition and favour." Again, on another occasion, a clergyman from Central New York called upon him on behalf of his congregation, and assured him that "the loyal people of the North are sustaining you and will continue to do so," adding, "We are giving you all that we have—the lives of our sons, as well as our confidence and our prayers. You must know that no pious father or mother ever kneels in prayer these days without asking God to give you strength and wisdom." It is narrated that the tears filled Lincoln's eyes as he thanked his visitor and said, "But for those prayers I should have faltered and perhaps failed long ago. Tell every father and mother you know to keep praying, and I will keep on fighting, for I am sure that God is on our side."

LINCOLN'S FAITH IN PRAYER.

It would be possible to continue to cite indefinitely such instances. The point, however, is that this profoundly serious and religious sense was representative of Lincoln's normal attitude towards the duties he was called upon to discharge, and was part and parcel of that high sense of responsibility which carried him through unexampled difficulties and disheartening reverses to the triumphant issue of the work which he had to perform. He did everything, in short, in the time-honoured old English phrase "as in the great Taskmaster's eye."

It is not to be wondered at that a man who had so deep a realization of the spiritual side of life should have had his own strange experiences of the psychic forces ever present around us. When first he was nominated President at Chicago, he met with one of these strange psychic adventures.

In the afternoon of the day [he writes] returning home from down town, I went upstairs to Mrs. Lincoln's reading-room. Feeling somewhat tired, I lay down upon a couch in the room, directly opposite a bureau, upon which was a looking-glass. As I reclined, my eye fell upon the glass, and I saw distinctly two images of myself, exactly alike, except that one was a little paler than the other. I arose, and lay down again with the same result. It made me quite uncomfortable for a few moments, but, some friends coming in, the matter passed out of my mind. The next day while walking on the street, I was suddenly reminded of the circumstance, and the disagreeable sensation produced by it returned. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and did not know what to make of it. I determined to go home and place myself in the same position, and if the

HIS PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

same effect was produced, I would make up my mind that it was the natural result of some principle of refraction of optics which I did not understand, and dismiss it. I tried the experiment, with a like result; and, as I had said to myself, accounting for it on some principle unknown to me, it ceased to trouble me. But some time ago I tried to produce the same effect here by arranging a glass and couch in the same position, without success.

He did not say at this time that either he or Mrs. Lincoln attached any significance to the phenomenon, but it is known * that Mrs. Lincoln regarded it as a sign that the President would be re-elected.

When his boy, Willie Lincoln, died during the period of his Presidency, Lincoln felt it the greatest blow that had ever befallen him. Afterwards for many nights he dreamt that he met the child in the spirit world, and regretted, like the author of *The Dreams of Orlow*, his inability to satisfy himself that his dream experiences corresponded to actual realities.

It is clear, however, that he gave some serious thought to the problems of the dream world, and it is curious to note in this connexion that his favourite lines of poetry are stated to have been the following :—

> Sleep hath its own world,
> A boundary between the things misnamed
> Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world
> And a wild realm of wild reality.
> And dreams in their development have breath,
> And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;
> They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
> They take a weight from off our waking toils,
> They do divide our being.

Years before his assassination he expressed the belief that he would not outlive the accomplishment of the great work which he was called upon to fulfil, and though this sense of impending fatality had given place to happier and more optimistic feelings shortly before the final tragedy took place, on the last night of his life he was visited by a dream on which he held forth at length to the members of his Cabinet. The dream has been variously narrated, and there are certain discrepancies in the details as given in the different accounts. What is clear, however, is that it was one of those recurring dreams that periodically repeat themselves in a lifetime. Lincoln had had it on a number of occasions, and it was invariably followed by some great and important event. He had had it, he said, before several of the most important victories of the troops of the North.

HIS STRANGE DREAMS.

* *The True Abraham Lincoln.* William E. Curtis. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

In his dream he found himself on board a strange vessel which sailed rapidly towards a dark and indefinite shore. The vessel drifted on and on, but he always awoke before it reached the land. We may still ask the precise significance of the dream. Might it not be that the most critical moments of the President's life served to awake in his deeper consciousness the memory of some fateful incident in a past incarnation which otherwise lay dormant in the limbo of forgotten things? However this may be, the same evening witnessed his death at the hands of the assassin, Booth, while twelve days later, on April 12, arrived the news of the surrender of Johnston's army to Sherman and the end of the war.

Lincoln's relations to spiritualism seem to have been of a somewhat tentative kind. His mind was ever an open one, but he brought all experiences of this nature to the test of his own shrewd common sense. On one occasion he invited a celebrated medium to display his powers at the White House, and several members of the Cabinet were present.

HIS ATTITUDE TOWARDS SPIRITUALISM

For the first half-hour [I quote the narrative as given in the last chapter of *The True Abraham Lincoln*, by William Elroy Curtis] the demonstrations were of a physical character. At length rappings were heard beneath the President's feet, and the medium stated that an Indian desired to communicate with him.

"I shall be happy to hear what his Indian Majesty has to say," replied the President, "for I have very recently received a deputation of our red brethren, and it was the only delegation, black, white, or blue, which did not volunteer some advice about the conduct of the war."

The medium then called for pencil and paper, which were laid upon the table and afterwards covered with a handkerchief. Presently knocks were heard and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present, it read as follows:

"Haste makes waste, but delays cause vexations. Give vitality by energy. Use every means to subdue. Proclamations are useless. Make a bold front and fight the enemy; leave traitors at home to the care of loyal men. Less note of preparation, less parade and policy talk, and more action.—HENRY KNOX."

"That is not Indian talk," said the President. "Who is Henry Knox?"

The medium, speaking in a strange voice, replied, "The first Secretary of War."

"Oh, yes; General Knox," said the President. "Stanton, that message is for you; it is from your predecessor. I should like to ask General Knox when this rebellion will be put down."

The answer was oracularly indefinite. The medium then called upon Napoleon, who thought one thing, Lafayette another, and Franklin differed from both.

"Ah!" exclaimed the President; "opinions differ among the saints as well as among the sinners. Their talk is very much like the talk of my Cabinet. I should like, if possible, to hear what Judge Douglas says about this war," said the President.

After an interval, the medium rose from his chair and, resting his left hand on the back, his right in his bosom, spoke in a voice no one could mistake who had ever heard Mr. Douglas. He urged the President to throw aside all advisers who hesitated about the policy to be pursued, and said that, if victory were followed up by energetic action, all would be well.

"I believe that," said the President, "whether it comes from spirit or human. It needs not a ghost from the bourne from which no traveller returns to tell that."

Lincoln's naturally superstitious temperament had been fostered by his early surroundings in a country which was then very much on the outskirts of civilization. He had thus been brought up to believe that if a dog ran across the hunter's path bad luck would follow, unless the little fingers were locked together and vigorously pulled as long as the dog remained in sight; that if a bird alighted in the window one of the family would die; that for good luck rails must be split in the early part of the day or in the light of the moon—roots planted in the dark of the moon; that Friday was a fatal day for the commencement of any new enterprise, and so on. Such superstitions, doubtless not taken too seriously still tinged his mentality. In the more serious matters of psychical inquiry and research he was never on the side of the ultra-sceptical. He seems always to have held a certain belief in clairvoyance or second sight, and it is related that he was in the habit of consulting a seeress and taking her advice on important points at critical moments of his political career.

It is worthy of remark, as recalling a somewhat similar incident in connection with the assassination of Mr. Perceval in the House of Commons, that, on the morning following President Lincoln's death, the wife of John Morrison Davidson, the well-known leader-writer for the Liberal press, had a trance, and on recovering from it told her husband that she had seen a man shoot at Lincoln in some theatre or opera house, and rush out shouting words which she was unable to distinguish. In the course of the afternoon the news of the death reached London. It may be mentioned that Mrs. Davidson was subject to trances.

LINCOLN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

Of the position that Lincoln's name will eventually occupy on the scroll of fame, historians are somewhat undecided. Of the nobility of his character and of his transparent sincerity and integrity there can be no possible doubt, and his tact and political

sagacity were unique; but as regards his genius and ability as a statesman there is still room for two opinions. A man, it is argued, of a different mould and of a more ruthless and sterner nature, might have brought the war to an end at an earlier date. It is scarcely to be doubted that Lincoln erred on the side of tolerance towards both his incompetent generals and his recalcitrant Cabinet Ministers. His patience, indeed, was almost inexhaustible; and his kindness of heart proved more than once a source of weakness to him in his political career. Both generals and Cabinet Ministers took advantage of this. General Maclellan was insubordinate to the point of insolence, and there were those in his Cabinet who openly intrigued against him and strove to undermine his influence, confident in the leniency of the President. It must be remembered, on the other hand, that he found himself in the position of First Magistrate of a divided nation, without practical political experience, and as the representative of a party which had but recently come into existence. The crisis in which he found the country limited his choice of ministers, and those who were obviously indicated as entitled to portfolios by the circumstances of the case, able and brilliant as indeed many of them were, were hardly men either qualified to work harmoniously together or to deal wisely with so grave an emergency. Lincoln, indeed, had a positive genius for turning a blind eye to their more glaring defects. His selection of Stanton as Secretary for War excited considerable criticism at the time, in view of the new Secretary's well-known lack of tact and ungovernable temper. When one of his friends protested against the appointment on these grounds, urging that Stanton, when beside himself with rage, was in the habit of jumping up and down in his excitement, Lincoln replied, "Well, if he gets to jumping too much we will treat him as they used to treat a minister I knew out West. He would get so excited and wrought up at revival meetings that they had to put bricks in his pockets to keep him down. But," he added, "I guess we will let Stanton jump awhile first."

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET MINISTERS.

William H. Seward, Secretary of State, was another member of this far from happy family. He felt that his claims to the position of President had been unfairly passed over, and though subsequently entirely loyal to Lincoln, began his period of office by making proposals to run the whole show on his own account, intending apparently to leave Lincoln merely as a figurehead. His notion of the necessities of the occasion may be gauged from the fact that

he actually made suggestions to Lincoln to extricate the United States from their internal embarrassments by falling foul of various European powers and plunging the country into a foreign war.

Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, also indulged in personal ambitions, and intrigued unscrupulously against Lincoln in an attempt to get himself nominated as his successor. His overbearing manners frequently threatened an open rupture in the Cabinet. Lincoln overlooked all, in view of his financial ability, and his belief that the particular office he occupied could not be equally well discharged by any other politician. Certainly Lincoln's dexterity in holding together and keeping in comparative harmony so discordant a team argues a tactfulness almost without a parallel in political history, though it is open to question whether he did not bring some of his troubles upon his own head by injudicious choice and by too protracted a patience with insubordinate colleagues and generals.

SALMON P. CHASE.

The more one reads of the political history of the times the more, it seems to me, one comes to realize that Lincoln, in spite of certain curious defects and deficiencies, stands out in his political career as a giant among pygmies, a true king of men, whose real greatness his contemporaries for a long time entirely failed to appreciate. His whole career, hampered as it was by hostility and antagonism from quarters where he was entitled to expect the firmest support and the most unwavering loyalty, recalls only too vividly the celebrated lines of the English poet—

> The sun comes out, and many reptiles swarm.
> He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
> Is gathered to his death without a dawn;
> And the immortal stars awake again.

All writers are agreed as to the remarkable effect produced by Lincoln's personal appearance—by the originality of his manner, his angular features, and his long limbs hanging loosely in his ill-fitting clothes, and the strange ungainliness of his figure. He stood six feet four inches in his socks, and was not a little proud of his gigantic stature. Men called him ugly, but his ugliness was of an impressive kind. In commencing to speak, his audience was struck by something that almost jarred in the harshness of his voice; but it inevitably arrested their attention, and the unpleasant impression was soon lost, owing to the fascination and homely force of his oratory. His humour was of the broadest kind, and his not unfrequently risky stories, reminiscent

LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

of the early backwoodsman's life, at times caused offence among the more sober-minded members of the community. In no man was ever a stronger sense of humour joined with so strong a sense of duty. His assassin sought to strike a dramatic attitude and pose as some modern Brutus, as he fired his pistol at the President's body, exclaiming in classical phrase, "Sic semper tyrannis." So perished the man who was never known to pose or strike a false note, and who played his own part on earth so bravely and so well, at the hands of a dissipated actor, who had played indifferently the parts of many other men, and who, in his last stage performance, strove to pose as the old-time hero of the occasion. Well might the heroine of the French Revolution ejaculate the cry, "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

THE LAST SCENE.

To the South, whose cause he claimed to champion, the act of John Wilkes Booth proved to be (as Disraeli would have said) "worse than a crime—a blunder," for his successor lacked those qualities with which Lincoln was so conspicuously endowed, and which were so well calculated to heal the wounds caused by the war. As long as nations have such men to rule over them, tyranny will seek for a foothold in vain, and later generations may well quote as the most appropriate epitaph on the murdered President the familiar lines of the sixteenth century poet *—

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

* James Shirley.

COUNTESS GERTRUDE OF ORLAMUNDE
(THE WHITE LADY OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS)*

By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

MUCH has been said and written concerning the White Lady, whose spectre is supposed to haunt the old Castle of Berlin, and to appear whenever a member of the House of Hohenzollern is about to die. Innumerable stories have been related concerning her and her apparitions. Most of them, however, repose partly on hearsay, and partly on the imaginations of those who having seen sometimes a chamber maid in a white dress pass through the corridors of the royal residence, have taken her for the White Lady so dreaded by the German imperial family. One or two stories, however, which I have heard, seem to me to be genuine enough to deserve being repeated, as they proceed from people whose veracity is above suspicion.

But, first of all, who was the White Lady? Some people say that she was the Countess of Liechtenstein, others a Princess of Brandenburg, and the familiar tradition at the Court of Berlin declares her to have been the Countess Gertrude of Orlamunde, who lived in the fifteenth century, and whose portraits can be seen to this day in the old castle which she is supposed to haunt. Because, and here comes the difference between her ghost and other White Ladies, whose spirits are declared to wander in other royal residences in Germany, the Countess of Orlamunde is never seen anywhere else but in Berlin, and only shows herself when a Hohenzollern is about to die, not when any misfortune is threatening that family. Her story is a sad one, and this is how it is related.

The Countess Gertrude of Orlamunde was the widow of Count Rudolph of Orlamunde, who had been one of the vassals of Frederic VI of Hohenzollern, the same prince who in the year 1415 bought the Marquisate of Brandenburg, and became the

* As readers of *Haunted Royalties*, by Miss Catherine Cox, will be aware, the other traditions concerning the identity of the White Lady are quite respectable in their antiquity and find not a little documentary support. The one given, however, by Princess Radziwill has the advantage of being the story accepted by the Hohenzollern family, who one would think should be in a position to identify their own ghost, though curiously enough it appears never to be seen by themselves.—Ed.

first Elector of that name. Frederic was a harsh and cruel man, and, moreover, one with strong passions. He fell violently in love with Gertrude, who on her side reciprocated his passion, and soon a guilty intrigue began between them, which was discovered by the outraged husband, who provoked Frederic to a duel. On the day before it was to take place, however, the Count of Orlamunde was found dead in his bed, and rumour had it that he had been strangled in his sleep, by order of his rival. Gertrude, who was at that time about thirty years old, and surpassingly beautiful, had been appointed by a will which her husband had made before he had discovered her infidelity, sole guardian of her two infant sons, and heiress to their great wealth, should they happen to die without leaving a posterity. She believed that Frederic would marry her after her mourning was over, and he told her he would do so, inviting her in the meanwhile to come to his court, whither she repaired, living with him as his wife, quite openly, to the great scandal of everybody. But Frederic was by nature a fickle man, and he very soon wearied of the countess, whose claims upon him he refused to acknowledge.

The unfortunate woman would not at first believe this could be so, but at last as months went by, and the Elector made no sign that he was ready to fulfil the promises which he had made to her, to take her as his wife, she at last questioned him on the subject, receiving the reply that he could not marry a widow with children, the care of whom he would not undertake. Gertrude's was a passionate nature; she loved Frederic to distraction, and believing that the life of her two sons was the only obstacle between her and her lover, she murdered them with her own hands one night, strangling them as their father had been strangled. She then went to seek the Elector, and told him what she had done. But he thrust her from him in horror and disgust, telling her that he would never have anything to do with a murderess. The unfortunate woman then cursed him, and all his race, declaring that she would return and haunt them before they died, giving them the warning which, thanks to her guilty passion, had been refused to others. She then threw herself from the window of the Castle whither Frederic had taken her. Her body was picked up by servants, but was not awarded Christian burial, and it is related that her bones were secretly interred in a courtyard overlooking the Spree.

Very soon after the terrible end of the Countess of Orlamunde, her lover was crossing that same courtyard when he saw dis-

tinctly a white form walk before him towards the apartments which he occupied. Arrived at the threshold of his bedroom it suddenly disappeared, but not before he had had time to recognize the features of his former mistress. Two days later one of Frederic's sisters died after an illness of a few hours.

This is the first apparition of the White Lady of which the chronicles of the Hohenzollerns have kept a record, and since that time, when a death is going to occur in the family, some person or other sees the White Lady wander in some room or corridor of the royal residence at Berlin. She is supposed to show herself in preference in the oldest part of it; small and dark rooms that are never opened or shown to the public, except when very big balls or entertainments take place. Her portrait hangs in one of them, where she is represented as a woman of about twenty with a white veil, and the saddest eyes I have ever seen in a picture. A curious thing is that whenever any one attempts to remove it to another apartment, this portrait will never hang on the wall where it is fastened, but will always fall down until brought back to its original quarters.

The most remarkable apparition of the White Lady took place before the death of Frederic the Great, when for six months she could be met every night mourning, weeping, and wringing her hands. It is said that at last the King in his retreat of Sans Souci, got to hear about these spectral apparitions, when he merely remarked that he had never thought that a woman would shed tears over him. The old cynic never doubted but that the warning was intended for him.

After this a long time went by without anything being heard concerning the White Lady, but when Frederic William II was dying, she showed herself again, and when the widow of Frederic the Great, Queen Elizabeth Christine, was about to expire, in that same old Castle, the ghost was seen to open the door of her bedroom and to advance towards the couch where the old lady was breathing her last, kneeling down beside it, in an attitude of prayer, much to the great distress and fear of those present.

The next time we hear anything about Gertrude of Orlamunde was when Queen Louise of Prussia was about to depart this life. She died in Mecklenburg, whither she had gone on a visit to her relations, and on the night before she left Berlin for that last journey, a sentinel on duty in the castle distinctly saw the White Lady go through the White Hall of the Palace, and stop in the middle of it with a sorrowful countenance, pointing as she did so to the floor. He related the story the next morning to his

comrades, but no importance was attached to it, until the news arrived that the Queen was dying, and then that she was dead. Her body was brought back to Berlin, and lay in state for two days in that very same White Hall where the sentinel had seen the White Lady, and her coffin was put precisely in the place where the ghost had stopped.

Whilst I was living in Berlin the apparitions of the White Lady were not frequent, but when Princess Charles of Prussia, the sister-in-law of the old Emperor William, died, she was supposed to have appeared in the apartments occupied by her son-in-law, Prince Frederic Charles, the father of the present Duchess of Connaught. But during the time I am writing about, one curious incident occurred which I must relate. It was in February or March, 1879. I was at a party given by a certain Countess D——, who was one of the smartest women in society. An old Count K——, who was known for his gossiping propensities, approached me, and communicated to me under the seal of absolute secrecy that the White Lady had been seen again at the Castle. One did not care to talk about her just then, because the Emperor had not been quite well, and his great age made everybody anxious about him, so that no one liked to mention the ghost supposed to herald the death of a member of the Hohenzollern family, and of course I did not repeat the story, to which I must own I did not attach any great importance. But three or four days later, the third son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Prince Waldemar, died suddenly after a few hours' illness. This is the only time I have *personally* heard of any apparition of the White Lady BEFORE a death in the royal family of Prussia, and when the person who eventually succumbed was in perfect health.

By a strange freak of destiny, the Hohenzollern ghost did not show itself before the demise of either the old Emperor William, or of his son, the ever lamented Emperor Frederic; or if it did, nobody ever heard anything about it. But for a week or so before the Empress Augusta passed away, the White Lady was observed crossing the interior courtyard of the Castle, and making her way to the state apartments, where she eventually disappeared. It seems that several officers on duty saw her walking about, and for some time, the sentinels when put on guard in the interior corridors of the Royal residence, showed great apprehension at being left alone there, more than one declaring that they had noticed Gertrude of Orlamunde gliding softly through the halls and different rooms, in her

flowing white garments, and with a thick veil covering her features. But after the aged Empress had been laid to her rest, nothing more was heard about the White Lady, and when the Empress Frederic passed away, she did not show herself to any one, at least not that I have heard. To say that Gertrude of Orlamunde appears whenever a misfortune is about to overtake the dynasty is not exact; at least not in her case, though there may be, for aught I know, other White Ladies who take this care upon themselves, but the real and authentic one seems to have for only function to warn the Hohenzollerns whenever one of them is about to depart from this world that his or her last hour is at hand, and she does not even take this trouble for every one of them, but selects those whom she deems worthy of that honour. She is altogether an erratic ghost, and quite harmless otherwise. The most curious thing about her, however, is that though she comes to warn the Hohenzollerns of their impending doom, not one member of that family has ever seen her himself, with the exception of the Elector Frederic, as she always manifests herself to utter strangers, and frequently to people who have never heard anything about her before. Her apparition is not at all an unpleasant one, and it is only after it has disappeared that those to whom she has shown herself realize that what they saw was an inhabitant of another world than ours.

SAINTE ODILE: THE GROWTH OF A LEGEND

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

A CRITICAL study of the prophecies which have either come into being or have taken up a new lease of interest and importance owing to the Great War is no improbable undertaking when the war itself shall be over, and it might provide a curious kind of instruction as well as some entertainment. The latest contribution to the subject and no unfruitful opportunity for a freeman of byways in historical research are furnished by the *Prophecy of Sainte Odile*, about which it has been affirmed (1) that it is well known to the Kaiser, (2) that he has taken steps to prevent its publication in Germany, but (3) that on the other side of the Rhine it was a subject of gossip prior to August, 1914, more especially in Alsace and Lorraine. About these points we shall be able to judge at the end; but whether or not "the vision of the Maid of Hohenbourg" was in Alsatian minds prior to the epoch mentioned, there is considerable interest just now, both here and in France, about her and her prophecy. My first knowledge of the latter is due to our contemporary *Light*, in its recent article on *The Prophets and the War*.* The subject was followed up by Mr. Ralph Shirley, who obtained the Latin text of the document from Paris and collected other papers, which have enabled me to pursue my inquiries with rather remarkable results. Apart from summary reductions and reports at second hand, the French literature of the subject is contained in the following monographs, of which one is a sequel to the other:—

1. *La Prophètie de Sainte Odile et la Fin de la Guerre, avec notes et commentaires de* Georges Stoffler. 8vo, pp. 64. This has reached a second edition.†

2. *La Prophètie de Sainte Odile, Texte et Traduction: pages complementaires, donnant le Texte Latin, la Traduction Française et quelques preuves d'Authenticité.* 8vo, 12 pp.

The heads of the Prophecy are as follows:—

1. A time cometh when there shall arise in the heart of Germany a terrible warrior who will carry on the war of the world, and whom belligerents will call Antichrist.‡ 2. He will come from

* See *Light*, September 2, 1916, p. 282.

† Dorbon Ainée, 19 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

‡ Advenit tempus in quo ex ea (that is, Germania) apparebit vir terribilis, per quem geritur bellum mundi. Hunc Antichristum vocant belligerantes.

the banks of the Danube, a ruler notable among all.* 3. It will prove the most frightful war ever experienced by mankind. 4. His victories will be obtained on earth, by sea and in heaven itself, for his winged warriors will rise in raucous progress, even to the clouds, to seize the stars and cast them down upon the cities—that they may be burned with most fierce fire.† 5. The earth will tremble with the shock of combat, and the war will be of long duration. 6. The height of the leader's triumph will be reached about the middle of the sixth month in the second year, and this will close the first epoch of the war. 7. The second part will be half the length of the first; in the midst of it the people under his yoke will cry for peace; but there shall be no peace. 8. It will be, however, the beginning of the end when there shall be a hand-to-hand struggle in the city of cities.‡ 9. The third epoch will be shorter than the two others, and then the conqueror's realm will be invaded on all sides and devastated.§ 10. Torrents of blood will flow about a high mountain in the last battle,‖ and thereafter the nations will chant hymns of gratitude in the Temples of the Lord, while the prince of princes shall appear, by whom they shall conquer the conqueror,¶ from whose hands the sceptre shall pass. 11. Paris** shall be saved because of the blessed mountains and the devoted women.†† 12. Thereafter cometh the time when men shall rejoice in peace, obtained at the sword's point, and shall behold the two horns of the moon fixed to the cross.‡‡ Many shall worship God truly, and the sun shall shine with new splendour.

Such is the prophecy in brief, and our next step is to learn something concerning its alleged author. While on one side the

* De Danubii rivis exivit victor, inter principes egregius.

† Victoriæ ejus ancipites in terra et in mari et usque ad cœlos; videoque viros belli artibus claros et pennatos, qui in æquitationibus terricrepis ad nubes advolant, stellas capientes et deficientes in urbes universi orbis ut comburant igne altissimo.

‡ Quando in oppido oppidorum de manu certaverint.

§ Ex ominbus partibus devastationem sustulerunt—i.e., regiones ejusdem.

‖ Circa montem eminentem vastos sanguinis humani horrores.

¶ Apparvit enim princeps principum per quem victorem vixerunt (? vincent).

** *id est*, Rego Lutetiæ.

†† Propter montes benedictos devotasque mulieres.

‡‡ Videbunt in fide duo lunæ cornua cruci fixa—i.e., the union of crescent and cross, presumably by the conversion of the Turks; but if the prophecy were the work of S. Odile it would be early for such an allusion. The date of the Hegira was A.D. 622.

burden of a severe tradition was taken over by Christendom from Jewry, it wore on the other many garlands of a lighter yoke brought over from the pagan world, represented by Greece and Rome. It has been suggested that the legend of S. Odile may illustrate the latter point,* but there is nothing especially in favour of such a hypothesis, for its elements are purely Christian. In the root it is very simple ; in the development it became a monastic tale of Faerie, with a *mise-en-scène* of sanctity.† The scene is Mount Hohenbourg in Alsace, said to have been a retreat of Alsatian Celts, who protected it by a wall. Afterwards it was a Roman camp, and in the second half of the seventh century a castle erected on the site was in possession of Adalric, Duke of Alsace, a reputed descendant of Archinould, Duke of Normandy and a near kinsman of Dagobert the Great. He was a turbulent noble of his period, under King Childeric II, and was married to Bereshinde or Berswinde, a relative of S. Leodégar. The first child of this union—*circa* 660—was a daughter who was born blind and was promptly condemned to death by the enraged father. Her mother, however, placed her secretly in charge of an old servant, subsequently to which she obtained her sight, was reconciled to her father, became a nun and the abbess of a convent—which was actually the Castle of Hohenbourg. There she lived for a long period, and there she died in sanctity.

This is the root of the story and the romance follows. From the care of the servant she was transferred to the Convent of Baume or Palma in Burgundy, the superior of which was an aunt of Bereshinde. She became a pattern of intelligence and piety, her blindness notwithstanding : but she had never been baptized.‡ When she was somewhere between the ages of six and twelve years, S. Everard, Bishop of Ratisbon,§ fell into an ecstasy and received orders to christen a blind girl at Baume, who was

* See *Dictionary of Saintly Women*, by Agnes Dunbar, Vol. II, pp. 114–116.

† *The Dictionary of Christian Biography*, by Smith and Wace, ed. of 1887, says that S. Odile's biography is based on a life of the eleventh century which is entirely unhistorical.

‡ As it seems certain that infant baptism was practised at this period, one of her most pious biographers, being unable to account otherwise for such an omission, suggests that delay took place by special permission of God. *La Vie de Sainte Odile Vierge, première abbesse du Monastère d'Hohembourg, Diocèse de Strasbourg... Par le P. Hugues Peltre*, 1699. He was Canon Regular of the Premonstratensian Order under the old rule.

§ The name of this saint varies : according to another account, it was Hidulphus, the brother of Everard.

to be named Odile * and would receive sight with the sacrament. He undertook the necessary journey, the promised miracle followed, and when Everard saw her eyes open, he said: "So, my child, may you look at me in the Kingdom of Heaven." The news of this wonder reached the father, and his daughter ultimately returned home. A few years passed away and he decided to arrange for her marriage, as an escape from which she fled across the Rhine in a beggar's clothes. The Duke followed and was overtaking her near Friburg, when she hid under a rock, which opened at her prayer and gave her refuge. It opened again to liberate her, and a healing spring issued from the fissure.† This new miracle decided the father to permit her return in complete freedom. She opened her heart to him, recounting her desire to establish a community of nuns, practising the principles of the Gospel literally. From his various possessions he gave her the Castle of Hohenbourg, which was altered to suit her purpose, and she added a great church. There she established a rule of life, possibly on principles of her own.‡ When their time came, her father and mother died in this convent. She rescued the former from purgatory, performed various miracles and attained the age of 103 years. On her deathbed a radiant angel descended and in the sight of her nuns presented her with a chalice containing both elements of the Eucharist. She received it in her hands; it remained with her after communion and was preserved at Hohenbourg till 1546.§

I have introduced here but a part of the miraculous events which fill the pages of the legend. The cultus of S. Odile grew. She became the patron saint of Alsace; and Hohenbourg, with the relics of its first abbess, was a great place of pilgrimage. She was invoked for ocular affections, and her symbol is two eyes lying on a book carried in her hands. A Besançon Breviary of 1761 || has her commemoration with its proper lesson, and a

* Odile is said to signify "God is thy Sun" or otherwise "Daughter of Light"—an imaginary interpretation apparently in either case.

† She is said to have built a chapel on the spot in commemoration of the event, and on the same site there is one dedicated to her honour at the present day.

‡ There is considerable difference of opinion as to what rule was followed —whether one of her own devising, that of S. Benedict, or again that of S. Augustine.

§ The Abbey was burnt to the ground on the Vigil of the Assumption, 1546. It was rebuilt and destroyed several times subsequently. There is a story that the relics of the saint were preserved in spite of these events, but I do not know what became of the heaven-sent chalice.

|| Baume was in the diocese of Besançon, and it preserved a violet veil of silk and gold embroidery, said to have been worked by the saint. Another

prayer as follows. "O God, Who in Holy Baptism didst not only illuminate the mind, but the bodily eyes of Holy Othilia,* enlighten the eyes of our heart that we may walk always in the light of Thy truth." There is also a Litany of S. Odile which ascribes to her several titles of the Blessed Virgin Mary. She is hailed as Child of Light,† Glory of Kings and Princes, Ornament of Nobility, Hill of Perfection, Fount of Living Waters,‡ Shining Star,§ Eyes of the Blind, Consolation of the Afflicted,‖ Help of souls in purgatory,¶ thus embodying the chief features of her legend.

No variant or development of that legend represents her as a prophetess, or a habitual seer of visions. One of her biographers** mentions that a certain testament and some exhortations have been regarded as unquestionably fraudulent. She is credited also with having written letters to her brother Hugh, but no one claims that they have been preserved.†† The Latin text of her alleged prophecy has been published by no one but M. Georges Stoffler, and the next question is how it came into his possession. Now, he tells us only that it has been "drawn from a good source, as those who know the history of S. Odile and the legends connected therewith can easily satisfy themselves." This is precisely the kind of mystery which usually covers a deceit; but certain authorities are named "on the subject of authenticity," with the proviso that "it seems useless to refer the reader" thereto—ostensibly because he will take no pains to verify, but as to whethert his is the true reason the reader may draw his own conclusions from the following facts. The references are mere mockery. I will take some of them seriatim. If any one wishes to appreciate the derisive suggestion that Roger Bacon's

account mentions a veil blessed by S. Everard and placed on her head by him when she had been baptized.

* The variants of the name are many—Odilia, Odila, Ottilia, Othilia, etc.

† Referring to her miraculous gifts of inward and outward vision.

‡ An allusion to the healing waters of Friburg.

§ Compare *Stella matutina* in the Litany of the B.V.M.

‖ *Consolatrix afflictorum*—Litany of the B.V.M.

¶ Referring to the rescue of her father from those flames.

** Abbé Winterer: *Histoire de Sainte Odile*, 1869. He reproduces from another biographer an exhortation of the Abbess to her companions at Hohenbourg without pretending that it is genuine. On the other hand, Migne's *Dictionnaire Hagiographique* says that there remain her testament and discourses, "which prove her illuminated piety and that she had a profound knowledge of Holy Scripture." But Migne's colossal series is always notoriously uncritical.

†† Abbé Winterer says of the first: *Combien l'on regrette de ne plus posséder la lettre d'Odile.*

Opus Tertium alludes to the Prophecy of S. Odile, let him consult that work in *Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland.** It is an introduction and complement to his previous writings, especially *Opus Majus* and *Opus Minus*, and has no concern in saints or their previsions. On the other hand, some references belong to S. Odile's bibliography, among which is *Repertoire des Sources Historiques du Moyen Age*, by Chevalier.† It gives a list of books regarding the Saint, but no indication of prophecies. Jerome Vignier,‡ another alleged witness, furnishes a genealogical list of Duke Adalric's family, with extracts from a MS. biography of his daughter in the Jesuit College at Clermont, which document now appears to be lost. The prophecy is again absent. Grandidier, also cited, is an authority for the Abbey of Hohenbourg, but not for the prophetic document.§ The same may be said of Mabillon, the first person who printed the life of St. Odile.|| Julien Havet is also mentioned, but his *Questions Merovingiennes* ¶ are again outside our subject. I have consulted other sources ** not furnished by M. Stoffler, and as a result it seems certain that prior to the present year there are no records of the *Prophecy of Sainte Odile*. It does not strictly follow that it has been invented by its editor, yet if it had a source outside himself it is difficult to understand why he should conceal its whereabouts, while the catalogue of witnesses to the document who are found not to mention it is inevitably calculated to arouse suspicion. The text in any case is undoubtedly another contribution to the growing budget of mystical prophecies connected with the Great War.

* *Fr. Rogeris Bacon Opera quædam hactenus inedita*. Edited by J. S. Brewer. Vol. I, *Opus Tertium*, pp. 3–300.

† See Vol. II, cols. 3390, 3391.

‡ See Veritable Origine des Maisons d'Alsace, de Lorraine, etc., 1659, pp. 65–68.

§ See *Histoire de l'Eglise de Strasbourg*, Book IV, pp. 341–366, which include a sketch of S. Odile. Also *Œuvres Historiques inédites*, 1865, Vol. III, and *Histoire Ecclésiastique, Militaire, Civile et Littéraire de la Province d'Alsace*, 1787, Vol. I. Finally, Grandidier wrote another sketch of the saint's life for Godescard's 1787 translation of Albert Butler's *Lives of the Saints*.

|| See *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti sæculi tertii*, 1668 and later, Vol. II., pp. 441 *et seq*. There were nine folio volumes, under the general editorship of L. d'Achery.

¶ See the long series of articles under this title in *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes*. They deal with forged and suspect texts concerning the bishopric of Mans.

** E.g., *La Vie de Saint Odile par* Ch. Pfister. *Extrait des Analecta Bollandiana*, 1894. He gives the text in the library of the Chapitre de Saint-Gall and refers it to the end of the tenth century. The text and its variant readings are most valuable.

HALLOWE'EN SUPERSTITIONS

By R. B. SPAN

THE thirty-first of October, the day preceding All Saints' Day, is notable for the strange superstitions connected with it, and which are as old as the history of this country. In ancient Ireland All Hallows Eve was a great feast day, as it was amongst the Celts everywhere. On this day a new fire used to be kindled every year, and from this sacred flame all the fires of Ireland were re-kindled.

The ancient Celts took Samhain, or All Souls' Day, as the first day of their year, and celebrated it much as we now celebrate New Year's Day.

The other great feast day of the Celts was Beltane, or May Day, which ushered in summer. As a season of omens and auguries Hallowe'en seems to have far surpassed Beltane in the imagination of the Celts, and it was the custom of this genial, warm-hearted race to gather together on Hallowe'en for the purpose of ascertaining their destiny, especially their fortune in the coming year just begun. Not only among the Celts, but throughout Europe, the night which marks the transition from autumn to winter was regarded as the time when the spirits of the departed revisited their old homes and joined in the family gatherings around the fire, and partook of the good cheer provided in parlour and kitchen by their affectionate kinsfolk. But it is not only the souls of the departed who "revisit the pale glimpses of the moon," but witches speed by on errands of mischief, fairies make their presence manifest, and hobgoblins of all sorts roam freely about. In the *Northern Tales of Scotland* there is a saying, which, translated from the Gaelic, runs:

> Hallowe'en will come, will come;
> Witchcraft will be set agoing;
> Fairies will be at full speed,
> Running free in every pass.
> Avoid the road, children, children!

On that night in Ireland all the fairy hills are thrown wide open and the fairies swarm forth, and to the man who is bold enough to approach them they will show the treasures of gold, etc., hidden in these green hills. The cavern of Cruachan in

Connaught, known as the " Hell Gate of Ireland " is then opened, and mischievous spirits come forth and roam the country-side, playing pranks on the farmers and peasantry.

The Scotch Highlanders have a special name, *Samhanach* (derived from *Samhain*), for the bogies and imps of mischief which go about then molesting all who come in their way.

In Wales, Hallowe'en was the weird night of the year, the chief of the Teir Nos Ysbrydion, or Three Spirit Nights, when the wind, " blowing over the feet of corpses," brought omens of death in eerie sighs, to those doomed to " shuffle off this mortal coil " within the year.

It was not so long ago that the people of Wales in some districts used to congregate in churches on Hallowe'en and read their fate from the flame of the candle which each of them held ; they also heard the names or saw the coffins of the parishioners who would die within the year. In the Highlands of Scotland it was believed that if any one took a three-legged stool and sat on it where three roads met whilst the clock was striking midnight, a voice from the Unseen would tell him the names of those in his neighbourhood who would die within twelve months. It used to be (and may be still) the custom in Scotland for the young people gathered together in one of the houses to resort to various games and forms of divination for the purpose of ascertaining their futures—principally as regards chances of matrimony—such as, would they marry or not, was the marriage to occur that year or never, who would marry first, and descriptions of the future spouse, and so on, when the answers to the numerous queries would furnish a vast amount of entertainment. These practices were not confined to the Highlands, but the Lowlanders of Saxon descent also believed in and followed them—having inherited them from the Celts, the original owners of the country.

Most of the forms of divination are very quaint: the following are a few of the best known instances. A girl desirous of divining her future husband takes an apple and stands with it in front of a looking glass. She slices the apple and sticks each slice on the point of a knife and holds it over her left shoulder while looking in the glass and combing her hair. The spectre of the future husband then appears in the mirror, and stretching out his hand, takes the slices of apple over her shoulder. Some say that the number of slices should be nine, and that the first eight should be eaten and the ninth thrown over the shoulder, and also that at each slice the diviner should say, " In the name of the Father and the Son."

Another curious practice is to take an egg, prick it with a pin, and let the white drop into a glass of water; take some of this in your mouth and go for a walk. The first name you hear will be that of your future husband or wife. One old woman in Perthshire stated she tried this when a girl, and she heard the name Archibald, and this proved to be the name of the man she married. In the Hebrides, a salt cake called *Bonnach Salainn* is eaten at Hallowe'en to induce dreams which will reveal the future. It is made of common meal with a good deal of salt. After eating it you must not drink water or utter a word, or you spoil the charm. It is equally efficacious to eat a salt herring, bones and all, in three bites, provided no water is drunk and no word spoken afterwards. Amongst the farmers and country people a favourite method of divination is to take a winnowing-basket, or *wecht*, as the Lowland Scotch term it, and go through the action of winnowing corn. After doing this three times the apparition of your future husband or wife will pass through the barn, coming in at one door and passing out at the othere Amongst the young people gathered at the fireside it is often thn custom to burn nuts to divine marriage prospects, and much fud is obtained from the pastime. Two nuts representing a lae and a lass who are obviously "in love" are placed side by side in the fire. If they burn quietly together the pair will become man and wife, and from the length of time they burn and the brightness of the flame one may judge of the length and happiness of the married life, but if the nuts jump away from each other then there will be no marriage, and the blame rests with the person whose nut has started away.

In North Wales it was the custom for every family to make a great bonfire, called *Coel Coeth*, on the most conspicuous spot near the house, and when the fire had died down, for each person to throw into the embers a white stone (marked so as to be identified). They then said their prayers and retired. Early next morning they sought their stones amid the ashes, and if any were missing it was believed that the persons who threw them would die within the year.

In Scotland (as in Ireland and Wales) Hallowe'en was for centuries celebrated by great bonfires on every hill and peak, and the whole country was brilliantly illuminated, presenting a most picturesque scene, with the flames reflected in the dark Highland lochs, and penetrating the deep craggy ravines. These fires were especially numerous in the Perthshire Highlands, and the custom was continued to the first half of the nineteenth

century. They were observed around Loch Tay as late as the year 1860, and for several hours both sides of the loch were illuminated as far as eye could see. In Ireland the Hallowe'en fires would seem to have died out earlier, but the divination still survives.

General Vallancey states that on Hallowe'en or the Vigil of Saman, the peasants assemble with sticks and clubs and go from house to house collecting money, bread, butter, eggs, etc., for the feast in the name of St. Colombkill. Every house abounds in the best victuals they can obtain, and apples and nuts are largely devoured. Nuts are burnt, and from the ashes strange things are foretold; hemp seed is sown by the maidens, who believe that if they look back they will see the wraith of their future spouse; they also hang a smock before the fire on the close of the feast and sit up all night concealed in a corner of the room, convinced that his apparition will come and turn the smock; another method is to throw a ball of yarn out of the window and wind it on the reel within, believing that if they repeat the *Pater Noster* backwards, and look at the ball of yarn without, they will see his *sith* or wraith; they dip for apples in a tub of water and try to bring one up in the mouth; they suspend a cord with a cross-stick with apples at one point and lighted candles at the other, and endeavour to catch the apple, while in circular motion, in the mouth. These, and many other superstitions (the relicts of Druidism), will never be eradicated whilst the name of Saman exists. (*Hibernian Folk Lore*, Charles Vallancey.)

In County Roscommon, a cake is made in nearly every house, and a ring, a coin, a sloe, and a chip of wood put into it. The person who obtains the ring will be married first, the coin predicts riches for its finder, the sloe longevity, and the chip of wood an early death. It is considered that the fairies blight the sloes on the hedges at Hallowe'en so that the sloe in the cake will be the last of the year. The colleens take nine grains of oats in their mouths, and going out without speaking, walk about till they hear a man's name pronounced, and that will be the name of their future husband.

In the Isle of Man, Hallowe'en used to be celebrated by the kindling of fires, and by various ceremonies for the prevention of the baneful influence of witches and the mischievous pranks of fairies and elves. Here, as in Scotland, forms of divination are practised. As an instance, the housewife fills a thimble full of salt for each member of the family and empties it out in little

piles on a plate and left there during the night. Next morning the piles are examined, and if any of them have fallen down, he or she whom it represents will die before next Hallowe'en. The women also carefully sweep out the ashes from under the fire-place and flatten them down neatly on the open hearth. If, the next morning, a foot print is found turned towards the door it signifies a death, but if turned in the opposite direction a marriage is predicted. In Lancashire, also, the fires of Hallowe'en were lighted up to the middle of the nineteenth century, and similar forms of divination practised as in Scotland and Ireland; and even to-day the Lancashire maiden strews the ashes which are to take the shape of one or more letters of her future husband's name and throws hemp seed over her shoulder and glances around fearfully to see who is following her. At one time the Lancashire witches used to assemble from all parts of the country at Malkin Tower, an ancient and ruined building in the Forest of Pendle, and there they planned evil and mischief, and woe betide those who were out on the fells at night and crossed their path. It was possible, however, to keep them at bay by carrying a light of some kind. The witches would try to extinguish the light, and if they succeeded, so much the worse for the person, but if the flame burned steadily till the clocks struck midnight they could do no harm. Some people performed the ceremony by deputy, and parties went from house to house in the evening collecting candles, one from each inmate, and offering their services to *leet* the witches. This custom was practised at Longridge Fell in the early part of the nineteenth century. Northumberland was the only other part of England where Hallowe'en was observed and its quaint customs adhered to to any extent, though in all parts of the Kingdom (and in France also) it has always been believed (and is still) that the Unseen World is closer to this mundane sphere on October 31 than at any other time.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE OCCULT

By C. SHERIDAN JONES

FOR at least two reasons the subject of this article should prove of unique interest, as it is certainly of profound importance to the readers of this review; that is to say, to every one who is intelligently interested in the problem of psychic phenomena. First, the great novelist had no cut and dried theory to push down the throats of his readers. He approached the question, as all mysteries should be approached, with an open, if a sceptical, mind, and thus his marvellous powers of rapid and accurate observation, unequalled for their swiftness and fidelity, were also unhampered by those preconceived notions that colour the vision of the most conscientious *doctrinaire*. Secondly, and more important, Dickens' own attitude is at once the shrewdest clue and the best explanation yet afforded of the standpoint that "the man in the street" has adopted towards spiritualism and kindred matters. Dickens, it should be remembered, has his supreme value in the fact that as an interpreter of "the common man"—the rough, unsophisticated son of Adam—he is without an equal in our literature since Shakespeare. Hence his mastery of those emotions "common" alike to the *intellectuel* and to the dullard; to the *savant* and to the ostler; and hence his swift unerring appeal to the fundamental parts of our own nature. Dickens, in fact, was himself the common man *plus* genius. I do not mean that he shared the popular prejudices or the intellectual limitations of the mob. Besides being a great creative artist, he was within certain limits a singularly clear thinker, always with a ready eye for the absurd and the illogical. But his assumptions and his predilections were those of that sane, balanced and wholesome section of humanity that, in this age, which has deafened us by its strident aberrations, we are still glad to find described as "normal." His pleasures were the pleasures of the average Englishman. He delighted in his children and his home; in the fireside and the contentment of those domestic scenes that he depicts over and over again in his books; in the fresh air and changing scenes of the country, through which he would walk for miles; in the laughter of friends and a carouse in which they shared; in almost every form of joke known to

high spirits and good nature. Add to this that the modern malady of boredom was unknown to him and that he was as exacting with himself on the business side of his life, as he was full of fun and vitality on the other, and we see that he corresponds pretty closely in temperament to that of the average Englishman. That such a man should be drawn almost irresistibly to investigate the weird and uncanny is one of the most interesting of the many paradoxes that went to form Dickens, as for us it happens to be the most valuable.

For strange to say Dickens was drawn towards the occult like steel to a magnet. He could not leave it alone. Life that held so much for him was empty without such clues as it gave to the mystery that lay beyond it. He returned to the task of investigation over and over again in England, in America and on the Continent. And, by a curious coincidence, it was nearly always for the opposition side that he delivered judgment on the almost innumerable mediums, clairvoyants and other practitioners whose claims he investigated. Some of his considered opinions lack nothing in derision and contempt for their subjects. We must remember, in this connection, that spiritualism was then infested with a banditti of charlatans, whose impudence was to some extent mitigated by the novelty of the subject. Even so Dickens' criticisms of some of the performances that he witnessed strike one as drastic and sweeping in the extreme, coming as they do from a mind accustomed to weigh evidence and not easily swayed by violence of opinion or idle prejudices. In *The Spirit Business*, published in *Household Words* in 1853, he dismisses, not only the efforts of a gang of impostors, but, inferentially, the whole subject with supreme scorn. Again in *Stories for the First of April*, which appeared in the same magazine some years later, we find that he is again engaged in ridiculing, perhaps with justice, some of the claims that were being made for the *mediums* of the day. Yet again in other articles, scattered up and down the vast volume of his contributions to contemporary journalism, he assailed with the merciless satire, and the keen controversial ability that always characterized him, some of the contemporary psychometrists and spiritualists. Notably in "The Martyr Medium" and "Rather a Strong Dose," he ridiculed, not merely the pretensions of the men and women he was observing but, in effect, all the claims that had been put forward on behalf of the art they practised. It is clear, if only from what he does not say, that Dickens intends in his descriptions of the *séances* that he visited, not only to expose some particular *mediums*

that he thought were charlatans (there would be nothing very significant in that), but that his whole view of the subject was saturated with the most profound doubt. Nowhere does he say in any of these exposures that they do not affect the *real* question at issue: the question as to whether or not spirits do return to the earth, and contrive to get into communication with mortals in the flesh. Nowhere does he give us the faintest indication that he is dealing with anything but a crude and vulgar fraud that deserves nothing from honest men save unqualified scorn. For the most part, the exposures that he penned are real enough and are thoroughly justified, as their victims were almost certainly impostors without a sense either of humour or of decency. I do not mean that in penning them he was not justified. That is not the point. What strikes me about these articles is that Dickens apparently found it impossible after these preliminary investigations to believe that there was, or could be, anything in professional mediumship other than the most egregious humbug, playing on the most palpable credulity. That much, I think, is apparent from these articles and cannot be seriously disputed by any one who has read them.

Now there would be nothing very peculiar in Dickens forming this belief—a belief that has been held by thousands of his fellow countrymen ever since the controversy arose—save for one fact. It is this: Dickens was himself a believer in the occult; in the undeveloped powers of man; in the reality of a world that was unseen, but not unfelt by him, and, last but not least, in the certainty of a spiritual basis of the universe. I will take two trifling instances recorded in his own life, which go some distance towards proving this. As readers of Forster will remember, when John Leech, the famous caricaturist, lay seriously ill under Dickens' roof at Broadstairs, and when sleep was denied the sufferer, his host, with the consent of Mrs. Leech, tried "magnetism" and "after a great effort" succeeded in throwing his friend into a slumber deep enough to save his life. I believe that in Dickens' own family there are similar incidents, when he tried with success the same remedy upon his children, though of that I cannot speak at first hand. The other incident is the story that he relates, with microscopic exactness, of the vision of Mary Hogarth, his dead sister-in-law, who appeared to him whilst in sleep.* The care and circumspection with which the

* The story is so interesting that I set it out in full, as narrated to Forster in a letter from C.D. himself, written from Genoa in 1844: Let me tell you of a curious dream I had last Monday night; and of the frag-

narrative is set forth would scarcely have been wasted upon it by a man who thought it impossible for spirits to revisit the earth, or who regarded the appearance of every ghost as a further proof of the credulity of the human judgment. But as a matter of actual fact, it is quite clear, if not from his life, then from his writings, that Dickens held no such view. There is no author in our language, who can, if I may use the expression, put the soul on edge with a surer touch than Dickens; none who

ments of reality I can collect, which helped me to make it up. I have had a return of rheumatism in my back, and knotted round my waist like a girdle of pain; and had laid awake nearly all that night under the infliction, when I fell asleep and dreamed this dream. Observe that throughout I was as real, animated and full of passion as *Macready* (God bless him) in the last scene of *Macbeth*. In an indistinct place, which was quite sublime in its indistinctness, I was visited by a spirit. I could not make out the face, nor do I recollect that I desired to do so. It wore a blue drapery, as the Madonna might in a picture by Raphael; and bore no resemblance to any one I have known except in stature. I think (but I am not sure) that I recognized the voice. Anyway, I knew it was poor Mary's spirit. I was not at all afraid, but in a great delight, so that I wept very much, and stretching out my arms to it called it "Dear." At this I thought it recoiled, and I felt immediately, that not being of my gross nature, I ought not to have addressed it so familiarly. "Forgive me," I said. "We poor living creatures are only able to express ourselves by looks and words. I have used the word most natural to our affections, and you know my heart." It was so full of compassion and sorrow for me—which I knew spiritually, for, as I have said, I didn't perceive its emotions by its face—that it cut me to the heart; and I said, sobbing:" Oh, give me some token that you have really visited me!" "Form a wish," it said. I thought, reasoning in myself, "If I form a selfish wish it will vanish." So I hastily discarded such hopes and anxieties of my own, and said, "Mrs. Hogarth is surrounded with great distresses" —observe, I never thought of saying "Your mother" as to a mortal creature—"will you extricate her?" "Yes." "And her extrication is to be a certainty to me, that this has really happened?" "Yes." "But answer me one other question!" I said, in an agony of entreaty lest it should leave me. "What is the true religion?" As it paused a moment without replying, I said—Good God, in such an agony of haste, lest it should go away! "You think, as I do, that the form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good? or," I said, observing that it still hesitated, and was moved with the greatest compassion for me, "perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? perhaps it makes me think of God oftener and believe in Him more steadily?" "For *you*," said the spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me that I felt as if my heart would break; "for *you*, it is the best." Then I awoke, with the tears running down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream. It was just dawn. I called up Kate, and repeated it three or four times over, that I might not unconsciously make it plainer or stronger afterwards. It was exactly this.

can depict with greater ease the sense of mystery, awe and horror that is the common inheritance of the race and that has and can have, no accountable origin if the basis of life is purely materialistic. I will give one instance of peculiar power and force, in which Dickens makes us feel, as perhaps we never felt before, the awfulness of the mystery of life. It is in that scene when Rogue Riderhood lies half dead, and half alive, in the little riverside public house, while the Doctor, with four rough dock labourers, seeks desperately to restore him.

> If you're not gone for good, Mr. Riderhood, it would be something to know where you are hiding at present. This flabby lump of mortality that we work so hard at with such patient perseverance, yields no sign of you. If you are gone for good, Rogue, it is very solemn, and if you are coming back it is hardly less so. Nay, in the suspense and mystery of the latter question, involving that of where you may be now, there is a solemnity added to that of death, making us who are in attendance alike afraid to look on you and to look off you, and making those below start at the least sound of a creaking in the floor.
>
> Stay! Did that eyelid tremble?" So the doctor, breathing low, and closely watching, asks himself.
>
> No.
>
> Did that nostril twitch?
>
> No.
>
> This artificial respiration ceasing, do I feel any faint flutter under my hand upon the chest?
>
> No.
>
> Over and over again No. No. But try over and over again, nevertheless.
>
> See! A token of life! An indubitable token of life! The spark may smoulder and go out, or it may glow and expand, but see. The four rough fellows, seeing, shed tears. Neither Riderhood in this world, nor Riderhood in the other, can draw tears from them; but a striving human soul between two can do it easily.

I have quoted this extract textually not because I wish to argue that it implies a belief in the dogma of the soul, indeed the contrary might be maintained, since apparently it was a material something that the doctor and his assistants were seeking to restore to Riderhood's body; but rather because it appeals as so much else in Dickens does, to an element within us that we can only call psychic; that excites in us not exactly sympathy, or affection, or any other of the more easily recognizable emotions by which men are stirred, but a much deeper feeling which goes down to the very roots of our being, and is quite independent, as it seems to me, of known material things; a feeling, if I may so describe it, as of awe at the mystery of life: the mystery which

moved the four rough fellows to shed tears which neither Riderhood dead nor alive could have excited. That is a feeling which recurs to one over and over again in reading Dickens, when you feel with his characters, saturated with a dread that has no adequate basis in things purely physical. Dickens believed profoundly in the capacity of coming events to influence minds receptive to the pressure of forces directed against them. Sometimes he tries to account for this belief on grounds of physical science, as when Montague Tigg shrinks to the very core of his being from the nameless unseen dread that obsessed him before his murder by Jonas :—

. . . . it may be (as it *has* been) that a shadowy veil was dropping round him, closing out all thoughts but the presentiment and vague fore-knowledge of impending doom.

If there be fluids, as we know there are, which conscious of the coming wind, or rain, or frost, will shrink and strive to hide themselves in their glass arteries ; may not that subtle liquor of the blood perceive by properties within itself, that hands are raised to waste and spill it ; and in the veins of men run cold and dull as his did, in that hour.

So cold, although the air was warm : so dull, although the sky was bright : that he rose up shivering from his seat and hastily resumed his walk. He checked himself as hastily ; undecided whether to pursue the footpath, which was lonely and retired, or to go back by the road.

He took the footpath.

I doubt if Dickens believed over much in this theory of the contraction of the blood. I am certain that he believed in the strength and reality of feelings that it cannot and does not explain, and that one may doubt are explicable in the terms of physical science. Sidney Carton's dread of the pattering feet of the multitude that haunted him at intervals throughout his life ; Pip's expectation of some strange fulfilment of his fate, just before " his convict " confronted him in the Chambers at King's Bench Walk ; the fear of Carker—a fear utterly irrational and baseless—in the last few hours before his dreadful end ; these are phases of feelings that, to our own knowledge, quite ordinary men have experienced ; phases that point definitely, if not to the psychic sense in man, then clearly to Dickens' own belief in that sense. In point of fact, it is clear beyond dispute that Dickens himself was not merely convinced of the existence of the occult, but he was as conscious of it in every day life, in the street, at the office, in the broad highway, wherever men do congregate in the ordinary affairs of life, as he was sceptical of its manifestations when they were met in stuffy drawing-rooms, or crowded concert rooms, especially to secure its manifestations !

What is the explanation? Perhaps we have it in a passage that Dickens himself wrote in *Edwin Drood*; a passage that puts with great accuracy the attitude that the average Englishman has adopted towards occult phenomena. He is writing of the Cathedral at Cloisterham, in "whose secluded nooks there is very little or no movement after dark. There is little enough in the high tide of the day, but there is next to none at night. Besides that the cheerfully frequented High Street lies nearly parallel to the spot . . . and is the natural channel in which Cloisterham traffic flows, a certain awful hush pervades the ancient pile, the cloisters and the churchyard after dark. Ask the first hundred citizens of Cloisterham, met at random in the streets at noon, if they believed in ghosts, they would tell you no; but put them to choose at night between those eerie precincts and the thoroughfare of shops, and you would find that ninety-nine declared for the longer round." They would say, he goes on: "If the dead do, under any circumstances, become visible to the living, these are such likely surroundings for the purpose that I, the living, will get out of them as soon as I can."

That perhaps is no bad statement of the "settled conviction" into which the average man has drifted in regard to these matters. That ghosts exist—he doubts; that is as a theoretical proposition, but he will take a little trouble to avoid the risk of meeting them. He will pooh-pooh the psychic as so much fudge as a rule; and at other times he feels it like a cold hand over his heart. He puts it from him with a cheery laugh and feels instinctively that it is just one of those things that cannot be laughed away. That, I believe, is the real view of ninety-nine men out of every hundred that you meet in the street; substantially it was Dickens' also. He would perhaps have been more careful in his answers and more candid as to his fears than the wayfarers at Cloisterham. He would have said that he did not know whether ghosts existed or not; and he would have accepted as a natural fact the terror that they excite in man. Also he would have faced that terror, I doubt not, with the coolness and mastery of himself that marked him on more than one occasion when sudden danger threatened; a coolness that belongs not to Dickens but to the race. For in practice, Dickens and the Cloisterham citizen are much of a muchness in regard to the psychic. They will face it; though they do not seek it, or seek it only in credulity. They will doubt it—as men doubt what they do not find easy to reconcile with everyday plain facts, although other facts point convincingly in its direction. But they will not run away

from it when it comes. I shall be told that this attitude is not an heroic one; that it lacks, first, logic, and then courage; that we should seek the truth at all costs and not spare ourselves in its investigation. But after all in this mundane work-a-day world there are many questions upon which we have no time to form logical conclusions, which we needs must relegate to that realm of agnosticism, where at least bigotry is unknown and honest uncertainty is respected. As for courage, it is the man who does not seek entrance to a quarrel who usually displays it; not he who walks abroad in search of trouble. If my house were visited by the ghost of any one dear to me, it would be strange to me, indeed, if the first shock of terror outstayed visitation. What more natural than that the dead should return to both the scenes and the faces that they loved, or revisit the places where they have spent their best endeavours. As a great Dickensian told us, it is a long lane that has no spectre, and had I toiled long at a farmstead, or on a hill side, and seen my children play around them, I should like, if dead, to go back to the spot and, if I could, to speak to them. But were I a ghost, I could not bring myself to the *séances* that Dickens ridiculed. I would as soon make love in public or proclaim the dearest wishes of my heart at a meeting of my local Ratepayers' Association.

SOME CURIOUS PREDICTIONS

By FREDERICK BARRETT

AT such a critical period as the present it is not unnatural to wonder whether the circumstances of individual and national life are entirely under human control. The great war has demonstrated so clearly man's incapacity to conduct his affairs properly, that one almost naturally indulges in the hope that a higher power may be working out human destiny, at least in regard to the more important things. That the idea of fate is not altogether repugnant to the western mind, is shown by the large number of religious people who accept the doctrine of Predestination; and it is not entirely out of agreement with such a belief to wonder whether the events of this life are as definitely fixed as those of the next are said to be.

There is no better way to settle this question than to study modern prognostications. Ample opportunity to do this is afforded, as a great deal of prophecy is mixed with the various kinds of psychic phenomena so familiar to-day. A large proportion of this supposed second-sight is couched in vague and general terms, but occasionally a clear forecast is made. Such instances may leave out some of the more striking factors of the event; nevertheless their application to it may be plain enough. I propose to give in the present article some instances which have been brought to my personal notice.

Some friends of mine were informed by a clairvoyant eight months before the declaration of war, that a certain member of their family, whose name, description, and profession were correctly given, would make an important business change in June, 1914, and that later, in connection with this change, something very important would happen to him, and that his people were not to worry, as all would be well. It happened the young man referred to was in the Naval Reserve, and was officially ordered to mobilize the following June. Before he could return to civil life again war was declared. His ship was the ill-fated *Good Hope*, and he fought in it, and went down with it to his doom. There can be little doubt the forecast referred in some manner to this sad event, although indefinite and equivocal in part. It was sufficient, at any rate, to lead my friends

to hope their brother had been saved, although the term "all would be well" may have had a different application.

Another case that came to my notice pertains to a gentleman who received warning, in the autumn of 1913, to be very careful in October of the next year, as he would then be in serious danger and would be injured in the left arm. The next I heard of him was that he was lying in a hospital ship off the south coast of England, having been seriously wounded in his left arm during trench warfare in France. In this instance the warning, given so long before the event, appears to have been subsequently forgotten, for at the time of the injury the wounded man was far too busy fighting to think of anything else.

Time alone may erase the memory of a warning from the conscious mind, although perhaps in the following example the sub-consciousness retained the recollection and thus prompted an action that saved the life of the lady who told me the story, at the expense of another. When in America she visited a psychic, who among other things advised her not to ride in a certain red motor-car, a detailed description of which was given. According to the psychic he saw in a vision this car full of people dash into a tree, killing a person closely resembling the lady, sitting in one of the outside front seats. The warning appears to have made a deep impression on my informant at the time, but as she knew no one who kept a red car, it gradually died out. Several years later when visiting some friends, she received an invitation to go for a motor drive into the country. When the car arrived to take her, it was red and exactly like that described by the clairvoyant years before. This, however, she did not realize till after the tragedy. The only vacant seat was in the front, and on the outside. Just as she was about to enter the car, a mutual friend who resembled her very closely in general appearance, came hurrying up, and on the spur of the moment in response to a generous impulse, my informant persuaded her to take her seat. A few minutes later the car ran out of control, and dashing against a large tree injured several passengers and killed the lady who had taken my friend's place.

Stories like these seem far-fetched, but many quite classical cases can be cited. It is commonly reported that the mother of Paganini, the greatest of violinists, dreamt that an angel, radiant with beauty, appeared to her during a dream and promised to accomplish any wish she might make. She asked that her son might become the greatest of violinists, and the celestial visitor is said to have promised the fulfilment of her desire. So con-

fident was she of the truth of the prognostication that she told her little boy, " My son, you will be a great musician."

Boccaccio, in his *Life of Dante*, relates that the two sons of the famous poet searched every nook and cranny of the house and all their father's manuscripts, to find the thirteen lost cantos of the *Paradiso* for several months, without success. They were mortified " that God had not lent the great poet to the world long enough at least for him to be able to compose the small remaining part of his work." And, " they had been induced by the persuading powers of their friends to endeavour, in so far as in them lay (they were both rhymers), to supply the missing portion in order that it should not remain imperfect." But in the meantime one of them had a wonderful vision. His father came to him " clothed in the whitest garments and his face resplendent with an extraordinary light." The son seized the opportunity to ask him, " whether he had completed his work before passing into the true life, and, if he had done so, what had become of that part of it which was missing and which they none of them had been able to find." To this it seemed to him that for the second time he heard the reply, " Yes, I finished it " ; and then the spectral form took him by the hand and led him into the chamber where he (Dante) had been accustomed to sleep when he lived in this life, and touching a certain place in one of the walls, said, " What you have sought for so much is here." At these words both Dante and sleep fled from Jacopo at once.

Agitated both by joy and fear the son rose ; and in the dead of the night went to the house of Pier Giardini, a notary who had lived on terms of great intimacy with Dante, and related to him what he had seen. They resolved to investigate at once. " For which purpose, although it was still far in the night, they set off together, and went to the designated place, and there they found a blind, or curtain, of matting affixed to the wall. Upon gently raising this, they saw a little window never before observed by any of them, nor did they know it was there. In it they found several manuscripts, all mouldy from the dampness of the walls, so much so that if they had remained there much longer they would have been spoiled. Having tenderly brushed away the mould and read them, they saw they were the thirteen cantos so long sought by them."

Cesare Lombroso, the eminent Italian criminologist, quotes in one of his works many examples of prophecy by hysterics and epileptics, of which the following is perhaps the most striking—

" I had in my care, for treatment, the famous Dr. C——, one of the most distinguished of our savants, and at the same time one of the most neurotic, in whom since puberty hysteria had been present in its true form, with not a few marks of degeneracy and grave hereditary defects. For some years he had noticed that he possessed powers of premonition, and it was his consciousness of this that one day hindered him from taking a single step to meet a friend who had telegraphed that he was coming. The doctor had a sure feeling that he would not come. He frequently announced to his mother the arrival of a letter, or a person whom he had never seen and whom he minutely described.

" But the most important fact for us, because the best authenticated, is that on February 4, 1894, he predicted the burning of the Como Exposition (which actually took place on July 6) with such firm assurance as to induce members of his family who had had other proofs of the accuracy of his predictions, to sell all the shares of the Milan Fire Insurance Company for the sum of 149,000 lire ($29,800). It is important to note that, as the time of the fire drew near, he felt the certainty of it less—in the conscious state—although he automatically repeated the prediction, as those about him remember, especially on the morning of the day when the fire took place. ' I made the prediction off hand, on the spur of the moment,' he himself wrote to me. ' I cannot conceive how I could have attained so intense a conviction, no consideration of a technical kind having any influence on my prophecy. At that time I could not have seen any more than the enclosing fence of the exposition, the buildings of the main edifice not having progressed very far.' "

The testimonies of such eminent persons make it less difficult to believe those of less well-known people.

When travelling from Scotland recently I made the acquaintance of a Scotch soldier returning to the front after a few days' leave. Quite spontaneously he recounted a strange and startling series of predictions he received some time previous to the war. Throughout the whole of 1914 he had experienced very bad luck in business, not being able to keep a situation more than a few weeks, thus having no less than fourteen berths in twelve months. At last he and his wife were reduced to such financial straits they decided to advertise for boarders. One evening on returning home from business his wife met him at the door in a state of excitement, and informed him that a gentleman had called for the purpose of boarding there, and was waiting to see him. " Whatever you do," she cautioned, " don't have him,

he has the 'evil eye.'" This lady was from the Highlands of Scotland, and her husband considered her to be "a bit queer that way," meaning superstitious. To pacify her he promised under no circumstances to accommodate the visitor, who turned out to be a very normal-looking young man not thirty years old.

During the conversation they had together, the soldier informed me that the visitor tried several times to catch hold of his hand, but this he studiously avoided letting him do. Suddenly the young man rose and said, "I know you do not intend having me here, but to show you I bear you no ill-feeling, I will tell you your fortune." My informant assured him he would believe nothing he told him. Thereupon the stranger offered to tell him of things he had long forgotten. As this seemed a fair offer he was invited to proceed, and immediately told him something concerning his family that no one outside the family could have known. Then came what seems to be a most remarkable sequence of prognostications, many of which the soldier solemnly assured me had already come to pass. "You have been a soldier," said the stranger " (which was correct), " and you will be so again. Your next uniform, however, will be neither red nor blue. You will then go to a foreign country and fight, and you will see the dead piled as high as this room. Death will be on every hand, yet you will be untouched, and when you return after the war your fortune will change and you will be better off." In addition he reminded him of his past ill-luck and promised him that he would win honour on the field of battle. My informant (when I saw him) was wearing the ribbon of the D.C.M., and the Russian Cross of St. George, won by bravery on the war-stricken fields of France. It was obvious that he did not doubt the accuracy of the predictions now, although at first he had considered them ridiculous, and he was perfectly confident he would survive the war, as his strange visitor had said he would come through without a scar. Already he has been in the retreat from Mons and the great battles of the Aisne and the Marne, and had taken part in no less than eight bayonet charges without the slightest mishap to himself. He had also seen the dead piled several feet high more than once, and of his battalion less than forty remained of the original number.

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.]

TWIN SOULS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, C. W. T., in your September issue says "no two individuals . . . ever develop exactly alike." That is so. He then adds, "if twin souls start on the round of evolution as true twins they would soon cease to be so." That depends upon what we mean by the word twin. Twin souls are not *identical*, but *complementary*. He asks, "if . . . one ego makes better spiritual progress than the other, what happens?" The more advanced twin voluntarily waits, or stays its evolution, until joined by its fellow, knowing that its true evolution is bound up with its fellow twin. We cannot be fully redeemed until our *dual* nature is redeemed and restored, our *dual unity*. The consciousness of dual existence dawns by degrees upon each aspiring soul.

Yours faithfully,
UNITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the above subject in your August issue, may it not be the case that some, but not all, are dual, that others are single and will eventually find joy and completeness directly from the source of all life; others again will mingle in groups seeking and finding inspiration amongst their fellow men; all paths lead to the one goal, but the ways of the Infinite are many, and diverse must be the roads towards ultimate perfection.

Necessarily to each one would come the fulfilment of his heart's desire, full and complete, perfecting and beautifying existence, for all are a reflection of the Divine.

For those who are dual joy and satisfaction could only be found in and through the presence of that other spirit linked to them from the beginning; through whom they reflect the great glory and the sacred mystery whose dwelling is secret, but whose Presence lights our lives with an ever vital glow.

Yours faithfully,
A. N. I. L.

THE SEVENTH SPHERE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest J. Hewat McKenzie's very clear and explicit book, *Spirit Intercourse*, in which he states that there is no vegetation in the Seventh or Christ Sphere. This may be so from the point of vision of his informer, or informers, but it is at least possible that in other parts of the Christ Sphere there may be flowers and vegetation of an extremely ethereal nature of which they were unaware. I have spoken to one or two of my spirit friends who dwell in the Seventh Sphere, and they say that if we want flowers there we have them. If an inhabitant of another planet were to visit this earth and landed, say, in the middle of Manchester, it is quite possible he might think there was an entire absence of vegetation here, unaware that elsewhere there was an abundance of it. Again, two persons sitting back to back in the same room would give totally different descriptions of the furniture therein.

Yours faithfully,
OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

DO PARENTS CREATE SOULS?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As, when I read Mr. Bush's letter, I was writing at length on a subject closely touching the question raised, I ask permission now to criticize that gentleman's argument.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, we will assume, are legally joined together and, we will assume, from the legal conjunction, a new little John Smith appears. How does he appear,—as a bodily thing? As a thing of one life? Most certainly not. He exists as an organism of complexity in form and specialization in function. As a bodily thing he differs from any small protoplasmic amœba or any huge elephant only in form and function, and not one of these organisms exists in *one* life, but in innumerable lives. Little John Smith, for instance, exists in innumerable lives of red corpuscles and leucocytes: kill these lives and where is the bodily life of little John Smith?

What we term bodily life is no more than an assumed synthesis of innumerable lives *manifest* in bodily form. The great man, Huxley, understood this, and that is why he believed in *self-consciousness* as a thing-in-itself. What Mr. and Mrs. John Smith have done by their natural and legal intercourse has been merely to effect, physiologically, a separation of organism: the living phagocytes instead of keeping clear from disease *two* organisms, attend now to three.

However, not only little John Smith but you and I exist as "souls" or "self-conscious subjects," as we may choose to term ourselves. But, again, we do not *know* our self-consciousness, we are said to feel

it. Any one of us must be a self-conscious subject *before* he can know anything. If this be true for self-consciousness, very little consideration is necessary to arrive at the fact that we cannot *know* anything about how we, as souls, ever came or did not come into existence. As you, sir, yourself state, the birth of spirit requires a spiritual, not a physical, process. And how can thought which is materially correlated to motion of the brain touch the spiritual?

The Scotsman, Emanuel Kant, has shown clearly that by the very same line of reasoning we can prove our universe had a beginning and had not a beginning. In exactly the same way the argument is the same to prove little John Smith, had a beginning as a soul on separation from Mrs. John Smith, and to prove that he had not a beginning as a soul on that separation. These antinomies of reason exist because knowledge is limited; it is relative.

The importance of psychical research is that it offers evidence of our survival as "souls" after bodily dissolution. But by no possibility can we *think* any beginning or any end for our 'souls': any such question is beyond the purview of thought. But we can hope and believe.

One thing more which is related, though obscurely, to the argument. Great confusion of thought has arisen from use of the meaningless phrase: "the everlasting now." There is no such thing. What is meant is *transcendence* of the past, present and future, something transcending thought. The "soul" exists in transcendence of the past, present and future.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh"; the spiritual is transcendent.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have only by chance come across the August and September numbers of your REVIEW, and am immensely interested in your correspondence on Reincarnation. From a child I have had vivid soul-memories, and most of my real friends I have recognized from last time, but in two cases only was the recognition mutual. What strikes me as odd is that, with the exception of three friends, all my other intimate women friends (about eight or nine in number) I recollect as men last time. In one case of mutual recognition, I, with difficulty, suppressed the exclamation of Hullo, Bill! when introduced, and found later my friend, Daisy by name, had refused as a small child to answer to any name but Bill. This may seem childish, but, in every case of recognition, it brings some unforgettable soul-emotion back which in some cases I never feel in this present life. . . . What strikes me forcibly in both Mr. Bush's and C.W.T.'s letters is that they both seem to lose sight of the spirit's individuality. If parents had the power of reproducing the whole of man, i.e., body, soul

and spirit, we should lose our Divine Inheritance. If Life Eternal is a fact, though incomprehensible to our finite minds, it must stretch as far behind us as in front, and spirit must surely retain as much individuality as a drop of water, which scientists tell us, though merged in the whole, still retains in itself the individual essence. That vicious parents are a necessity as a form of education is, to my mind, absurd; but that in the course of evolution an advanced soul may willingly choose vicious parents so as to help them evolve may be more understandable. Mr. Bush's statement of the principle of a good tree bearing good fruit, and vice versa, seems to refute the whole of his argument, and to prove that parents have not the power to create spirits, as, how often do really, good, honest, earnest parents have a wayward, wild, vicious child who breaks their hearts and seems to have no link to bind him to them. I should be glad to know if C.W.T. has ever come across any great twin souls the complement of each other in every way. I have; and be they both men or both women now—last time one was a man, the other a woman—the material elementary side of the sex question has been outgrown, but the best attributes of both sexes interpenetrating make a perfect friendship nothing can break or mar. Surely this is what is meant by " in Heaven there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage "; and may I add, as the kingdom of Heaven is here and now—not Hereafter—it seems to me to be a natural phase of evolution.

THE GLEN,
STOKE FLEMING,
S. DEVON.

Yours faithfully,
HERMIONE PARRY OKEDEN.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your note on my last letter upon the subject you state truly that if my contention is correct that animals reproduce soul and body and that man reproduces spirit, soul and body—my case is established. Of course this is very difficult, if not impossible to prove absolutely, but I have endeavoured to establish my case in the book, *Whence Have I Come?* recently published, basing my arguments upon known and accepted physical laws as well as on occult science. That is the strength of my position.

" That which is born of the flesh is flesh and that which is born of the spirit is spirit " is truth. But as spirit interpenetrates matter I suggest that the birth of triune man (which obviously includes the individual spirit ego) is simultaneous—the " flesh " being used as the laboratory of the spirit.

With your permission I should like to approach this subject again in your columns later on.

Your obedient servant,
MORDEN
RICHARD A. BUSH

CURSE OR PREVISION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to your remarks in the September Notes of the Month, I trust you will forgive my drawing attention to the difficulty which often occurs in distinguishing curses from malevolent predictions. The study of national and family traditions emphasizes the fact that sometimes the only apparent difference lies in the form of utterance.

The question which this naturally suggests might be framed as follows: Is the apparent fulfilment of a curse invariably the direct effect of that curse—as held, I believe, by professors of Black Magic—or is the imprecation itself in many cases, inspired, in a moment of frenzy, by conscious or unconscious prevision?

Yours faithfully,
G. MELBOURNE MAYHEW.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Through Smith I am a subscriber to your interesting REVIEW. I called for my September number yesterday late in the afternoon, after battling with the hardest of hard realities of life all day. I brought my REVIEW, with an *Evening News*, a copy of *Light*, and other papers and put them through force of habit on a table by the side of my bed where I could reach them in case of a sleepless hour in the middle of the night. I partook of my usual light repast—milk, fruit, and bread. Then I wrote letters till a reasonably late hour. These hours were interrupted with more of those hard realities in the lives of people with whom I am associated (I am fortunate, God is good to me). All finished, even the servant maids sobs quieted,—not my servant—mine always met me with a happy face. After all was finished, I was dead tired, and I felt quite addled from a conglomeration of a long hard day of other people's troubles, real and imaginary; and without opening even the *Evening News* I retired, and strange to say slept through the remainder of the night without waking—but woke before my early tea arrived, and thought over a dream I'd had, it was so wonderfully vivid. I dismissed the dream just as a dream, and reached out for my OCCULT REVIEW; looked through the contents, and turned to "A Guardian Angel. By Sister Sítá."

My astonishment was great when I had finished the story—the dream I'd had in the night was the falling of the horse and his rider over the precipice. I can still see it quite plainly. The horse was a deep rich chestnut colour, and no human power could save them.

Why did I dream that? And why did I turn to that story on waking?

I have had most remarkable experiences throughout a most remarkable life. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

LILIAN PORTEOUS.

THE DYNAMISTOGRAPH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In Mr. Hereward Carrington's very able and interesting summary of Drs. Matla and Zaalberg van Zelst's collaboration with "man-force," and consequent construction of an electrical machine for transmission of messages direct from the spirit world without intervention of any human medium, or necessity for decoding, there are several points worthy of attention. The most important gain is perhaps in the isolation of messages from the mentality of a human medium, a matter that has hitherto been fruitful of much doubt and difficulty in appraising the value of the message as well as its source. The close connection, if not actual identity, of "man-force" ("spirit"- or "psychic"-force) with vital energy, and its direction, or control, by the potency of "will power," a close study of which has been given by the two savants in course of their twenty-two years' researches, are now brought into due prominence as factors in psychic science, as also the wisdom of collaboration with the denizens of the spirit world, the initiation and directions being acknowledged as essential to the success of the experiments and demonstrations. This latter point it is to be observed has been the key to success with other experimentalists, a recent instance being in the case of Mr. David Wilson with his so-called "Psychic Telegraph"—messages through which had to to be decoded. From the foregoing it may be a safe deduction to observe that the initiating intelligence operating is evidently of a high scientific type, discovering and utilizing similar characteristics in the workers on the earth plane. It would be of additional interest if some of the more important messages received through the "dynamistograph" were given in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW, either as extracts from Drs. Matla and Zaalberg van Zelst's published work *The Mystery of Death* or by selections from their collections. An English translation of the book would be a valuable acquisition to the literature of occult science.

Mr. Hereward Carrington's brief reference to the pressing need for the founding of a "Laboratory" for experimental psychic research is opportune, and its importance should demand an international response.

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS BLYTON.

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Channel continues to maintain the promise of its first issue. The last number of the new American quarterly gives account of a psychic revelation in the shape of a book "written down" by Mrs. John Curran, as dictated by "Patience Worth" through a Ouija board. It is regarded by the *New York Times* as "immeasurably beyond any other communication which has ever pretended to come from the other side of the grave." It contains some very striking verse —or matter in irregular metrical form, for the most part unrhymed— and it justifies Mrs. Russak when she says, in an excellently worded panegyric, that "Nature, for Patience Worth, is a great organ upon which God plays harmonies unto our souls." There is one thing only which militates against the lasting success of these "poems from beyond," and this is the extraordinary kind of substituted English in which parts are written—as e.g., "broked with o'er-loving o' the day," "That still should trod 'pon stones asharped," and "laden with hate o' sorrying." The thought is fresh and haunting, but this kind of manufactured dialect, which passes as "primitive" with some people, is a blot upon all its titles. Dr. Carl Ramus writes in the same issue on *The Wider Psychology of Insanity*, being an attempt "to interpret normal and abnormal psychology by a combined method of analysis." Mr. Anthony Hale tells the story of the Pima tribe of Indians from personal recollections of long ago, with something of their present sufferings through illegal appropriation by the whites and the process of being civilized. *How the Karoks got Fire* is a contribution to folk-lore, and very curious is the myth which accounts for the kindling of flame by the friction of two dry sticks. Mrs. Russak continues her *Science of Occult Healing*, and has passed from her personal experiences to a review of the progress of healing in different parts of the world. Finally, there is a short study of re-incarnation in the Bible, but this is interesting rather than convincing.

Although a very small publication, the *Bulletin of the Oriental Esoteric Society*, which appears at Washington under the editorship of Agnes Marsland, has occasionally some thoughtful and suggestive articles. We have no acquaintance with the Society itself, but it seems to claim affiliation or union with "those who are directing the great work of human progress." At the same time there are few traces of connexion with modern theosophy. A recent paper on Harmony enlists sympathy by a certain modesty of expression joined to a certain firmness of thought. Its thesis is that below the apparent medley of human affairs there lies a well-laid plan guarded by "perfect higher powers," in which plan each of us has his proper place and each his work to do. The first step in its performance is that wholesome search within ourselves which leads to our discovering and then—as a second step—to the eradication of things that hinder. Here is the basis of what is called constructive work, and how to lay

the foundation is summed up in a single sentence: "Search the mental life; make it clean, pure, unselfish; and from this inner life will flow a perfect outer life." It is of course the attainment of a state of conformity with the law and the order, by which we are enabled to do the work of the order. As to what may lie behind such order, each of us formulates it to himself in his own manner, or certain groups of people agree upon a certain mode of its recognition in common, and the variations do not signify so long as the work is done in union with the law. When we speak of masters and adepts in the language of one group we have not—in our own view—made things clearer or progressed further than those in another category who speak of angels and saints. Behind both conceptions is the Centre and Source of all, and this being so, to recognize and look to God only is better than devotion to any or all of the hierarchies. Indeed it is very curious how the new hypotheses and the new zeal for the formulation of ideas on leadership working from beyond does little but vary the *mise-en-scène* of conceptions which have been in the mind through all ages. The reason is not far to seek: God is nearer than all the masters and greater than all the adepts, however we happen to denominate them and in whatever language of the mysteries we elect to write them down. One is cordially in agreement therefore with the *Bulletin* respecting harmony with the law and the order, and we know that in the last resource it means and can mean only conformity with the purpose of God.

The Wednesday Review, which appears at Trichinopoly under native editorship, is devoted chiefly to the practical side of Indian affairs, and it is occasionally only that it enters another field. We have been struck by a recent article evasively entitled *The Philtre*, because of its curious mode of thought. It describes love as a power wherewith to put in motion the working capacity of others. The statement sounds self-centred, and not only the essence of love but anything belonging thereto seems to escape therein. Yet is there truth at the bottom. Both within and without the sphere of self we shall find it implied everywhere in our daily life. The general necessity of resting on and presupposing goodwill in others illustrates the truth. The article says also, and not less truly, that our overmastering fear is one of losing love and—if we think well on it—such a fear lies at the root of more than half our conventions and all our nervous care over the thought of others when it is directed to us and our conduct. The writer, rather strangely and unexpectedly, goes on to point out that it is a "just appreciation of this fear" which marks the ability of statecraft in perceiving the "safe limit" of action in opposition to the world's interests, for the advancement of those ascribed to some particular nationality. In such manner he reaches his real object, which is to indicate that we have a patent example in the present war of a colossal failure in the German Imperial venture, which has overstepped this limit. The writer asks us to note that the world's peace is impossible unless it can be protected against such

irresponsible capitalistic action as forms a leading element in what he terms Teutonic demonology.

We learn from the *Islamic Review* that a permanent Muslim Conference is either pending or may have been inaugurated already at Peking. It reminds one of an œcumenical council, as it is designed to gather together sages, philosophers and men of experience for the continual discussion of important and difficult points of doctrine, all political subjects being ruled out absolutely. It has, however, a propagandist motive, as spread of the doctrine is mentioned, translations of the Quran forming part of the latter programme. Ordinary meetings are to be held twice a month and a great council twice in the course of each year. One can understand the attempted propagation of Islam in the eastern world better than the experiment here, but the *Islamic Review* is a testimony that it is being made in England. We may mention in this connexion that *The Theosophist* has a well-reasoned plea for the consideration of the Quran as one of the great religious books of the world. An account of its genesis and of the way in which it was gradually committed to writing, forming a perfect whole, will be new to many readers. There are excellent and indeed admirable passages quoted, and there is no question that the work has its great moments, yet it is difficult to agree that the *corpus magnus* of the text presents great truths and beautiful precepts in the most appealing form. As a question of personal judgment—not obtruded dogmatically—apart from those moments just mentioned, it seems to lack the real note of inspired authority.

La Estrella de Occidente considers the war from the standpoint of a spiritual conflict between the Grand White Lodge and the Grand Black Lodge, reminding one of colour denominations in High Grade Masonry. It examines also the desirability or otherwise of bringing the war to an end by the power of thought. There is no real answer possible because a collective effort offers insuperable difficulties. Were it otherwise, some of us might be tempted to extend the debate to the power of love. . . . *Reincarnation* is the official organ of a Karma and Reincarnation League, incorporated at Chicago to popularize teachings on these subjects. There is a skilful article on the idea of Reincarnation in *Isis Unveiled*, embodying a suggestion that it did not suit H. P. B. to teach the doctrine as plainly and develop it as fully in that work as was done subsequently in *The Secret Doctrine*. However, it is stated distinctly in the former work that re-incarnation is an exception and not a rule in Nature. The article under notice deals with this statement, but not to our mind in a manner which reduces its surface import. . . . M. Gaston Revel continues his papers on mystical alchemy in the columns of *Le Théosophe*, and the last is a study of mysticism pure and simple. He is conscious that he may be charged with reducing its problems to their most concrete expression, but interest attaches to the appreciation of mysticism from the student's standpoint by one who is not of that school, being an occultist rather in the stricter meaning of the term.

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REVIEWS

THE SOLILOQUY OF A HERMIT. By Theodore Francis Powys. Crown 8vo, pp. 143. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. Price $1 net.

I CONCEIVE that the last intention of this curious, challengeable book is to carry conviction to any one on any subject: a challenge has other objects. It will strike many as militantly irreligious, though termed by the publisher "original religious psychology." While it is not psychology but mannerism, I have uncovered, not too far down, an inward heart of reverence. Mr. Powys thinks in paradox, and his prevailing mood is a mood of contradiction. He conceals real earnestness in flippancy, and a devout spirit in ribaldry. He blasphemes even—although rarely—and his adoration is then at white heat. He is not of course justified, and knows it, as he knows all his vagrancy; but he will puzzle the ordinary reader, which may lead the latter to reflection, while he will scandalize the sober-minded, and some sobriety of mind is not apart from dullness. Moreover, the logic of dullness is not in bonds of union with anything that is sweet in reason. For such reasons and for others, I confess that I have read these pages with sympathy. There is reality behind the levity, and seeing that the book is challenging its first act is to challenge its own title. Mr. Powys is no hermit, and he has not written a soliloquy. The auditor is presupposed throughout, and throughout there is the satisfaction of one who knows that neither the wise nor the foolish are likely to take up the glove cast down in a budget of paradox. We hear much of the moods of God, and are told that humanity is a collection of atoms through which these moods pass. It is good to think about this and be brought to the truth of the matter in our own way, for man is a collection of moods over which the stillness of Him in Whom there is no change or shadow of vicissitude can and does flow at times. From the supposed moods of God Mr. Powys has found a way of escape in prayer, and this also reminds us that those who attain the mystical prayers of quiet enter the Divine stillness. So, by the path of their opposites, are we brought continually to the great and the true things. Another instance is when the author's way of escape is changed over and he finds another in Christ, who is not less certainly the indwelling God for Mr. Powys, because he happens to look at the immanence through rather scoriated glasses. Indeed his most prevailing mood is that of discerning the Creator's majesty in the meadows, amidst buttercups and red clover. So, perhaps a little against likelihood, I have found it good to be with him, more especially as I have marked not a few brilliant epigrams up and down his pages. A. E. WAITE.

THE WAY OF THE CHILDISH. (Balamatimarga). By Shri Advaitacharya. Written down by the Author of "Real Tolerance." London: Kegan, Paul, Price 1s. net.

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Some of the thoughts strike on deep chords :

" Too much of the despot is there in the man who loves—and this is vanity, and too much of the slave is there in the woman who loves, and this is childishness." REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE ALTERNATE LIFE. By Curtis Yorke. London : Hutchinson & Co. Price 6*s*.

THE advent of Curtis Yorke into the realms of occult fiction has resulted in a charming and spirited novel. A man and a girl, the two reincarnating souls principally concerned in this story, meet and become endeared to one another in dream-life, so that by the time they are actually brought together on the physical plane, everything is ready for them to begin " a life that, for one incarnation at least, bid fair to be ' happy ever after.' "

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Strangely enough, the character who leaves the most vivid impression on the mind of the reader, apart from the heroine, Nance, is old Dormer, her father, a domestic tyrant who amuses while he irritates us, with his egocentric outlook upon life ; and although, in this story where everything ends happily, he meets his match, he does not deserve the happy fate which found him in the shape of the second Mrs. Dormer. H. J. S.

ABOVE THE BATTLE. By Romain Rolland, translated by C. K. Ogden, M.A. (Editor of The Cambridge Magazine.) London : George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, W.C. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS is a collection of articles by the eminent and eloquent author of *Jean Christophe*, written for the most part in the early days of the War and appearing at intervals until August of last year. They vibrate with the fervent emotion of an idealist, who, in the destruction of Louvain and Rheims, has seen also the shattering of the ideal for which he has so long striven—namely, the good accord and mutual understanding of the youth of France and Germany. In the opening letter written in reply to Gerhart Hauptmann's defence of Prussian " frightfulness " (particularly as expressed in the demolition of cherished historic monuments), Rolland urges that these creations are the treasures of the whole civilized world, not merely of passing generations. They embody the upward striving of the eternal human spirit, and their loss is irreparable. Monsieur Rolland writes with such intense sincerity—holding himself so far " above the battle," so resolute in his determination *not* to hate—that one is bound to forgive his consoling reminder to his own countrymen that, after all, it is not against *them* but against England that the full fury of Germany is directed ! More graceful was the tribute of Monsieur Bergson to our millions of men, springing like the warriors of Cadmus from the dragon's teeth, to the aid of

France in her hour of need. Monsieur Rolland has spent much time in Geneva in connexion with the "International Work for Prisoners of War," and in his unique experiences as intermediary among the conflicting nations, he has felt the common heartbreak of all. He mourns the desecration of the sublime patriotic ideal by the madness of the Teuton War Lords, but with unconquerable optimism he clings to his faith that deep down below this welter of conflict, the now submerged fire of divine Brotherhood still glows, however dimly, and that "the rivers of blood, the burnt towns, all the atrocities of thought and action, will never efface in our tortured souls the luminous track of the Galilean barque, nor the deep vibrations of the great voices which from across the centuries proclaim reason as man's true home." EDITH K. HARPER.

THE WOMAN WHO LIVED AGAIN. By Lindsay Russell. London: Hurst & Blackett. Pp. viii + 375. Price 6s.

JUST as it takes more than a rose and a swallow to make a satisfactory summer, so it takes more than a sensational plot and an epigram or two to make a satisfactory novel. The above thought may well occur to readers of *The Woman Who Lived Again*, though justice urges the critic to remark that an author cannot be accused of languor in the attempt to be exciting who describes between one pair of covers the resuscitation of a beautiful corpse, the infatuation of a Cabinet Minister with a lady intended by Germany to serve as a decoy, a horrible railway accident, and several proposals. One may go further and admit that there are a few passages in which our author communicates genuine feelings of tenderness and compassion; but, taken as a whole, this novel is one of those which the "realistic school" effectively use as examples of the failure of the "supernatural" in art. W. H. CHESSON.

"ALL'S WELL!" SOME HELPFUL VERSE FOR THESE DARK DAYS OF WAR. By John Oxenham, Author of "Bees in Amber," etc. Published by Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, London, W.C. Price 1s. net.

THIS collection of beautiful and spiritual verse of comfort and help in the present dark hours of the world's tribulation, has so far fulfilled its beneficent purpose that already seventy-five thousand copies have been sold, and the little book is now in its tenth edition. This is a brave record and speaks eloquently of the grip John Oxenham's writings have made upon the imagination of earnest men and women. The vibrating echoes of his words find their way indeed to the very heart's core. The "Hymn for the Men at the Front" is to-day being sung all round the world, and the profits of the five million copies of this particular Hymn that have already been sold, are being devoted to the various funds for the wounded. The title of another of the poems, "Christs All," was suggested by W. T. Stead's well-known saying, "*Be a Christ.*" In "White Brother" the author conveys the touching and exquisite story that has come to us, again and again, from the war zone, in so many different forms—the story of "The White Comrade," the mysterious Stranger who succoured the wounded and the dying, and "None who saw that sight will e'er forget!" EDITH K. HARPER.

BECAUSE IT WAS WRITTEN. By Princess Catherine Radziwill (Catherine Kolb-Danvin). London: Cassell & Company, Ltd. Pp. xii. + 308. Price 6s.

Princess Radziwill, whose only son nobly fell in action against the Prussians, has something more than the right conferred by her bereavement to a respectful hearing when her theme is the War, for her artistic faculties can be relied on for a vivid and coherent representation of life. Though her present work is in the form of fiction it may be regarded as an arrangement of facts illustrative of the idea that the Arch-antagonists of the War are Satan and God.

It must be confessed that the Prologue, in which the speakers include Satan and the archangel Michael, is an example of the inadequacy of the average imagination, even when allied with a practised pen, to conjure up images worthy of such great names as those just mentioned, but the superhuman characters in the story do not intrude on its men and women, but merely serve to enhance the significance of their actions.

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Among the scenes in the book which linger in the reader's mind is that where a dying cripple reunites his stepmother and his father against her wish.

I will conclude by saying that the novel may be heartily recommended to all who are interested in a sympathetic portrayal of the Russian soldier.

W. H. CHESSON.

HOW JONAS FOUND HIS ENEMY. By Greville MacDonald, M.D. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 6s. Pp. viii. + 374.

THERE is no mistaking the novelist who is inspired by life seen through the windows of the soul, for whether or no one breathes freely in the atmosphere created by his preferences and dogmas, one is fascinated by him and sacrifices time on the altar of sympathy with his characters. So is it in the case of Dr. Greville MacDonald. In this story by him of the South Downs, "silly Sussex" delights us by its expressive vernacular in the mouth of a rustic Susan, and the conquest by a much-wronged shepherd of his vindictive and tempestuous lower self is imagined with a notable wealth of humour, and "fourth dimensional" incidents. The two characters who show the book to be touched by genius are a starling, symbolical of sneering evil, and, after an interval, Susan. The author of *Phantastes* might have been glad to write many passages in this spiritual romance.

W. H. CHESSON.