

# 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 very rapid development of scientific knowledge during the last half century or more is undoubtedly one of the consequences of the relaxation of the intellectual fetters with which for many centuries after the break-up of the Roman Empire the civilized world was bound. This relaxation took place very gradually, and it is only in the present century that we are feeling the full effects of the removal of those prejudices which have for so many centuries hampered freedom of thought and opinion. The time has at last arrived when man has become conscious of his intellectual independence, and after so long a period of mental servitude it is hardly to be wondered that he has not always known how

GIORDANO BRUNO to make the best use of it. In the middle of the sixteenth century, when Giordano Bruno\* was born,

only one intellectual career appeared to be open to the man of talent, and this career must needs be embarked upon under the ægis of the Church. The men of the most brilliant intellectual attainments were thus forced to live a kind of double life if they would avoid the risk of martyrdom. They were obliged outwardly to subscribe to the tenets of the orthodox,

\* Giordano Bruno, Mystic and Martyr. By Eva Martin, 2s. net. London, William Rider & Son, Ltd.

however little such tenets might be in accord with the results of their philosophical or scientific researches. Some of the learned had recourse to allegorical language in which they found it possible to express in a secret code scientific views which if openly avowed would have cost them their lives. Others openly professed a creed in which they had no faith, and which was frequently in open divergence with their intellectual outlook. It is obvious that scientific progress was practically impossible under such conditions. Here and there some bolder spirit arose who expressed his views freely and risked the fires of the Inquisition.

Such a man was Giordano Bruno, whose life had its peaceful beginnings in a hamlet outside the walls of Nola, a town in the neighbourhood of Naples. His literary talents were early recognized, with the result that at the age of fifteen it was arranged that he should enter the Dominican monastery at Naples. Even as a boy, however, he had obviously no orthodox leanings. He shocked his monkish superiors by poetic skits and satires, and

HIS EARLY  
LIFE AND  
STUDIES.

is stated to have removed the images of saints from his cell and even at the age of eighteen to have raised awkward questions in connection with the doctrine of the Trinity. His reading was omnivorous. He studied Peter of Ravenna, Raymond Lully, Thomas Aquinas, and perhaps, most important of all, Copernicus, whose astronomical theories made a profound impression upon his mind. Through his study of the works of Plotinus he became familiarized with Neo-Platonism, which eventually coloured his entire religious and philosophical attitude, and he soon became familiar also with the occult doctrines of Cornelius Agrippa and Theophrastus Paracelsus. Such reading was obviously calculated to shatter whatever foundations of orthodoxy may have originally existed in his singularly receptive and ardent mind. It is scarcely to be wondered at that at the age of twenty-eight he found himself accused of heresy in a formidable indictment of 130 articles, and compelled to quit Naples in flight and, having laid aside his Dominican habit, to wander forth on travels from land to land seeking everywhere kindred souls who might not be afraid to express sympathy with his boldly unorthodox opinions. He certainly did not court the sympathy of those who differed from his opinions. Never was there a more uncompromising champion of the truth as he himself saw it. He describes himself as "rough hewn by nature," and he was undoubtedly impetuous, excitable, and often indiscreet—"passionate," we are told, "in defence of what seemed to him true, equally passionate in hatred

of what seemed to him false." The credulity of the age found in him a merciless satirist. When he arrived at Genoa a religious ceremony was taking place, in which an ass's tail was exhibited, which was claimed to be that of the identical animal on which Jesus had made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem! One may readily imagine the derision with which performances of this kind were greeted by the philosopher of Nola. Opportunities, however, for earning a livelihood were not easily forthcoming to one who, from the point of view of the century in which he lived, was neither fish nor fowl. He had to eke out HIS SOJOURN AT GENEVA, a meagre subsistence in various ways, teaching grammar and astronomy, and writing political pamphlets on the signs of the times. In 1579 he betook himself to Geneva, where at least he had no fear of the Inquisition. Calvinism, however, which was then in the ascendant, made but little appeal to his southern and romantic temperament. He listened, indeed, to the sermons of the reformers, and studied their writings, but stated afterwards that he had done so "not to acquire their doctrine or for improvement, for I think them more ignorant than myself, but out of sheer curiosity."

Bruno's love of criticism and his disputatious disposition soon landed him in trouble in the metropolis of Calvinism. He issued a pamphlet against a professor of philosophy at Geneva whom he accused of having made twenty erroneous statements in a single lecture. The basis of the dispute was apparently the Aristotelian philosophy which was at Geneva and elsewhere so much in vogue, and many parts of which Bruno criticized with his accustomed severity. Bruno and the printer were both arrested. The printer was fined and Bruno severely reprimanded by the council. The result was that he moved his tent once more and settled for a time at Toulouse. Here he gave lessons on astronomy and philosophy, and obtained an appointment as professor of philosophy at the University, which was then in a very flourish-

ing condition. Civil war, however, broke out, AT TOULOUSE AND PARIS, and interrupted the university curriculum, and after a stay of a couple of years, he moved on to Paris, where he started a series of lectures on the thirty divine attributes according to the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas, which were followed in due course by another series on the mnemonic art of Lully. Henry III was then king, and took a personal interest in the philosopher. He was offered a professorship in Paris, but this he found impossible to accept, as he was under a ban of excommunication, and one of the conditions of

tenure was that of attending mass. The king, however, secured for him an "extraordinary" lectureship with salary, and though, as usual, he incurred hostility from many quarters, the royal favour was sufficient to outweigh this opposition.

Bruno would probably have done well to remain where he was, but his restless disposition led to his starting once more on his travels, and in 1583 he left Paris on a visit to England, taking with him a letter of recommendation from the King to his Ambassador, Michel de Castelnau, who was then French Ambassador at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. He promptly betook himself to Oxford, but here as elsewhere the philosophy of Aristotle was in the ascendant, and Bruno had no hesitation in attacking it, and championing the Copernican theory of the universe, which had not then found the general acceptance it afterwards enjoyed. From Oxford, Bruno journeyed to London, where he stayed with the French Ambassador's family, with whom he remained throughout his visit on the very best of terms in the capacity of secretary. Castelnau was, however, recalled in 1585, and Bruno returned with him. He did not long remain in France, but travelled to Germany, settling for a time at Wittenberg, where he was cordially received by the resident professors. Here he supported himself for a time by taking private pupils until the Calvinistic party got the upper hand at the University, and he felt that his further stay would be unwelcome. It was during his sojourn at Wittenberg that he was guilty of the imprudence of extolling that arch enemy of the Papacy, Martin Luther—a fact that was remembered against him when the Inquisition got him in its grip. He did not indeed make any pretence of seeing eye to eye with the reformer, but ever supported those who championed freedom of thought in whatever form. "The thinker," he declared, "must free himself from subjection to any other mind," and he denounced those who enforced their prejudices with fire and the sword.

Bruno was indeed unfortunate in falling between two stools. He had little real sympathy with the Protestant reformers. What appealed to him was an enlightened and tolerant catholicism, and this was not to be found in the world of those days. He spent some months at Prague, where the Emperor Rudolph II gave him encouragement, and finally in July, 1590, reached Frankfort, where, though his reception in the first instance was a very doubtful one, he was able to settle down and do a considerable amount of literary work. It is amusing to note that the

Prior of the Monastery there described him as "a man of fine intellect and erudition, a universal man, but without a trace of religion."

A chance meeting at Frankfort was destined to be Bruno's undoing. He met there a Venetian bookseller of the name of Ciotto, who purchased some of his works, and brought them with him to Venice, where they attracted the attention of a certain nobleman of the name of Giovanni Mocenigo. This resulted in an invitation from Mocenigo to come to Venice and instruct him in the art of Lully, and other sciences. He was offered free board and lodging at the nobleman's house, and was attracted by the

A FATAL  
INVITATION.

idea of returning to his own country. Bruno after some hesitation was imprudent enough to accept, though he was aware that his host was an ardent Catholic, and had even acted as an official of the Inquisition. It does not appear clear whether it was Mocenigo's original intention to entrap the philosopher, or whether the solicitations of the Papal See induced him subsequently to do so. There seems to be some ground for supposing that the Venetian nobleman wished to be instructed in the Black Arts, and imagined that Bruno would be able to assist him in this matter. Mocenigo did not take action at first, and Bruno lived at Venice in an open manner for some months. He appears, however, to have been warned of his host's real intentions towards him, and he announced on May 21 (1592) that he proposed returning to Frankfort to get some of his works printed: Mocenigo objected, making excuses, and saying that he desired further instruction. Bruno responded by packing up his effects. Threats were then used, and finally his host broke into his teacher's bedroom, accompanied by a servant and several gondoliers, and locked him up in a garret, from which he was removed to the prison of the Holy Office. Bruno's trial at Venice was inconclusive in its results. It began on May 29 and ended on July 30. The Venetian authorities appeared loth to take extreme measures in connection with the accused.

A VICTIM  
OF THE  
INQUISITION.

Bruno maintained that he had taught nothing contrary to the Catholic faith, declaring that his writings were philosophical, and maintaining that philosophy and theology, science and faith may co-exist together even when they maintained contrary doctrines. "I hold," he said, "the universe to be infinite, as a result of the infinite divine power whereof I have expounded that there is an endless number of individual worlds similar to our earth. I regard this earth as a star and the moon, the planets, and the other stars as similar

to it, the latter being of endless number. Within this universe I place a universal Providence whereby everything lives, grows, acts, and abides in its perfection." When accused of having consorted with heretics, he replied that he had done so out of intellectual curiosity, and that if he had praised them it was for their human virtues and not for their religious opinions. Finally the Venetian authorities not being able to come to any decision, the heads of the Roman Inquisition sent an urgent request for the prisoner to be delivered into their hands. There was some considerable hesitation on the part of the Venetian government to comply with this request, but eventually in 1593 Bruno was handed over to the Papal See. It is a remarkable fact that the Roman Inquisition appeared to have a similar reluctance to that of Venice to come to any decision with regard to Bruno's guilt. He was confined in prison but no overt steps were taken for his trial for a period of upwards of six years. We are led

HIS LAST  
HOURS. to the conclusion that the Papal authorities would have been willing to release him had they been able to obtain from him a retraction of his philosophic teachings. This, however, he absolutely declined to concede. He was brought up for examination on various occasions, but it was not until February 6, 1600, that sentence of death was pronounced. "It is," he declared, "with greater fear that you pronounce than that I receive this sentence." Even after this final judgment had been given a last opportunity of recantation was offered to him, but he again refused. "I die willingly," he said, "knowing that with the smoke my soul will ascend to paradise." On the morning of February 17, 1600, he was led forth and burnt to death in the presence of a jeering crowd.

Nearly three hundred years later, on June 9, 1889, a statue was unveiled to his memory on the scene of his martyrdom, his countrymen thus openly repudiating the verdict of a less enlightened age. It is stated that Pope Leo XIII fasted throughout the day and issued an address in which Bruno was accused of obstinate heresy and degraded materialism, and denied in the face of the clearest evidence even the virtue of sincerity.

Bruno united the mystical ideas of Plotinus with the cosmical conceptions of Copernicus. For him the first principle of origin of all things was unknowable to man, being beyond the reach of his senses and understanding. A philosophy of nature had therefore to seek only for physical causes or principles. The universe might be known but nothing could be predicated of the

nature of its first cause, any more than the character and appearance of the sculptor Apelles could be inferred from any statue which he had made. God, he argued, is both principle and cause. "He is first principle in so far as all things are posterior to him in nature, duration, or dignity. He is first cause in so far as

BRUNO'S PHILOSOPHY. all things are distinguished from him as effect from efficient, and thing produced from producer." There are, he argued, only two substances, matter and spirit. All things that result from the composition of these two are mere "accidents" and of no abiding reality. The One, he contended, is the only ultimate reality. "It does not move locally, for there is no place outside of itself to which it might transport itself. Of it is no generation, for there are no other existences which it can desire or expect, for it is all existence. It cannot grow less or greater, for it is infinite. It cannot be added to and it cannot be subtracted from, for the infinite has no proportional parts. It cannot be subjected to mutation in any quality whatever, nor is there any thing contrary or diverse from it which could alter it, for in it all things are in harmony."

Bruno regarded the universe as a mirror of God. Its three characteristics were its infinite extent, the infinite number of its parts, and its uniformity. He confuted Aristotle's theory of limitation of space. This, he argued, was irrational. What appears to be a limit to our senses, he contended, always proves to be imaginary when we are in a position to test it. The notion of space itself implying that it is neither form nor locality conveys the idea that it is infinite and limitless, and we cannot imagine any portion of space than which there is not another greater. He proceeds to argue that the infinity of space or ether being proved, it follows that the worlds too are innumerable or infinite in number. This is a position very difficult to accept, but it was an essential part of Bruno's philosophy. "Before God," he contends, "past, present and future are one, present and eternal. What he wills and what he can are one and the same thing. He cannot do what he does not will, for fate is the divine will itself. Hence God cannot be other than he is, and nothing can be done by him otherwise than it is done." These arguments clearly land us in an acceptance of determinism.

The movements of the earth and the planets he attributed to an internal principle; that is to say, he recognized planetary spirits or souls. Bruno was essentially a pantheist, but a pantheist of rather an abnormal type. The infinite desire of the individual, he contended, is a pledge of its fulfilment in an eternal

life. The individual must realize in itself the whole nature of the universe to which it belongs. Each thing, in short, realizes in the course of its existence all other possible existences. Each takes on successively all possible forms. "Before every substance lies eternity for duration, immensity for place, omniformity for realization." The conception evidently is that each individualized spirit must undergo all possible experience before it becomes absorbed in the One that is the All.

BRUNO A  
PANTHEIST.

"To know how to die in one century," exclaimed Bruno, in a memorable phrase, "is to live for all centuries to come." "Boldly," he declared, "have I fought and hoped for victory, though the soul has been strong and the flesh weak, and fate and nature have combined to repress my eager endeavours. Nevertheless it is much to have fought. Victory is in the hands of fate." If victory did not come to Bruno in his lifetime, it was at least his destiny—a destiny to which he willingly resigned himself—

"To let the victors when they come  
When the forts of folly fall,  
Find his body by the wall."

In many of his views Bruno may have been mistaken. In his methods of disputation and in his uncompromising self-assertion he may have left much room for criticism, but among those who have stood forth boldly to champion the cause of what they believe to be the truth, there are few who have done a nobler work for their age and generation than did the Philosopher of Nola.

It is perhaps rather a curious coincidence that the centenary of Napoleon's death and the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the *Daily Mail* occurred on consecutive days. The resemblance of Lord Northcliffe to Napoleon may not be a very close one, but it is at least near enough to have raised certain comments and a certain amount of chaff on the part of the editor of *Punch*. Both Napoleon and Lord Northcliffe were born under the same sign of the zodiac. Both began life with little prospect of the success that was in store for them, and both were members of large families and were the means of raising their brothers to positions of power and influence. Both were characterized by a certain dominant and unflinching will which had the effect of carrying all before it in despite of the very serious obstacles with which each were faced. Apart from this the career of the "little corporal" who became an

LORD  
NORTHCLIFFE  
AND  
NAPOLEON.



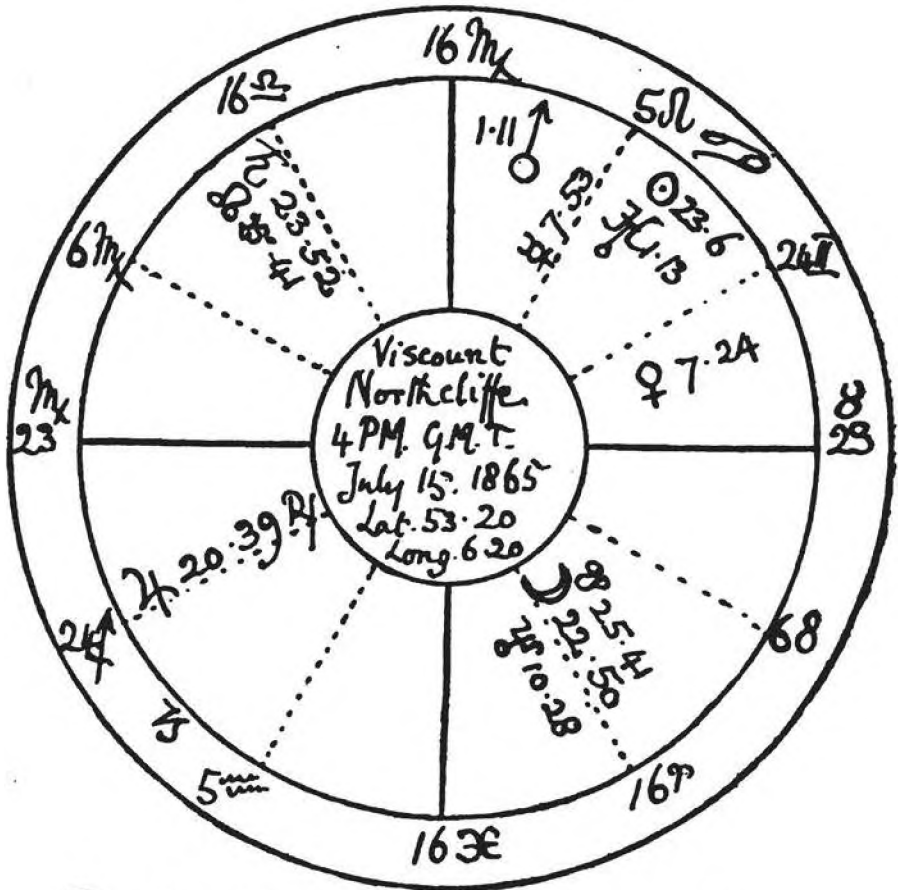
emperor and the most eminent journalist of his day have doubtless but little in common. Nor, indeed, do their horoscopes in the main correspond. Napoleon had the majority of his planets massed in the mid-heaven, the house of power and position, and had Uranus close to the seventh angle, which, combined with the opposition of the Moon to Saturn, indicated his eventual overthrow, the malefic planet Uranus occupying the house of open enemies. In the case of Lord Northcliffe, Saturn, it is true, is also in opposition to the Moon, though the Moon is in this case befriended by Jupiter, but the seventh house, the house of enemies, is occupied by the friendly planet Venus, in the house of Mercury and in close sextile with this planet, and also in good aspect with the planet Neptune. It is clear from such a position that Lord Northcliffe's enemies are more likely to play into his hands than to endanger his position. In the horoscope of Lord Northcliffe, Jupiter is close to the cusp of the second house, the house of finance. It occupies its own sign, Sagittarius, and is in good aspect to both Saturn and the Moon. The promise of financial success is therefore very strongly emphasized, and this is accentuated by the favourable position of Venus, indicative of success in partnership. The propitious aspects of Mercury in the ambitious sign Leo, well aspected as it is both by Venus and Neptune, are indicative of the remarkable business aptitude of the subject of this study. Had Lord Northcliffe chosen a Parliamentary instead of a journalistic career, he would hardly have attained the height of his ambition, though he would doubtless have made a most successful Chancellor of the Exchequer. The mid-heaven is not sufficiently strong for the position of Prime Minister, and the necessary popularity with the multitude is denied by the opposition of Saturn to the Moon. The ascending sign in the horoscope is Scorpio, and Mars, the lord of the ascendant, is elevated in the ninth house above all the other planets. This, therefore, is the dominant planet in the figure. And it is fortunate according to its signification, as it is in close and favourable aspect with Uranus, indicating success arising through bold ventures and a readiness to take risks. As, however, Mars and Saturn, two malefics, are elevated above all the other planets, the prospects in early life are not indicated as favourable. It is not, in fact, till the influence of Venus in the seventh angle comes into play in early middle life that the good influences in the horoscope come powerfully into operation. The affliction of both the Sun and Moon by the planet Saturn denotes defects in the constitution,

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and care will always have to be taken of the health. In fact, if it had not been for the trine of the Sun to the ascendant and the



Declinations		
☉ 21.28 N.	♂	12.4 N
☽ 9.6 N	♀	18.8 N
♃ 6.58 S	♁	19.56 N
♄ 22.48 S.	♂	23.40 N
	♃	2.46 N

THE BIRTHPLACE IS CHAPELIZOD, NEAR DUBLIN.  
 Lat. 53°20' N., Long. 6°20' W.

natural virility of the rising sign, it is doubtful if Lord Northcliffe would have lived to his present age. Death, when it comes, may come somewhat suddenly, in view of the dominant position

of Uranus in the eighth house. The fifth and eleventh houses, ruling children, are both afflicted, and Lord Northcliffe is without a direct heir. I should judge, however, by the close sextile of Venus and Mercury, Venus occupying a Mercurial sign, that Lord Northcliffe is decidedly fond of children, in spite of the reputation he enjoys of being somewhat deficient in the softer qualities of the heart. Of towns and countries, those under the rule of Gemini and Sagittary are likely to be the most fortunate. Of towns, London is propitious ; and of countries the United States, and also Spain, and to a certain extent France. Probably if Lord Northcliffe had started his enterprises in America he would have been even more successful there than he has been in England. Countries under the rule of Cancer, such as Scotland, are not favourable, nor is Paris among towns. The horoscope represents a very fairly pure type of the Scorpio influence, there being no planet close to the ascendant. Of this sign, when unmixed with other influences, it is said by a modern astrologer\* :

The native is bold and warlike, inclined to rush into quarrels and to be involved in disputes. The nature is excessive and goes to extremes both in work and in pleasures. There is frequently a strong touch of the critic in the Scorpio man, and he is apt to be sarcastic and severe to his opponents. The will is very strong and fights to the end. The executive and destructive faculties are large and the Scorpio man represents the function of dissolution in nature. He pulls down and

THE SIGN destroys existing theories, institutions, and beliefs, and  
SCORPIO. this is frequently effected by the acute penetration of the  
Scorpio mind, which is endowed with the "eagle eye,"

and has, moreover, an insatiable thirst for finding out the secret nature of things, hidden causes, etc. . . . The imagination is fertile and the nature very resourceful. The temper is uncertain and petulant, very fiery but not of long malice. The manners are frequently brusque and rude, but very frank and fearless, and the native keeps his own counsel and is wary and watchful of his interests. There is much pride in the mental disposition.

Scorpio is the second sign of the watery triplicity, the other two signs being Cancer and Pisces, and is, according to old astrological tradition, the night house of Mars. Alan Leo, in his *Astrology for All*, observes with regard to Scorpio :

There appears to be more scope for extremes of character in this sign than in any other. The Scorpio character is decided and unmistakable, being rarely if ever vacillating and feeble. Those individualized in Scorpio are remarkable for their keen judgment. They can criticize perfectly and impartially, and they are very quick in thought and can at once see the purpose and meaning of the things they are criticizing. When awakened

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\* Sefharial.

there are no better types of humanity than those born in this sign. When unawakened, however, they criticize for the sake of criticism, and thus become most undesirable and exacting persons . . . We might sum up those persons born in Scorpio as very determined, reserved, tenacious, and secretive. They are firm and somewhat proud, and capable of unmistakable traits of character that cause them to be either very much liked or very much disliked. Their somewhat suspicious nature causes them to be somewhat distrustful, but against all their apparent evil traits they have that grit and backbone which enables them to make higher attainments than those born in the other signs. . . . Possessing unbounded vitality, they have the power of recuperation in a marked degree.

In mediæval times the sign was under a ban, and in ecclesiastical circles it was termed "the accursed sign," the natives of this sign having the reputation of expressing their opinions on religious and other questions in a most unorthodox manner.

In the present horoscope the positions of Mars and Mercury in the ninth house suggest a rather sceptical attitude in matters of religion, and Saturn occupying the house of friends, although in conjunction with the benefic Dragon's Head, there is a certain doubt of the reliability of the friendships, and close friendships are likely to be few. Those with people born under the influence of Saturn would be likely to be most beneficial. It is a pre-eminently fortunate horoscope financially, but the good fortune depends on the time of birth rather than on the actual day. The horoscope has been drawn for 4 o'clock p.m. Greenwich time, as I understand that the birth took place about the middle of the afternoon. An exact horoscope is not possible in view of the uncertainty of the precise moment of birth. There is, however, no reason to doubt that the latter degrees of the sign Scorpio were ascending, and the general planetary conditions may therefore be taken as correct, and they are in an eminent degree borne out by the life record of the "native."

Lord Northcliffe has never hesitated to take an independent line when he thought fit, in opposition to the government of the day or even to popular prejudice. This was pre-eminently shown in the line taken by the *Daily Mail* during the very acute period of the war when the shortage of shells threatened disaster to

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our armies, and his paper boldly criticized Lord Kitchener for his responsibility in the matter, in spite of the fact that he was at the time a popular idol. For years before the outbreak of war the *Daily Mail* was unceasing in its warnings to the Government of the risk of German aggression, and strongly supported Lord Roberts in his campaign in this connection. No

more remarkable instance of foresight could be recorded than the establishment of paper mills for the supply of paper for the Amalgamated Press in the colony of Newfoundland. The shortage and high cost of paper has been a very serious matter for many periodicals during recent years, and a number of newspapers have been obliged in consequence to stop publication. Lord Northcliffe and his brother, Lord Rothermere, as narrated in *The Mystery of the "Daily Mail,"*\* realized this danger twenty years ago, and took steps to guard against it. To-day they have a modern town and community at Grand Falls, in Newfoundland, which exists for the purpose of making paper, in the main for the Amalgamated Press, and the forest property owned by them in that country covers the extent of over three English counties.

The *Daily Mail*, under Lord Northcliffe's guidance, has constituted itself the pioneer of every new scientific enterprise. This has been especially the case in the matter of aviation. When the possibilities of the conquest of the air were quite unrecognized by the general public, the *Daily Mail* started offering gigantic prizes for efforts that were at the time regarded as impracticable,

THE "DAILY MAIL," while these offers were openly ridiculed in certain organs of the Press. The prizes, however, were all won in due course. The *Daily Mail* itself, as the pioneer of halfpenny journalism, was given an existence of six months by the editor of a well-known London paper. It is noteworthy that its initial capital was less than £15,000. The keynote of the paper was not merely economy of price, but conciseness and compactness. It was intended as the busy man's paper, in which he could see the news at a glance. I remember myself a certain Member of Parliament, by no means friendly to the paper, once remarking, "The *Daily Mail* is a rag, but damn it! one cannot help reading it."

The keynote of Lord Northcliffe's career has been throughout boldness of initiative and foresight. Tradition and orthodox routine have invariably been put on one side in favour of the latest ideas and the most modern methods. This has indeed been the secret of his success. At the same time when he has started off on what proved to be a false track, as in the case of the *Daily Mirror* in its first form, he has not hesitated to drop or to transform an enterprise foredoomed to failure rather than throw good money after bad. Men of this character are destined to succeed in whatever they undertake. There have been many more celebrities born under Scorpio than under any other of the

\* 1s. net. The Associated Newspapers, Ltd.

signs of the zodiac, in spite of the many "natives" of this sign who for one reason or another have missed the mark or have, like Sir Richard Burton, for instance, whose centenary is celebrated this year, failed to obtain due recognition for their merits, or who have overstepped the limits, like Napoleon, and failed in the end through excess of ambition.

This is a horoscope where the sign of the zodiac is unmistakable to anyone who has seen Lord Northcliffe, and is familiar with the incidents of his public career. He is indeed a markedly typical representative of the sign under which he is born. Of other natives of this sign whose types are in many cases modified by the presence of an ascending planet may be mentioned Napoleon, Goethe (Saturn in Scorpio with the Sun culminating), Sir Humphry Davy (Saturn in Scorpio). Of kings, Louis XIV and Edward III. Of writers, Victor Hugo and George Eliot. Of politicians, Lord Randolph Churchill (Moon rising in Scorpio and Jupiter culminating) and Disraeli (Jupiter and Venus rising in Scorpio). Doubtless the great Earl of Chatham was born under this sign, though I have never seen a record of the hour of his birth. The occult side of the sign is brought out in the horoscopes of Dr. Rudolph Steiner and Mr. Stainton Moses.

One of the most curious and noteworthy signs of the times is the number of pictures that are now being produced through psychic means. A further and quite remarkable exhibition of such pictures is announced in the current issue of this magazine. The medium who adopts for the purpose of the exhibition the pseudonym of "Rex Haïda" has done forty or fifty of these pictures, which vary to a striking extent in style and character. Rex Haïda had been in the habit of writing automatically, but had never done any work of the kind alluded to, until after the death of her son at the Battle of the Somme, November, 1916. It was then suggested to her from the other side that she should take crayons or pastels and try her hand at this work. She emphasizes the fact that she is the instrument only, and that as far as she is concerned the picture is nothing but a piece of white paper until it is finished. Among the pictures exhibited are not only pastels, but also water-colours, oils, and pencil drawings. But perhaps the pastel pictures are the most remarkable. Those interested in the science of colour will be, I think, particularly attracted by

AN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

a singularly beautiful colour scheme done in pastels. The same medium is also employed for a portrait entitled "Ahab," which claims to be a representation of the Jewish king. Other illustrations have reference to ancient Crete—that is, the Cretan civilization that dates back approximately to 2000 B.C. and is now known through the researches of archæologists to have been of a very advanced character. The "Snake Goddess," so-called, is portrayed in one of these pastels. A well-known authority at the British Museum who has seen this picture was greatly interested in it, and drew special attention to the butterfly effect on the lapels of the collar, which he said was characteristically Cretan. It seems hardly necessary to add that Rex Haïda had absolutely no knowledge of Cretan archæology. Another picture is "The Blue Lady," a lady of the court of Knossos—a singularly striking and effective pastel drawing.

In pastels also we have the Madonna and the Magdalene—two strikingly contrasted portraits. There is a head in water-colours claiming to be Velasquez, and three landscapes also done in the same medium. Perhaps the most curious pencil drawing is that of the Tsar, with (apparently) several of his daughters. The Tsar is clearly recognizable to anyone familiar with his features. This last picture was drawn by Rex Haïda upside down, and the resulting effect was produced by erasing the pencil background by a piece of indiarubber pointed like a pencil. In addition to these there are a number of symbolic and other designs, among which may be mentioned "Worlds in their Making and their Breaking," "The Seven Vials of Wrath," "The Sword of Affliction," etc. A visit to the Chelsea Gallery, 91 King's Road, should certainly well repay those interested in this curious and original form of art.\*

\* See Advertisement, first white page

# THE MYSTERIES OF SECOND SIGHT

BY IAN MACKAY

WHAT is known as "Highland Second Sight" covers a multitude of experiences. Nor is it as common a possession or faculty as is supposed by those who assume that because one is of Highland birth and origin one is necessarily "gifted" with what Highlanders refer to reverently as "the Power." A curious fact, however, is that Second Sight runs in families. Some hold that it is inherited by a son from a mother and by a daughter from a father, and that it is rare to find more than one member of a family endowed with the mysterious faculty. Others say that a seventh son is invariably a "seer," but this theory does not account for the women who have psychical powers and experiences.

It is difficult to define Second Sight. In some cases the faculty extends over a wide field and is associated with the wonderful power to cure physical and mental disorders. There are some people with the faculty of foretelling what is to take place who can also by exercise of will power stop blood flowing from a wound, and there are "blood-stoppers" who are not possessed of any prophetic power and never see visions or dream dreams. These "blood-stoppers" are not numerous, but like the "curers" they are still fairly well distributed in northern and western Scotland.

As I have myself had psychical experiences and have first-hand knowledge of the experiences of others, I prefer, instead of theorizing about the mysteries of Second Sight, to put on record what I know to be true.

I am descended from an old Highland family which for generations has had a reputation for psychical experiences and powers, and I was born in the Highlands and spent the impressionable years of my life among Highland people. Although Second Sight is as much believed in as ever it was, the Highlanders are disinclined to talk about it especially in the presence of strangers. To them it is a very grave and mysterious matter. They do not pretend to be able to account for it, or even to set a limit to its operations and manifestations. A strange aspect



of the problem which I have often heard referred to, is that while some people give evidence all through their lives of being exponents of psychical power, others may have had but very few experiences and perhaps only one experience in a lifetime. Why this should be so, it is impossible for me to explain.

My mother had many experiences during her long life of nearly eighty years. She lay on her death-bed during the early months of the recent Great War. No one told her that a state of war existed. But in some mysterious way she came to know. One morning in August, 1914, the local Territorials marched through the village, headed by a piper. This was no uncommon happening. Her white worn face grew suddenly animated. "What is that?" she asked. The nurse answered quietly, "The Territorials are going to camp." My mother shook her head. "No, no," she said in a low tense voice, "do not tell me that. You cannot deceive me. This is no holiday trip for them. There is many a mother's son marching away now who will never return again. May God keep them!"

Tears streamed from her eyes. "Pray for them," she added, after a pause. She never again referred to the war, although she lingered on in life for between three and four months longer.

This incident recalled to our minds one of her experiences during the South African War. An army officer called to say good-bye, having had what he considered to be "the good fortune" to receive an appointment to the staff of a general. My mother suddenly left the room, excusing herself as being indisposed. After the officer had taken his departure, she was found sitting alone in tears.

"Alas!" she said, "he may never return, and if he does return he will be disfigured for life."

About a year later, the officer was struck by a sniper's bullet and a part of his jaw was carried away while his tongue was so seriously injured that his faculty of speech was impaired.

On another occasion my mother rose from her bed about 3 a.m. and began to dress hurriedly in the darkness. My father awoke and asked her if anything was wrong. At first she did not answer, she seemed to be in a sleep-walking trance. He lit a candle and arose to prevent her leaving the house, but when he put his arms round her, she said: "No, no, I must go at once. I am wanted."

She explained then that something had impelled her to get up and dress. "I am certain," she added, "there is some one at the front door."

Being by this time fully dressed, she went downstairs to ascertain if there was a call for her. My father heard her unlocking the door and then shutting it suddenly as she uttered a startled cry. She came hurriedly back to the bedroom and sank into a chair. Her face was deathly white.

"I saw a light—the death light," she explained faintly, and covered her face with her hands.

"You are dreaming, dear," my father said. "You rose in a dream and——"

As he spoke the door bell rang out sharply.

"The call has come," whispered my mother.

My father, having put on his dressing-gown, went downstairs and found a near neighbour at the door. She asked for my mother's immediate help. Unknown to our family, her married daughter and a baby six months old had arrived from Glasgow late on the previous evening. During the night the baby had taken ill. As my mother had had a good deal of experience in the rearing of her own children, and was accustomed to advise and help other mothers, she was often called upon in cases of illness. In this sad case she could do nothing. Before the doctor, who had received another call, could reach the house, the baby died in my mother's presence.

Between my mother and myself there always existed what I regard as a strong spiritual bond. I am one of her seven sons—not the seventh, however, but the third, and the only one who has had psychic experiences. After I left home, I was frequently struck by the mysterious knowledge my mother seemed to possess regarding me. I do not think I have ever been taken ill without her being aware of it. I have had the misfortune to contract ague and am very prone to take influenza. Although I wrote home regularly and never told when I was ill, it was an inevitable experience for me when laid up to receive a letter from my father saying something like this: "Your mother is anxious about you. She is certain you are ill. Write at once and disillusion her."

As a rule, I denied the illness, but had to undergo a severe cross-examination when next I visited my home.

"You cannot deceive me," my mother would comment quietly when I had made full confession. I could relate many instances during the course of over thirty years in which I received "answers" to letters I had intended to write, and things I happened, when a student in lodgings, to be in need of.

My last experience of the kind occurred when my mother

lay on her death-bed. She had been bedridden for a year and I knew full well that the end was near. One night while I lay asleep, or half asleep, I saw my mother attired in a very long white night-dress standing at my bedside. I was conscious I was in my own room and a few hundred miles distant from the Highlands, but felt no surprise to see my dear mother. She looked at me and her face was drawn and serious. I waited for her to speak, but she said nothing. Then she bent forward and laid her right hand on my throat drawing it down towards my chest. Her fingers seemed to scorch me like fire. I screamed and sat up in bed peering through the dimly lighted room. My mother had vanished. I was trembling with agitation, not fear. My wife heard my scream and came into my room with a lighted candle. She asked "if I had been dreaming, and if I was quite well." I told her of my experience and we agreed that probably my mother had died. We noted the time was 2.30 a.m.

"We shall receive a telegram to-day," I said.

A telegram came three days later, announcing the death that morning of my mother. On the day of my vision I had written my father giving the details here set forth regarding the appearance of my mother. When I arrived at my Highland home, my father drew me aside and we entered the drawing-room together. He shut the door and said :

"Your letter impressed me very much. I have not written you to tell you of my own experiences, nor do I wish to say anything about it before your brothers, who are so sceptical. Between two and three o'clock on that morning when you dreamed your dream, your mother became conscious for the first time for forty-eight hours. She mentioned your name and asked to speak to you. I assured her you had not come north, but she said, 'My boy was in the room a minute ago. I saw him going out and I hear his voice downstairs. Is he unwell?'"

Before she could be answered my mother relapsed into a state of unconsciousness again.

I caught a chill at the funeral, and after returning to the south had a serious illness, with inflammation of the throat and the upper part of the lungs. I experienced thus in reality that terrible burning pain I had felt when I dreamed that my mother's fingers were laid on my throat and drawn downwards.

I have one particular faculty which I shared with my mother. If I am going to visit some one, I can tell before ringing a door bell whether or not he or she is at home. I cannot explain what

I feel or how I obtain knowledge. I pause, think, and if there is a hard feeling the party is in ; if there is a soft or empty feeling, the party is not in. Sometimes the sensation is very decided. The same faculty is occasionally in evidence when I wonder if this or that is to happen. I have often been comforted during a crisis by the instinctive assurance, thus obtained, that all would be well.

One day when my mother had begun to grow frail, we walked arm-in-arm for some distance. Suddenly she expressed the wish to call on a certain friend and said, " If she is in I shall have a good rest." I paused, and while she looked at me, came to know that the friend in question was at home and told her so.

" How do you know ? " asked my mother with a smile. I tried to explain, but as she looked puzzled I said, " You don't understand, mother ; but we'll put this foretelling to proof."

" But I *do* understand," said she, " I have been doing the same thing all my life, but I never thought anybody else knew about it."

We resumed our walk, talking about other matters and found our friend at home. " I intended to go out for a drive," she said, " but something or other made me change my mind. I felt," she confessed, " somebody very dear to me was coming."

We did not discuss these experiences. We regarded them as ordinary, everyday events. But now they strike me as being very strange and mysterious, living as I do among people who know nothing about them.

I have, unfortunately, the terrible faculty of being able to know on occasion, but not always, when a friend is approaching the end of life. I say " unfortunately " because my experiences of this kind are of a distressing character. The sensation I receive unsettles me. I brood over it, and when the death takes place I become ill and evince such signs of nervous shock as severe overpowering headache and vomiting. The symptoms pass away after a refreshing sleep.

My mother detected in me this faculty when I was young. On several occasions I remember she asked me to call and see some sick person.

" Tell me," she would say on my return, " if our friend is going to recover."

I was invariably right. I seemed to know if Death was near. But I do not remember suffering in these days from shock after death did take place.

It was after I had been in the south of Scotland for some

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years that the symptoms of shock became associated with my experiences. I returned home one summer to find a relative, a boy of 17, suffering from an illness. He seemed to be recovering and was able to take short walks. The doctor was confident he would make a speedy and complete recovery.

When I saw the boy, I had a sudden chilling sensation that for a second or two prevented me uttering a word. It passed away and I found the patient very cheerful and hopeful. He was a spirited lad with a sense of humour and chatted with animation. I spent a cheerful hour in his company.

On my return home, my mother asked what I thought about our relative. I was about to answer confidently that I thought all was well, when that terrible chilling sensation was renewed. My mother must have read something in my face. She clutched my arms and facing me said in a low voice :

“What have you to say?”

I said I feared death.

“My God!” she exclaimed, “not that, not that. It will break his father's heart.”

The boy contracted a chill and died three months later, and when I received a letter informing me of his death, I did not at first feel surprised. But about an hour later I took ill and had to go to bed.

I shall refer to another case which possesses features that distinguish it from other experiences of this terrible faculty which I dread and have no desire to exercise.

I was sitting with an elderly friend one evening in May. He was discussing holidays and could not decide where he should go. Several places were mentioned by his daughter. He shook his head time and again and remarked, “I wonder now whether I should go to A, B, or C. Really, I can't make up my mind.”

The topic of conversation was changed and the daughter left the room. Then a strange experience came to me. While the old man spoke his voice suddenly sounded as if it came from a distance. I had turned my eyes from him and glanced round. His face seemed to have grown deathly white. In fact, he appeared to be dead. For a second I felt stunned. Then I heard him ask me what I thought. He had put a query to me which had not reached my understanding, so I asked him to repeat it, saying, “I was thinking of something.” He smiled.

“Tuts!” said he, “you're always a dreamer——”

His face was quite normal, but I knew I had had a prophetic

sensation and that he had been transformed before my inner vision.

Next day I sent a book to my elderly friend. I asked the messenger to inquire regarding his health. The answer was that he was quite well. A few days elapsed, and not being able to dismiss from my mind the memory of my sensation, I called, but found that father and daughter were out. I asked the servant girl who answered the door if Mr. X—— was still quite well. She assured me that he was.

A week later I met the daughter. My first words to her were: "How is your father?"

She looked surprised. "Tell me," said she, "why you are so anxious about him? He is really quite well. You called to ask if he was in good health, and now you ask again. Let me assure you there is nothing wrong. My father has not been for years in better health than he is at present."

"I am glad to hear that," said I, and changed the subject.

On the very next morning my elderly friend died suddenly as the result of heart failure. When the news was brought to me, I took ill as in other such cases. I called next day on the daughter, who said to me:

"I cannot forget your anxiety about my dear father. What did you know? Did he say anything to you regarding his health?"

Then I explained myself to her, and she being Highland too, understood.

To pass from these distressing experiences, mention may be made in connection with real visions, of some which cannot be explained, their significance being quite obscure.

A friend of mine was one evening during his boyhood walking across a road-bridge. A veiled lady came towards him. Just as she was about to pass, she lifted her veil and smiled.

"She had the most beautiful face I have ever beheld," my friend is wont to say when he recalls this strange experience. Soon after the lady had passed him he glanced round to find that she had vanished. He never saw her again, and cannot connect her with any incident in his life. When he grew up, he discovered that the lady of his boyhood's vision had been wearing a costume of the eighteenth century.

I once had a vivid dream in my youth. I saw and talked with a young woman who held in her arms a beautiful child with yellow curly hair.

Next day I entered a railway station and saw sitting outside

the waiting-room this young woman with the identical child in her arms. We exchanged glances and she smiled to me as she stroked the boy's curls. I did not speak, although I wanted to say how much I admired the child.

A train entered the station and she stepped into a compartment. I have never since seen the woman of that dream I dreamed some thirty years ago. I ascertained from the station-master after the train had left that she had arrived the previous evening and resided at the hotel. That was all he knew about her.

I cannot close without referring to the little old grey woman who has been seen both by my wife and myself. The first and only time I have set eyes upon her was one winter night when I went out to post letters. As I returned from the pillar-box I saw her walking in front of me. She had the appearance of an elderly Highland woman and wore an old-fashioned grey plaid. As she passed under a gas lamp, I had a fairly clear vision of her. She seemed to be going towards my house and I quickened my steps, but discovered as I seemed to be drawing near to her, that she had vanished. Something in my face made my wife ask me when I entered the house what I had seen. I tried to put her off, but she asked, "Was it a little old grey woman?"

"Yes," I answered, "what do you know about her?"

She told me that she had seen her in my study one evening at dusk and that she crossed the room and vanished as if through the window.

My wife saw the little old grey woman a second time. She stood outside my bedroom door when I was laid up with influenza. "I was afraid," she said, "you were going to die."

The strange thing about this second appearance is that it took place in a different house—one to which we had a few months previously removed.

So far as I am aware, I have no power to cure. My mother, on the other hand, was often sent for by people who subsequently declared that they felt better after being touched by her.

I may frankly confess that my experiences have exercised such a distressing effect on my mind that I do everything in my power to suppress or avoid psychic manifestations. I have no desire to probe into the mysteries, and in writing what I have written—a small part of what I could write—I wish only to set on record for use as evidence some facts which may prove interesting to earnest students of mysterious happenings and experiences.

## FATEFUL POSSESSIONS

By C.

STORIES of ill-luck attendant on gods taken from Indian temples are common enough, but this story given first hand by a near relative of the victims is out of the ordinary by reason of its persistent malignity.

A man unable to pay his debt to a friend offered him as the only thing of value he possessed two curious and ugly idols. These were two bronze Burmese gods, male and female, seated one with the arms folded, one with the hands upraised. Neither giver nor receiver had the least idea of their horrid potency, though the giver should have had a hint of it from his own fallen fortunes. The gods changed hands and this was almost immediately followed by the death of the unfortunate recipient, who fell down some steps, twisted an ankle, and died twenty-five hours after. The widow, all unconscious of any significance in the accident so quickly following the gift, was unwilling to part with the supposed treasures. On her husband's death, she and her family moved to another part of the country—a move that proved most unfortunate in every way. She became very hard up and again shifted her dwelling-place, always dragging with her these wretched idols, even after she had had to part with all her other valuables. At last some one conversant with oriental things told her that the gods were the cause of all her ill-luck and that they must go. She seems to have had a dislike to selling them, but gave them to a dentist who was extremely interested in curios. Shortly after, the unfortunate man broke his right arm and was unable to follow his profession for many months. He in turn was told that the best thing he could do was to pass them on to an enemy (if he had one), which he did with tragic consequences, for the man was shortly killed outright.

Yet another story, also first hand and authentic.

A man became possessed of a small ivory buddha. Shortly after he was stabbed to death: his goods were bought up by an old antique dealer, who immediately became ill, grew very melancholy and committed suicide. His son, also a dealer, inherited



his father's business, including the buddha. He had numerous minor misfortunes, including falling downstairs and breaking his arm. He sold the buddha to a customer who was shortly afterwards killed. The god came back and was resold, but returned again to the dealer with this message: "Sell at any price, it is full of ill-luck." During the time the dealer had the buddha he had married, his bride stipulating before marriage that he was to get rid of the sinister little god, and it was on her insistence that he continually resold it, so that it was with dismay that the dealer saw it returned for the third time. He set to work to sell again, but before he could do so his wife (who was in delicate health) fell downstairs, causing the death of the expected child. On this the dealer hesitated no longer, and sacrificing the value of the god (which was very considerable) he took the thing out, weighted it and dropped it into deep water. It is a curious thing that the accidents attributed to these buddhas so often take the form of falls and of broken limbs.

Still another true story, but a pleasanter one of a benign influence.

A certain illustrious doctor had given valued services in the interest of one of the Shahs of Persia. On leaving London the Shah sent for the doctor, and drawing from his finger a large and exquisitely blue turquoise, he gave it to the doctor, saying: "I give you this jewel, not for its intrinsic value, for I could give you far more valuable jewels than this, but for its unique value as a protection. It was blessed by one of our holy men and will ward off all danger by accident." The truth of this was proved shortly after, for the doctor was called out to an important patient in the country, and returning by coach with another man, the horses on crossing a bridge took fright and went over in the river below, which resulted in the death of both horses, the driver and the doctor's companion, the doctor himself escaping without a scratch. After this, the wearer was again in a coach accident, the coach falling over some sheer cliffs to the rocks beneath. Every one was killed save the doctor, who was again unhurt. Most wonderful of all, the doctor was out hunting: his horse had heart-failure and dropped under him at full gallop. Though thrown violently and suddenly to the ground, he sustained no hurt, not being even shaken. The teller of this story was walking one day with her mother (who was wearing the turquoise) in London, during a furious gale, when suddenly at an extra fierce

gust of wind, the mother dragged her child along saying, "Quick, quick." At the same moment there was a sound as of a loud report, and turning they saw that a big advertisement board had broken from its fastenings and was lying on the ground. On turning back to see what had happened, they found a man had been thrown to the ground and killed, his skull having been smashed in—and after each danger passed the turquoise was observed to have a tiny little chip in it—a fresh chip for each averted danger, as though to mark a certain progress, possibly a sacrificial progress won by the guiding spirit of the stone.

## CONCERNING DREAMS

BY REV. M. B. HOGG, M.A.

OF course Dreams were from the beginning and are at least as old as Creation, thus possessing an enviable longevity, and an eminent respectability in the midst of so much that is modern.

When some one to-day meticulously recounts certain startling visions vouchsafed to him in a period of unconsciousness, he will probably buttress his argument for their reliability by reminding you of the dreams narrated in sacred story. "They at least," he says, "were genuine and authentic—why may not mine be regarded as equally so?" And you cannot resist the logic of the conclusion.

Dreams are striking phenomena, not always to be accounted for by natural and obvious causes. Physicians and doctrinaires will doubtless be at considerable pains to prove that you can no more help dreaming than you can help sleeping. They are the result of minds more or less active and militant while the bodily functions are suspended. All obviously true! but sometimes there are curious features present in dreams which are outside the ordinary course and which cannot be explained by everyday methods; for "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The present paper deals with some apparently abnormal occurrences, and does not presume to account for their existence at all; and while the view taken by the writer is of no special consequence (unless to himself), it is of importance to reflect that if he adheres to the credibility of some dream lore, and appears to dwell on much that is sensational, he has the precedent of high authorities, not the least being the Old and New Testaments, which many people deem of no light weight even to-day!

It may be laid down as an axiom that, during sleep, the brain, though working at slow pressure, is not inactive, and that the bodily powers, though suspended, are capable of doing work and of performing many ordinary tasks. Thus a man asleep, to all intents and purposes, has been known to walk to his place of business and to return home again, and when informed of the action to express entire unconsciousness of it. During the recent

war many strange episodes were enacted, but none were so sensational as the march of a body of men—not, of course, in any considerable numbers—to a certain outpost where a particular duty was discharged, and not one of the band was ever conscious of the action !

But in these instances the subjects were not dreaming—for in dreams the conditions of time and space are eliminated. “As baseless as the fabric of a dream” is an apt description of the mental condition of the person affected. What we are now in pursuit of is the phenomenon that is by no means unusual: certain events vividly depicted and exhibited to the consciousness apparently, but not really, inactive, and which were afterwards experienced in actual fact. Coleridge’s account of the origin of his unfinished *Kubla Khan* is an old story and need not be enlarged on here. He dreamt the incident, and on his rising from sleep wrote down what he remembered of it. Colonel Gardiner’s vision was, however wildly inconceivable it may appear to prosaic and incredulous people to-day, possessed of such objective potency that it revolutionized the life of the subject himself and changed the entire current of his being. The vision out of which sprang the Cult of the Sacred Heart in the Roman Catholic Church was on a similar plane, though the percipient in this latter was a woman of unblemished purity and sanctity.

None of these fall within the range sought to be covered in this paper. The occurrences narrated are, most of them, of comparatively recent date, and are all vouched for by apparently unimpeachable evidence. There is, for example, the famous Beresford story of the compact entered into between a brother and sister of that ancient House devotedly attached to each other: That in the event of either dying, the first to enter the unseen world should return to the survivor at the earliest moment.

The brother died first, and one night, in a dream, is stated to have come to his sister’s bedside and, in proof of his mission, to have imprinted indelible marks on her wrist. There never was any question of the imprint of the marks—every one seems to have accepted the truth of the story, and the phenomenon is not easily accounted for on natural grounds, so it may be left without comment. Besides, the episode borders too closely on the psychical and supernatural to be classified with dreams however startling and unusual.

But the most striking case of this kind known to me was narrated forty-five years ago, in my boyhood’s days, by a vener-

able clergyman of the Church of Ireland, now no longer living. It occurred in the year 1845, and the scene was Trinity College, Dublin.

Mr. W—— had been examined for his Divinity Testimonium, and had not, as he thought, acquitted himself to his own full satisfaction. He went to his room, retired early, and fell into an uneasy slumber. He declared that in a very vivid dream he found himself going to his tutor's rooms next day; that, on the way, one of the College porters met him and informed him that, contrary to the usual practice, the marks would that day be disclosed by a different person from the professor who customarily exhibited the results. As he was mounting the staircase, he met descending, with a very lugubrious countenance, a student of his acquaintance (afterwards the Dean of K——) who informed him of his own ill success and then went his way. He entered the professor's room and was told that he had passed, though not with honours.

Next day he averred that every circumstance of this dream experience was fulfilled to the most minute particular, even to the porter who informed him of the change in the College arrangements, and the embryo Dean who passed him on the stairs!

A similar though not so striking an experience befell the writer of this paper on the eve of his own entrance into College. Never being strong in Algebra, he dreaded the ordeal to which he was to be subjected on that particular day, and during the night dreamed that he was examined by a somewhat truculent Fellow (whom he had never seen or heard of previously), who gave him a severe hustling and was rude and boisterous to an undue degree. Precisely as the dream indicated, the matter turned out. The examiner—who was indeed the hero of the dream—notably a bully and, as was well known, somewhat given to wine (he is long since dead, poor fellow, and, it is to be feared, totally forgotten), was very excitable and uncomplimentary during the ordeal, and did not rate unduly or silently the slender knowledge of the candidate, who, however, succeeded in effecting after all a not discreditable entrance.

But the circumstance I am now about to chronicle surpasses in mystery anything I have yet written. It is vouched for by a living clergyman whose name I am not at liberty to publish.

A professional man in a country town, living happily with his wife and family, is the subject of the story, and his *bona fides* is indisputable. He informed me that one night, early in February, 1892, he dreamed that his mother, who had died many years before, appeared to him and told him that within three months

one of his family would die and be with her in the other world. Precisely three months afterwards, his wife gave birth to a son, prematurely, and was dangerously ill—so much so that her life was despaired of, and the distracted husband saw, as he thought, the approaching fulfilment of the dream: the infant, to all intents and purposes, flourishing, while the mother languished. Yet, exactly three months after the dream date, the child died and the mother recovered—an unexpected fulfilment, of a surety!

Here, too, is an even more remarkable dream coincidence. A young medical student in Dublin, expected home by his family at Christmas, ten years ago, was unable to come owing to severe illness. The father of the boy was visited on Christmas night, 1909, in a dream, by his own mother—many years dead—who brought him to a strange place, like a hospital ward and yet strangely fitted up, where he saw his son lying on a curious couch. The lad looked up in his face, wistfully smiling, and bade him farewell for ever. The remarkable feature of this case is that the boy apparently recovered and pursued his studies, but was again stricken down six months afterwards, in 1910, and, after months of suffering, died in hospital—sixteen months subsequent to the date of the dream. The father saw his son laid out for burial in the mortuary chamber—the identical room of his dream many months before—with every circumstance reproduced and fulfilled, including the curious couch and the wistful farewell of the dying lad.

A sad experience, known to the writer, in the life of a personal friend is worth reproduction here. His wife, up to a few years ago, was a singularly bright and vivacious person, fully capable of business, and possessed of keen intelligence and wit. One night her husband was much distressed by a dream episode. He found himself in a railway station with his wife, when all the bustle and excitement of departing trains were going on, and, to his inexpressible sadness, saw his wife being placed by strangers in a tightly-shut compartment, out of which she waved him a sad-faced, heartbroken adieu, and the train departed, leaving him sick at heart and disconsolate. Not long after, some nervous trouble developed in his wife's constitution and she became the victim of an occult and unsuspected ailment which completely altered the tenor and habits of her life.

What shall we make of experiences like these? They are not mere coincidences, but are at least worthy of dispassionate consideration. Though one whose dictum we regard with favour and respect has told us—

Dreams are but the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

we nevertheless cling to our preconceived prejudice that there is more in such mysterious matters than can be accounted for by matter-of-fact speculation.

In his *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, Chapter III, Oliver Wendell Holmes merely touches the fringe of the mystery when he pictures ships passing in the darkness and touching each other in the night "with a crack of timbers, a gurgling of water, and a cry of startled sleepers—a cry mysteriously echoed in warning dreams as the wife of some fisherman or coasting skipper wakes with a shriek—calls the name of her husband, and sinks back to uneasy slumber upon her lonely pillow—a widow."

Whatever be the cause, explain it away as people will, there is sometimes in evidence a telepathic sympathy, a spiritual connection between people possibly many hundred miles distant, which makes itself felt in dreams. It is not our function in this paper to elucidate the reason of this; suffice it to note that the phenomena exist, and force themselves on the consciousness by unmistakable signs. I know a man of, it is generally held, strong common sense, who seems unconsciously and unwillingly to be an apt medium for such communication. He has no penchant for spiritualism, despises its pretensions, and rejects its claims as fraudulent and baseless. But he relates some strange experiences of his dreaming hours. Several times in his career (he is considerably over forty) he has been wakened out of sleep, as he deems it, by a loud thundering at his bedroom door. He succeeds in persuading himself that it is an earthly and material sound, aggravated by the disturbed state of his mind caused by uneasy slumber; but, oddly enough, the knocking has been invariably followed by the death of some one connected, or intimately associated, with him.

And, not long ago, he told me of a somewhat stunning experience of his in this direction. I can at least vouch for the *bona fides* of the narrator of the story.

Last year, in conjunction with a neighbour, he occupied for a brief period a sitting-room (kindly vacated by a friend during the holiday season) from which two bedrooms opened out, side by side. Every morning at eight o'clock a man-servant, attached to the flat and acting for several occupants, knocked gently at both doors in turn. One of the friends left for home on a certain Thursday evening, the other remaining till the Saturday. On the Friday morning, my informant relates that he was wakened

by a loud and unwonted knocking, first at the adjacent door, then at his own. He called out in response, and obtaining no reply looked at his watch and found the time to be exactly five o'clock. Then, concluding the affair was a nightmare, he went to sleep again and was wakened by the servant at eight o'clock as usual.

Now mark the sequel. The friend whose room on this particular Friday morning was empty, got a sudden apoplectic seizure a few months afterwards, though then in perfect health as it seemed to all men, and died exactly one year after the mysterious knocking had occurred. The tenant (at that time in the country) of the room in which my friend slept who relates the incident, was stricken with pneumonia, following influenza, in the autumn on his return to town, and died, after a brief illness, in a Dublin hospital. What puzzles all to whom this striking incident is related, is the fact that the knocking was heard, not when the percipient was awake, but to all intents and purposes asleep and dreaming. No solution of the problem is here attempted, but your readers will, I feel sure, many of them, be able in some degree to verify the general truth and likelihood of these cases by an appeal to their own experience. Have none of them ever been conscious of an attempt, during slumber, of some unseen force or influence to get into touch with them?

We are informed by one who was probably a capable philosopher, and whose nationality justifies the contention, that "God speaketh . . . in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from him" (Job xxxiii. 15-17).

We cannot dissociate such communications from the Divine government of men and all things. No material or lower influence can explain them away, and when it is remembered that the Great Ruler and Disposer of all things visible and invisible has Himself promised, not once but frequently, to reveal events and future happenings in dreams and visions, then the probability remains that this kind of telepathic communication between men and unseen forces is absolutely conceivable and reasonable.

The war, now happily ended, has doubtless produced many such visions and revelations. But one of this class will suffice on the present occasion. The literal and absolute truth of it is vouched for by a man of unquestionable veracity and probity.

He, in common with innumerable parents in these lands, gave a son to the service of his Sovereign and his country, and during



the campaign of 1915 in Flanders, the youth, a captain in connection with a well-known Irish Division, was seriously wounded at Hooze, in the month of September. The father, who affirms that prior to every noteworthy episode in his or his children's lives his mother invariably notifies him in a dream of events to come, states that on this occasion, one Saturday morning, while the rest of the household were astir and his wife was engaged in the kitchen with her maidservant, he himself, after being awake for a period, seems to have fallen into a sort of trance or vision ; for he heard, as it appeared to him, his front door bell ring, and on going himself to respond to it he was startled to find his mother standing on the step. Addressing her, he said : " Oh, I know you have come to warn me of my son's death—but let me go instead. Take me, and spare him if you can." The mother smiled, and said : " He is not going to die—I came to tell you that ; but he is seriously wounded. Still he will recover—and——" the voice in his dreaming ear melted away.

A few days subsequently a letter came from the young soldier himself, from a Flanders hospital, confirming the mysterious revelation of his dead grandmother—followed by the usual intimation from the War Office. Surely this is at least a remarkable coincidence, if it be placed upon no higher level.

The weight of evidence in favour of the credibility of certain remarkable dreams is by no means inconsiderable. But not all visions of the night are possessed of the same value. " Such stuff as dreams are made of " is the poet's estimate of the generality of such manifestations ; and Samuel Lever, with an Irishman's airy method of disposing of all disturbing revelations of the midnight hours, has lightly assured us that " dhreams always go by contraries."

There are professional dreamers who make it their business—often a profitable one enough—to undertake the duty of trances and visions, and to elucidate the mysteries specially disclosed to them, for a generous financial consideration. These are the modern and lineal successors of the witches of one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, and who find in credulous and superstitious people nowadays easy and gullible victims.

The revelations of such mountebanks are utterly unworthy of credence. So, too, are the " Sharp dreamers " of every countryside, who have gathered to themselves by sheer coincidence and luck a tolerable reputation for correctness and accuracy of dream analysis. Long practice has enabled them to " read," as it is termed, the dream of their excited and interested client.

To dream—these wiseacres say—of meeting a red-haired person on a journey indicates ill-fortune ; to dream of rats or mice or vermin is symbolical of spiteful neighbours ; and to dream of fire presages sudden news of a startling kind.

The other day, a clergyman of reputation—by no means superstitious, and openly hostile to spiritualism—told a company of friends that, before any event bringing good in its train to him or his occurred, his grandfather on his father's side always manifested his presence in a vivid dream. Good invariably resulted. On the other hand, if calamity or worry were in the air, his mother unfailingly troubled his dreams.

If, to use the sage's simile in Campbell's *Lochiel*, "coming events (in this way) cast their shadows before," then the warning message or cheery communication seems conceivable.

Many psychical phenomena are absolutely unexplainable in any case, and these dream messages may, for aught we know to the contrary, be given to enable us to believe in the unseen realities of another world—

Where brighter skies and bluer,  
Where tender hearts and truer  
People that happy land whose joys are evermore.

## “ THE HIDDEN NAME AND THE SACRED WORD ”

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH

DO we, who speak so superficially and lightly, ever think of the glorious medium we are using or misusing? Do we, as we write in modern, slipshod fashion, pause to gaze upon that supreme mystery—the written word? Do we reverence the miracle of speech, or consider the Protean splendours of language?

Yet, speech and caligraphy, governed by reason and ethics, fired by inspiration, enthusiasm, poetry, logic, philosophy, rhythm and music, are divine links, holding man bound “by golden chains about the feet of God.” They are a mighty revelation which confronts us on the very first page of the Book of Genesis, “when the spirit of God hovered over the face of the waters. *God said: ‘Let there be Light.’* And there was light. . . . And God *called* the light Day, and the darkness He *called* Night.”

The emphases are mine because they teach us an overwhelming and mystic truth, which all the higher creeds and theosophies of the East and West reiterate—namely that SOUND preceded LIGHT, that *God spoke* and that a *Word* impelled Creation. The idea is universal among civilized nations and teachings. Mr. G. R. S. Mead, in his learned works on the Gnosis, informs us that according to the Mithraic conception, “Sound foreran Light on the Devachanic plane.” This Word easily became the Name, while it is “the Word made flesh” on which the entire temple of Christianity is builded. For years past, I have speculated and searched comparative religion for both the Word and the Name. In Judaism, the name of the Lord is too holy to utter and the priests employ a substitute in the synagogue. One angel alone, Metatron, the Prince of the Presence (the Arch-Angel Michael of angelology), the Hebrew *Sar-ha-Ponim* or Prince of the Face, knows the mystic and Ineffable Name. To trace this belief, only reveals how far-reaching it is. The Hindus, like the ancient Egyptians, still give their children a secret name (for the exclusive use of gods) and their common earth-name, or, to quote Egyptology, a Set and a Horus name. The Greeks had a



god—Demogorgon—whose name was too terrible to be spoken aloud. In the second part of Goethe's *Faust* we find that Faust has another name in heaven.

This conception underlies the use of charms and holy words and the potency of the Lord's Prayer in mediæval medicine. The Indians possess mantrams, or sentences composed of words of great power—an Open Sesame, a Kabalistic computation of Sound. The most potent words of the Brahmin are "Met Tat Sas"—the first two syllables of Metatron. In Brahmanism Metatron is known as Mahatatron, the Prince of the Word, and this Angel stands under the symbol of the Word in the Brahmanic emblem of the Creation.

When Moses went to ask the Pharaoh Seti Meniptah to release the Israelites from their bondage in Egypt, God Himself spake unto him and commanded him to tell the Pharaoh that "I Am That I Am" had sent him. One of my old correspondents, Mr. W. G. Chambers, once pointed out to me that the god of the Egyptians, though hidden from the masses under many pantheistic names, was regarded as a unity by the esoteric priesthood and addressed as the *Nuk-Pu-Nuk*, i.e. "*I Am that I Am.*"

The Indian Word of creation is "Aum," or the "Om" which the Buddhist priests of Thibet chant whilst swinging their prayer-wheels. It is "the Jewel in the Lotus"—*Om mane padme hum*—"the dewdrop slips into the shining sea."

I have often wondered if the cult of the trinity first arose from the usually three-syllabic Word or Name—as Jah Uah, Nuk-Pu-Nuk, Met-Tat-Sas, or, as a learned acquaintance, Mr. W. F. Richards, of Brighton, wrote to me recently, "the Name is Ehyeh," and "the Word translated God, plural is *Elohim*, powerful ones, hence, singular *Eloah*, powerful one." The word "Aum" has three letters. Or again, the Name is I.A.O. (compare the Christian I.H.S.). According to the Welsh Druidic religion, "the first vocalization ever heard, i.e. the Voice of God (Duw or Coelus), pronounced his name  $\backslash | /$ ; and simultaneously with the music of the Name, all the worlds and those things relating to them, and the Universe, leagued together with a tremendously loud pealing, joyous vociferation." This is also expressed in Job xxxviii. 4, in the Brahmanic legends and in the Gnosis. Bishop Colenso wrote concerning the Druidic conception of the Name, which is to be identified with the same I.A.O. version of the Name (Jehovah) in the oracle of the Clarian Apollo. Lately I had a moment of revelation. I knew that the Druid High-

Priests welcomed the sunrise with the threefold shout, imitative of the Word of Creation and known as the Welsh Triad. I took the  and experimented with it. I turned it upside down and, by slight alteration, got the letter "M"—the one which governs "Mother," "Mammal" and "Man" (Hebrew *immo*—a mother), "M" being a mother-letter in Hebrew. Again, I descried the capital "W" of the Word. I added certain curves to its triune form and found I had evolved the symbol of the Holy Ghost—the Dove with wings outspread, the Inspiration. I added other curves and there was the mystic Lotus of India and Egypt. And it came to me suddenly that these winged threefold lines and curves are set as the three seals of God within the human face—in the arches of the eyebrows over the eyes or sight, in the nostrils and their division, governing the sense of smell, breath and perception, in the upper lip and its central deflection, guarding speech, prayer, praise and poetry. This is but a theory of my own, but thus I saw the Druid —as the wings of the Ghostly Dove, the petals of the magian Lotus, the pinions of the Angels of Vision, Life and Song, manifested for ever in the countenance of man.

To-day we have lost all our glorious heritage of the inner values of letters and words. The ancients knew them well in their varied degrees of potency; they even realized the colour, shape, size and form of the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. The Kabalists said that the Lord *created the Universe through their agency*. He is believed to have "hewed them and interchanged them and considered and weighed them."

My most brilliant and erudite friend, Sir John A. Cockburn, K.C.M.G., M.D., however wrote as follows concerning "The Symbolism of the Alphabet":—

"In almost every language the name of God is composed of four letters. The ancient philosophers accounted four to be the first square and perfect number and the measure of justice and equality. 'How do you count?' said Pythagoras. '1, 2, 3, 4,' came the reply. 'Stop,' exclaimed the master. 'Do you not see that what you call 4 is really 10 ( $1+2+3+4=10$ ), a perfect triangle and our oath.' The sacred Tetraktys of the Pythagorean coincides with the Holy Tetragrammaton of the Jew.

"The Tetragrammaton consists of the four letters I.H.V.H., representing the square Hebrew characters Yod, Heh, Vau, Heh; read from right to left, these letters are translated in the Old Testament as Jehovah. It was said that he who could

properly pronounce the word causes heaven and earth to tremble. In literal obedience to the fourth Commandment no devout Jew will ever attempt to speak the Name. When, in reading, a Jew encounters the word, he either makes a pause, or renders it as 'Adonai,' which means Lord.

"Yod, the first letter of the Tetragrammaton, represents the Monad or unity, which contains within itself the potentiality of all numerals and stands for active force and masculine energy. It is the Spirit which in the beginning moved over the face of the waters. The duad or number two is represented by H, the second letter which denotes feminine receptivity. For, as the Rabbis were wont to say, all things came out of H. Thus in the first two letters is summed up the cardinal thought of male and female, action and reaction, motion and resistance. The resultant from the interaction of these is represented by V, the third letter. The fourth letter in the sacred name which sums up the triad in its corporate and combining capacity is obtained by a repetition of the second letter H. Four is known as the number of realization, for, while spirit is symbolized by the triangle, matter is represented by the square. In the Pythagorean Tetraktys of point, line, superficies and solid, it is the fourth term which gives substance to the series and brings abstract outlines into the realm of actuality. The fourth letter marks the transition from the metaphysical to the physical world.

"According to the Kabala the Tetragrammaton assumes the shape of I.H.V.I. when the spirit descends into flesh. The letter G revered by Pythagoreans is the Greek *gamma*, which as a square geometrically conveys the idea of 4. Indeed the Tetragrammaton is sometimes called the square; the four cardinal points of the Zodiac, the four evangelists, the four points of the compass, the four seasons, the four elements and the four suits of cards are most intimately associated with it. The Tarot of the Bohemians, the original of our playing packs, is, strange to say, based on the Tetragrammaton.

"The more we consider the sacred name, the deeper appears its significance. Modern science talks glibly of the laws of Evolution and of the sequence of development from homogeneity through diversity up to co-ordination; but all this, and much more, was known of old to the seekers after God, and not only the most profound mysteries of religion, but the greatest truths of science are together harmoniously enshrined in the Sacred Word."

I think that I have now demonstrated that language itself is a gift of the angelic legions. Like some mysterious tree, its

roots run down to the very core of the world-soul, its fruits are fed by divine fire and dew, ripening into prophecy, vast truths and ravishing poems.

## THE DREAM CHILD

By JESSIE E. P. FORELAND

I HAVEN'T had a single lonely minute all day long,  
Or a single hint of shadow, although some things *have* gone wrong,  
For a certain little friend of mine, whom no one else can see,  
Has spent to-day in making glad the hungry heart of me.

She came quite soon this morning, with her shy, sweet face aglow,  
And I thought, again, how some one must have loved her, long ago,  
This happy little child of mine, who comes so oft to me,  
With loving eyes and clinging hands that no one else can see.

I've never found out who she is, I do not know her name,  
Nor anything about her, but I know that since she came  
My heart is not so hungry as it was in days or yore,  
And life is so much brighter than it ever was before.

So up the stairs and down the stairs, and in the house, and out,  
This sparkling little child of mine has followed me about,  
Her red gold hair down flowing and her big brown eyes a-shine,  
As she dances thro' the house with me, her little hand in mine.

I've learned to love her presence, and to dread with dark dismay  
The coming of the moment when she has to go away,  
And I wonder if she's gone to comfort other folks like me,  
This precious little child of mine, whom no one else can see.

# FAIRIES AND WITCHES IN OLD RADNORSHIRE

By ESSEX SMITH

ABOUT 1860, when these tales and superstitions were collected by the Rev. R. F. Kilvert, then Curate of Clyro, Radnorshire was a comparatively unknown district. The people were still sufficiently Welsh to be suspicious of strangers—although not long after a “Welshly person” became almost a “foreigner”—but there was not the same hostility that was shown against the Saxon in other parts of Wales. In many districts of Radnorshire—for schools in those days were scarce—the people were ignorant; everywhere they were credulous, highly imaginative, and superstitious. Thus the country-side was particularly rich in folklore, in old fairy tales and superstitions; many of these, when Mr. Kilvert was Curate of Clyro, had already died out, while others were dying every year. At one time there must have been a vast mass of such traditionary tales; they were never printed, but were handed down from generation to generation mainly by the old women, who, as they sat knitting by the chimney corners, would tell these strange wild tales to the young folk. Most popular of all, perhaps, were the tales of the farises (fairies), always spoken of with great respect, if not awe. The old women whom Mr. Kilvert came across in his parochial work told him many such tales. “I can seem to see her now,” he says of one of them in his MS., “her red shawl pinned neatly across her breast over her linsey gown—her high white cap; her keen grey Welsh eyes looking over her spectacles and fixed sharply upon me as she uttered one of her proverbial sayings.”

She it was who told him of one of the chief haunts of the fairy folk in Radnorshire—Craigpylldhu (the Crag of the Black Pool). A little old woman dressed in a high pointed hat and a red cloak lived in the rocks about the pool; every Monday she went to Builth market to buy butter, milk, and poultry—when she had bought what she wanted, she always vanished. The Builth market folk knew that she was a fairy, but do not seem to have evinced any surprise—fairies were common in those



parts—still one may be sure that no stale goods were palmed off on her!

Near this same Craigpylldhu, on the Llandulo side of the brook, were the fairies' garden and the fairies' oven—the former was well cultivated, and full of herbs, flowers, and vegetables. The place was never neglected, never weedy nor untidy, yet no one was ever seen at work there; the flowers were very beautiful, and the vegetables, especially the leeks, unusually well grown. The fairies' oven, near by the garden, was a hole in the side of the cliff, and it was rumoured that no one ever saw this hole twice. An old countryman, nicknamed Startlebird in the neighbourhood, once got into the cave, and, when his eyes grew used to the darkness, saw three men lying asleep, and beyond he heard voices withering (whispering). As he stood and stared, one of the men woke and said, "Is it day?"; another turned and muttered in his dreams, "No, not yet." Old Startlebird waited for no more, but came out of the cave quicker than he went in. Near this spot a farm boy was once leaning over a gate when he heard, from the cliff bottom far below, a small voice lamenting and crying, "What shall I do? What shall I do? I've broke the 'peel.' I can't bake any bread!" The boy clambered down the cliff, and saw a tiny "peel" lying broken on the ground—he took it to the blacksmith's and had it mended. The fairy who had broken the "peel" was very grateful, and after that, whenever the farm people were ploughing, or doing other field work, they always found at noon, in one particular three-cornered field near the waterfall, a white tablecloth laid on the headland, with bread and cheese and silver knives. This went on until, one luckless day, a ploughboy stole one of the silver knives; that same afternoon a crowd of "little people" were seen by folk at the farm, running up and down the furrows, lamenting, and evidently searching for something. The farmer asked the boy if he had stolen anything belonging to the "farises"; the boy denied it, but the same evening, as the horses were being unhitched, one of them turned upon this boy and killed him. But the white cloth was never again laid on the headland with bread and cheese. "In my time," said the old woman who told the story, "people used to drive over from Clyro and other parts in droves to see this field."

A boy once stole a plum cake out of the fairies' oven; soon afterwards, as he and his father were driving black cattle over the hills, they passed a fairy ring, and the fairies in revenge for the theft enticed the boy into the ring where they were

dancing. The father, in great trouble when he missed his son, went for advice to Harris, the Wise Man of Llandovery. Harris told the boy's father to go to the same place at midnight, exactly a year after he had missed his son. He was to take a lantern with him, and to watch until he saw the fairies dancing in the ring—taking special care not to set foot within it—then wait till his son came round in the dance. At that moment he was to whisk the boy out of the ring, and throw him over his head. The father did as he was told, went to the ring, and soon saw the fairies dancing in a blaze of light. He put out his lantern, went up to the ring, and there saw his boy, whirling round with the fairies; the boy looked wretchedly ill and exhausted, and the perspiration was dropping off him. The father waited till he came round, and then suddenly plucked him out of the ring; instantly the fairies vanished in a flash of fire and the father was left alone with his son in the dark. The boy was quite bewildered, and kept looking about him in a dazed kind of way, saying, "Where are the cattle?" His father told him the cattle had been driven into England a year ago, and at this the boy was all aghast; he thought he had only been dancing with the fairies about five minutes. This boy never did any good afterwards, but pined away, and soon died—a Radnorshire "Mary Rose"!

Such fairy rings as this in which the boy disappeared were very much dreaded by the country people—few cared to pass by them, especially at night. The fairies were said to entice people—and particularly young people—into the rings to dance with them, and it seemed as if these boys and girls were under a fatal spell—dancing with the fairies became an obsession with them. They could not resist the fascination, and when the time came, however watched and hindered, they would contrive to slip away and join the fairy dance at the appointed place. The old woman with whom Mr. Kilvert used to talk knew many of these cases. "There was young Price of Trewern," she said once, "he was led away by the fairies and was missing for seven years. When he was got away, he was strange and unnatural—he thought he had only been away a quarter of an hour. He never did any good afterwards, either—he just pined away and died."

It made a great difference, so the country-folk would say, in what way people fell in with the fairies. For instance, men travelling by night often got entangled, unintentionally, in a fairy dance; in such cases, although obliged to dance till morning, they were then allowed to go, often none the worse for their

experience. But it was exceedingly dangerous for people to go out wantonly looking for fairies—in such cases the spell grew strong on them. They became infatuated, and the desire to dance with the fairies became such a passion that it was impossible to break the evil spell. Such a case was that of a girl named Davies of Llanbedr, who “took to going with the fairies.” She soon began to look so wretched that her mistress made searching inquiries—finally the girl confessed that she danced each night with the fairies. She also revealed the time and place of the next meeting. People were set to watch this girl and to prevent her going to the tryst, and she herself was really anxious to resist the evil spell, but when the time came she was helpless against it. She escaped and went to the fairies, who beat her to death for her treachery.

All about the country-side there were fairy rings, but the chief ones were at Blaen Cwm (head of the Dingle), and on Glascwm Hill. Caernaye, too, was a great haunt of the fairies, and they used to dance in the meadows round Rhos Goch—they danced so many nights in the week. Every fairy had a white stick peeled. Once a fairy stuck his white wand into a haycock when he went dancing and forgot it; it was found next day in the haycock on Pentre farm, and known to be a fairy's wand. There was an old man—the miller at Rhos Goch mill—who lived by himself at the mill and slept in the mill trough. He never saw the fairies, but he often told people how he used to hear them come into the mill at midnight and dance on the floor; they had no lights, but they brought their fiddles, “and the music was beautiful, yes, indeed!”

Fairies sometimes change their dwelling-places, but they are very secret in their movements, and do not like people to meet them when they are travelling. Old Prothero used to say that one night about midsummer he was going over Glascwm Hill when he saw a procession of lights coming towards him, and lying down behind a boulder he watched till a train of little people came by, like dolls riding on horseback. He was afraid to follow them, but he knew they were fairies moving house. Fairies can always get into houses and cupboards through the key-hole; they like to help themselves to what they want, but what a fairy eats is never missed. Old Shawe of Cragrina was thought to have dealings with fairies because he always passed silver change through clean water before he would touch it. One old woman said to Mr. Kilvert: “I have heard old Pugh of the Pump House say that when he was a boy, he and another boy who was in

service with him, discovered that their master did something mysterious every Saturday night. One Saturday night, they watched him through the key-hole, and saw him put down a white basin full of clean water—he expected the fairies to put some silver into the basin—and the boys thought that the old man actually *had* found money in the water. I myself," went on the old woman, "saw the fairies more than once. The first time was many years ago—I was a girl then, and we lived in Breconshire, about half a mile from Abernant on the Wye. It was in September, after a long hot summer which had parched the grass almost dead. Then, at the end of August, came a week's rain, which, on the heated ground, brought a sudden miracle of grass and mushrooms such as the oldest people had never seen. It was like a second spring—and there has never been such a latter-math since. One day a large drove of black cattle came down out of Cardiganshire on their way to England; my father gave them pasture for the night, and my brothers and I were set to see they did not break through into the grain. One large and crafty ox gave us a deal of trouble—we had just returned from driving him back, when my eldest brother exclaimed: 'What is that blue light below on the flat?' We hurried down on to the flat, and soon heard the sweetest music in the world. When we were within thirty or forty yards of the light, we saw a number of small people, like children, about two feet high, dancing in a circle hand in hand—their legs moving so swiftly that we could hardly see them. They were dressed like girls, little grey dresses with white girdles, and as they danced, they made a funny squeaking noise like little pigs when they are sucking. As we watched, the light seemed gradually to rise up into the air, and the little people went up with it, still dancing, higher and higher, until at last the music got faint, and they all vanished out of sight and hearing. Next morning, when we went to look at the place in the meadow where we had seen this sight, we found a ring in the grass 'as green as the very leek.'

"Another day I went with one of my brothers over to Llanbedr to take a message to Llandeviron Farm, about seed wheat. On our way back we went bird-nesting, and at last found ourselves among the rocks of Blaencwm—a famous place for fairies. We poked about among the rocks till we came to a place where two crags made an arch, and on looking through the arch, I saw a sight I shall never forget. There were docks growing about among the stones, and on a large dock leaf sat a very little old woman. I knew at once she was a fairy. She was dressed in a tall black

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hat, a white cap, white apron, and black gown with very short petticoats, and she had buckles on her shoes. She did not move or say anything, but sat and looked at us. Then my brother poked his stick through the arch to make her move; she did not get up, but drew up her lip and grinned at us most horribly. I saw she had very long teeth. She looked so savage that we were frightened and ran away—we were afraid to go back afterwards, and never saw the fairy or anything like her again. People told us afterwards that passing by the Blaencwm Rocks at night they often heard sweet music and saw lights twinkling up among the crags where it was most unlikely people would be. Other persons tried to make me believe I had seen a rabbit, but when my impressions were fresh, and therefore most to be trusted, I was fully convinced that on that day I saw one of the last of the fairies."

Belief in witches, as well as in fairies, lingered long in Radnorshire—a county always more notorious for witches than Breconshire. Mr. Kilvert heard and noted down many of these tales of witches, "who were very troublesome and resolute," so one old woman told him, "till they were mastered and quelled by Frank Morgans." The witches used to dance a great deal on the top of Old Radnor hill. A witch came every Sunday to Knill Church, to curse the people; she sat in the aisle and cursed them as they came in. Another witch lived at Lewin Cwm-gwanon in Clyro. She was very powerful and dangerous, and was much dreaded; people were even afraid to go into the house for fear of the evil eye being put upon them. She once bewitched a neighbour for speaking disrespectfully of her—this bewitched woman immediately became unmanageable, and ran up into the rafters, where she scrambled about like a cat. A young man who lived in Linden became engaged to this witch's daughter, and one night, after he had gone to bed, he saw the old witch standing by his bedside. She told him he must come to Clyro immediately, and asked him whether he would choose to go with a "high wind" or a "low wind." The young man replied, "A low wind," thinking it would be less dangerous, but he made a bad choice, for next morning he woke in a pigsty at the Rhydpence, Clyro, torn and scratched all over, with his clothes in tatters, the result of travelling swiftly across country—through hedges, woods, brakes, and brambles—by the "low wind." He afterwards married the daughter, who inherited her mother's powers of witchcraft, though she made little use of them—however, she was always much dreaded. She kept a large quantity

of poultry, and though she lived near Hay, no one stole her fowls for fear of the evil eye. She used to travel round the country at great speed by supernatural means, to see how her neighbours were getting on with their harvest, and what kind of crops they had.

There was another witch at Bryngwyn, who put a spell upon a woman so that she could not make cheese, but the spell was broken by putting the Bible under the cheese tub.

Another witch at Llandeviron once put a spell on a farmer's horses as they were drawing a wagon through a gateway. The horses would not pull, and the farmer was obliged to hitch oxen on. As the spell had not been laid on horned cattle, the oxen drew the wagon through the gateway easily.

At Glasbury two sisters once lived together and managed a small farm with the help of one man. They were strange people, and the country-folk were shy of them—it was suspected that they might be witches. The man-servant noticed that they disappeared at a particular time every day, and that during this time they never could be found—he noticed also that whenever they vanished in this mysterious way they always left their caps hanging in their bedroom upon the looking-glass. He determined to find out the reason of this strange disappearance, and accordingly hid himself under the bed in his mistresses' room. They came in shortly after, and he saw them take off their caps, hang them on the looking-glass, and immediately turn into two cats. The cats went straight to the dairy and began lapping the cream.

Witches in the form of hares were numerous in Radnorshire. One huge hare, grey with extreme age, lived on Clyro Hill for many years; she could neither be shot nor caught with harriers or greyhounds; and was believed by all the country-side to be a witch. She had her regular rounds, and every morning early she came and sat under a bush near Tynessa.

At Nantymel (honey brook) there was a dingle called the "Witches' Dingle"—it was inhabited by another enormous hare known to be a witch; this one too could neither be shot nor caught, but once the hounds tore her tail out.

At Llansaintffraid there was an old witch called Catti of the Bettws. She used to run about a good deal in the shape of an immense hare; this was well known, so at last the neighbours got two packs of hounds to hunt the hare. Amongst them, the hounds caught and mauled her, but she got away, though frightfully torn about the hind-quarters. Exactly at the same time

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Catti the Witch fell ill and took to her bed. The doctor was sent for, but she died soon after, and the doctor declared that her body had been mangled and bitten by dogs.

Wagoners often came in to their masters in the morning saying that the farm horses had been ridden by the "Goblin Trot" in the stables at night. Sometimes one horse only would be ridden, sometimes two or three. It was easy enough to see which horse had been ridden, for the poor animal was covered with sweat and foam, and as exhausted as though he had been made to gallop all night. The Goblin Trot always made a stirrup for itself, on one side of the horse only; this stirrup was made out of a piece of the mane, which was always found so plaited and knotted together that it could never be undone and had to be cut.

## 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.*]

### A STRANGE DREAM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I have several times noticed in your valued periodical accounts of strange dreams which have come to people at various times, and have often intended writing to you, giving you an account of three strange dreams which I have had. The first and most remarkable I am enclosing. I have always felt that there is some hidden meaning in it, if only I could find it out; of myself I am unable to, and if you could do anything you would greatly oblige a regular reader.

It was during the Midsummer of 1910 that this dream came to me. I had been ill and in bed for several days. It was a Tuesday afternoon. My bedroom window was wide open and a fresh breeze was blowing straight on to me as I lay in my room.

I had been reading a local newspaper until I was tired and laid it down on the bed, deciding to rest. I glanced at my watch before I turned over; it was just a quarter past three. I must have fallen asleep immediately, for I seemed to become suddenly very ill. I was alone, and though I called no one came, and soon I was too weak to make a sound. It seemed as though a fight were going on between my spirit and my body, a fight which caused me untold agony. My body seemed to be losing all its powers and my spirit struggled to get it to work again, all in vain; the body became inert and stiff and immediately my spirit broke loose. I can find no words to describe the sense of freedom I felt in that first moment. For one brief second I looked on the body I had just left, a still, cold, motionless thing, and then as I rose up and up it faded from my sight. I did not think to question whither I was going. I was entirely alone, but so great was that glorious sense of freedom that I laughed aloud in my joyousness, a laugh which I could hear was entirely different from my usual rather boisterous laugh; it was a laugh that seemed to echo and re-echo with the silvery cadence of bells. I listened to it and laughed again and listened, and whilst I listened a further change took place. It must have been atmospheric, for at first I was unchanged, only now I was restricted in some way altogether unintelligible to me. Here was no sound; I shouted, I laughed as previously, but not a sound was to be heard. There was no light anywhere, not a ray pierced the awful darkness, yet I knew I was not blind; I tried to



rise as before but failed, for I found I could not move. Then a slight wind seemed to catch me and carry me on, and soon I became aware that I was revolving, slowly at first, yet ever increasing in speed in that vacant space. As I went on I was suddenly whirled through a huge shaft of light, then out again and into thick black darkness. This happened several times before I realized that I was passing bodies of light, some large, some small, and each time I passed one of these bodies something of their brightness was transferred to myself, until at last I realized that I was becoming even as they, a bright seven-pointed star, my head forming one point, my shoulders two others, my hands and feet the other four; then, whether a voice actually spoke out of the darkness or whether the knowledge was borne in upon me, I can never be sure, but it came to me that mine was a soul that had passed over without knowing Christ as a PERSONAL Saviour, and that now I must guide some soul or souls down on the earth I had left, influencing them and showing them the way.

Personal feeling had all gone; without wonder I seemed to accept the situation. Ever rapidly revolving I knew that I was growing brighter and brighter until at last the brightness which emanated from me pierced the darkness of space and I travelled in the light I created, the shafts of light becoming longer and longer until they reached a floating globe-shaped object which I knew to be the world I had lived on, for I could see my former body laid across it. Instantly I caught sight of this I came in terrific contact with another moving body, and I awoke to find myself still in the flesh. The paper I had previously been reading had fallen on the floor; possibly this may account for the crash of which I dreamt, but it is the only thing that I can in any way connect. I afterwards carefully looked the paper over to see if there was anything that could have caused me to dream in this way, but I can honestly say that I could find nothing.

I glanced at my watch as soon as I was properly awake; it was just twenty minutes past three, so that I had only been asleep five minutes altogether. I may say that I was utterly exhausted and in a very nervous state for some time after, as though the experience had been real instead of a dream.

Yours faithfully,  
M. H.

### DICKENS AND PRE-EXISTENCE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Has the following passage from *Oliver Twist*, Chapter XXX, ever been noted as tending to show that Dickens had a belief in the pre-existence of souls?

“The boy stirred and smiled in his sleep, as though these marks of pity and compassion had awakened some pleasant dream of a love and affection he had never known; as a strain of gentle music, or the rippling

of water in a silent place, or the odour of a flower, or even the mention of a familiar word, will sometimes call up sudden dim remembrances of scenes that never were in this life, which vanish like a breath, and which some brief memory of a happier existence, long gone by, would seem to have awakened, for no voluntary exertion of the mind can ever recall them."

A somewhat similar passage occurs in Chapter XXXII :—

"The memories which peaceful country scenes call up are not of this world, nor its thoughts and hopes. Their gentle influence may teach us how to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved, may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred ; but beneath all this there lingers, in the least reflective mind, a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before, in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it."

May I venture to say that a belief in the pre-existence of souls is not the same thing as a belief in re-incarnation ? The two are often confused together.

Yours very truly,  
I JOHN CYPRIAN RUST,  
Vicar of Soham, Cambridgeshire.

#### "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Somewhere in July, 1859, when I was on H.M.S. *Euryalus*, we were making for Simon's Bay and were off the Cape of Good Hope (called by the Portuguese the Cape of Storms, re-named by us in hopes perhaps of appeasing Boreas), being a couple of hundred miles from our destination, when a curious thing happened. It was about six bells (11 a.m.) in the forenoon and I was midshipman of the watch (Prince Alfred was on board and he was in our watch, by the way) when a dull and heavy mist fell upon us. We were under steam and sail and very light airs from the south were hardly filling our sails, the sun breaking out through the mist like a fiery copper ball every now and then, when we sighted a sailing ship right ahead of us, lying in fact right across our track and so close that before we could hail her or alter our course we were on top of her and in fact cut clean through her. I remember the curious vague look she had as, apparently undamaged by this tremendous impact (though of course there was no impact, it was just like cutting through a shadow or a cloud), she vanished slowly astern, the mist overwhelming and enfolding her like a shroud.

Well. What was it had happened ? We youngsters were all agape. I remember hearing one bluejacket say to another, "Yon's the Flying Dutchman, I expect." And an older answered, "Aye, that's old Vanderdecken right enough." But I was too young and

too inexperienced in such things to pay much heed at the time. What was she like? Well, my remembrance is of a short, stumpy merchant ship, full rigged, very high in the water (as indeed she might be, as Vanderdecken hadn't re-victualled for so long!), with a high poop and a high fore-castle and deep waist. She had all plain sail set. I noticed that the weather clew of her mainsail was braced up, as was her spanker, which we thought curious, as she was close hauled on the starboard tack and heading for the south wind, evidently making a "leg off the land" preparatory to another attempt to make Table Bay, the only anchorage then known. Her sails seemed to me flat, lifeless and discoloured, no "bellying to the breeze" about them. Her crew, clad in sou'westers and tarpaulins and the traditional "breeches," moved lifelessly about the decks, coiling up ropes or leaning over the hammock netting, and paying not the slightest attention to us, not nearly so much as we paid to them.

Well. Do I believe it, or was it mirage, or is it a youthful dream called up by the associations of the Cape and the story attached to it? Honestly then I do believe it; I, a parson of many years' standing, say I do. For on the circumambient ether, on the Akashic Record, somewhere and somehow I believe that an indelible record has been kept, and will remain, as he himself said, until the Judgment Day. "I will beat up against this foul wind, and I will weather this Cape if I beat up until the Judgment Day." Such fierce, insensate words stamp themselves upon the imperishable Record.

Has not One said that "for every idle [i.e. unprofitable] word that men should speak they shall give an account thereof at the Day of Judgment"?

Nor can they deny it. For there it is confronting them.

F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

FOXLEASE, SOUTHBOURNE,  
HANTS.

### CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—May I claim the courtesy of your permission to inquire of your readers, more particularly those of the Medical Profession, if practical use is made of Clairvoyance and Psychometry in the diagnosis of disease, and if the results are generally reliable? I am led to ask this because my own experiments during the past few years have been so remarkably accurate and reliable; but being unacquainted with other persons having the necessary qualifications I am at a loss to know if my results are exceptional or general.

My own faculties developed spontaneously. When practising normal psychometry of an article worn on the person, such as a brooch or ring, I generally sense any disorder from which the wearer may be suffering, and at the same time an appropriate treatment or remedy

comes to my mind. In some cases I go through these conditions and follow the history of the article as far as my powers extend, but those to whom I have communicated my impressions have acknowledged the accuracy of the diagnosis.

A few friends have tested these powers occasionally by sending me a piece of material worn by a person in ill health, and the results have been equally correct.

Sometimes when reading a letter from a person I get a clairvoyant vision of them in which I can see the morbid parts of their interior, and also receive impressions of treatment. It has frequently happened that when seated in a train or elsewhere I have suddenly become aware that I could see the interior of the person in front of me, could search him from head to foot, detecting such things as spots on the liver and lungs, crystals in the bladder, crystals in the articulations of the joints, and sensing which muscles were in a rheumatic condition.

Besides these phases I may mention in passing that I have the ordinary normal clairvoyant sight, ranging from fairies to angels, and including those humans who have passed out of the body, and occasionally the etheric bodies of those who are able to travel consciously or unconsciously out of the body, besides seeing the astral records of the past. I mention these phases also because sometimes when with a friend or acquaintance who has some ailment I see the etheric form of a deceased doctor friend of mine who suggests a treatment by means of symbols, such as showing me a bottle with a label of the contents, besides impressing me with methods of treatment. On a few occasions a symbolical figure has appeared carrying a wand with which she pointed out and touched the seat of the trouble.

My circumstances are such that I have no means of knowing whether similar faculties in others are put to some good purpose, but one feels that if after proper tests under medical supervision they should prove reliable, then they might be usefully employed where ordinary means of diagnosis have failed.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. LANGELAAN.

HONITON, DEVON.

### THE SEX PROBLEM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I am much interested in Mr. F. C. Constable's letter on "St. Paul and sexual relations" and his theory that "false repression" is the cause of the abnormally strong sexual appetite so noticeable at the present time.

I venture to think, also, that another cause is to be found in the inequality of the sexes.

Women have been debarred from so many careers and have been so persistently pushed back on the one mode of maintenance—the exercise of their sex functions—that they have become oversexed.

They have been taught explicitly and implicitly that they had only one use in the world, and have consequently concluded that their success in life lies in stimulating men's desires. This, again, is the natural result of "repression," the repression of natural wholesome activities. A woman is always considered from the standpoint of sex, a wife and mother first, and a human being second. A man is considered as a human being primarily, and as a husband and father incidentally. When men and women are looked upon equally as human beings, then the undue emphasis on sex will tend to disappear.

Yours truly,

M. M.

### SEEING ONE'S OWN GHOST.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested in the following personal experience which occurred in broad daylight on April 5, 1921.

Sitting in my bedroom I was surprised to see my aura (much brighter than I usually see my own by this method) reflected in a large mirror opposite. My thoughts at the time being with a friend, I fell into a state of quiet meditation, bordering on the semi-trance. Although in this dazed condition I saw, with what seemed to be the spiritual sight, a mist leave the physical body, forming the outline of my own body, remaining about three or four feet above the physical. After about a minute, I returned to the normal with a sick headache, and only then did I realize the danger of the experience, when alone.

Perhaps I might mention that I have had some slight experience of "soul projection," and on one previous occasion brought back from a town eleven miles away, fragments of conversation, and many details that were verified as facts by the individuals concerned a few hours later.

I would like to suggest to "G.T.G." that the symbolical meaning of the dream he experienced is that he is neglecting a possible latent gift of psychic (commonly called magnetic) healing. This appeals to me as the only common-sense and practical interpretation.

Yours faithfully,

HARVEY METCALFE.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE fourth issue of *The Psychic Research Quarterly* opens with an editorial statement on the future of the new periodical and its transformation, "as from the next number," into a general "Psychological Review," under the title of *Psyche*. It is open to question whether the new designation, in view of its loose connotations in literature, is well suited to the scheme in view. Messrs. Kegan Paul and their editors should obviously know their public, but on the basis of their statement we venture to think that a forthcoming review of psychology might be most appropriately called *The Psychological Review*. We are inclined further to feel that the suggestion must have occurred to them and that they may have been hindered from adopting it because it would be reviving an old magazine title, which may be within the memory of some—however few—of our own readers. It is, however, a day of new things in literature under many names of the past, and it is, perhaps, but the ghost of a difficulty. Moreover, though the fact may be unknown to the publishers, a magazine under the denomination of *Psyche* appeared under the auspices of Mr. George Chainey, an American, and ran its course in England for several months, shining with a somewhat feeble light—reflected from *The Perfect Way* of Anna Kingsford and Mr. Edward Maitland's "new gospel of interpretation." There is very little danger, as we think, in the evocation of such memories, but the shadow cast by Chainey's *Psyche* is perhaps to be avoided rather than that of its alternative, which we remember—a little vaguely—as a serious periodical within its own measures, an exponent of the thoughtful side of spiritualism in the old days and of things connoted by that imperfect descriptive term. We have felt and expressed an interest in *The Psychic Research Quarterly* from its inception, or we should not be now at the pains of offering a word of friendly counsel. We are interested also in the proposed transformation. There are old and excellent organs of psychical research, both here and in America; our contemporary took an independent course with results of consequence to the subject; but it seems sound policy to extend the field, so that it may embrace the application of psychology to education, to the study of "obstinate maladies in civil life," to æsthetics, and perhaps above all to facilitate the work of the churches and their ministers on the practical side, apart from that of doctrine. These things are included in the proposals, and it is intended also to make the remodelled quarterly a kind of psychological "review of reviews," so that readers "will not miss hearing about any publication which they might profitably read *in extenso*." Amidst these new activities and extended concerns, we are assured, and should have assumed otherwise, that psychical research will be in no

wise neglected: as a fact, the end in view looks for "a close alliance between psychologists and psychical researchers," for they are regarded as necessary to each other, and this rightly. Meanwhile the present issue has several papers of importance, including one of great length on Spirit Photographs, written jointly by Mr. E. Vincent Patrick and Mr. W. Whately-Smith. It is an historical and critical study of the subject, and the general conclusion is hostile. Dr. William Brown writes on psycho-pathology in relation to psychical research, and Mr. Spratt's remarks on extra-retinal vision, based on a discovery of Professor Farigoule, makes us desire that further investigation for which an appeal is made.

*Theosophy in England and Wales* is a little thin in its contents and perhaps a little miscellaneous, but there is something to be said for a paper on the Platonic Idea, however incommensurate the space which is allotted to such a subject. Dr. Ellis Powell offers considerations on the esoteric basis of Christianity and regrets that "nothing like a systematic and adequate exploration of the New Testament" has been made on behalf of spiritualism or theosophy, meaning apparently on behalf of psychic interests. In the Catholic sense of the word "theosophy," the exploration has gone on through the ages. Dr. Powell's thesis is, however, that "an inexhaustible reservoir of psychic lore" is hidden away in the original Greek of the New Testament and that the deeper significance of the language has been missed by the translators of the Authorised and Revised Versions. Dr. Haden Guest, who is known in theosophical circles, gives an interesting and to some extent a reassuring account of present conditions in Vienna, contrasting the impressions derived from two visits, respectively in 1919 and 1920. There is still, however, a seriously diminished birth-rate, plus "high infantile and general mortality." Moreover, Vienna is only being kept alive by the help of other countries—chief among which are America, England, and Scandinavia. Mr. Baillie-Weaver contributes the last of his editorial notes, and confirms his retirement—announced previously—not only from the editorial chair but from his position as General Secretary of the Society in England. It appears that he is to be succeeded by Mr. D. Graham Pole, who for some considerable time was General Secretary in Scotland and had the care of *Theosophy in Scotland*. . . . *Reality* is a new periodical which has been founded to represent the Bahai religious movement in America, from New York as the centre. The issue before us has a good portrait of Abdul Baha. A particular interest should attach to a series of articles on *The Revelation of Baha' o' llah*, of which a first instalment appears. They were compiled so far back as 1902 by Isabella D. Brittingham and are presumably entering into print for the first time. The "revelation" appears to be based on what is termed the "oneness and singleness" of God, while its gospel-tidings are described as "the coming of God." The Great Master is Jesus Christ, Who is the Word of God, the Son of God, and the Mystery of God. The "coming" just referred to is,

perhaps, but not certainly, His Second Advent, though it is also and most especially an expected Dispensation of the Fatherhood of God. The article is unfortunately somewhat loosely worded and seems to slip too easily into side-issues. The expectation is called also the "coming of the Father," yet the "Promised One" must appear on earth, "be visible to all, and in a manner that it may be possible for all to know Him and to receive of Him." It is said also that "God will manifest Himself in the flesh at the end of the age," which end is at hand, for "there are many signs which foretold the near arising of the Sun upon our spiritual night." Whether these are definite teachings of Baha' o' llah or preliminary observations on the part of the compiler we do not yet know, nor whether the Promised One has *ex hypothesi* come already in him or is looked for in another and so far undeclared messenger. On the part of Abdul Baha, the present witness of the subject—now resident in Palestine—there seems to be no claim advanced, except that he is the Servant of God. That is a title of humility, though we may compare it with one of yet greater abnegation the *Servus Servorum Dei* of the Roman Sovereign Pontiff, curiously illustrated at times, when his foot was placed on the neck of kings.

*La Rose Croix* is described as a synthetic review devoted to the Hermetic Sciences. It is, in fact, the official organ of the Alchemical Society of France in a new form and under a new title. There are articles on arsenic in alchemy and on Hermetism and chemical thermodynamics. As regards the historical Order connoted by the title *La Rose Croix* we must presumably look to hear nothing. An amateur of Hermetic experiments tells us how he has endeavoured to follow and reproduce the chemical researches of M. Jollivet Castelot, who is President of the Society, to what extent he has been rewarded and by what difficulties he has been checked. We are reminded of the *Journal of the Alchemical Society*, established in London prior to the War and unfortunately suspended thereby. It is mentioned by *La Rose Croix* in one of the issues before us. It did good work on the side of literary research and the study of alchemical symbolism, which do not seem to be represented by our contemporary in France. The two periodicals, and presumably the Societies which they stood for, would supplement one another in a state of complete independence, were it possible, as we hope, that the English group may be reorganized and placed on a permanent basis. . . . The most recent quarterly issue of *Annales Initiatives* contains a curious Manifesto on the part of *L'Ordre Martiniste*. It claims that the Supreme Council is the depository of "the Tradition," being presumably that of Martinism; that it is "fully instructed" on the prime causes of the present political and social disturbances, and that for this reason it calls attention to an affirmation on the part of Hœne Wronski in his *Apodictique Messianique*, according to which all secret grades and systems in the universe are connected together, as links in a single chain. "There is one single and only Order, the end and purpose of which is its first secret, while the second



is constituted by the fact of its existence and its methods." Our contemporary proceeds to affirm that the things of which we are witnesses on the physical plane are the consequences of a warfare on that plane which is Invisible, and that it has been urged for three-quarters of a century between the armies of light and darkness. It has broken the chain of initiation at certain points, dividing the moral forces and substituting a reign of discord for that of union. The testimony is familiar and has reached us from many sources outside the Order of Martinism, which comes forward like the last witness and calls on all its members, wheresoever dispersed over the face of earth and water, to unite more closely than ever for the attainment of that one end to which Wronski alluded. As regards this end it appears to be the construction of a great symbolical Temple, resting on the two pillars of right and duty. In this manner the essence and spirit of the proposed object would appear to escape. We are left to infer that it is somehow a work in Christ, whose monogram is said to adorn the Lodges of Martinism, and that it is connected with the federation and association of human interests. . . . We question whether a writer in the last issue of *Eon* offers a definition which comprehends the subject when it is stated that symbolism is a science which has been employed through all ages on the part of initiates for the concealment of certain truths from those who are classed as profane. In its correct understanding a symbol is the synthetic and summary presentation of truth, according to an agreed form of figures or words. It is in this sense that the Apostles' Creed used to be called *Symbolum*. A symbol is the work of those who are depositaries of its particular truth, and if we like to call them initiators there is no objection to the term. But the purpose of any symbol is revelation rather than concealment. If a thing is to be kept secret, the last course to adopt concerning it is to express it in symbolic form, for it is entirely certain that no figure and no verbal formula, expressing a rational sense, can be presented by one human mind and can remain ultimately insoluble by all other minds, unless they are given the key. The force of human ingenuity does not go so far. For the rest this manifest universe is a great scheme of Divine Symbolism, and it is not intended to baffle us, for on the contrary it is we who are placed here for the discovery of its sacred meanings, in the unfoldment of which we advance from age to age.

*The Universal Standard* is a new undertaking which reaches us from Burnett, California, and we learn, not a little to our surprise, that it is published and edited by the same Mr. George Chainey who was mentioned at the beginning of this article in connection with the magazine *Psyche*. When that venture suspended, he left England, seeking a permanent settlement in Palestine, as Jerusalem in his opinion was the surface centre of the earth, both physically and spiritually. Mr. Chainey is also the chief and practically the only contributor to the present experiment, which is the organ of a school of interpretation, so that he is still at work on the former lines.

## REVIEWS

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Henry Osborn Taylor. 2 vols., 8½ ins. × 5½ ins., pp. xiv + 427, viii + 432. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price \$9 (£2 10s. net).

THIS work is, in a manner, a continuation of the author's *The Mediæval Mind*, which I had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages in August 1911. Mr. Taylor's talents are many, and from him we expect work in which erudition, the power of awakening interest and felicity of style are combined. Nor, on the whole, are we disappointed. Naturally, the book is largely taken up with the Reformation and what is usually called the Renaissance—though Mr. Taylor, holding that the culture of this period was essentially a gradual growth out of that of the prior time, prefers to avoid the term. Of the leading reformers and humanists, as well as with the two movements themselves, Mr. Taylor writes with insight and sympathy; and there are also interesting chapters dealing with Italian painting and sculpture, and with the dramatic art of the Elizabethan period in England. There is, however, something—shall I say?—unsatisfactory about both these movements. There was an element in Humanism antagonistic to scientific knowledge, which until quite recent times has exerted a baneful sway in education; and, as concerns the Reformation, it is difficult to choose between a coarse fanatic like Luther, who could call Copernicus a fool, and the decadent Church at which he railed. The whole history of the Reformation is sad reading. One cannot but regret that men wasted so much energy in idle theological disquisition and in hating their fellow-men because of differences of opinion at once trivial and highly speculative.

The most interesting portion of the book to serious students of Occultism is that devoted to philosophy and science. It is, unfortunately, the least satisfactory, because here Dr. Taylor does not, except as concerns two or three men, write, as in the former and much larger portion of his book, from first-hand knowledge. There is an excellent chapter dealing with that astonishing genius Leonardo da Vinci, who, in his insistence on experience and mathematics as the only sound basis for philosophy, so much reminds us of Roger Bacon; and there is a striking critique of Francis Bacon. But the picture of Paracelsus, for instance, is hardly satisfactory, for from it one gets no adequate idea of the telling revolution he wrought in chemistry and pharmacy. What must strike the reader, however, is that almost without exception all the fifteenth and sixteenth-century philosophers and men of science were occultists. Writing of astrology, Mr. Taylor says: "Astrology was held the noblest of the sciences, and its enlightenment and guidance sought in the most important affairs of life. As an explanation of the world and human fortunes it rivalled or peacefully paralleled religion and belief in the devil." This being so, Mr. Taylor is open to criticism in that he fails to present us in his book with an account of what may be called the astrological synthesis. Astrology was more than a mere method of casting and interpreting horoscopes; it was a more or less complete philosophy of the Universe, a *mode of*

*thought and expression in the sixteenth century*, and no unimportant one at that. Whether it be true or false is a question we are not called upon here to inquire. Mr. Taylor, for instance, has dealt sympathetically, in his *Mediæval Mind*, with the scholastic synthesis of Thomas Aquinas, though neither he nor anyone outside of the Roman Church believes in it. In the same manner ought he to have dealt with astrology in the present volume. Otherwise his book has many excellencies, and will be read with great interest by all those who, like myself, take pleasure in historical studies.

H. S. REDGROVE.

**INCREASING DAWN**: being Deductions from the Corpuscular Theory of Matter. By Lord Chas. Kennedy. Pp. 19. Edinburgh: Orpheus Publishing House. Price 1s. net.

IN an unrhymed blank verse form the author of this little pamphlet has set forth some "deductions from the corpuscular theory of matter." It is a strange piece of work of which the theme is set out by the author in the following couplet:—

"Mathematics is the Statement  
That Mind in Matter Rules Supreme."

As a volume of reflections upon mathematical philosophy, the pamphlet is not without interest and indeed value. As a poem we can ascribe to it neither interest nor value.

H. L. HUBBARD.

**A PHILOSOPHIC VIEW OF THE LAND QUESTION.** By Henry Fox. Pp. v + 211. The Kingsley Press. Price 5s. net.

THE author of this book which certainly approaches the "land question" from a fresh and not wholly incongruous angle, is a lawyer who combines a legal training with a reflective and philosophic outlook upon life. His book sets out to prove that the land question is at the root of all social and economic troubles. It may be so; we are not concerned to deny it. But many of us who call ourselves philosophers are a little doubtful when we see our science being used for purposes of propaganda: and would refuse to call such a study philosophy. Philosophy has a practical application, but in the moulding of lives and characters and not primarily in the fashioning of men's environment. Mr. Fox has written a delightful and stimulating book: but we could wish that he had called it "sociological" and not "philosophic."

H. L. HUBBARD.

**THE OPEN VISION.** By Horatio W. Dresser. Pp. xi + 352. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THE author of this deeply interesting and valuable book starts from the psychic evidence already to hand and endeavours to apply these results to the future of the human race. It is an investigation which has not only a scientific basis, but is sustained throughout by a deeply human interest. As the author points out in his foreword, psychic investigation has established itself on a firm foundation, it has gathered to itself a number of well-attested results, and now the time has come to embody these results in a philosophy of life. Such in brief is the purpose of this book. Mr. Dresser writes especially for those who are anxious for personal psychic experiences, and are not content to accept any hypothesis, however well proved, on the bare word of another. In the twenty-two chapters of this

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delightful book the author touches upon a host of topics and brings to bear upon each a mind singularly unbiassed and scrupulously fair. We are tempted to quote some of the good things in this volume. Thus the author defines the spirit of man as "that by which he truly lives, whatever appearance many seem to contradict this reality." In writing of the future life he brings an abundance of evidence to prove his statement that "the life we are to know is inseparably involved in the life that now is"—a truth that is frequently overlooked, even among psychical researchers. We do most heartily recommend this book to all who desire to build up a living philosophy which shall embody, and not contradict, much of the new light which is being shed upon human existence to-day. Perhaps the orthodox will scorn this book; even the scientist will not accept every statement which it contains. But ordinary men [and women] will find much to help and encourage them along the roadway of life's pilgrimage.

H. L. HUBBARD.

ADAM L'HOMME TERTIAIRE. By R.-M. Gattefossé. Lyon: Editions Pierre Argence. Pp. iv + 250. Prix 7.50 francs.

M. GATTEFOSSÉ possesses an imagination appropriate to the scholar who would make readable books out of unepitaphed bones. Only a remarkably dull or unusually well-informed person could fail to feel the fascination of his theme and his treatment of it. Adam, Cain and Abel are to him the names of races of mankind. Adam was a dolichocephalic civilized "red" race, and their Eden was in the zone adjacent to "the pole" (? which). Our author theorizes that a comet struck the earth, destroying the parallelism of its axis with that of the sun and creating that deplorable sequence of temperatures and weathers called seasons. Adam, confronted with the horrible changes wrought by a celestial visitation, naturally became the first astronomer, and sun-worship finds its easiest explanation in the Adamite tradition of angry or alienated light. This sometimes admirable work suggests (as does so much "occult" literature) that Darwinism overstresses physical resemblances in "links." Prehistoric man was so mental that phrenological principles seem to have induced him to attempt to control the growth of mental organs by operations which would horrify parents of to-day. M. Gattefossé thinks the prehistoric man's *rapport* with sociable animals (e.g. elephants) was more perfect than is the case now. That he thought vividly and intensely about the Divine cannot be doubted. If the real man is "out of eternity" (like Carlyle's blue day) one must not forget that he may have been always complete from a psychic viewpoint.

In conclusion, as a brachycephalic critic I ask my brachycephalic readers to bear patiently with the charming and learned author's preference for dolichocephalic people.

W. H. CHESSON.

AFTER DEATH: A PERSONAL NARRATIVE. New and enlarged Edition of "Letters from Julia"; Amanuensis W. T. Stead. London: Stead's Publishing House, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, W.C.2. Price 5s.

THOUGH communications in "automatic" writing are now-a-days legion, there is one volume of Letters which will always hold a special place in

spiritualistic literature. First, by reason of the hand through which these Letters came; and next because of the loveable personality of Julia A. Ames, as revealed in the documents which have made her name a household word in many corners of the earth. It is pleasant, therefore, to welcome yet another edition of "After Death," the second of the new and enlarged series published since the passing forward of W. T. Stead. The Letters contained in the later and unfinished series, fifteen in number, are included in the volume. They were intended by "Julia" to form a kind of encyclopædia of the "Other Life," as far as she then knew it. She was prepared to answer questions, so that a mass of information might thereby be accumulated, though necessarily it would be somewhat limited, for, as she wrote: "There are some things which are difficult to explain, others impossible. And some are forbidden to be explained." *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*: the second series remains unfinished. While "Julia" has in some ways enlarged her outlook, there is always the same insistence that Love is the great motive power on both sides of life, and that the intercommunion of souls "can only persist when the Borderland is bridged by Love."

EDITH K. HARPER.

SONGS OF A SUDRA. Translations from the "Karma" of Vikmal Dass. By D. C. Pp. 83. Erskine Macdonald.

THE translator of this slim volume of Indian lyrics has placed all readers and lovers of poetry under a debt of real gratitude. Not only has he translated with great skill some of the poems of Mr. Vikmali Dass, but he has appended to his book a biographical and critical sketch of the author and his work. Mr. Dass is a Bengali of the working-class who owes much to the patronage of an English merchant and man of letters—Mr. Francis Taverner. The young poet writes with equal facility in English and in his own native tongue. The poems in this present volume are translations. Mr. Dass is essentially a lyricist, and at his best would bear comparison with Tagore himself. Thus the "atmosphere" of the following lines is of the same kind as that which is found in "Gitanjali":

"Claspt in the saffron arms  
Of night, the Taj  
Lies  
Like an unravished bride  
Of old Babar.  
Fair as shawls of silk—  
As pots of musk—  
As strings of pearls—  
As a Sultana upon a red cushion—  
As a rose  
From the Gardens of Irem."

Mr. Dass is touched by the Indian nationalist movement, as witness his cynically humorous poem, "The Superman," ending with the lines:

"The Sahib,  
Curse him!"

He is a poet that tempts a reviewer to quote. In his lines are to be

found the immemorial wisdom of the East, the patient spirit engendered by the old religions, and the fervent patriotism which is spreading so rapidly in India to-day. He is an Indian of all time, and an Indian of to-day. The poems are so full of promise and of real beauty that one is led to wish that the translator had bestowed a little more pains on the correction of the proofs. There are one or two "literal" errors, notably on pp. 50 and 53.

H. L. HUBBARD.

THE SADHU : A STUDY IN MYSTICISM AND PRACTICAL RELIGION. By Canon B. H. Streeter and A. J. Appasamy. Pp. xv + 264. London : Macmillan & Co. Price 8s. 6d. net.

To read a book such as this is to be carried far away from the bustle of twentieth-century Western civilization back to the divine carelessness and un-economic simplicity of S. Francis of Assisi. Here is a Christian mystic living a life of absolute poverty, seeing visions, entering into the state of ecstasy, essaying a complete fast of forty days, and experiencing deliverances from the hands of his enemies which are truly miraculous in the sense that no obvious explanation is forthcoming. Sundar Singh was born of wealthy Sikh parents at Rampur in Patiala in the year 1889. When he was sixteen he embraced the Christian religion and decided to take the habit and to live the life of a "Sadhu"; owning nothing save the saffron robe which he wore as the badge of his profession. At the age of twenty-three he attempted, in imitation of Christ, a fast of forty days. This marked the beginning of a heightened perception of spiritual insight and a period of teaching and preaching. He has taught the Christian religion in India, Europe and America: but has always felt his vocation to work in Tibet, where he has been on several occasions, and where some of his most miraculous adventures have taken place.

Last year the Sadhu visited England, and Canon Streeter saw much of him. In this book the Canon (helped by Mr. Appasamy, an Indian research student of Oxford) analyses with real insight and deep sympathy the religious experiences of the Sadhu. Much of the book is in the actual words of Sundar Singh, and his accounts of his life and descriptions of his teaching are arranged under various chapter-headings—A Mystic's Creed, A Mystic's Peace, A Mystic's Way, etc. The chapter which will appeal with greatest force to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW is that which describes and analyses the ecstasy and visions which play so great a part in the life of Sundar Singh. The Sadhu's religion is confessedly one of the heart rather than the head, and the most characteristic phenomenon of his whole experience is the extraordinary spirit of calm and peace which possesses him. We quite agree with Canon Streeter when he writes in his introduction "He is one of those mystics who appeal to the present age, because it is precisely his consciousness of communion with the Divine that impels him to a life of unselfish activity and the practical service of mankind."

There can be no doubt that the Sadhu is one of the outstanding figures in the Christianity of India and the East to-day, and the authors of this monograph have earned the gratitude of English readers by their skilful presentation of the Christian Religion as interpreted and lived by an Indian religious genius.

H. L. HUBBARD.