

THE
OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY

"NULLIUS IN OBLIVIONEM JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI"

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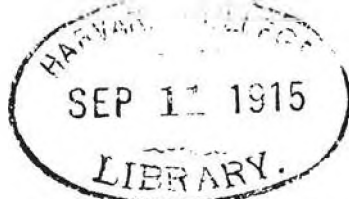
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THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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VOL. VII.

JANUARY 1908

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

[The following notes occasioned by a recent re-impression of a book once well known to a certain section of occult readers have been contributed by Mr. A. E. Waite, who has written on the same subjects in an extended study of the Doctrine and Literature of the Kabbalah.—ED.]

ONE of the familiar figures in occult circles some twenty years ago was Mr. S. L. MacGregor Mathers, and a third issue of his

MR. MAC-
GREGOR
MATHERS ON
KABALISM
UNVEILED.

Kabbalah Unveiled is a testimony to the permanent interest of one at least of his translations, though he himself seems to have passed from the horizon, so far as England is concerned. The new impression has been just published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

It embodies three important tracts from the great book of the *Zohar*, and these have been rendered into English from the Latin version of Baron Knorr von Rosenroth, who expended long years of his life and a material part of his fortune over the production of the *Kabbala Denudata*. It was a signal enterprise for the period—the latter part of the seventeenth century—

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and it was not actuated either by the personal ambition of the translator or by the ordinary considerations of the learned, but solely by a conviction that the presentation of Jewish theosophical doctrine under Christian auspices would lead almost irresistibly to the general conversion of Israel. The conviction proved to be grounded in fantasy only, but the monument remains, and this in its way is imperishable, though the principle which governed the compilation—apart from its object—is not one which would commend itself to scholarship at the present day. The texts which have been included by Mr. Mathers represent less than one-tenth part of the *Kabbala Denudata*.

Two palmary secret literatures have appeared in Christian times; of these one is Alchemy and the other is Kabalism. It

SECRET
LITERATURES
OF THE
CHRISTIAN
CENTURIES.

is believed that the keys of both are still preserved for the few in certain secret sanctuaries. The literature of Alchemy is a product of the Western mind, whatever its roots may be, and its sense on the surface is simple, comparatively speaking, whatever that sense conceals. The

literature of Kabalism is of Western development largely, because Spain was one of its arenas, but it is the product of Eastern minds, and it embodies a good deal of Oriental tradition belonging to different epochs. The surface sense is exceedingly difficult to follow because the Western mind does not move in the same zones of thought as the Eastern mind. Many of the texts of Alchemy are allusive, decorative, pictorial and almost charming on their simple surface, even for those who know nothing of what they mean inwardly, and perhaps care nothing or little. *An Open Entrance to the Closed Palace of the King, The New Light of Alchemy, The Golden Age Restored, The Glory of the World,* and several other tracts deserve to be classed with literature. There are also certain *Rosaries of Philosophy* which exhale the whole atmosphere of mystery, and for those who confess to that attraction, although the significance will escape them, their interest might well be perennial and almost an interest that lives. On the other hand, the bare translation of Kabalistic texts does not, in spite of their mystery, possess this inherent appeal—they are too barbarous, grotesque and repellent.

They have their occasional side of sublimity, but it takes over long to educe it amidst the *chaos magna* of the texts in which it is embedded. *The Book of Concealed Mystery, The Greater Holy Assembly* and *The Lesser Holy Assembly*—being the tracts chosen by Mr. Mathers—seem to bear upon them the seals of

a greater antiquity than that which otherwise remains of the *Zohar*, though certain earlier scholars have advanced a similar claim on behalf of *The Book of Brightness*. They are the most

SOME TEXTS
OF THE
ZOHAR.

cryptic of all the texts, and as it serves little purpose to offer them without an extended commentary to the general reader, who has no key obviously, so it seems almost a matter of derision to call such a presentation *The Kabbalah Unveiled*. Rosenroth gave a corresponding title to his own collection, but he did after his manner present a vast mass of material which was intended to be elucidatory. A slight interlinear commentary is furnished by Mr. Mathers to the numbered clauses of *The Book of Concealed Mystery* and it is derived in part from the annotations of Rosenroth; but the two larger texts have been spared all illustration, so that the unversed student is left to his own struggles. It is now many years since Mr. Mathers first published his work, and he deserved all praise for his patience, if not for his illumination. I believe that his rendering from the Latin was the subject of some severe strictures, by one who also had claims to scholarship, in the pages of *The Theosophist*. But Mr. Mathers knew something of the original Hebrew and Chaldee, and he accounted for his seeming limitations on the one side by certain collations on the other. Occasional mistakes notwithstanding, his rendering was quite serviceable and so remains to this day. His introduction is also interesting, though it is marred by excessive pretentiousness and an indifferent English style. The present issue has evidently not had the advantage of the editor's revision, or he would perhaps have been glad to correct some of his textual errors and, more important than this, to amend his highly imperfect schedule of the content of the *Zohar*. His acquaintance with the work of Baron von Rosenroth should have taught him that the tracts called *The House of the Elohim* and *The Book of the Revolutions of Souls* do not belong to the *Zohar* but to later Jewish theosophy.

It must be said that the editor has missed in his introduction some greater aspects of Kabbalism because he has approached it as an occultist rather than a mystic, and shows, therefore, very slight recognition of the root identity between all schools of thought which have their term of research in the Divine Union. The veils and evasions of the Zoharic system are interesting enough in their way, and an attempt to explain their principles is valuable as a help to our knowledge. It is this which Mr. Mathers gives us, and I suppose that no one has

put more fully the laws of such accidents of subtlety as the permutation of letters, the explanation of one word by another which is identical in numerical value, and those additional devices by which the Kabalists interpreted their canonical literature—

THE LESSER
SUBTLETIES
OF
KABALISM.

as it will be said, to their own liking. Their value stands plainly upon the surface, and if post-Christian Jewish theosophy had nothing better than this to offer to modern mystic thought, it would scarcely call for translation and still less for serious commentary. I have said, however, that they are the accidents, and it is well to learn them lightly, so that they may be put away for ever in favour of the essential matters which can be found by those who seek in *The Faithful Shepherd*, *The Secret Commentary* and other tracts of the *Zohar* of which we hear nothing in these pages. Mr. Mathers speaks of an unwritten Kabbalah and specifies, with other grave trifles, that he must not say whether he has received it or not. The inference which he designs to convey seems naturally that he has, because those who do not enter within the circle of the mysteries have not taken the pledges of the mysteries. I mention the point only to put on record that the informed mystic might possibly answer the implied question with a distinct negation, because there is no trace in Mr. Mathers' introduction—its other claims notwithstanding—of intimacy with the essence of Kabbalism; namely, the doctrine of the union—which constitutes its unwritten word because it has scarcely passed into open expression, though it lies everywhere at no great depth beneath the surface of the texts.

The marrow of Kabbalism is separable from its formal part, and its value does not rest on the debated questions of its antiquity or its authorship. Mr. Mathers, who is not a critical student in the best sense of the expression, tends to accept too freely what texts and traditions tell him on these subjects. In the

THE
ANTIQUITY OF
KABALISM.

last resource, perhaps, they do not very much matter. The secret tradition in Kabbalism is a growth of various centuries, most of them sufficiently late, and much of it also is a tampering of several centuries with the first matter of its subject. That which has come down to us is therefore extremely composite, but in late and early indifferently we find the theosophical mind of Jewry; and, at however far a distance, and in however strange a language, it was saying at its own day that which we are saying in ours. At an intermediate period, Jacob

Böhme expressed it after another manner, which was his own—and this also is ours. I have spoken of a secret tradition in Christian times, and there are two reasons why it is difficult to say much concerning it in the auditorium of the public press: the first of these is a real hindrance, because in so far as it has been preserved to this day, the remanent tradition is held in reserve very strictly; the second is the long history of imposture which has infected most claims to participation in knowledge of this kind. I think, however, that I shall be held exempt personally if I add in a spirit of detachment that this tradition is still carried on, nor in one direction only, and that it is believed, as I have said, to hold certain keys of Kabalistic interpretation. Meanwhile—such is the spirit of the time and such are the things which it makes possible—the vast book of the *Zohar* has been translated *in extenso* and is being published in the French language.

* * * * *

I publish in the current number of the OCCULT REVIEW a brief autobiography of Dr. Franz Hartmann. It seemed to me that my readers might well be inquisitive with regard to the personality of so well known an author of occult works

DR. FRANZ
HARTMANN.

and so frequent a contributor to the pages of this magazine. But quite apart from this the career of one who has in more than a figurative sense devoted his life to the pursuit of Truth and to the search for the deeper secrets that underlie all material phenomena cannot be otherwise than instructive to many whose aim, if not so ambitious, is yet in some ways comparable to Dr. Hartmann's. The inevitable disappointments and disillusionments which such a search is sure to entail, may well discourage many of those ardent but too optimistic spirits who, like the brother apostles,

The cost of conquest counting not,
Yet deem the battle won.

The real seekers after Truth (not those who are content with some material counterfeit) have ever found it the same. That

THE PURSUIT
OF TRUTH.

which is most worth having is always that which most persistently eludes the pursuer. Like the Prince in the Fairy Tale, who would win the hand of the imprisoned Princess, before he can attain his goal he must learn to achieve the impossible and to achieve it not once but thrice. Indeed, he must do this or perish in the attempt. And then probably (only the Fairy Tale discreetly

stops in time) the Princess is not all that fancy painted her. She has a bad temper or she squints, or she suffers from a liability to relapse into trance at inconvenient moments. Which things are an allegory. For the truth, when found, will prove to be but a half truth, and the real mystery, the clue of clues, will seem as far off as ever, and as baffling to the wearied and worn-out pursuer—

And long the way appears, which seemed so short
 To the less practised eye of sanguine youth,
 And high the mountain-tops in cloudy air,
 The mountain tops, where is the home of Truth,
 Tops in life's morning sun so bright and bare!
 Unbreachable the fort
 Of the long batter'd world uplifts its wall!

Perhaps, however, after all, the Franz Hartmanns and the Laurence Oliphants achieve more durable success in the truest sense than those whose names the world has written in letters of its own beloved gold.

The record of Dr. Hartmann's experiences brings us in touch once more with the ever-fascinating personality of Madame Blavatsky. A woman of genius, a naughty petulant child and a spiritualistic medium of rare power all rolled into one, her disciples seem never to have known from moment to moment with which individuality they were to be confronted next. All, however, seem to be agreed that to have happened upon her in her most favoured moments and to have listened to her inspired conversation between the puffs of her innumerable cigarettes was to have experienced an intellectual treat, such as those only have tasted who have hobnobbed with the master spirits of mankind. In an atmosphere of trickery and fraud—not untainted by it herself in the opinion of many—she yet preserved a distinction and dignity by reason of her evident sincerity of belief in the reality of her mission and her faith in the wisdom and knowledge of those whose instrument she was, which might well appear utterly incompatible with the very human frailties of which she was so conspicuous an example.

MADAME
 BLAVATSKY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. FRANZ HARTMANN

HAVING long ago been accustomed to look upon this evanescent world of illusions as a great comedy and upon the actors therein as continually changing masks in which only the eternal reality hidden behind the veil of visible matter is worthy of serious consideration, I consider the mundane affairs of mortal personalities, my own included, as of no great importance and have no great desire to parade my own personality with its virtues and vices before the public. However, as every one of us may learn something useful by being informed of the experience of another, and as my experiences and adventures, especially in regard to occult subjects have been somewhat extraordinary and interesting, illustrating, moreover, the action of Karma acquired in previous incarnations, I have pleasure in supplying (at the Editor's request) the following account :—

I was born on November 22, 1838, at Donauwerth, a small town on the Danube in Bavaria. My father, Dr. Carl Hartmann, was a well-known and prominent physician, and my mother, Elizabeth von Stack, was of Irish descent; her ancestors were said to be descendants of Caolbha the 123rd and last king of the Irish race and 47th king of Ulster. Some old family papers still in my possession go to corroborate this statement, and, strange to say, it seems to me that I was inhabiting Ireland myself in some previous incarnation; because, upon visiting that country some years ago, the lakes of Killarney and many other places seemed very familiar to me, and I remembered certain events in the history of Ireland of which I had never received information in any external way. My mother's family emigrated to France after the execution of Charles I and afterwards to Bavaria during the French Revolution. When I was about one year old, my parents moved to Kempten in Southern Bavaria and there I received my education; first under the guidance of my grandfather, who had been an officer in the French army under Napoleon I and a participant of his battles in Russia; afterwards in the ordinary curriculum of the public schools.

I remember that even in my earliest youth it seemed to me as if I were composed of two personalities. I spoke of myself as being two boys, a good one and a bad one. The good one was a dreamer and idealist and had sometimes beautiful visions,

perhaps recollections of the devachanic state which he had occupied previous to his present incarnation ; the bad one was very obstinate and self-willed, ready to perpetrate all sorts of mischief and reprehensible tricks, and for all I know he may have been a so-called " Dweller of the Threshold " ; that is to say, a form shaped by bad Karma during a previous incarnation and having survived in *Kama loca*.

I always loved solitude, and my favourite lounging place was near the top of a tall spruce tree in the thicket of a pine forest on a hill, where I built myself a nest of boughs and held converse with the spirits of the air, or I spent hours at the shore of a solitary lake hidden between hills and rocks, where I imagined I saw the nymphs playing among the water-lilies and listened to their songs. The intercourse with the spirits of nature was to me so real and interesting, that I cared very little for being in company with my schoolmates and taking part in their play ; in fact, it developed a certain sentimentality, of which I have not been cured up to this day.

My longing for the supersensual and mysterious may have been the reason why I was strongly attracted by the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, in whose doctrines I was educated. The grand dome with its cupola and coloured windows, hidden stalls and secret vaults, the music and lights and mysterious ceremonies exercised a great influence over my mind. I felt showers of ethereal vibrations pass through my body during the holy mass and the sounding of the big bell seemed to lift my spirit beyond the clouds. I knew that behind all this outward show and ceremony there must be some mysterious, living influence or power ; but none of the priests whom I consulted could give me any satisfactory explanation. They only talked about blind belief in the teachings of the Catechism ; but I did not want merely to believe in theories ; I wanted to *know*. I was not aware that the mysteries of religion must first be realized within the knowledge of the heart before they can be understood with the brain.

At a time when my religious doubts were very strong, I made friends with a comrade somewhat older than myself and who later on became a well-known composer of music. This young man was a thorough materialist and rationalist. According to the phrenological development of my skull, I have a great deficiency of self-esteem. I always believed that everybody knew everything much better than I, only to find out my mistake afterwards. In this way I fell into a great many deplorable errors

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. HARTMANN 9

and lost a great deal of money. My new friend did not believe in anything except eating and drinking, playing the piano, and enjoying himself wherever there was an occasion, and it did not take him long to persuade me that all religion was only a humbug instituted by priests for the purpose of profiting from the ignorance and superstition of the people. Moreover, materialism was



PORTRAIT OF DR. FRANZ HARTMANN.

at that time the fashion; I read the books of Ludwig Büchner, composed poetry and wrote a theatrical play, the subject being taken from Greek history. I tried to avoid all religious thought and looked upon clericalism with the greatest contempt. Nevertheless, the teachings of Büchner, Moleschott and Comte did not satisfy me. There seemed to be something wanting in them. They only tore down and destroyed things which existed; but

they did not build up anything compatible with my own intuition. Consequently, there remained nothing else to do but to fall for a while into a state of agnosticism, which was more unsatisfactory than all the rest.

In this state of mind I became a student at the University of Munich, joined a "Corporation," and soon excelled the rest in duelling, occasional drinking and other amusements; not for the love of such things, which appeared to me ridiculous, but out of ambition and pride. I wanted to be at least the equal of everybody in everything. This love of ambition, together with a superabundance of energy, has often caused me trouble. Thus, for instance, once while making a difficult ascent of a high glacier of the Alps one of my comrades dared me to pass over an extremely steep part of the ice. My pride arose; I wanted to show him that to me no such thing was impossible. I went, slipped, fell down and had to be glad to escape a fall of 3,000 feet by striking against a rock and getting a fractured leg. This, however, was cured and the accident did not prevent me joining the Bavarian army and serving for a few months in the 1st Artillery regiment as a volunteer in 1859 during the war between Austria, Italy and France. Numerous amusing incidents might be told of my adventures during those times; but they do not come within the scope of this article, which is to deal more especially with interior experiences and changes of mind.

In the year 1865 my medical studies were ended and I went to Paris, where I remained for some weeks. Being desirous of seeing the ocean, I one day made a trip to Havre by an excursion train, such as frequently carry the Parisians there on Saturday evening and bring them back on Monday morning. On the intervening Sunday I made the casual acquaintance of a gentleman who in the course of our conversation asked me whether I would not like to make a trip to America, and he furthermore told me that the ship *Mercury*, with some 360 emigrants, was about to leave for New York, and that they needed a physician. Love of adventure induced me to accept that position, and instead of returning to Paris I went on board, after having passed through a hurried examination before the medical committee for the purpose of proving my qualifications. We started for New York, and the voyage was very pleasant, but not without incidents, for another emigrant ship, with hundreds of passengers, took fire in the open sea and was burned. Only a few were saved which we took on board.

I loved the sea and would have wished to stay there all my

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. HARTMANN 11

life ; but to my great regret we arrived at New York, after a forty days' voyage, on August 28, 1865, and having no other plans I went to see the Niagara Falls and thence to St. Louis. Now it happened that there was an epidemic of cholera at St. Louis at that time. This gave me an opportunity to make myself useful. So I hung out my sign, remained at St. Louis, became an American citizen and soon had a remunerative practice.

Love of change and adventure, however, left me no rest. I found my life too monotonous ; the climate of St. Louis was in winter exceedingly cold and I desired to see a tropical country. So I turned my practice over to another physician and went to New Orleans and finding, while taking a walk on the wharf, a schooner ready to sail for Mexico, I took passage and left for Vera Cruz, where we arrived on February 17, 1871. I then went to the city of Mexico and later on to Puebla and Cordova, and I might write a volume about the many interesting experiences which I had in that country, which at that time was not yet so much invaded by foreigners as it is now ; but space will not permit it. I can, however, not omit mentioning the beautiful spectacle offered by a sight of the Pique de Orizaba on a sunny morning, when darkness still covers the valley and the mist hides the foot of the mountain, while the icefields of the volcano reflect the splendour of the rising sun ; so that it seems as if a new planet had been created during the night and was now floating in space in close proximity to our earth. However much I was pleased with Mexico I thought it more profitable for me to return to the United States. I took passage at Vera Cruz on board an American brig and arrived once more at New Orleans. There I was robbed by a fellow-passenger of the whole of my baggage, which I had entrusted to his safe keeping for a few hours ; but who absconded with it. Thus I was left at New Orleans, where I did not know a single soul, with nothing but the clothes I wore and a few dollars in my waistcoat pocket. All my goods, instruments, papers, books and documents were gone, and I was at a loss what to do. To begin to practice medicine in a strange city without having any means or acquaintances would have been an impossibility. I thought of applying for a position as policeman ; but I soon found out that I might just as well expect to be elected President of the United States as to be appointed a policeman at New Orleans, as to that office only persons of political influence are selected.

That night the mosquitoes on the Mississippi River were very annoying to me, and the next morning I went to a drug store to buy

a remedy to cure the bites. The apothecary began a conversation with me, and hearing of my adventure, he told me that I came to him like a godsend, as he needed a physician to write prescriptions for the patients that came to seek advice in his drug store. His offers were very favourable; I accepted them and in less than a month I had a very remunerative practice and a larger income than I would have ever dared to hope to attain in my life.

But to return again to religious subjects. During my travels I had come into contact with many Protestant sects and also boarded a whole year in the house of a Jewish Rabbi. I attended many religious services of all these persuasions, but found nothing that satisfied me in them. Especially the Protestant system seemed to me a delusion of the brain without any heart. The pious people whom I met claimed that all the Bible stories, no matter how absurd and incredible they were, had to be believed literally, and my objection that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life" made no impression upon their minds. They seemed to believe in some vicarious atonement made by another person, and that one could only attain eternal salvation by claiming to believe in certain theories and in the veracity of a certain historical account, of which, in reality, nobody knew whether it was actually true. Their religion seemed to me extremely egotistical, because every one asked, above all, salvation for himself, caring but little what would become of the rest. A far better sentiment I had found in the house of the Jewish Rabbi, whose family life was very harmonious, and also among the Red Indians; for when I once, and without any companion, undertook an excursion on horseback among the Senerca, Shawnees and Choktaw tribes, I found there the most admirable kindness and hospitality and was assured by them that the "Great Spirit" (whom I suppose to be the spirit of brotherly love) was residing with them.

Thus far I had been an enemy to spiritism; because I had been told that all the "spiritualistic" phenomena were produced by trickery and fraud. A believer in spiritism was, to my mind, a long-haired crank with goggle eyes, who would see the products of his own diseased imagination in the shape of ghosts in every corner. Nevertheless, my curiosity prompted me to visit a certain "materializing séance" held by a medium by the name of Mrs. Rice or Mrs. Holmes (?), and there I saw the most wonderful phenomena of tangible appearances and materializations of ghosts, known as the spirits of Katie King and certain others. I became interested in these things and went to hear the lectures of Professor Peebles, and

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the philosophy which he taught seemed to me very rational and plausible ; but it overthrew all the theories of Büchner and Comte.

Just at that time I had a lady patient whose name was Katie Wentworth. She was a highly accomplished married lady, with English and Indian blood in her veins. She was not a believer in spiritism, and rather unwilling to give credence to the



PORTRAIT OF DR. FRANZ HARTMANN.

accounts which I gave her of what I had witnessed ; but for the purpose of seeing " whether there was anything in it," she consented to sit with me, and after her recovery we held frequent séances together. At first the phenomena were insignificant and the communications received through the " planchette " puerile ; but after a while other influences were attracted, and we had the most astonishing results. My friend Katie Wentworth became

herself one of the most remarkable mediums for all kinds of manifestations, including trance, materialization, levitation, apports, direct writing, etc. Perhaps, owing to her presence, I myself became to a certain extent clairvoyant and clairaudient, and I highly enjoyed the intercourse with the "departed." Being accustomed to go easily into extremes I now devoted nearly all my time to the reading of books on spiritualism, such as the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Judge Edmonds, and many others, while my principal amusements were my séances with my friend and with other mediums whom I had learned to know. Some of my experiences during that time have already been described in the OCCULT REVIEW, and it would take too much space to repeat these accounts. Katie Wentworth's accomplishments as a medium soon became known among the spiritualists; she received invitations for holding séances from all sides and accepted many. The consequence was that she was continually vampirized by these ghosts, lost her vitality, became paralysed and died. That these "spirits" were not what they claimed to be was clearly shown by the fact that, even within half an hour of that lady's death, pretended spirits of some of the most celebrated physicians that ever lived on earth, came and made prescriptions for her and insisted that there was no danger.

It would perhaps have been well for me, if I had remained at New Orleans; but desire for change and adventures, together with glowing reports that came to me from Texas, induced me to go to that country. I was tired of fashionable city life; I longed to see the "Wild West." I went there in 1873 and had my fill of adventures. My horse was shot dead by a playful drunken cowboy, while I was riding through the street in Fredericksburg, a few days after my arrival. There was a continual war among the cattle thieves, and, the cowboys being good shooters, my services for holding inquests were sometimes more in demand than my aid for attending the wounded. There were a great many poor people in that country, and many a dark night I had to ride a great many miles through pouring rain and splashing mud to see some patient, but received no remuneration. Nevertheless, I lived the life and enjoyed it for fully five years, and I still think with pleasure of many beautiful rides over the prairies on moonlit nights, and of numerous thrilling adventures, accounts of which I must unfortunately omit, as I am asked to write an article and not a whole book.

At last, however, the annoyances predominated over the pleasures, and I left that country of mosquitoes and went to

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Colorado in 1879 where I settled for the time being at Georgetown, and felt myself immediately at home in the Rocky Mountains ; for they had some resemblance to my beloved Bavarian Alps, only the vegetation in the " Rockies " was much poorer, owing to their higher elevation above the sea. As this is a mining coun-



VIEW OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY. THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

try, it was not long before I was induced to become the happy possessor of a gold and silver mine ; but the streak of ore which it carried, although rich in metal, was so thin that it did not pay for the working, and after having lost several thousands of dollars by the aid of " clairvoyants " who claimed to know that I was

very near to striking a "pocket," I abandoned mining and all aspirations of becoming a millionaire in this incarnation.

During my five years' stay in Colorado I had many wonderful experiences in occultism and spiritism, some of which I have already mentioned in the OCCULT REVIEW and of which a whole volume might be written. There I was cured by spiritual power of trouble which had been caused to me in my earliest childhood by the abominable practice of "vaccination." There I made the acquaintance of Mrs. N. D. Miller, of Denver, one of the most remarkable "materializing mediums" that ever existed, and as she sometimes stayed at my house I had occasion to witness the most interesting phenomena, fully materialized ghosts became my almost daily companions, fresh seaweeds were brought from the far distant ocean; I was myself levitated to the ceiling and carried through the air; in short, all the now well-known spiritual phenomena occurred under test conditions which left nothing to desire.

I was, and am of course still, a believer in these phenomena, for I cannot "unknow" that which I have actually experienced and known as well as any other fact in my daily life; but my experience with my friend Katie Wentworth had already taught me that these phenomena were probably not always caused by the spirits of departed human beings, and that they surely often originated in occult but intelligent forces or powers at present unknown to us. My desire was to know the cause of such things. I had no doubt that in some cases, especially in those of suicides or sudden deaths, the souls of the killed, being still bound to earth by their own unfulfilled desires, could communicate with mortals. I had received strong proof of it and especially the following experience made a strong impression upon my mind:—

I was elected coroner for the district of Clear Creek Country, to which Georgetown belongs, and it would have been my duty to order and hold inquest in cases of sudden death. One morning, however, in a town not far from where I resided, a physician committed suicide by poisoning himself with morphine. I was duly informed of it, but missed the first train to go to that place, and when I arrived in the afternoon, the other physicians there had already dissected the body of their colleague and cut it to pieces without waiting till it grew cold. That night the apparition of the suicide rose up before me. He was in a horribly mutilated shape and seemed to suffer a great deal. It seems that his astral body had not yet been separated from his material form at the time of the dissection. The apparition may have been the product of my imagination, but it seemed exceedingly real.

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I made use of every opportunity to stay at houses that were reputed to be haunted by ghosts, and had some remarkable experiences ; but the ghosts I saw or heard showed very little or no intelligence : sometimes they appeared to be birds of enormous size ; their footsteps were audible and the rush of their wings could be felt.

While my perplexity was at its highest and I despaired of the possibility of knowing anything certain about these manifestations, a number of *The Theosophist*, a journal edited by H. P. Blavatsky and published at Madras, fell into my hands. It contained an article describing the sevenfold constitution of man and the seven principles in the universe. This came to me like a revelation, and seemed to furnish the key to those mysteries whose explanation I had sought so long in vain. I was delighted with this discovery, and my greatest desire now was to become personally acquainted with Madame Blavatsky and to learn from her more of the secrets of life and death.

I wrote to her, and a few weeks afterwards I had a vivid dream. I dreamed I saw a letter with the address written in a to me unknown handwriting and with a strange postage stamp stuck on the wrong side of it. I went to the Post Office, and there I found that identical letter in my box with the postage stamp on the wrong side. It was a letter from Adyar, written by Colonel H. S. Olcott, the President of the " Theosophical Society," who in the name of his " Master " invited me to come to India and to collaborate with him. A few kind words were added by H. P. Blavatsky.

Of course, after such an invitation I had no desire to remain any longer in the United States of America or to continue the practice of medicine, and in the month of September, 1883, I left Colorado and started for California for the purpose of sailing to India. I stopped at Salt Lake City on my way to study the life of the Mormons, *en route* to San Francisco.

It has always been my experience that if a person desires to make a step forward on the way to progress in spirituality some great and unforeseen internal and external obstacles will arise to hinder him. Thus it also happened to me on that occasion ; for while I was staying at San Francisco I fell desperately in love with a young Spanish-American lady. She was very beautiful and accomplished, and the very creature to tempt an angel from heaven and still more to confound the good sense of a poor sinner like myself. She appeared to me just the very ideal of a woman, such as I had only met in my dreams. " Conchita " (for this was her name) and sensuality on one side, with old Madame Blavatsky and spirituality on the other, it was for me a hard struggle to

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decide ; but at last the desire for occult knowledge gained the victory over love ; I tore myself away from the object of my passion, and on October 11, 1883, I left California on board of the s.s. *Coptic*, bound for Hong Kong.

My adventures and experiences on the voyage and during my stay in India have been described, to a certain extent, in my novel *The Talking Image of Urur*, a humorous story which appeared first in H. P. Blavatsky's paper *Lucifer* and was afterwards published as a book. This book, however, is now out of print. It was written for the purpose of showing that "from the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step."

On December 4, 1883, we arrived at Madras, and I went to Adyar, where I was welcomed by Madame Blavatsky "to my future home," as she expressed it: The headquarters of the "Theosophical Society," where she lived, were beautifully located near the Adyar River and only a short distance from the sea. They consisted of a bungalow with some outbuildings and were surrounded by a park, containing palms, mango, and other trees. The lower part of the two-story house was for the use of the members of the Society ; the upper story was occupied by Madame Blavatsky.*

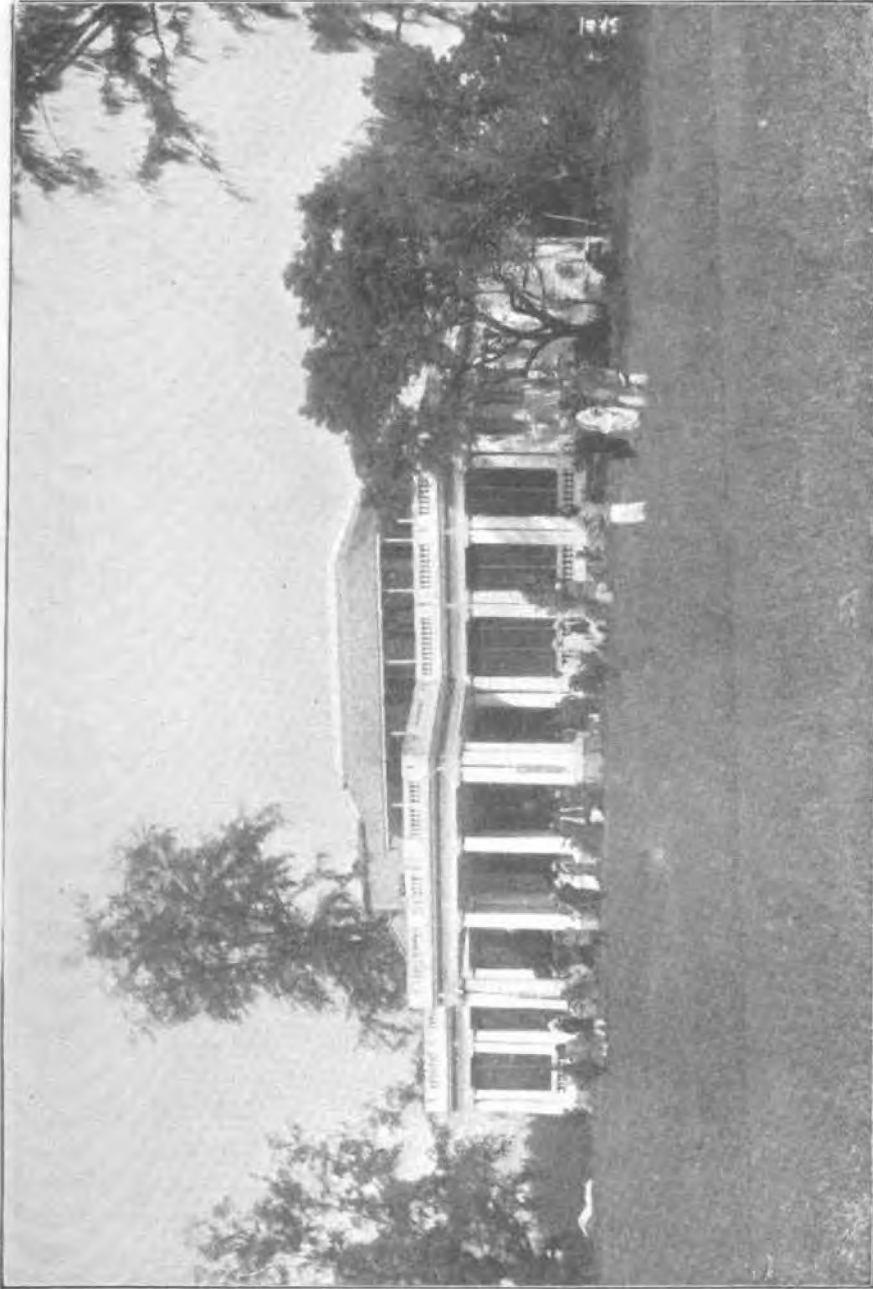
A great deal has already been written about H. P. Blavatsky, and I might, perhaps, be excused from now adding something to it, especially as I am quite certain that no one will ever be able to judge her extraordinary character correctly, unless he has been intimately acquainted with her. To an occultist, capable of seeing "beyond the veil," her personality was extremely interesting. To me she always appeared as a great spirit, a sage and initiate inhabiting the body of a grown-up capricious child, very amiable on the whole but also at times very irascible, ambitious, of an impetuous temper, but easily led and caring nothing for conventionalities of any kind.

In her higher aspect she seemed to be in possession of the highest occult wisdom and of a knowledge obtained not by the reading of books or by ratiocination, but by interior illumination and direct perception of truth. She seemed to know everything without having ever read anything, and as if the whole universe was to her like an open book. She seemed to be at home on the astral plane as much as on the physical plane. Nevertheless she did not claim to be an adept, but only a conscious instrument of an intelligent power higher than her own personality. She used

* See photograph.

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to say : " My learning is my Master's. I am nothing but a reflector of some one else's luminous light."



ADYAR. THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

To me it seems that this " Master " was her own higher self and that everybody has such a light hidden within his own soul ; but not everybody is conscious of it. Men and women may be

compared to lanterns in which such a light exists ; in some it is only a spark that has not yet been discovered, in others the wick sheds but a dim glow, while in rare cases it gives a bright light that shines through the crystal. Many of those who presumed to judge the character of H. P. Blavatsky could only see the polish of the "lantern," but were blind to the light contained in it. Thus Madame Blavatsky appeared to be two or even more different persons manifesting themselves in one body, and I have no doubt that her inner real or permanent self was in communication with other higher intelligences existing on the same plane, and that they thus were able to communicate their knowledge through her instrumentality or agency to the outside world. These intelligences, or "Masters," she claimed were certain adepts still living in Tibet and in possession of great occult powers, such as impressing suitable minds at a distance by what is now called "telepathy," going out in their astral forms or "thought bodies" and materializing themselves, using the organism of H. P. Blavatsky and other "disciples" for the production of "occult phenomena," etc. All such things, which some years ago appeared incredible, now appear quite possible in the light which recent investigations in occult science have thrown upon that subject. My own experience in this line has convinced me that such Masters exist. I have been present on certain occasions when "the Master" appeared to her and she spoke with him. I could not see him with my eyes, but I felt his presence. His influence pervaded my whole being and filled me with a sensation of indescribable bliss which lasted for several days. This power, awakening within me a higher state of consciousness made me feel on such occasions as if it were my own and I the Master myself.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the "occult phenomena" produced by Madame Blavatsky, by her enemies and others giving undue importance to them. She was not a "spiritual medium," producing phenomena under test conditions for the purpose of proving their reality, neither did she receive any money for it. All the phenomena which I witnessed in her presence were undoubtedly genuine, but if it is true that she occasionally "helped the spirits" or played some sleight of hand trick, I would not criticize her too severely for it ; because her only purpose was to induce the people to study the higher laws of life, to raise them up to a higher conception of eternal truth, and teach them to do their own thinking. She wanted to call the attention of the world by all means to the higher teachings

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which originated from the adepts, and the phenomena were to her nothing else but the sweets, with which one coaxes the children to come to school and to learn. It may also be stated that the demands made upon her by ignorant and unspiritual people were often of an incredible absurdity and extremely selfish. There



MADAME H. P. BLAVATSKY.

(From photograph in possession of Dr. Franz Hartmann.)

was one who insisted that she should pray the holy saints of the Himalayas that they should provide that his wife would give birth to a son, another that they should procure him a paying appointment at a government office, another wanted to find a buyer for his house, another a good location for opening a shop for selling cheese, etc., and if such "searchers for truth" did not receive a

favourable reply, they soon became her enemies and would have nothing to do with the teachings of wisdom.

It is, therefore, not surprising that H. P. B. sometimes amused herself by making fun of such fools. In fact her sense of humour was very great, and one of her objectionable sides was that she loved to make sport even of her best friends. Although she, as far as I know, never had taken any lessons in drawing, she sometimes drew caricatures that were not without artistic value and portraits that were easily recognizable. One such represents the examination for initiation of a prominent member of the T.S. He is evidently unable to answer the questions asked of him by K. H., and he looks with a wistful eye at a bottle of champagne and a dancing girl, as if he were very loath to abandon the pleasures of this life. An elemental holds a candle, and in the distance is the Master M. and still further on Madame Blavatsky herself sitting upon an elephant.*

Already on the first day after my arrival at Adyar I received through Madame Blavatsky an unsought and unexpected test. I went to her room and found her writing. Not wishing to disturb her, I sat down near the window and thought of a lady friend of mine who had died at Galveston some years ago, wondering what had become of her "principles." I noticed that Madame Blavatsky turned her paper and seemed to play with her pencil in a state of absent-mindedness with a far-away look. She then handed me the paper. It contained the answer to my question in a drawing, representing the corpse of my friend extended upon the ground and an elemental standing by its side, watching for the escape of the astral soul, while the passage of her spirit to higher spheres was indicated by a rainbow.†

Similar evidences of occult power I often received through H. P. Blavatsky. Sometimes it was direct writing produced by some invisible entity; whole letters written in that way were found in my closed desk; but these phenomena were nothing new to me, as I had seen them often in America. I did not look at them with suspicion of trickery. Trick or no trick was all the same to me, because I was interested only in the contents of the letters and not in the way in which they were written and forwarded to me. I have seen quite a number of occult phenomena taking place in her presence; but the most surprising of all phenomena was to me the fact that I found myself able to write articles on occult subjects for *The Theosophist* and to deliver without any previous preparation public lectures which found interested

* See illustration.

and appreciative audiences in India and afterwards in America, Germany and Italy, although I had never spoken in public before I arrived in India.



The Initiation.

CARICATURE BY MADAME BLAVATSKY.
(From original in the possession of Dr. Franz Hartmann.)

Besides myself there were present at the headquarters Colonel H. S. Olcott, the president of the T. S., a very serious-looking Scotchman by the name of W. T. Brown, some Hindu "chelas" (Damodar K. Mavalankar, Bavadjee, Ananda, etc.), supposed to be in possession of extraordinary psychic faculties, and last, but not least, a Frenchman and his wife, Monsieur and Madame Coulomb, who were the managers and housekeepers of the place.

Later on there arrived other visitors, Mr. St. George Lane Fox, W. Q. Judge, Mr. Leadbeater, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, and others. We also had frequent visits from Mr. Subla Rao, a great occultist and teacher of Madame Blavatsky; but as I am not writing a history of the Theosophical Society of those times, and as Colonel Olcott has considered it prudent not to refer in his *Diary Leaves* to that period of my activity at Adyar, I will not enter into details, but merely mention the above-named persons as witnesses of certain important events which took place at that time.

This was the time of "occult letters" supposed to have been written or sent by the "Mahatmas" of the Himalayas. Such letters were seen to form themselves suddenly in the air, or they were found unexpectedly upon the table or in closed drawers, and they contained orders and directions for the management of affairs. I, as well as others, received numerous letters of that kind, some written in red ink, others in blue, and some in green. They usually appeared when some advice was needed. The following extracts may serve as an example. The subjoined letter was found in my desk on February 5, 1884, while Colonel Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky were about to sail on a visit to Europe:

Friend! You seem to me the only fully rational being among the Peiengs now left at headquarters. Therefore with an eye to a variety of unexpected emergencies in future which I foresee, I must ask you to show practically your devotion to the cause of truth by accepting the rudder of the theosophical course. If I know anything, I know you to be entirely free from those prejudices and predilections that are generally in the way of a calm and dispassionate pursuit of the chief aim of the Society, full equality among men as brothers and an entire unconcern with the childish fairy tales they call their religion, whether exoteric or esoteric. If you kindly consent to take care of theosophical interests during the absence of Henry (Olcott) and Upasika (Blavatsky), I will cause him to write you an official letter, investing you with more official power than any other "assistant," so as to give you a firmer hold of the rod of authority than you would otherwise have with an informal title shared by so many others. . . . Your *pucca* authority I ask you to make the best of it in the interests of Truth, Justice and Charity. . . . —M. C.

This letter was not received under test conditions, but, as stated above, it was found in my desk, and it may have been put there surreptitiously by Madame Coulomb; but if I had any doubts in regard to the possibility of the "precipitation" of such letters from the astral plane or the formation of physical objects by magical powers, the following incident served to destroy my suspicions.

H. P. Blavatsky started on her voyage to Europe and I accom-

panied her to Bombay. I went with her on board the steamship and afterwards returned to my room. Before leaving Adyar she had given me a keepsake as coming from the "Mahatma," a sort of amulet in the shape of a coin with inscriptions in Tibetan letters. Now while I was alone in my room at Bombay, I paced the floor, thinking of buying a gold chain or something with which to wear that amulet around my neck. Just then the thought struck me that a silk ribbon would answer the same purpose, and as I meditated upon it, something fluttered through the air and fell to the floor before my feet. It was a rose-coloured silk ribbon of exactly the required length, with the ends twisted and ready for use. It was not a "phantasm" and did not disappear; for I wore it for many months.

I may, perhaps, here mention some occult phenomena witnessed on this voyage. On one occasion two Yogis came and recited some mantrams. Their singing seemed to set the spiritual part of the atmosphere in vibration, and the room was soon full of entities of a curious kind, floating through the air like fishes swimming in water. Their forms were indistinct to my view but sufficiently defined to see them change and assume different shapes of animals, such as are not to be found in the natural history of our globe.

On another occasion a fakir took two trumpets and, putting them each on one side of his neck, he gave us a concert. Needless to say, there were no holes in his neck; it must have been a "spiritual breath" from which the sounding originated.

Again, on another occasion I was invited with Mr. St. George Lane Fox and a Mr. Ezekiel to the house of Judge Khandalavala, a Parsee at Poona, to see the performance of a fakir. The room was large and in the middle of it there was a censer for burning incense, in front of which the fakir took his seat. Before the ceremonies began, the judge asked the fakir whether he would permit him to bring his ladies in the room to see the exhibition. This the fakir refused, saying that the presence of women would hinder the production of the phenomena. The judge, however, perhaps supposing this to be a mere prejudice on the part of the fakir, only partly obeyed the injunction, for he placed the ladies in an adjoining room, at a window from which they could see all that was going on without being seen by the fakir, whose back was turned that way. The fakir began his incantations. He seemed to be unusually excited and was perspiring freely. At last he took a knife and pulling his tongue with his fingers out of his mouth, he cut off a large portion of it. This portion he held over the burning coals, so as to keep it warm, while we examined carefully the

remaining stump of his tongue. There was not a drop of blood but the tongue was certainly cut. After the examination he replaced the cut piece and all was as sound as before, but he refused to proceed with other phenomena, saying that a certain influence was present which abstracted his power to such an extent that he dared not attempt any more.

Now it seems to me that this circumstance is even more satisfactory to prove the genuineness of those phenomena than the examination of the fakir's mouth, for we all know that women are attractive to men and what they attract from them seem to be the very elements necessary for the production of magic arts.

Of other phenomena which occurred on this voyage, I will only mention that while I was travelling on the railway with Madame Blavatsky she asked me to show her a manuscript which I had written that morning and which was locked up in my satchel. I took it out and handed it to her. She looked it over without moving her hands, but when she returned it to me, I saw that some remarks in black writing ink had been added to it in some mysterious way.

I returned to Adyar in company with Mr. Lane Fox, and now dark clouds began to gather over the T. S. Madame Blavatsky had quarrelled with Madame Coulomb and wished to send her away. To this the latter would not submit, and she took sides with the clergy, who made an onslaught upon Madame Blavatsky, accusing her of producing her phenomena by sleight of hand tricks, and as the accused person was absent the duty to defend her and the Theosophical Society fell upon me, which was the more difficult as newly made trapdoors and hidden recesses evidently constructed by Monsieur Coulomb for the purpose of producing bogus phenomena were actually found, although the newness of these constructions went to show that they had never been used; and to cap the climax, Mr. Richard Hodgson was at that time sent to Adyar by the "Society for Psychical Research" for the purpose of investigating these phenomena and convincing himself of the existence of the "Mahatmas," if there were any in existence. He was, at that time, a great sceptic and unbeliever, although some years afterwards he became a leader of the spiritists in America and a defender of their faith; but at that time he believed nothing except what he was told by Madame Coulomb, who accused Madame Blavatsky of trickery, in which she claimed to have participated herself.

During all this time "occult letters" arrived; they dropped from the ceiling or were found in locked drawers and desks, and

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in one of these letters dated April 27, 1884, and before any suspicion regarding the genuineness of the phenomena arose, it was said :

For some time the woman (Coulomb) has opened a communication with the enemies of the cause. Hence hints as to trapdoors and tricks. Moreover when needed trapdoors will be found, as they have been forthcoming for some time. They (the Coulombs) have full entrance to and control of the premises. Monsieur is clever and cunning at every handicraft, a good mechanic and carpenter and good at walls likewise. . . . —M.C.



HALLEIN WITH MOUNTAINS REPUTED TO BE INHABITED BY GNOMES.

It seems strange that if Madame Blavatsky (although absent in Europe) should have had anything to do with the writing of this letter and with the making of traps, she would have thus led us upon the scent, but I cannot shake off the conviction that they were made by order of somebody at the headquarters and for the purpose of being used after Colonel Olcott's return.

Upon receipt of the above letter a search was made and the trapdoors were found and thus the "great exposure" took place, which caused a scandal and made the existence of the T. S. and

the theosophical teachings known all over the world, and the consequence was that thousands procured and read the books of Madame Blavatsky and made themselves acquainted with her views, while otherwise they might have remained in ignorance of these things all their life.

On December 17, 1884, Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky returned from Europe. The attacks upon the latter continued, and she fell very ill. Towards the end of March her condition became so serious that a consultation of doctors from Madras was called, and they decided that she could not live until the next day. Upon this Mr. Cooper-Oakley went to Madras the same night to obtain a permit for the cremation of her body, but the next morning Madame Blavatsky arose, feeling quite well. She said that during the night the Master had visited her and given her a new lease of life.

The missionaries all the time were desirous of finding charges against H. P. B., so as to bring her into a Court of Justice, but finding none, they brought charges of calumny against a prominent member of the T. S. (General Morgan), hoping thus to drag Madame Blavatsky as a witness before the Court, in which case she would, undoubtedly, have been fined for contempt, because in view of her uncontrollable temper she would be sure to have given just occasion for it. To avoid such an unpleasant affair it was considered wise to send her to Europe, and I was asked to take charge of her. We therefore took passage on board the *Tibre* of the Messageries Maritimes, and on April 1 I started with her on a voyage to Naples, accompanied by Mr. Bavadjee and Miss Mary Flynn.

During our voyage there was a continuation of occult phenomena. Frequently piles of sheets with notes referring to H. P. Blavatsky's writing of the *Secret Doctrine* were found in the mornings upon her table. Whether she wrote them herself in a somnambulic state or whether they were brought to her by some occult means from Tibet, I am unable to say.

On October 23, 1885 we arrived at Naples, where a "drummer" took us to the Hotel——. Madame Blavatsky, not feeling quite well, did not wish to ascend many stairs and asked for a room on the ground floor or on the first (meaning only one story higher). Such a one was not to be had, but the manager said he could give us two rooms on the second floor for fifteen francs a day. We made the bargain, and then the ascent began. First the "*Parterre*," next came the "*High Parterre*," then the "*Mezzanin*," next the "first" and afterwards the "second" floor,

which was actually the fifth. When I went to pay the bill next morning, I found that I had forgotten to make the stipulation with "*tutto compreso*" (everything included), for they charged us not only the fifteen francs for the rooms, but also a price for every piece of furniture contained therein, so that the bill amounted to eighty-five francs, not including the meal. Of course there was nothing else to be done, but to grumble and pay.

We immediately left Naples and found more hospitable quarters at the *Hotel Vesuvio* at *Torre del Greco*, where we remained for one month. Madame Blavatsky's temper during that time was not of the sweetest; she was continually irritated by letters concerning



VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED UNTERSBERG.

the scandals, she scolded the servants, and abused her friends or praised them according to her changeable moods. The weather was cold, and to see the fires of Vesuvius, that was in eruption, glow at a distance while we had no stoves was somewhat provoking. After some weeks had passed away Madame Blavatsky went to Würzburg and I to Kempten (Bavaria) to visit my relatives and have a look at the place where I spent my youth. For my friends and acquaintances there of old I looked in vain, but I found their names in great numbers inscribed upon the tombstones of the cemetery. Subsequently I visited Madame Blavatsky repeatedly at Würzburg and in London, where she died on May 8, 1891, after a short illness and half an hour after

her physician had declared her to be out of danger. She remained a riddle to everybody up to the last. I was at that time far away in Austria, but during the night following her death I had a symbolical dream, indicating that event and was therefore not surprised when, some days afterwards, I received its confirmation by letter. The vision was an eagle returning to its home in the sky.

My intention was to return to America. I had become tired of "theosophy," which, owing to the position which I occupied in the Society, consisted in defeating the attacks of its enemies, disputing with missionaries and quarrelling with psychic researchers. I longed for peace, for the solitude of the prairies of Texas, where one feels so strongly the presence of the Infinite, and for the sublimity of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, that seem to lift us above the worthless things of this life and to bring us nearer to Heaven. I was almost ready to leave, when, owing to a concatenation of circumstances, too long to briefly explain, I made the acquaintance of an occultist who was the leader of a small body of real Rosicrucians. When he first entered my room I at once recognized his face as one which I had seen in a vision on the night of January 1, 1884, while lying half awake on my couch at Adyar. It seemed to me at that time that a large serpent, the symbol of wisdom, was coiled up at the side of my bed, with its head erect, looking sternly at me, and that head was the head of the man I met, and I knew that a ray of wisdom would come to me by his aid.

I remained at Kempten, and he introduced me to his friends. I attended their meetings, became one of his disciples and followed his instructions for many years. These people did not call themselves "Rosicrucians," but they were nevertheless such in fact. They were not learned people, but for the greater part weavers in a factory, where they had to work from early till late at a very poor salary. The two leaders were not even able to read or to write, and nevertheless they seemed to know the very mysteries contained in the books of the mystics and in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky. They knew these things, not from hearsay but by interior revelation, and their teaching did not consist in giving information of what other people had taught or even of what they had experienced themselves, but in showing the way to the direct perception of truth and preparing oneself to receive this revelation within. They rarely answered questions to satisfy curiosity; but they asked questions on which one had to meditate and find the answer oneself, and the guidance took place not so much by any external means or verbal advice, as by

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symbolic visions seen during dreams or in a state of meditation, or even by signs and letters appearing visibly upon the skin, for the state of the soul expresses itself in forms and images, and if we learn to read these pictures correctly we may know the state of our interior condition and act so as to improve it accordingly, just as a gardener, who, by watching his plants, knows what he ought to cultivate and what cut away.

Thus a higher and more interior state of consciousness began gradually to dawn within my mind like the dawn that appears on the sky before the rising of the sun, revealing the beauties of a higher state of existence. I found that it is far more important



VIEW OF ALGUND AND THE ROSENGARTEN.

to find the real Master and Guide within one's own soul than to seek to gratify one's curiosity to know all about the Masters in Tibet, and that it is far more valuable to help to create a heaven within one's own mind than to be informed of what is said to have taken place at the time when our world was created or how the old Lemurians and Atlanteans lived, however interesting and amusing and even instructive such information may be. These "Rosicrucians" did not seek for notoriety, nor did they wish to catch members; they wished to remain unknown and avoided publicity. I remained in contact with their leader until he died, and many of the truths contained in the numerous books which I have written were made clear to me by his guidance.

To give a detailed account of the teachings thus received would require not only a long article but a whole book, and the mystic language in which many of these communications were given would be like some of the writings of Jacob Bèhme, Jane Leade and others incomprehensible for many readers ; because such teachings deal with internal verities and not with outward facts known to every one, and unless one has experienced the beauties of the higher and interior life they are beyond the grasp of the mortal mind. We all live a dream life, and we cannot know the reality unless we awaken to a consciousness of its existence in us. To bring these higher truths nearer to the understanding of the human mind is the object which I had in view in writing my books.

During these times I wrote several books in English and, having received offers from a German publisher in Leipzig, I edited a German Theosophical monthly journal, *Lotusblüthen*, which continued for eight years and is about to be revived. It was, at that time, the first and only Theosophical journal in Germany and there was only one Theosophical Society ; but after the death of H. P. Blavatsky, dissensions arose within that society between the leaders, and parties were formed, whose mode of fighting each other went to show that mutual tolerance, to say nothing about "universal brotherhood" was still difficult to attain. One of these parties elected me President of the T. S. in Germany, but seeing a strongly sectarian spirit prevail, I resigned soon after. I advocated the formation of free and independent Theosophical Societies in Germany without any president. Numerous such societies were formed, but they were not left in peace by those who claimed to be the "only genuine and original ones," and the quarrels continued all the same, because wherever there is an organization there are also self-interests, which must be taken care of and defended, and there is still much imperfection in human nature even among those who are called "Theosophists."

But whatever the fate of the "Theosophical Societies," may be, the theosophical movement inaugurated by H. P. Blavatsky goes on. People in different countries taking up some bits of those teachings have built systems upon it and given it a new name and obtained thousands of followers ; many appropriating such bits have perverted the teachings, made them a means of financial profits and desecrated divine truth by trying to make superior spiritual powers serviceable to inferior material purposes, thus opening the door to "black magic" and its deplorable consequences ; but the powers of light cannot move without stir-

ring the powers of darkness. Misfortunes are said to be blessings in disguise, and all that leads mankind to a higher experience, however evil it may be for the individual, may be good for the progress of humanity as a whole.

The fact that the stars in the sky cannot be dragged down to our earth for the purpose of examination, and that one must himself grow up to a higher plane if he wants to realize its ideals, is still an incomprehensible mystery to many who claim to be seekers of truth. Some philosopher said that "it is doubtful whether the proclaiming of a new truth has ever done so much good as its misunderstanding has produced harm." Unripe fruits are difficult to digest, and what may be wholesome food for one may be poison for another. There are so many who try to make the second step in occultism without making the first; they jump and fall into the ditch. I have a long list of people with whom I was personally acquainted and who became victims of their curiosity to learn occult practices and to use them for their own purposes, while they were not yet ripe to understand them correctly, and I feel sorry for the great multitude of people who are misled and sent to their ruin by blind teachers leading the blind. It is not without just reason that in olden times the revelation of certain secrets of occultism was punished by death; because the more a thing may be put to a good use, the more it is liable to be misused and to do mischief. Intellectual and scientific progress ought to be always accompanied by a corresponding development of the moral faculties. Divine things ought not to be touched with unclean hands. Selfish desires and thoughts are the greatest obstacles to the perception of truth. The illusion of "self" is the shadow which is in our way of meeting the light of the real self, and therefore the first requisite in every religion and in every school of occult science is *purification*, i.e. the rising above the illusion of that "self" which is the product of our own imagination. The secrets of occultism will always be secrets to those who are not able to grasp them, but as these things at the present time are proclaimed from the house-tops it will be better to throw light upon them than to be silent, because "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." A warning in time will often be useful, and if we cannot demonstrate to everybody's satisfaction what the truth actually is, we may at least indicate what it is not, and for this purpose I propose to continue the work to which I have been called by another power than my own.

Those who wish to obtain divine powers for the purpose of employing them for material and selfish purposes; be it for

gaining money, for the sake of ambition, or even for the gratification of their scientific curiosity, are on the same level of intelligence with those religious hypocrites who try to press the Divinity into their service by exhortations, persuasion and prayers. Divine powers belong to the spiritual inner man and ought not to be misused. "He who degrades these powers degrades himself." This is the secret referred to in the Bible (1 Corinthians xi. 29). All this, however, is not to be understood as if we were forbidden to search for the still undiscovered laws of Nature and employ them to our service. If we knew all of these laws and would obey them, there would be an end of poverty, crime and disease. If we were to realize what life really is, and what the ultimate purpose of our existence in this world, we could employ the laws of life, and heaven would descend upon the earth. All the forces of Nature are at our command, we only need to discover them, and by their discovery humanity may rise to an altitude of which we at present have no conception. A real occultist is not a dreamer, and my pursuits of occult science have not prevented my studying natural laws, but they have helped me to make an important discovery of a gaseous chemical compound for inhalation which has already done great service for the cure of lung diseases, including that plague of humanity popularly called consumption.* All ills result originally from ignorance of our own higher nature and the laws of life, and there is no remedy against ignorance except the attainment of knowledge. To aid in the search for that knowledge and to spread it is my object and that of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I always had a peculiar liking for the spirits of Nature, especially for the gnomes and the water nymphs. Some of my experiences with the gnomes I have embodied in my book *An Adventure among the Rosicrucians*, which was published at Boston, Mass., and some of those with the gnomes were mentioned in another entitled *Among the Gnomes of the Untersberg*, published by T. Fisher Unwin (London). Both of these books are now out of print. I am not a "medium," and my clairvoyant powers are very limited. Nevertheless I am quite convinced that these spirits of Nature have a real existence, as real as ours, although the conditions of their existence are difficult for us to understand. It seems that their element is the ether of space, the etheric part of water and of the earth. The gnomes pass as easily through the most solid rocks as we move through air, but it seems that they cannot pass through water, nor the nymphs through the

* See "*The Health Record*" of October, 1907.

earth. The interior of mountains and rocks is not dark for the gnomes ; the sunlight comes to them just as the Röntgen rays penetrate solid flesh. The gnomes are mostly little, about two feet high ; the nymphs and undines have often very perfect human forms, but can change them at will.

I have for eight years been living at Hallein near Salzburg in Austria, in the vicinity of the Untersberg, which has a great reputation on account of the stories that circulate about its being inhabited by the gnomes, although within the last few years these spirits seem to have retired on account of the turmoil caused by the advance of modern civilization ; for in those places where formerly was reigning solitude and peace there are now fashionable hotels and inns where the revels of tourists break the stillness of the night ; the beautiful alpine flowers are exterminated by greedy hands, the engine of the railway renders the air smoky and impure, and the ideality of the scenery is evermore giving way to an aspect of materiality caused by business enterprises, breweries, stonequarries, etc. What wonder if the peace-loving spirits flee or hide themselves away !

A great many interesting stories about the doings of the gnomes might be gathered among the peasants of that country, but one would have first to gain their confidence, because they are very reticent to speak of such things to strangers, whom, they suppose, inquire only for the purpose of gratifying an idle curiosity and afterwards throw ridicule upon the subject. The gnomes seem to be a pious people, because they have often been seen, especially on certain nights in the year, passing in procession into some solitary church and chapel and holding service there. Persons coming on such occasions near the building would find the windows illuminated by a light coming from the interior and they would hear chorals sung within ; but when they went for the parson to get the keys to the place and entered, everything became at once dark and still and the gnomes disappeared.

What seems to me most incredible is that human children have suddenly disappeared in a mysterious way and after some days been brought back sound and well and smiling to their homes, claiming that they had been taken care of by a beautiful little lady. There is also a story of a boy who was taken by the gnomes into the Untersberg and remained there for some time. After his return he gave an account of his experiences to the priest in the confessional, and the priest published as much of it as he was permitted to reveal.

DREAM RECORDS

A DREAM ROMANCE

FOR one who is a Celt by birth and in temperament, and possesses, to an almost uncomfortable degree, those "occult faculties" with which the genuine Celt is usually gifted, my dreams have rarely been remarkable either for novelty or variety. On two occasions, however, my subliminal self, with unusual daring, plunged into an adventure romance as sensational as ever novelist laid pen to.

After a series of confused and unintelligible dreams, the first part came, when, suddenly, out of a place of uncertain shadows, I found myself upon the platform of a large railway terminus, amid all the bustle and clamour of departing and arriving trains. The scene was remarkably vivid, but though entirely conscious of all around me, I was even more conscious that my real business there was not merely to watch the crowd.

Standing beside a large, brass-bound, travelling trunk, near the luggage van of a train which was being prepared for departure, were two men, and I dodged amongst the crowd, always keeping them in view and only knowing that it was important that I should. One of the men was young and tall, with a face strong, trustworthy, and of extraordinary keenness; the other was middle-aged, below the average height, and his face was that of the criminal schemer, crafty and unreliable. The young man looked steadily in front. The middle-aged man was restless, and watched the crowd eagerly for some one, talking volubly to his companion the while, and receiving but little response. Then suddenly, but without success, he tried to pull the young man back into the crowd, as an old man, feeble and white haired, and leaning on the arm of a girl—who, although not beautiful in the strict or even ordinary sense of the word, possessed an air of subtle distinction, both in carriage and features—came towards the van, followed by a porter bearing upon a hand-lorry a large brown-painted box.

I pressed forward, knowing that in the box, and with the old man and the girl, lay the clue to a mystery, as well as the reason for the presence of the two men, and, incidentally, my own.

Luggage was being loaded into the van rapidly. The large travelling trunk beside the two men was put in, and I noticed

that the porters handled it as if it were lighter than it looked. Then came the turn of the brown-painted box, and the old man, who was obviously excited, and apprehensive of some danger, parted from it with ill-concealed reluctance. Then the two went up the platform, and, as they passed the young man—who, despite the entreaties of his companion, had never altered his position—the girl turned, and, with a start of recognition on her part—which, however, was immediately suppressed—their eyes met.

The young man did not move, but his eyes spoke, and I knew that the message was "Beware," and that the girl understood.

The last bell rung. The young man entered the carriage next the van. The middle-aged man, after a last voluble explanation, left the platform. The old man and the girl had gone into a carriage near the engine, and, just as the train was moving out, I swung myself into a compartment, and was rattled away to—darkness.

The dream was so amazingly vivid that I expected a continuation of it on the following night, but none came, and a month passed, and it was almost forgotten, before my subliminal self took up the romance at the second instalment.

I found myself stepping off the train at another station, and watching the young man as he hurried from his carriage to the luggage van. The van was being unloaded, and the brown-painted box, which—because of its weight, and the fact that it had neither handles nor ropes—seemed difficult to manage, came out. Then came the brass-bound trunk, and it was placed on the top of the box. The young man went to the trunk, shifted its position somewhat, and then, with one keen glance around, did something to the handles, and the next moment I looked in amazement to find it resting upon the ground, and there was no brown-painted box to be seen.

At that moment another man, with a porter and a hand-lorry, joined the young man, and the trunk, which seemed to be of great weight now, was rapidly wheeled away towards the station entrance, and, as I pressed after it and the men, I looked back at the van, and saw the old man, in a frenzy of excitement, grasping the arm of a bewildered porter, and demanding the brown-painted box, while the girl, her hands clasping and unclasping nervously, looked away to the entrance, where the young man, the man who had met him, and the porter with the trunk, were just disappearing round the corner. . . . And I knew that she saw only the young man. And then—

Darkness again, and the end of the second instalment.

What could have caused these dreams, which, apart from their nature, were made sufficiently extraordinary by the fact that the second one, save for the railway journey, began exactly where the first left off? "Pork pies and William le Queux," the wise people will reply. But they are mistaken, I know, for I have proved by careful observation that neither food, fiction, nor the events of the day, have any effect upon my dreams.

And then, what part do I play in this romance? Am I a detective? Are the old man and the girl people with "pasts," holding some terrible secret, and having great treasure in the brown box? Are the young man and the middle-aged man members of a gang who mean to possess both the secret and the treasure? Have the young man and the girl met and loved in other circumstances? for they do love, I know. And of what use was the warning, seeing that the young man evidently intended to steal the box from the first? And when the web of plot and counter-plot, which I know exists, is disentangled, will they meet, and marry, and live happy ever after? And shall I—

But what is the use of speculating? I can only wait in patience for that third instalment of my Dream Romance which I know will surely come.

A. J. GRANT.

TWO STRANGE EXPERIENCES

Some sixteen years ago I had a strange and interesting experience, an experience that has always puzzled me, as I have never been able to find any satisfactory explanation of it, and I now make it public with the hope that some reader of the OCCULT REVIEW may be able to throw light on it.

It was on a Wednesday night, and I had gone to bed at my usual hour, ten o'clock. I was in my usual good health; I had nothing to trouble me, but try as I would I found it impossible to go to sleep. As a rule I used to sleep well within the hour, but on this particular night sleep fled from me, and as I lay tossing and turning I heard the clock strike eleven, twelve, one, two, three. As the night passed away I grew hot and restless, and a vague sense of some impending calamity grew upon me; but somewhere between three and four o'clock I fell into a broken sleep, from which I awoke tired and unrefreshed about 6 a.m.

I have few dreams, and when I awoke on this particular morn-

ing I had no recollection of having dreamed during the night. Later in the day the details of a dream came back to me, clear, vivid, and distinct.

At that period I was a Sabbath School teacher, and in my dream I thought that I stood in the porch leading into the church where the school was held. Pupils were passing in and out, but I paid no attention to them, until finally two young ladies entered the porch, and after the usual greetings had been exchanged, one of them handed me a letter. In my dream I thought that I there and then opened and read the letter, and though the contents were absolutely unimportant, every word was stamped clear and distinct on my mind. I remember laughing at what I considered the silliness of the dream, and promptly dismissed the whole thing from my memory, and, so far as I can recollect, it never once returned to me on either of the succeeding days.

Sunday morning came, and at the usual hour I made my way to the church, and without a thought of the dream ever crossing my mind, I entered the porch and placed myself in the exact position I occupied in my dream. Even then the dream remained hidden away in some remote corner of my brain, and it was only when the two young ladies of my dream entered the porch that the whole thing came back to me with a rush like a flood, and I was in no way astonished when one of the young ladies handed me a letter. They were about to pass on but I detained them.

"Stop a moment, please," I said, "and I will read this letter without opening the envelope."

They paused, and I repeated word for word the substance of the letter I had read in my dream; then opening the letter I held in my hand, I read it aloud, only to find as I expected that they were identically alike, word for word in fact.

Had this been all I might have regarded the matter as an ordinary manifestation of telepathy, but on examining the date on the letter I found that it was dated for the previous day, and subsequent inquiries revealed the fact that it was actually written on that date, nor had the writer ever thought of penning the letter at the period when I read it in my dream. What rendered the matter more inexplicable was the fact that the letter was entirely unimportant; in fact the writer had written it without the slightest premeditation and, as it were, on the spur of the moment.

Here then we have the singular fact that in a dream I read the letter at least fifty-six hours before it was penned, and long before the idea of writing it had taken shape in the writer's mind.

To me this experience has always seemed an inexplicable one, nor can I offer the slightest explanation of it.

About a year later I had another queer experience in a dream, though this time it was quite contrary to the actual fact. This time the dream came in the ordinary course of sleep; I had no sleepless turn, no restless fit, no sense of any impending trouble.

In my dream I was walking down a neighbouring road, quite close to a house where a widower named David B—— lived, with his family, consisting of one son and three daughters. His aged father, also a widower, lived with him; and at this period I had heard no hint of any illness in the house: in fact there had been none.

In my dream I was approaching the lane leading up to the house, when I met an acquaintance, and after the usual greetings he surprised me by the question:

“Did you hear that David B—— was getting married to-day?”

“No,” I replied, “and I don’t believe a word of it.”

“Well,” was the answer, “if you don’t believe me go up and ask, and learn for yourself.”

In my dream I walked straight up the lane, and at the door I met David B—— himself, and without preface I put the question to him.

“Indeed I am,” was the reply, and then turning to his son he said: “Charlie, run up and ask Mr. Fulton”—a neighbouring minister—“what hour he will be ready to marry us at?”

There my dream ended, but early on the following day I was surprised to learn that the old man had died during the night, died unexpectedly and without any illness. By a queer coincidence their own minister was away from home, and Mr. Fulton officiated at the funeral; and what rendered the matter queerer still, Charlie B—— had to visit Mr. Fulton’s residence for the purpose of arranging the hour for the funeral.

W. K. B.

COINCIDENTAL DREAMS

In a recent article on “Miracles and Evidence” (in the *Morning Post*) Mr. Andrew Lang gave an example in mediæval times of a “coincidental dream” which proved very useful in the finding of a cheese which had been lost. I read this article the *morning after* a like interesting, though not equally useful, instance occurred in my own family, and as an example of

the strange vagaries of unconscious thought transference, the experience may be worth recording.

My little girl (aged eleven years) and myself, slept in the same room at this time, though not in the same bed, and one morning I told her that I had dreamt of *X*—, a young girl of our acquaintance, of whom, however, we had *not* been talking and had not seen for some weeks. She interrupted me, saying she too had dreamt of the same girl, and also of her mother, before I could go on to relate that I had had a dream *also of Mrs. X*— which was almost identical; quite unimportant and confused details after the manner of dreams, but strangely similar. Nor was this all; there was another dream common to us both about a bird, which the child had seen on the previous day, and about which she had told me, but I had not thought twice of it. This made in all three dreams—all in the same night, quite distinct, and yet tallying in the main particulars, while, except for the last, nothing had happened to make us remember the persons we dreamed about, and we were not even living near them. Now, although it is, and has been, the custom from time immemorial—even from the days of Joseph—to scoff at dreams, and to regard the dreamer as a sort of romantic liar, given to much using his poetic licence, there are certain facts connected with dreams which the more intelligent and liberal minded cannot but recognize. How often one is asked with a pitying smile after recounting such incidents: “But what *good* did it do?”—“What is the *sense* of it all?”

That is the *crux* of the whole matter; there is very often no apparently satisfactory result, and the vague fragments of our nocturnal thoughts, pieced together with whimsical metaphors and impossible situations, certainly sound mere nonsense.

But surely we neglect too much these mysterious faculties, nor are we interested enough to cultivate the hidden powers of the subconscious mind so potent in the silent hours.

It is as if on hearing the laboured scales and discordant sounds produced by a beginner learning any musical instrument, any further cultivation of musical talent should be summarily stopped by those whose artistic susceptibilities are hurt by the embryo musician. In the instance I have given, the thought transference was entirely unintentional and unconscious, and only occurred when the sympathy existing between the two subconscious minds was so attuned as to produce a certain identical harmony. In the first two dreams, the adult mind apparently communicated with the child's; but in the dream of the bird, it was probably vice versa.

C. FARMAR.

A VISION

It is necessary to state in this curious experience that I am the youngest of a large family. My eldest sister married a very wealthy man, and I saw but little of them. Though my brother-in-law was very civil to me he was not devoted to me, nor I to him, therefore the episode I am about to relate is the more remarkable.

It was towards the end of November that I heard incidentally my brother-in-law was ill, but from what he was suffering I did not know ; I did not think it could be serious, and thought he would probably soon be in his normal health.

I heard no more for some days, yet one early morning I awoke in a fright and, greatly to my surprise, found the room lighted with a faint glow (though I never burn a light). My bedroom seemed to have faded away, and I found myself apparently in my brother-in-law's business office, which was situated in the heart of a populous town, and quite three miles distance from his private residence. Here, lying on a mattress on the floor, I saw him extended (his face deathly white), my sister one side, and a doctor whom I knew by sight on the other. Some of his children were also in the room.

This vision lasted a minute to two minutes, quite long enough for me to take in every detail, and then slowly and gradually faded. Trembling with fear, I called to my companion and asked her if she had seen anything ; but she said no, though we both felt an icy wind blow over us ; I looked at the watch and saw it was just 5 o'clock. I got no more sleep that night and anxiously awaited the post ; but it was not till the following day that the news came he had expired at the very time I saw him ; also the information that he had been seized with a fit of haemorrhage on the brain at his office, as he was preparing to go to a public dinner, where he was to speak. He was unable to be removed to his own house. None of this was known to me at the time I saw the vision.

A week later I again saw in a vision the coffin and described accurately all the wreaths that were sent. A third time he appeared to me, this time as I last saw him in his ordinary everyday apparel and in his favourite attitude. Unfortunately I did not summon up courage to speak, and with a sad smile he disappeared.

I have often thought since he may have wished to tell me he intended to leave me a small legacy, for, though he died worth nearly £100,000, I did not benefit in the least, though the other members of the family were all remembered to some extent.

Z.

THE CHRIST CHURCH COFFIN STORY

[The subjoined letter, taken from the *Barbados Diocesan Magazine*, has been forwarded by one of my readers, and will be of interest to those who read the narrative on the subject, which appeared in a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

IT may be of interest to your readers to know that I have at length lighted upon an authentic account of the above story. We all know that it happened, and all have read different accounts of it, in the books of Schomburgk, Lord Combermere's Life, and others. The entire absence of any mention in the records of Christ Church, however, or in any of the newspapers of the time, caused the enemy to blaspheme, and latterly it has been more than hinted that the story was fabricated, and not a new one.

I therefore made it my business to discover if there was not a real, authentic and descriptive account of this marvellous occurrence still in existence in the island. I knew, of course, and had studied Schomburgk's narrative; "Death Deeds," from which Lady Combermere's account is chiefly taken; Mr. Robert Reece's essay called "A Grave Disturbance," and many others; but all of these were copies or adaptations from other documents.

I am happy to say that I have been successful in my search. Mr. C. P. Clarke informed me that the Hon. Nathan Lucas, M.L.C., whose name is always mentioned as having been present at the opening of the vault on April 18, 1820, together with Lord Combermere and others, had left a large number of manuscript volumes all written in his own hand, containing copies of old records, as well as notes of typographical and archaeological interest, and narrations of other occurrences within his memory. I found that some of them had passed into the possession of Mr. Racker, who kindly lent me one of them, which contains a detailed account of the opening of the vault.

This, then, is an absolutely authentic document; it is in the handwriting of Mr. Nathan Lucas, who was himself an eye-witness, and is attested by the then Rector of Christ Church, the Rev. Thomas D. Orderson, D.D. It also contains drawings of the vault, and of the position of the coffins, made on the spot by the Hon. Major Finch, Lord Combermere's A.D.C., and similarly attested by the Rector.

It is quite unnecessary to recapitulate the story, which is familiar to us all, but I will mention a few of the details given by Mr. Lucas which are new to me. He gives a long inscription on a tombstone which covered the vault, which begins

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF
THE HON. JAMES ELLIOT, ESQ." (1724),

but when in July, 1807, application was made to the Rector to permit the remains of Mrs. Thomasina Goddard to be interred in the vault, it was found to be quite empty, "without the smallest appearance of any person having been buried there." What then had become of Mr. James Elliot's body?

In all the other accounts it is stated that at some time or other the body of Mrs. Goddard was removed from the vault, but Mr. Lucas says that when Miss Clarke was buried (July 7, 1819), the coffin of Mrs. Goddard had fallen to pieces, and it was tied up in a small bundle and placed between Miss Clarke's coffin and the wall, and on April 18, 1820, the bundle was *in situ*.

Mr. Lucas describes the scene on that eventful day. Lord Combermere, Robert Bowcher Clarke, Rowland Cotton, Esq., and himself left Eldridge's about noon, taking with them eight or ten negroes to open the vault, having sent for the Rector, who very soon arrived. The party was soon joined by the Hon. Major Finch. Then follows an account of the burials in the vault since 1807, and the subsequent disturbance of the coffins. This is certified by "T. D. Orderson, D.D., Rector," and endorsed "For the Hon'ble Nathan Lucas."

As to the cause of these movements, Mr. Lucas will hazard no conjecture. He examines the suggestion of water, but only to dismiss it with contempt. "Why were the coffins of wood *in situ*? and why was the bundle of Mrs. Goddard's decayed coffin found where it had been left? Wood certainly must first float. There was no vestige of water to be discovered in the vault, no marks where it had been; and the vault is in a level churchyard, by no means in a fall, much less in a run of water. Earthquakes could not have done this without "levelling the church to the ground."

After considering other theories he concludes with the emphatic words: "All I know is that it happened, and that I was an eye-witness of the fact!!!"

It is evident that Dr. Orderson, though he recorded nothing in the church books beyond the bare names of those buried in the vault from time to time (what trouble he would have saved me if he had been more communicative!) must have kept for his private use a most accurate account of all the disturbances, as well as of the final re-opening. He must have given copies of this to his friend Robert Reece, Colonel Chase, and others, or possibly have dictated the story taken down by friends. This accounts for the many variants existing; all agreeing in the main, but differing in certain points. Of these may be mentioned "Death Deeds," from which Lady Combermere took most of the account which she gives in her husband's life. Another is "A Grave Disturbance," written by Robert Reece.

I have stated elsewhere that I believe that Schomburgk's narrative was compiled from hearsay evidence, probably derived from his friend Sir R. B. Clarke.

In Mr. Lucas' account we have an authentic record—that of an eye-witness, written in his own hand, and attested by the Rector.

I hoped to have supplemented this statement by a copy of the official document sent by Lord Combermere to the Colonial Office, for which a friend is searching for me in the Record Office, where it is believed to be. As, however, it has not yet come to hand, I will no longer delay.

With the permission of Mr. Racker, I propose placing a type-written copy of Mr. Lucas' statement in the Public Library, so that any one interested in the subject may study an authoritative document.

FOSTER M. ALLEYNE.

REVIEWS

SELF-RELIANCE. Practical Studies in Personal Magnetism, Will-Power and Success, through Self-Help, or Auto-Suggestion. By James Coates, Ph.D., F.A.S. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 5s. net.

THE immense production and circulation of "New Thought" and "mind-cure" literature—from *Science and Health*, with its hundred odd editions, down to the Chicago pamphlets and journalettes whose name is legion—is a sign of the times which no Daniel has yet arisen to interpret. It is at least a curious feature in the "psychology of crowds," that so many people are willing to buy—and, presumably, to read—a kind of literature which to many of us is so "impossible." And this very fact, of large sales and wide dissemination, must naturally incline any unbiassed mind towards the belief that there is "something in it," however much that something may be overlaid with unessential rubbish; unless indeed we are to opine with Carlyle that people are "mostly fools," or perhaps mildly insane. It may be that this literature, which preaches a sort of practical application of idealistic metaphysics, is the forerunner of a new era in philosophy and life. If so, it is a pity that the form of its presentation is so frequently such as to repel the man who has had the regulation training in science and philosophy. Some of its prophets are its own worst enemies.

Mr. Coates, however, is not one of these. His book is, on the whole, a sensible and not-extravagant systematization of self-suggestion as applicable to matters of health and general success in life. "Having some reputation as a hypnotist and an expert student of human nature"—as he informs us in the preface—Mr. Coates naturally has a large correspondence. Many of his correspondents wished for help, and Mr. Coates formulated a series of lessons in self-suggestion which could be supplied to inquirers typewritten. The volume under review embodies these lessons; and, though much of the advice is not exactly new or original, it is none the worse for that.

Perhaps you are not just as healthy as you might be. In that case make up your mind to be healthy; a clean, temperate life will work wonders, and see that you use the means (p. 32).

Have faith in yourself. Leave the future alone. Don't paralyse your vision of the present, and your ability to think and work in the present, by dreading what the future has or may never have in store for you (p. 79).

Mr. Coates condemns some of the "idle and mischievous nonsense" of "the transatlantic, transcendental 'Scientists'" (p. 201), but believes, nevertheless, in the "power of thought."

Bacillus or no bacillus, the awakened mind has cut short the course of a fever, cured paralysis, chronic rheumatism, and a host of diseases which no honest physician would claim as having a basis in a neurotic diathesis (p. 240).

We may hope that Mr. Coates has better grounds for this statement than he has for the astonishing remark—made in support of the *dictum* that it is never too late to learn—that "Mr. Gladstone commenced the study of Greek at seventy-two!" (p. 178). The famous statesman published his *Homer and the Homeric Age* when he was forty-nine; he "commenced the study" at Eton about thirty-five years earlier.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS. By E. D. Buckner, M.D., A.M., Ph.D. London: Alexander Moring, Ltd., 32, George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1907. Price 5s. net.

IN writing this book, Dr. Buckner has two main purposes. One is the dissemination of humanitarian principles; the other is to prove, or at least to argue for the belief, that animals have souls which survive the death of their bodies.

With the first of these two aims, almost all thoughtful readers will be in profound sympathy. One of the most encouraging features of modern civilization, to those who try to take optimistic views of the spiritual progress of the race, is the growing sense of our responsibility for the lower animals, and of the immorality of actions which inflict unnecessary pain upon them. But there is still room for great improvement. In one way, some kinds of modern sport compare unfavourably with ancient usage. A wounded bird may escape, dying slowly and miserably: in the arena the shrift was at best short.

Dr. Buckner discourses on the cruelty of sport and of vivisection with much pathos and eloquence.

“Man should regard lower animals as being in the same dependent condition as minors under his government, and not put into his hands to be wantonly tormented, beaten, cut, shot, stabbed, and mutilated. For a man to torture an animal whose life God has put into his hands, is a disgrace to his species. Such a man ought to be ostracized from decent society” (p. 232).

With regard to the *immortality* of animals, Dr. Buckner is perhaps less convincing, though some of his arguments are undoubtedly weighty. The similarity of structure, the *gradually* increasing complexity of physical organism as we follow life upward from amoeba to man, forbid us to draw any definite line which shall divide the mortal from the immortal being. If man survives death, so also may other animals. This we may admit; but whether we can assume immortality—which is much more than mere survival of bodily death—is another matter. Still, as Dr. Buckner points out, it is reasonable to suppose that the rational scheme of things provides in some way for our dumb cousins, and that they will not be cast as rubbish to the void. Perhaps the most sensible view of the question may be that of Mr. Schiller who argues * that inasmuch as personality depends chiefly on memory, personal survival must be similarly conditioned, and that therefore we may assume *degrees* of immortality—a low degree for the lower animals whose memories and personalities are embryonic, and a higher degree for man.

Dr. Buckner does not improve his case by founding so much of his argument on literal interpretations of the Bible. It is rather astonishing, in these days, to find a writer insisting on the resurrection of the body; on a real heaven which is “a place and not a state”—somewhere in the sky, with the “throne of God” supported by mountains as pillars; on the actual, unallegorical truth of Genesis i. and ii., with the Flood stories and all the rest of it. It strikes one as *bizarre*, somehow; we feel as if we were reading an eighteenth-century evangelical tract. But no one will deny Dr. Buckner’s sincerity, and no one can read his book without perceiving that its writer is a kind-hearted soul whose teachings, if acted on, would greatly benefit both man and the “brute creation.”

ANGUS MACGREGOR.

* *Riddles of the Sphinx*, p. 400.

THE CHRONICLES OF BERTHOLD DARNLEY. Edited by Wilkinson Sherren. London: Francis Griffiths. 6s.

MADNESS is very fascinating ; it creates sometimes in the spectator a madness of pity and hatred—pity for the victim and hatred of the strangers who can annoy him because the door of his " house of life " is ajar. On other occasions madness seems like a state of living with zest and self-control in two worlds at the same time. The second kind of madness is illustrated by passages in this curious compilation of fictions concerning an imaginary musician named Berthold Darnley. Darnley exists with one lung, intermittent fevers of inspiration and a passionate longing for a girl who reciprocates his affection and shares his mournful principle, implanted by a doctor who wishes to marry her, that consumptives should be celibates. The name Bonnie, bestowed by Darnley upon his sweetheart, is sadder than Dolores on his lips, and one is glad to get away from all his sane actualities to the asylum where he ends his days. His madness begins with a miracle. He composes a " farrago of sounds called ' The Song of Heaven ' " and deems it a masterpiece. In careless megalomania he writes " God " when asked for his signature. In the asylum he asserts that he is a wax candle ; and in this institution occurs an incident which, if not borrowed from real life, displays the author's genius for grotesque invention. The incident is an attempt to destroy the formless essence of evil by means of a woman's golden hair, some parings from a soldier's nails and a handful of Thames mud. In materialistic idea nothing could be more ludicrous. One of the conspirators goes about flapping his elbows in the belief that he is the archangel Michael, and bids his companion " watch and pray and borrow a box of matches, for there are tunnels on the London line." And yet a mysterious prosperity characterizes the stages of his enterprise, until the moment when he baffles conjecture as to his significance in the universe by dying with eerie appropriateness in a London police-court. His biographer is Darnley, whose diary is a fascinating product of morbid art. Is there not true diabolic humour in these sentences ?

Some time before Michael's tragic death, he prophesied the end of the world. He was right, but it happened a day or two before his prediction. . . . Half of the firmament fell away, revealing a white world. . . . Beauties which made me holy as I gazed were being created. . . . Soon after a person with hands and face alone visible came in sight, carrying a human heart. Although in great haste, he stopped to courteously explain that he was about to feed his dog with it. . . . I told Kiss-me-Hardy, who said I was exaggerating. . . . Of course the end of the world hasn't come ! We had blackberry jam for tea to-day.

Later on Darnley, having "paid the toll of courage," sees Pain as an angel, but thinking that he is a wax candle, subject to dissolution in heat, retires from her radiance. Afterwards he confesses to have "sinned the unpardonable sin"; and an invisible being comes to him in a rapture of love, and with the "prayer of her passionate hands" wears a way for them both through heaven's gate.

Whether one is an altruist or an egoist, a lover of irony or of love, there is something to thrill him in this book. Behind the mask of insanity is a mind of considerable power and insight.

W. H. CHESSON.

ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC AND EPHEMERIS, 1908. London: Glen & Co., 2, Wine Office Court, E.C.

ONE takes the annual instalment of star-lore and prophetic warning as one takes the Christmas festival, always with a certain sense of uneasiness born of painful experience and a joyful eagerness and expectancy. It is truly singular what a little evidence goes to support the latest scientific dogma and what an overwhelming array of fact serves only to earn for astrology the reputation of an exploded theory! I venture to say that there is no more conclusive body of evidence adduced in support of any tenet of the human mind than that which upholds the science of foreknowledge and of scientific astrological prediction. I would particularly refer the reader to the special article on "Earthquakes and the Heavenly Bodies," which, over the signature of the able Editor of Zadkiel, appears in the issue for the ensuing year. Horoscopes of the Royal Heads of Europe and predictions for the coming year form an interesting feature of this publication, and together with Weather Forecasts, or the "Voice of the Stars," fully justify the seventy-eighth appearance of this popular almanac.

It is noteworthy that, referring to the eclipse of the moon on July 24-25, this is said to signify "the misfortune of some king under Aquarius." It is further added "Russia, Prussia and Sweden are under this sign." Within four and a half months of the eclipse the King of Sweden was dead, and the scandals at the Court of Berlin had involved the Kaiser in a position of grave difficulty and embarrassment, his health breaking down at the same time. Astrologers will watch with interest the development of the effects of the eclipse of the Sun on January 3, both physical and political.

SCRUTATOR.

E

PROBLEMS OF THE SPIRITUAL.—MAN AND THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.—OUR LIFE AFTER DEATH. By the Rev. Arthur Chambers. London: Charles Taylor, 22, 23, Warwick Lane, E.C.

It is doubtless a fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive. None knows the working value of this truth better than he who sets out to instruct others. A problem is presented in the form of a question. Before it can be answered with a good conscience one has to think deeply, possibly to make a good deal of research, to formulate and arrange the matter in his mind, and finally to express himself as clearly and concisely as possible. Thus while accepting the *Problems of the Spiritual* as economically the best possible means of coping with a mass of unanswered correspondence, it is also possible to regard it as in some measure representing a stage in the mental and spiritual evolution of its author. Judged from the point of view of strict orthodoxy it may be looked upon as a leap in and into the dark, but from the view point of modern advanced thought and experimental psychology it is a most rational, orderly and satisfactory advance on the part of a Christian minister toward the only position which can logically be maintained by any well-informed and sincere truth-seeker. The Rev. Arthur Chambers does not, however, seek to instruct Christianity in the light of modern science, but rather does he scrutinize the conclusions of science in the light of Christianity. As a result, he finds them not incompatible, as others have done before him. But it is the particular order of scientific facts and conclusions dealt with in this book which makes it so particularly interesting. What, for instance, could be more engrossing than the answers of enlightened Christianity—for all Christianity is not an enlightenment—to such questions as these: "Can the Departed be *objectively* present?" "Does the prohibition against intercourse with 'familiar spirits' . . . imply that *all* communion with the spirit-world is forbidden by God?" "Will our earthly relations be maintained in the Other World?" etc.

Answers to these and related questions make up Part I of a most interesting book. The second part is largely concerned with questions already partially dealt with in a companion work by the same author. The vicar of Brockenhurst is great in service to the Christian Church and to the larger Cause of Truth.

The complaint of Dives that "none hath returned" to tell us of the world beyond the grave is largely remedied by modern psychic research, by accredited instances of spirit communica-

tion, and more credibly by the exercise of that logical and introspective faculty which is enjoyed by some men to a remarkable degree. The appearance of Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* put the majority of receptive people on terms with the world to come, and undoubtedly threw much light on obscure passages of Scripture wherein the spiritual world is revealed only in terms of the physical and the noumenal portrayed in terms of the phenomenal. *Our Life after Death* is the substance of discourses delivered at St. Mark's Church, Battersea Rise, during the Advent of 1892. It is uniform in publication with *Man and the Spiritual World*, and *Problems of the Spiritual*, by which the author has endeavoured to inculcate a better and a truer conception of the Gospel teaching than that which is contained in the canonical Articles of Faith as commonly understood.

The Rev. Arthur Chambers declares that the doctrine of unending woe forms no part of the teaching of a rightly translated Bible, nor is it compatible with our ideas of the goodness and omnipotence of God. In his preface to this, the seventy-third edition of the book, the author offers his apology and explanation of the fact that he is now teaching a truth counter to the theory formerly advanced by him regarding future punishment of the wicked as being final and eternal. He has discovered that there are hundreds of passages in the Bible, which he had taken on trust with the English version of the Scripture, which now are to be regarded only in the light of their native Greek usage. The author, in effect, makes three propositions: (1) That a person, although dissociated from the earthly body in passing through the experience we call "death," still continues to live as a Conscious Personality; (2) That a person, while maintaining his Conscious Personality, in and through the incident of death, does not *then* continue his existence in either heaven or hell; (3) That a person, maintaining his Conscious Personality in and through death, enters at once into an Intermediate or Hades-life.

Apart from the fact that there is a confusing use of the term "Person" as distinguished from Individual, a distinction thoroughly understood and appreciated by psychologists to-day, it may be said that the propositions are fairly maintained. As an offshoot of the new development, the author emphasizes the efficacy of prayer in regard to those who have passed over into the Hades-life, not as prayers for the dead, but for the "living," and shows further that Scripture warrant favours the idea of an extension of Christian ministrations into the world beyond the grave. A preliminary reading of the appendix in which errors of translation

are dealt with in a very effectual manner will rightly dispose the reader to grasp the bearing of the newer and more correct interpretation upon orthodox views concerning the nature and extent of future rewards and punishments, predestination and other controversial doctrines of popular misconception. As from the pen of one of its men of light and leading, the Established Church is to be congratulated on the appearance of these works, and it is perhaps not too much to hope that the substance of them may form the groundwork of discussion in future Congresses, with the result that a more logical, consistent, and hopeful creed than that which now stifles and hampers Christianity will result.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SECRET LIFE. BEING THE BOOK OF A HERETIC. John Lane. Vigo Street, W.C.

THIS is in many respects a charming book. The writer is a woman of cultivated mind and wide interests, and her decidedly individual opinions are given to us in sections, some long, others very brief, separated from each other by dates, which superficially appear to give the volume the character of a diary. Sometimes a poem, not without interest and power, occupies the whole of one section. The wealth of topics is remarkable, and we wander on with pleasure from refreshingly original criticisms on Hamlet and Balzac, Rousseau and Oscar Wilde to disquisitions of enduring significance upon youth and age, courage and illusions; or, again, to powerfully attractive pictures of the life of insect communities, or a discrimination between French and English nature. The mixture of humanity and insight in the section called "Amateur Saints" is admirable, and there are many other passages equally trenchant. The writer was born in Louisiana, and she gives us a glimpse, as it were, of the fineness that is bred in that Southern air.

B. P. O.

THE SPIRIT JUGGLER. By Olivia M. Truman. London: F. V. White & Co., Ltd., 14, Bedford Street, W.C.

NOT every student of occult science is capable of embodying the results of his study in a form which appeals to the popular imagination, nor is every novelist able to rightly apprehend the facts of occultism or apply them to the domain of romance and fiction. The possibilities of occult science and philosophy in fiction have been successfully exploited by such writers as Rider Haggard and H. G. Wells, and there are those among literary critics who regard Marie Corelli as at her best in the beginning of her career when making use of similar material. However,

the effect of this popular treatment of occult teachings has been such as to catholicize many of the fundamental doctrines of ancient philosophies and to familiarize the better known phases of psychic research. Few readers nowadays would be incapable of a correct definition of the ideas conveyed by metempsychosis, reincarnation, telepathy, hypnosis, or of distinguishing between the psyche and persona.

The ground, therefore, is to some extent prepared for any efficient writer who can fashion his story on the popular conceptions of occultism, and in the book before me I find not only an unusually subtle appreciation of the psychological element in human life, but a strong dramatic touch, a fine artistic sense, and descriptive powers of a quite superior order. The novel, which is concerned with the ill-assorted marriages of an ambitious actor and an idealistic, impressionable king, is so well written, the characters so cleverly drawn and the dialogue so full of interest as to render the book in effect one of the most enthralling of its kind. The Spirit Juggler comes into the scheme of things at a point where the honour of these two secretly unhappy men is at stake, and his intervention as a hypnotist of singular power and daring who seeks to rectify one or two errors for which Nature is held accountable, forms a striking climax to the story. The Spirit Juggler perceives that in putting the soul of a born ruler of men into the body of Görtes, the famous actor, and that of a dramatic genius into the mortal vestments of the King of Skiland, Nature made a double mistake, and that human polity was equally at fault in mating the actor to the romantic Pia and the king to the astute and diplomatic Princess Anne. Matters became further complicated when these men fell in love with one another's wives. The balance of affairs could have been so easily maintained if, at the outset, each had been in the other's shoes. So it seems to the king, who in such case would be Pia's husband, and he at length prevails upon the hypnotist Akermann to effect a transfer of souls between himself and the actor. It was to have been an experiment, undertaken in the absence of the subjects' wives, but the sudden death of the spirit juggler, after successfully dislodging and transferring the souls of actor and king into the bodies of king and actor, makes of it an irrevocable *fait accompli*. What might so easily have been a farce is here told with such sterling dramatic force that the reader is carried away with the sense of an awful reality. The conception is very daring, and the work extremely clever.

SCRUTATOR.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE *Theosophical Review* reproduces a remarkable account, by the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, of some religious phenomena which occurred at a Presbyterian mission in Korea, where, after some days of rather commonplace meetings for religious instruction, a native was suddenly impelled to make a confession of ill-feeling towards the missionary. After the latter had assured his convert of his forgiveness, "a rush of power from without seemed to take hold of the meeting," and one after another confessed their sins or were seized with anguish and remorse; and the spiritual conflict went on for days, during which the converts confessed all the sins of their past lives. Where the nature of the fault admitted of it, they made full reparation, and the whole forms, as the editor says, "a very interesting case for students of religious experiences."

In a lecture on "The Lord's Prayer esoterically considered," of which the same Review gives a summarized translation, Dr. Rudolph Steiner gives the following explanation of the difference in meaning between the three phrases: "Forgive us our debts—Lead us not into temptation—Deliver us from evil." Sin arising from the etheric body, he says, is termed debt; that arising from the astral body, temptation; that from the Ego itself, evil; and he regards the prayer as containing petitions for all the seven factors of human nature, as recognized by Theosophists.

A biographical notice in *The Academy* for November 23 of the recently deceased poet Francis Thompson, gives an account of his religious and spiritual experiences, and relates the following strange psychic monition. When a young man, in dire poverty, Thompson sent some verses to a magazine, but having changed his lodgings before they appeared in print, the editor was unable to communicate with him:

Thompson had seen his verses printed, and finding, as he thought, all reward denied him, finally yielded to despair. Having for some days saved up all the pence he could earn, he devoted them to the purchase of a single dose of laudanum, sufficient to end his troubles. With this he retired at night to his haunt, the rubbish plot in Covent Garden Market, resolved on death. Then, by his own narrative, the following incident occurred. He had already taken half the fatal draught when he felt a hand upon his arm, and, looking up, saw one whom he recognized as Chatterton, forbidding him to drink the rest, and at the same instant

memory came to him of how, after that poet's suicide, a letter had been delivered at his lodgings which, if he had waited another day, would have brought him the relief needed. And so with Thompson it happened; for, after infinite pains, the editor had that very morning traced him to the chemist's shop where the drug was sold, and relief for him was close at hand. This was the beginning of the new and better life.

The *Open Court* for November devotes considerable space to an illustrated article on St. Catherine of Alexandria, and her "Mystic Marriage." Mr. Hermon F. Bell contributes "A Criticism of Modern Theology," which he thinks is inconsistent because it clings to the Bible after having demonstrated that it is not infallible, and because it retains Christ as the centre of theological and religious thought, though it has discarded many of the older and still strictly "orthodox" ideas as to His origin, nature, and resurrection:

Modern theology is at fault in that it does not follow the logic of its own teachings. Either the conservatives are right and the new theology is wrong in its teaching as to the Bible and Jesus; or, if the new theology is right in the results of its scholarship, it is open to criticism for still giving the Bible and Jesus the place it does. Modern Christianity has brought the Bible back from its infallible position and given it a place with the world's literature, but it continues to hold it apart from other books. It has taken the distinctly infinite attributes from Jesus, it confesses His limitations, yet it worships Him and makes Him authoritative;—and why? Because of His alleged sinlessness. But this sinlessness cannot be proven.

Another complaint made by Mr. Bell is that modern Christian theology "does not rest upon universal experience; it confines itself to the Christian Church," whereas the true Church of God "must include all who in all ages have been led by the Spirit of God." It is at fault in confining itself to the Bible, because "there are other messages from God," and because "it points men backward rather than forward for the ideal. The best is yet to be. Universal religion demands a universal Bible and an ever-present God." Dr. Carus, in an appended article, makes the excuse for modern theology that it "is in a state of transition"; he thinks modern theologians see more than they think well to express, and that there is a danger that "if religious convictions changed too quickly," this would "give the Churches no chance to adapt themselves to the new conditions." He thinks that "the Churches are in a state of fermentation, and we must not be impatient."

The *Metaphysical Magazine* for November contains an excellent article by Leander Edmund Whipple on "Spiritual Activity

and Mental Power." Regarding the real activity in the universe as spiritual, he considers that activity generates power, and that the higher states of activity generate the greater degrees of power. Mental action is not exclusively intellectual, but the mind operates on various planes of consciousness :

One of the strongest arguments in favour of the theory that the activities of the mind are spiritual lies in the fact that one who accepts only the materialistic hypothesis reaches the limit of the forces of his mental ability earlier in the race than those holding to other theories ; and the one who recognizes mind as possessing powers all its own, not dependent on matter or physical tissue to think for it, reaches further ahead in his mental efforts, accomplishes more and does not so quickly reach a limit to his understanding on any subject ; while he who comprehends the *spirituality* of his subject, and, recognizing that the activities of mind are *spiritual* in their nature, thereby becomes acquainted with the real forces of mind and thought, sees that their activities are endless, and grasps the whole situation with a force that overrides obstructions and recognizes no limit.

The man of intelligence, he says, looks for something outside of himself, and recognizes further possibilities which may lead to higher thinking, and to the calling into action of the spiritual perceptive powers. Thus the mind is a spiritual function of active Being.

The *Swastika* for December gives its second-prize ghost story, in which a farmer on a Minnesota prairie left his home and was caught in a blizzard ; during the night his son thought he heard an uncle call out that the farmer was lost in a snow-storm ; some days later a neighbour thought he saw the farmer himself coming to meet him ; on saying " I thought you were lost," he received the reply " I was, and you will find my body a mile and a half north-west of Hersey." When the snow melted in spring, the man's body was found at the spot indicated.

We have received the first number of a new magazine, the *Revue Générale des Sciences Psychiques*, edited by Ernest Bosc, and published at the Librairie H. Daragon, 30, rue Duperré, Paris. It treats of occultism in general, including the Kabbala, hypnotism, suggestion, magnetic healing, externalization, and oriental beliefs. The first portion of a mediumistic communication on dreams ascribes them to impressions made on the consciousness by the spirit liberated from the body during sleep, which is often able to perceive " an anticipation of the future phases of the life of the body," thus accounting for premonitory dreams and dreams of future events.

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

BY THE "OCCULT REVIEW" PSYCHOMETRIST

DELINEATION (OCCULT).

Question 1 : What do you sense for me during the next year or two ? Shall I throw off entirely the malady from which I now suffer, and how soon shall I be enabled to live a more happy and settled life ?

Answer : I sense a much better condition in regard to health after next year, and though I cannot promise entire freedom from your malady, you are certainly much better, and about this time you become much happier.

Question 2 : By what means do these conditions come about ? If by marriage, is the influence in my life now ? Do I know the man ?

Answer : Much of the improvement I find is due to a better health condition, and to an improved financial position. I do not sense marriage at present.

DELINEATION (TWILIGHT).

This is worn by a young and very attractive woman ; she is impulsive and rather impatient, but very loyal and true to her friends ; she is clever, but is not very persevering, and does not make much effort to improve herself ; this is partly due to her present surroundings, as I do not find she receives much encouragement to work. This condition will pass away next year when I sense new influences coming into her life, and this means marriage ; and in her new conditions I get a much happier and a more congenial life.

DELINEATION (MANUEL).

Question 1 : Have I any psychic forces myself ?

Answer : Yes, I sense psychic power, but so far you have not been able to develop this ; life for you seems to have been decidedly material.

Question 2 : Will the future be less against me in business matters, so that I am able to study along the lines I am used to ?

Answer : I do not sense any change for you until after next year, when your financial affairs improve considerably, and this means you have more leisure in which to study.

DELINEATION (CASANORA).

This is worn by a woman, and I sense a life that has been much suppressed, and she seems to be constantly coming in contact with forces which are irritating and uncongenial to her ; this condition appears to last another six or seven months, and then I sense a death which makes a great difference to this life. Six months later I find a union with an influence which is in her life now, but her present conditions prevent their coming together in the true sense. I also sense a decided personal success for this woman during next year ; this is, I think, some gratified desire, the attainment of some thing she has long waited for.

DELINEATION (GRANNIE).

Question 1 : Can you tell me if I have any spiritual gifts ?

Answer : I sense a very psychic woman and would consider you sensitive and decidedly spiritual !

Question 2 : Can you see about what year I shall be passing over, and when my worldly prospects improve.

Answer : Your life appears to go on for many years yet, and I can get no sense of your passing, your affairs improve slowly but surely, and your conditions are better next year.

DELINEATION (SALAOM VOLO).

Question 1 : Why was the girl whose ribbon this is jilted ?

Answer : I sense an influence in this girl's life in the past, but though the man appears fond of her for a time, I do not think he ever really loved her, or intended to marry her ; another influence came into his life and he deserted her.

Question 2 : What do you sense in the future for the man who jilted her ?

Answer : I cannot sense his future from this ribbon ; I should need something of his.

DELINEATION (HOPE).

This is worn by a woman, and though at present things are rather dull and depressing for her, yet I sense a very happy future. She marries, and the conditions of her life improve very much during the next two years. I sense a strong and determined character, but one that objects to interference, and I do not find her as persevering as she ought to be ; this may be partly due to her present surroundings, as I do not sense much encouragement to cultivate her intellectual forces. Still, she might do much more than she does ; she is quick and clever, always ready to help others, good-natured but self-willed and obstinate.

DELINEATION (CARNATION).

Question : Do you sense any change for me financially or otherwise in the near future ?

Answer : I sense a decided improvement in your conditions during the next year, money seems to come to you through a death during next summer, and after that your life goes forward very brightly.

DELINEATION (TEPE).

Question 1 : Do you see in the near future, any changes in my professional occupations that will free me from uncongenial conditions ?

Answer : I do not sense any change at present, but towards the end of 1909 there is a death which will make a great difference in your life ; after that you seem to be able to live your own life and are in every way much more independent.

Question 2 : Do you perceive any coming development in my psychic or occult powers ?

Answer : I sense a decided improvement during the last few months, and I sense a continuation of this.

[Many other delineations are unavoidably held over.—ED.]

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