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Volume III. JULY, 1902. Number 9.

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**STAR**



OF THE

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**MAGI**

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Published by News E. Wood, A. M., M. D., 617 La Salle Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Volume III.

CHICAGO, ILL., JULY 1, 1902.

Number 9.

(Translated from the French for the Star of the Magi.)

## MAGIC MIRRORS.

### Dr. Papus on the Occult Science of Magic Mirrors and Magnetism.

TRANSLATED BY DR. T. J. BETIERO.

The magic mirrors are the essential organs of condensation for the Astral Light. One may also employ carbon, the crystal, glass, and certain metals for this purpose, and, if made according to directions, will be found very useful.

Without occupying ourselves here with the diverse operations and rituals necessary for the consecration of magic mirrors, we shall here treat of their material construction and the effects produced by this class of occult paraphernalia.

The most simple of these magic mirrors is a crystal glass filled with pure water. The glass may be placed upon a white tablecloth with a light placed directly behind it.

With this simple arrangement very interesting results have been attained. It was thus that desiring to convince a skeptic one day I arranged a glass as above and placed a young girl before it, with my right hand upon her head. The child began at once to describe scenes occurring at a distance, which were later verified and found to be exactly correct.

We have even experimented by this process, as explained by Cagliostro; that is, to use ladies who are absolutely refractory to hypnotism; and we have also obtained positive results as curious as they were convincing.

In such cases it was necessary to make a rapid consecration of the mirror and to call upon the name of Anael as described in the ritual. The results were highly satisfactory.

Yet there exists another class of mirrors, used by the Arabian magicians, which are also easy to construct. It is only necessary to blacken with wax the fingernail of a child sufficiently nervous, make the prescribed evocation, and burn the proper perfumes of the day and hour, to obtain most satisfactory results.

One may also blacken more or less completely with charcoal a square of grained paper to obtain an excellent mirror, susceptible to impress subjects somewhat nervous.

Travelers through the Orient have described various kinds of magic mirrors in use there. We have personally made experiments with a mirror brought from

India. It is a large, round crystal, hung so as to reflect the light. Beneath this crystal ball is a small compartment intended to receive the object or subject concerning which knowledge is desired.

Experiments with ordinary hypnotic subjects have brought forth some very curious results with it.

We may make the general statement that all magic mirrors produce the unique effect of concentrating in one point a part of the Astral Light, and to bring the individualized life of any one into direct relation with the universal life, which is the conservator of all forms.

It is useless to imagine that all one requires is to gaze into a magic mirror as an after-dinner diversion to at once call forth forms. Operations in magic, even the most simple, require great tension of spirit, a calm resolution, and, above all, a profound sentiment or realization of the difficulties attached to the enterprise.

It is thus by progressive training that one acquires the necessary vision to divine by the magic mirror. Therefore we will give some advice to the operator.

Suppose, then, the experiment is made with the necessary meditative calm—here are the obstacles to overcome: When one looks fixedly for some moments at the center of the mirror a peculiar itching of the eyes is felt, and one is often forced to close the eyelids for at least a moment. Such action destroys the previous effects. The closing of the eyelashes is due to Impulsive Being and is purely a reflex. One must also train the will, so a sitting of about twenty minutes should be made each day. When the characteristic itching of the eyes is felt the will should be brought to bear in holding the eyes open. By practice, this can be readily attained.

When this first training of the eyes has been accomplished the mirror will take on a different color to that habitually seen. First, a reddish wave can be seen, then a bluish tint will appear. When these electrical waves appear it shows the forms are about to come.

One must, however, observe all the details of perfumes and consecrations. And to those desirous of knowing more on the subject we refer them to the work of Cahagnet, called "Magnetic Magic," which treats of magic mirrors and their construction. This article is especially intended for instruction in regard to development of the gaze.

One will find that the same rules used for strengthening the gaze in experiments of fascination will also

apply to those who are seeking to attain the art of crystal-gazing.

In the former case, the eye of the hypnotic or magnetic subject acts much as the magnetic mirror as it receives the fluidic emanations of the eye of the fascinator. The eye of the latter also exercises another function besides the emission of fluid—that is, the condensation of the fluid around about the magnetizer. Thus in experiments with the magic mirror the operator draws to himself from the astral light and projects the same upon the mirror. Therefore one should keep their mind calm and expectant, eliminating therefrom all unpleasantness and inharmony.

(Republished, by request, from a reprint from "Biederland.")

## A WEIRD AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

### Strange and Magical Experiences Related by a Pupil of Lord Lytton.

The writer of the following extraordinary fragment of autobiography has been known to me for many years. He is one of the most remarkable persons I ever met. . . . He wrote for me, while I was editing the *Pull Mall Gazette*, two marvelous articles on the Obeahism of West Africa, which I have incorporated with this article. The magician, who prefers to be known by his Hermetic name of Tautriadelta, . . . has certainly traveled in many lands and seen very strange scenes.

I cannot, of course, vouch personally for the authenticity of any of his stories or his experiences. He has always insisted that they are literally and exactly true. When he sent me this MSS., he wrote about it as follows:

"If you do chop it up, please do so by omitting incidents bodily. The evidence of an eye-witness deprived of its trivialities is divested of its *varisemblance*. If you leave them as I have written them, people will *know*, will feel, that they are true. Editing, I grant, may improve them as a literary work, but will entirely destroy their value as evidence, especially to people who know the places and persons."

I have, therefore, printed it as received, merely adding heads.

#### I.

##### EARLY HISTORY.

I was always, as a boy, fond of everything pertaining to mysticism, astrology, witchcraft, and what is commonly known as "occult science" generally, and I devoured with avidity every book or tale that I could get hold of having reference to these arts.

I remember, at the early age of fourteen, practicing mesmerism on several of my schoolfellows, particularly on my cousin, a year younger than myself. But on this boy (now a hard-headed solicitor) developing a decided talent for somnambulism, and nearly killing himself in one of his nocturnal rambles, my experiments in that direction were brought to an untimely close.

As a medical student, however, my interest in the effects of mind upon matter once more awoke, and my physiological studies and researches were accompanied by psychological experiments. I read "Zanoni" at this time with great zest but, I am afraid, with very little understanding, and longed excessively to know its author, little dreaming that I should one day be the pupil of the great magist, Bulwer Lytton—the one man in modern times for whom all the systems of an-

cient and modern magism and magic, white and black, held back no secrets.

#### II.

##### MY INTRODUCTION TO LORD LYTTON.

It was in the winter of the publication of the weird "Strange Story" (in which the Master attempted to teach the world many new and important truths under the veil of fiction) that I made the acquaintance at Paris of young Lytton, the son of (the then) Sir Edward. He was at that time, I suppose, about ten years my senior, and though passionately attached to his father, who was both father and mother to him, did not share my intense admiration and enthusiasm for his mystic studies and his profound lore.

Anyhow, in the spring following, he presented me to his father as an earnest student of occultism. I was then about twenty-two years of age, and I suppose Sir Edward was attracted to me partly by my irrepressible hero-worship, of which he was the object, and partly because he saw that I possessed a cool, logical brain, had iron nerve, and, above all, was genuinely, terribly in earnest.

##### CRYSTAL-GAZING.

I remember that the first time on which he condescended to teach me anything, he seated me before an egg-shaped crystal and asked me what I saw therein. For the first ten minutes I saw nothing and was somewhat discouraged, thinking that he would blame me for my inability, but presently, to my astonishment and delight, I very plainly descried moving figures of men and animals. I described the scenes as they came into view and the events that were transpiring, when, to my intense satisfaction—and, I am afraid, self-glorification—he said: "Why, you are a splendid fellow! You are just what I want."

He then asked me if I would really like to seriously study Magism under his guidance. His words on this point are as fresh in my memory as ever. He said, "Remember, my boy, it will be very hard work, fatiguing to body and brain. There is no royal road, nothing but years of study and privation. Before you can conquer 'the powers' you will have to achieve a complete victory over Self—in fact, become nothing more nor less than an incarnate intellect. Whatever knowledge you may gain, whatever powers you may acquire, can never be used for your advancement in the world, or for your personal advantage in any way. Even if you obtain the power of a king and the knowledge of a prophet, you may have to pass your life in obscurity and poverty—they will avail you nothing. Weigh well my words—three nights from this I will call you.

##### LORD LYTTON'S DOUBLE.

On the third evening I never left my rooms after dinner, but lit up my pipe and remained anxiously awaiting Sir Edward's arrival. Hour after hour passed, but no visitor, and I determined to sit up all night, if need be, feeling that he *would* come.

He *did*; but not in the way I expected. I happened to look up from the book which I was vainly attempt-

ing to read and my glance fell upon the empty arm-chair on the other side of the fireplace. Was I dreaming, or did I actually see a filmy form, scarcely more than a shadow, apparently seated there? I awaited developments and watched. Second by second the film grew more dense until it became something like Sir Edward. I knew then that it was all right, and sat still as the form got more and more distinct, until at last it was apparently the Master himself sitting opposite to me—alive and in proper person. I instantly rose to shake hands with him, but, as I got within touching distance, he vanished instantly. I knew then that it was only some variety of the Seinelæca that I had seen. It was my first experience of this, and I stood there in doubt what to do. Just then his voice whispered close to my ear, so close that I even felt his warm breath, "Come." I turned sharply round, but, of course, no one was there.

## INITIATION.

I instantly put on my hat and great coat to go to his hotel, but when I got to the corner of the first street, down which I should turn to get there, his voice said, "Straight on." Of course, I obeyed implicitly. In a few minutes more, "Cross over." So guided, I came to where he was. *Where* matters not, but it was certainly one of the last places in which I should have expected to find him.

I entered; he was standing in the middle of the sacred pentagon, which he had drawn upon the floor with red chalk, and holding in his extended right arm the baguette, which was pointed towards me. Standing thus, he asked me if I had duly considered the matter and had decided to enter upon the course. I replied that my mind was made up. He then and there administered to me the oaths of a neophyte of the Hermetic lodge of Alexandria—the oaths of obedience and secrecy. It is self-evident that any further account of my experiences with Lord Lytton, or in Hermetic circles, is impossible.

But in my travels in the far East, and in Africa and elsewhere, I have met with many curious incidents connected with the Magist's term, "black magic," and also manifestations of psychic force and occult science as practiced by other schools than that to which I belong, and I will recall a few of them for the benefit of the readers of *Borderland*.

## IV.

## IN ITALY—THE EVIL EYE.

When engaged in the Italian War of Independence in 1860, I visited a place called La Cava, a few miles from Salerno. While taking some food in a trattoria, I saw an excited crowd rush past the door, following an old peasant woman, who was evidently flying for her life from as ugly-looking a lot of ruffians—principally lazzaroni—as the whole kingdom of the Two Sicilies could produce.

I bolted out into the street and after the crowd, and being, after a few months' campaigning, in magnificent wind and condition, overtook the fellows. They were

shouting "Mal' occh'!" and "Mort'!" (the Neapolitans never, by any chance, finishing a word) by which they meant "The Evil Eye," and "Death to her!"

I congratulated myself on being again in luck, as I had heard a great deal in Southern Italy of the "mal' occhio," but had never been fortunate enough hitherto to come across one. So I easily outstripped the crowd, the old woman racing along like a greyhound. As I got within about ten or a dozen yards of her she caught her foot and fell. I then stopped, faced about to the gang of pursuers, and, drawing my revolver, halted the lot in an instant. Cowards to the backbone, none of them liked to be the six men who would infallibly "lose the number of their mess" from the rapid fire of that unerring barrel, and they did nothing but stand and jabber, while the old woman set up in the middle of the road, glaring at them. At last one of them, on the extreme flank, thinking that I did not see him, picked up a sharp stone and hurled it with all his force at the old woman. I turned sharply to see if it had hit her, meaning, in that case, to shoot the fellow, at all events, where he stood.

## PARALYZED BY A GLANCE.

The stone had missed its aim, and the old hag (for she looked like a veritable Mœnad just then) had sprung to her feet and was standing, pointing with a shaking forefinger at her assailant and staring straight in his face, her eyes verily seeming to shoot forth fire.

A yell of horror and rage broke from the crowd when the man fell to the ground as though smitten by lightning. Then a reaction set in and they all bolted back to La Cava at an even quicker rate than they came, shrieking out cries of dismay and terror, and leaving their comrade on the ground. I went up to him. He was not dead, as I at first thought, but he was helplessly, hopelessly paralyzed—it was a case of "right hemiplegia." I dragged him to the side of the road, out of the way of passing vehicles, and went up to the old woman.

I said, "Well, mother, you've punished that scoundrel properly!" She replied, "Ah! signor, I could have killed him if I had wanted, but I never take life *now*." I thought she was a cool old customer, but as I wanted some more information, I offered to see her in safety to her home. She seemed overpowered by gratitude and consented.

## IN THE WITCH'S CAVE.

In a short time we arrived at one of the numerous caves in the mountain side, where she said she lived. She added, "All the province know where Matta, the witch of La Cava, lives, but they dare not molest me here." I went in and sat down and talked with her. She told me that she lived by telling the fortunes of the country girls and selling them charms and philtres to win the affections of their lovers, and I shrewdly suspected that she dabbled a little in poisons, and that, when a jealous husband became too obnoxious, old Matta furnished the means of his removal.

I examined her medicaments and tested her fortune-telling powers, and found that the first were useless and the second did not exist. But her knowledge of

poisons was wide and profound, and her power of the "evil eye" was real.

#### THE GREEN OINTMENT.

At last I startled her. I said, "Show me the green ointment!" She did not go pale—her mahogany face could not accomplish that feat—but she trembled violently and, clasping her hands together in supplication, said, "No! Signor, no!" However, I soon made her produce it, in a little ancient gallipot about the size of a walnut. I asked her if she made it herself, or who supplied her with it. She acknowledged to its manufacture; and then I quietly told her what she made it from and how she prepared it. Of course, I simply knew all this from the books of "black magic" I had studied under Lytton. Hermetics have to know all the practices of "the forbidden art" to enable them to combat and overcome the devilish machinations of its professors. When she found that I knew more than she did, she was in a paroxysm of terror, and I really believe that she thought she was at last standing face to face with her master—Satan. I put the gallipot, carefully stopped, in my pocket and left her.

I need scarcely say that, in the experiments I subsequently made with it, I never tried it on a human being. But I found that all that was recorded of it was true—that the slightest smear of it on the fifth pair of nerves (above the eyes) gave a fatal power to the glance when so determined by the will, and on various occasions I have killed dogs, cats and other animals as by an electric shock in this manner.

## VI.

### AFRICA—THE RAIN-MAKERS.

My next experience relates to these much maligned individuals, the "rain-makers" in Africa. It is the custom for missionaries and people who have never seen them at work to ridicule the idea of their possessing the powers which they claim. But their power is a very real one, and the argument that they only commence operations when they can tell that rain is coming is absurd on the face of it.

The kings and savage chiefs of West and South Africa are skilled observers of the weather and know quite as much about it as the rain makers. And it must be remembered that they never send for these men until every chance is hopeless; and, further, that the lives of the rain-makers are also staked on their success. Failure means death—death on the spot—accompanied by torture of the most horrible kinds.

#### A RAIN-MAKING SCENE.

I was on a visit to one of the petty "kings" in what is to-day called the Hinterland of the Cameroons (now a gentleman settlement), and it was of great importance to me to keep the king in good humor, as his temper, never very good, was getting absolutely fiendish by reason of the long drought which had prevailed. There had been no rain for weeks, all the greener vegetables had perished, and even the mealies were beginning to droop for want of water and the cattle in

the king's kraal died by scores. Celebrated rain-makers had been sent for, but so far none had come.

One day, the hottest I ever saw in Africa or anywhere else, I was taking my noon-day siesta when the thunderous tones of the big war-drum filled the air. Like everyone else, I sprang to my feet and rushed to the king's kraal, wondering what new calamity was going to befall me. All the warriors assembled, fully armed, in the space of a few minutes, speculating what the summons boded—war, human sacrifices, or what? But their anxious looks were turned to joy and a deafening roar of jubilation went up when the king came out followed by two rain-makers, who had arrived a few minutes before.

The longest day that I live I shall never forget that spectacle. A ring of nearly three thousand naked and savage warriors, bedizened with all their finery of necklaces, bracelets, bangles and plumes of feathers, and armed with broad-bladed, cruel-looking spears and a variety of other weapons; the king seated, with his body-guard and executioners behind him; in the middle, two men, calm, cool and confident, and above all the awful sun, hanging like a globe of blazing copper in the cloudless sky, merciless and pitiless.

I can see those two men now, as if it were but yesterday—one an old man, a stunted but sturdy fellow with bow-legs; the other, about thirty, a magnificent specimen of humanity (if I remember rightly he was a Soosoo), six feet in height, straight as a dart, and with the torso of a Greek wrestler, but a most villainous face.

They began their incantations by walking round in a small circle, taking the exact distances they required.

This action was followed by singing some wild, barbaric chant, and ever and anon throwing up into the air a fine, light-colored powder, which they kept taking from pouches slung at their sides. This went on for about twenty minutes or more (the crowd all this time standing motionless and silent, like so many images carved in ebony) and was just beginning to grow insufferably tedious when the old man suddenly fell down in convulsions. I was within ten yards of him and watched him most carefully, and (speaking as a medical man), if ever I saw a genuine epileptic fit. I saw one then. As he rolled on the ground in horrible contortions, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog, his comrade took not the slightest notice of him, but stood like a stone statue, pointing, with his outstretched arm, to a point in the zenith slightly to the westward [from whence the rain later came], his glaring eyeballs being turned in the same direction. All eyes were turned to follow his gaze, but nothing was visible.

The rain-makers afterwards gave me an exhibition of their magical powers. I was set at the apex of a triangle and they stood at the two other angles.

Then the old man began reciting in a loud voice, the other occasionally joining him at regular rhythmic intervals. Presently, as I looked, I saw the old man gradually growing taller and taller until he was level with the six-foot Soosoo. Then they both began to slowly shoot upwards till their heads touched the roof of the hut, about nine feet. Still keeping on the

recitation, they decreased in height, minute by minute, till a couple of mannikins, not more than two feet in height stood before me. They looked very repulsive, but horribly grotesque. Then they gradually resumed their natural height, and, for the first and last time of my acquaintance with them, they both burst out into a genuine, hearty unsophisticated peal of laughter.

#### SUBE, THE OBEELYAH WOMAN.

I remember meeting, more than thirty years ago, an Obeelyah woman some hundreds of miles up the Cameroons river (Africa), who had her residence in one of the caverns at the feet of the Cameroons mountains. (In parenthesis, I may remark that I could not have existed there for one moment had I not been connected in some form or other with the slave trade. That by the way.) Judge for yourselves whether "She" [of Rider Haggard's occult romance] was not "evolved" from Sube, the well known Obeelyah woman of the Cameroons, or from one of a similar type. Sube stood close on six foot, and was supposed by the natives to be many hundred years old. Erect as a dart and with a stately walk, she *yet* looked to be two thousand years old. Her wrinkled, mummified, gorilla-like face, full of all iniquity, hate and uncleanness, moral and physical, might have existed since the Creation, while her superb form and full limbs might have been those of a woman of twenty-four. "Pride in her port and demon in her eye" were her chief characteristics, while her dress was very simple, consisting of a head-dress made of sharks' teeth, brass bosses and tails of some species of lynx. Across her bare bosom was a wide scarf or baldric, made of scarlet cloth, on which were fastened four rows of what appeared like large Roman pearls, of the size of a large walnut. These apparent pearls, however, were actually human intestines, bleached to a pearly whiteness, inflated, and constricted at short intervals so as to make a series of little bladders. On the top of her head appeared the head of a large spotted serpent—presumably some kind of a boa constrictor—the curled skin of which hung down her back nearly to the ground. Round her neck she wore a solid brass quoit of some four pounds weight, too small to pass over her head, but which had no perceptible joint or place of union. Heavy bangles on wrists and ankles reminded one somewhat of the Hindu women, but hers were heavier and were evidently formed from the thick brass rods used in "the coast trade," and hammered together *in situ*. Her skirt was simply a fringe of pendant tails of some animal—presumably the mountain lynx—intermingled with goats' tails.

#### HER MAGIC WAND-TUBE.

In her hand she carried what seemed to be the chief instrument of her power and what we in Europe would call a "magic wand." But this was no wand, it was simply a hollow tube about four inches long, closed at one end and appearing to be made of a highly glittering kind of ivory. Closer inspection, however, showed that it was some kind of reed, about an inch in diameter, and incrustated with human molar teeth, in a splendid state of preservation, and set with the crown out-

wards. When not borne in the right hand this instrument was carried in a side pouch or case, leaving the open end out.

Strange to say—this mystery I never could fathom—there was always a faint blue smoke proceeding from the mouth of this tube, like the smoke of a cigarette, though it was perfectly cold and apparently empty.

#### SOME OF HER WONDERS.

I shall never forget the day on which I asked her to give me a specimen of her powers. I quietly settled down to enjoy the performance without expecting to be astonished, but only amused. I *was* astonished, though, to find this six feet of humanity, weighing at least eleven stones, standing on my outstretched hand when I opened my eyes (previously closed by her command), and when I could not feel the slightest weight thereon.

I was still more astonished when, still standing on my outstretched palm, she told me to shut my eyes again and reopen them instantaneously. I did so and she was gone. But that was not all. While I looked round for her a stone fell near me and looking upwards I saw her calmly standing on the top of a cliff nearly five hundred feet in height. I naturally thought it was a "double," that is, another woman dressed like her, and said so to the by-standing natives, who shouted something in the Ephy language to her.

Without much ado, she waved—not jumped—over the side of the cliff, and, with a gentle motion, as though suspended by Mr. Baldwin's parachute, gradually dropped downwards until she alighted at my feet. My idea always was that this tube of hers was charged with some—to us—unknown fluid or gas, which controlled the forces of nature; she seemed to be powerless without it.

#### LIMITATIONS OF HER OCCULT POWER.

Further, not one of her "miracles" was, strictly speaking, non-natural. That is, she seemed able to control natural forces in most astounding ways, even to suspend and overcome them, as in the previous instance of the suspension of the laws of gravitation—but in no case could she *violate* them. For instance, although she could take an arm, lopped off by a blow of her cutlass, and holding it to the stump, pretend to mutter some gibberish while she carefully passed her reed round the place of union (in a second of time a complete union was effected without a trace of previous injury), yet, when I challenged her to make an arm sprout from the stump of our quartermaster, who had lost his left forearm in action some years before, she was unable to do so, and candidly declared her inability. She said, "It is dead; I have no power,"—and over nothing dead had she any power. After seeing her changing toads into ticpolongas (the most deadly serpent on the coast) I told her to change a stone into a trade dollar. But no, the answer was the same. "It was dead."

Her power over life was striking, instantaneous, terrible; the incident in "She" of the three blanched finger-marks on the hair of the girl who loved Callikrates, and the manner of her death, would have been

child's play to *Sube*. When she pointed her little reed at a powerful warrior in my presence—a man of vast thews and sinews—with a bitter, hissing curse, he simply faded away. The muscles began to shrink visibly; within three minutes space he was actually an almost fleshless skeleton. Again, in her towering rage against a woman, the same action followed.

### NINE—THE NUMBER OF INITIATION.

[Hazelrigg's *Astrological Herald*.]

To my mind the number Nine superabounds with interest. This is the Number of Initiation, the sacred number of Deity, and the key to occult mathematics. All sacred cycles are theosophically reducible to this this number. Thus, the life wave upon our planet is 2,592,000 years, the period required for a complete revolution in the heavens of the earth's poles, the digital value of which is  $18=9$ . This constitutes what is termed a polar day, the six of which, as mentioned in Genesis, having reference (according to the author of "Light of Egypt") to a complete circuit from the time of leaving the earth to its reappearance, making in years  $15,552,000=18=9$ . No wonder the Lord rested on the seventh day!

The grand climacteric, or the Sun's equatorial passage through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, as comprehended in the precession of the equinoxes, is one of 25,920 years, or  $2+5+9+2+0=18=9$ ; while his passage through any one of the signs is one-twelfth that, or 2,160 years=9. In my article on "Astrology and Medicine" in the March number, mention was made of the last sub cycle as ending in 1881 ( $=18=9$ ), and the beginning of which cycle was B. C. 279= $18=9$ ; likewise, the spiritual half of that cycle was completed A. D. 801= $9$ . It will thus be observed that in Mother Shipton's prophecy—

"The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one"—

was embodied a grand spiritual truth, and the fact that the wise old lady was profoundly conversant with some of the basic principles of occult law.

The scientific coxcombery that has heretofore been prone to view her oracular utterances as the mouthings of a crotchety charlatan, had now better begin a diligent inquiry into the real science from which they sprang, for herein was shown the end of the materialistic reign and the beginning of a new and a sublimer regime.

Notice may also be taken of Nine as representing certain years in the life span, called climacterical, eminent for radical changes in the economy. Its occult significance is to be found indicated by Ezekiel in the nine stones typical of the nine orders of blessed angels, the peripheral potencies of the grand circle of manifestation; and the digit value of every circle ( $360^\circ$ ) is 9, as found indicated above in the reference to the life waves and the Sun's sub-cycles.

As with celestial mathematics so with the geometry of man, as comprehended in his Cycle of Necessity, for it is written—

"That no man might buy or sell, save he that had

the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name. Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six."—Rev., xiii. 17, 18.

$666=18=9!$

### ASTROLOGICAL VERIFICATIONS.

Starting from peace overtures, first made by the Boers on March 12 last, a treaty of peace was signed by authorized British and Boer representatives on the evening of May 31. The Transvaal and Orange River Colony are now an acknowledged part of the British possessions in South Africa. The outcome is in complete accord with the astrological predictions made in the STAR. Kruger's extortionate oligarchy is no more.

*Hazelrigg's Astrological Herald* for June predicted that "the Sun in opposition to Uranus on the 10th will cause a building disaster, as well as official embarrassments, in the vicinity of 92° W. Long." At Chicago, 88° W. Long., on June 9th, a big building burned and ten imprisoned inmates met death. A defective city ordinance was partly responsible for the disaster.

### MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

[First published in 1848.]

Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe.  
Around the world our thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.  
Water shall yet more wonders do;  
'Tis now strange, yet shall be true.  
This world of ours upside shall be;  
And gold be found at root of tree.  
Through rocky hills the men shall ride,  
No horse nor ass be at his side.  
Under the water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall also talk.  
In sky and air man shall be seen;  
In white, in black, also in green.  
Iron in the water shall float  
As easy as a wooden boat.  
Gold shall be found, and thus be found  
In land that's not yet known as ground.  
Fire and water shall wonders do;  
England at last admit a Jew.  
The world unto an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

### THE PLANETS FOR JULY, 1902.

MERCURY.—July 1st, 1902, in Capricornus; 2d, enters Aquarius; 11th, enters Pisces; 18th, enters Aries; 24th, enters Taurus; 29th, enters Gemini. Moves about four degrees a day.

VENUS.—1st, in degree 4 of Aries; 18th, enters Taurus; 31st, in degree 22 of same. Moves about two degrees a day.

EARTH.—1st, in degree 9 of Capricornus; 23d, enters Aquarius. Moves about one degree a day.

MARS.—1st, in degree 3 of Gemini; 31st, in degree 19 of same. Has a motion of about half a degree a day.

JUPITER.—In degrees 10 to 12 of Aquarius during July.

SATURN.—In degrees 25 and 26 of Capricornus during July.

URANUS.—In degree 29 of Sagittarius during the month.

NEPTUNE.—In degree 2 of Cancer during the month.

MOON.—As a rule the Moon is heliocentrically the same as the Earth, and geocentrically as shown by any almanac.

Use a Pappus Planetarium in keeping track of the planets.



### OBJECTIONS TO THE ASTRAL NUMBER.

Last July and August I gave an exposition of the opening steps of a retrospective analysis of a person's Astral Number, but the editor of *Coming Events* was not satisfied with this although I accomplished all I had proposed. He failed to see that the Number was possessed of any "occult significance" and could not understand why I insisted in "dragging in the planets" in connection with their astral numbers. He called for further light on the number to supposedly settle these points in spite of my inability to reproduce the Astral Number books in the columns of the STAR and called for an investigation. He made a frank avowal of his non-acquaintance with Heliocentric Astrology; he "supposed" cases wherein he thought the Number might fail; he attempted to show that the Century Ordinate work of the Number's analysis was nothing more than a case of subtraction; he brought in the attack of another on heliocentric astronomy (wherein it was really claimed that a heliocentric zodiac did not exist), and summed up our exposition as follows:

"What he has shewn is this—that if the 'final digit' of the quotient of the year of birth of the century, either by itself or mingled in the complex Astral Number, be applied to the remainder after division by 9, a certain number is formed from which the year of birth can again be obtained."

Read this paragraph over again—not once, merely, but several times—and you will see that it proves the "occult significance" of the work of analysis of the Astral Number. If the work of analysis is occult, as I claim the above quoted paragraph self-evidently shows, is it not evidence that the Number is "occult" as well? Mr. Hugh makes light of our method of employing the Century Ordinate, as it is simply a question of subtracting 1668348, before dividing by 9, etc. There can be nothing occult about this, he thinks. Indeed! I picture to myself some mystic mathematician trying it in the year 6452 with no true result and then, having found that Mr. Hugh obtained his number of 1668348 from the Ordinate of the nineteenth century and the use we have made of it, carefully setting himself to find, not a number to be subtracted but one to be added, namely the particular and individual Ordinate of his own century. *To stand an egg on its end it is not enough to know how—you must first have the egg.*

Perhaps, as there is nothing occult, according to Mr. Hugh, about our work thus far with the Astral Number, he will be able and kind enough to furnish us with the necessary method of finding the months of birth of A, B, C, and all others born in the last century, from their "Mean Astral Power Before Birth," at which point our analysis ended. Let him show us, by the known laws of mathematics of the schools—how I could have performed my delineation of A and B (C's number being incorrectly cast) in this respect *without* the use of the Time Book. He ought to be able to do this without fail if the Number is devoid of any occult property or method or significance. Not to slight any skeptic or opponent or mathematician, I extend the invitation to all concerned. *Here is something Occult, gentlemen, solve it by your mathematics if you can.*

I am accused by Mr. Hugh of "dragging in the names of the planets." If he means that I insist on using a set of numbers as mathematical equivalents of the several "astral powers" of the seven planets then he is correct, but his language is quite crude, for the word "dragging," Webster tells us, means "to draw or pull along by main force, slowly or laboriously, on the ground." While the word is not appropriate it is an index to the spirit with which our exposition was judged by Mr. Hugh in his criticism. It is in this same undignified spirit that he says:

"Let us age him [A] a few years and *kill* off his mother or *resurrect* his father, or *paint* his complexion, and then subtract the new working number from this new Astral Number. The result is still 1668348. Consequently the first process in separating the parts is to subtract 1668348."

We had already said that we did not "separate the parts" in analyzing a person's Astral Number, but he here reiterates that we do. To join several numbers together forming a number of eight visible digits from which 1668348 subtracted leaves a number of seven visible digits would be a queer way to separate the first number into its original parts! Yet Mr. Hugh persists in saying that I perform this mathematical miracle, and then, curiously enough, gravely tells us that there is nothing "occult" about it.

Again I repeat that I can find the constituent parts of a person's Astral Number, but not until I have determined the age, sex, complexion and life conditions. But Mr. Hugh insists on misrepresenting the method of the Number's analysis. Very well; perform this unoccult miracle for us, Mr. Hugh.

He further says, "the mysterious book [the Time-Book] gives the Y-Roots for 150 years!" Does it, indeed! The "mysterious" Book of Time gives the heliocentric positions of the planets on the first day of January for 153 years—1800-1952; it gives the Y-Root of 1800 up to '89, when the year and page coincide for the balance of the book, the rules of the Astral Number applying up to the year 1900, when a new Time-Book is required. The last 53 horoscopes are not used in connection with the Number.

Mr. Hugh, explaining why he regards the geocentric system of astrology as being "immeasurably superior" to the heliocentric system, says: "Candidly, I have never studied the heliocentric system," . . . "besides, I was born on the Earth and not on the Sun." This last remark is one commonly made by many astrologers who have "never studied the heliocentric system" of astrology. There is some excuse for this in that heliocentric astrology is deficient at present of a single reliable and thorough text-book on the subject. The books of any account are invariably hand-made.

"I was born on the Earth and not on the Sun," means, plainly (by inference), two things: That the geocentric system applies entirely to the Earth and to the entire Earth, for if it does not apply to the whole Earth it is but a part of true Astrology. Second, that a Sun-centered system of astrology cannot apply to the Earth or any part of it. I shall combat this idea in the August STAR. WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

## STAR OF THE MAGI

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### EDITORIAL SECTION.

THE ignorant err; the wise forgive.

MAN is the wonder of nature.—Plato.

MAN is the epitome of the world.—Pliny.

MAN is the measure of all things.—Pro-  
tagoras.

THAT which is everlasting is both good  
and true.

DUTY and inclination seldom follow the  
same path.

TRUTH is always mighty enough to hurt  
somebody a little.

CARE, admitted as a guest, quickly turns  
to be master.—Hovee.

Two things are sublime, the human con-  
science and the stars.—Kant.

HE that is not open to conviction is not  
qualified for discussion.—Whately.

DIDST thou never hear that things ill  
got had ever bad success?—Shakespeare.

FALSEHOODS not only disagree with the  
truth but usually quarrel among them-  
selves.—Daniel Webster.

THE wealth of a man is the number of  
things which he loves and blesses which  
he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

THE first virtue is to restrain the tongue.  
He approaches nearest to the gods who  
knows how to be silent, even though he is  
in the right.—Cato.

THE way of a superior man is threefold—  
virtuous, he is free from anxieties; wise,  
he is free from perplexities; bold, he is  
free from fear.—Confucius.

BECAUSE fish always live in water is no  
reason why water should always contain  
fish. The moral of this is not to fish in a  
well for health, wealth or happiness.

DUTY is a power that rises with us in  
the morning and goes to rest with us at  
night. It is coextensive with the action  
of our intelligence. It is the shadow that  
cleaves to us, go where we will.—Gladstone.

A DISPATCH from Mexico City says that Leopoldo Batres, conservator of national monuments, has returned from his explorations among the ruins of the Zapotecan cities in the State of Oaxaca. Among other discoveries he found the ruins of an ancient city on Monte Alban, which shows unmistakable indications of having been submerged perhaps 3,000 years ago, for traces of extinct marine life were discovered. Among the ruins is an obelisk, similar to those of Egypt, which was found placed at the entrance to a tomb exactly as was the custom in Egypt. Mr. Batres will make a detailed report of this remarkable prehistoric city to his government.

### A MONIST'S ORATION ON FATE.

In an attempted reply to our remarks on fate and freedom in the May issue of the STAR, Brother White says, among other assertions, that "When a man does wrong the combination is such that he must do as he does." Many thanks, friend White, for thus letting the cat out of the Monist bag. This is, then, the meat of the doctrine of materialistic fatalism: There is no such thing as responsibility or duty or wrong-doing according to this. We fancy the reply a convicted murderer, who holds to such a fallacy, might make to the judge when asked why sentence should not be pronounced against him:

"You have no right to hang me for killing this woman. I said I would if she did not leave her husband and children to run away with me. I did so. I had a right to do so for every man 'must do as he does.' No man can do what you call wrong when he only does what he must do. As I had to kill her—the fact of my doing so proves that—I cannot be held responsible for committing a crime! It was not my duty to avoid killing her, for there can be no such thing as duty to an absolute slave of fate such as I am. Her scorn made me angry and I killed her. The Great Dynamis made me so I would get angry very easy. I had to get angry, I had to kill her, and you should not punish me for doing what you call 'wilful murder,' for I had no free will in the matter—only the will of the Great Dynamis—the will to kill! It was her fate to be killed, and I, as an automatic instrument of the Great Dynamis, as a mere machine of inexorable destiny, as a blind and senseless puppet of Fate, should not be held accountable for breaking any law of right or duty or responsibility or justice or morality or goodness—these are nothing but vain, unscientific and empty words, fit only to frighten old women and children with and pay you your salary, Mr. Judge.

"As all such things are but rot, senseless, and only worthy of the deep and lasting contempt of a true philosopher, logician and Monist, like myself, there is no such thing as vice or evil or wrong or dishonesty or crime or murder. They're all rot! As there is no such thing as murder I did not murder her, and you cannot truly execute me for a crime I did not commit!

"The nearest approach, sir, to a real

crime that I have ever experienced, was when you ruled out my sole and only defense in this trial—when you refused to admit the Adept and its invincible, logical, scientific and philosophical doctrines and expositions of the Great Dynamis and Monism. Had this defense been permitted, Mr. Judge, this scowling jury—and I never saw twelve such adlepatates before—would have had to pass upon the truth or falsity of Monism, and the friends who have so kindly appeared at this legal comedy, this farce of justice—Mr. White, the famous astrological agnostic and agnostical editor of the Monistic Adept; Mr. John Maddock, his associate editor and copper-tongued fatalist, Dr. What's-his-name, who hates vaccination worse than he does the small-pox—these peerless champions of reform, these intellectual giants of the great state of Minnesota, would have first confounded and then converted this jury, thick-headed though they be, to the doctrines of Monism and they would have been obliged to acquit me for they would have realized that while I killed this woman—in a fit of anger suddenly roused by the Great Dynamis—I did so because I had to, and that, therefore, I am innocent of this so-called crime, this mistaken and fallacious murder, as ignorantly and basely set forth in the indictment of a stupid and ungentlemanly grand jury.

"Sir, if there be any murder done, it will not be at my innocent hands, although they were the fateful cause of an abrupt close to a young and tender life. Not to these hands will the future accord murder, if it so be that murder be unlogically accorded but to this honorable and bigoted court; a court that forbids logic, science and the Great Dynamis from testifying within its walls to save the life of an innocent man; a court which permits its prosecuting attorney to insulting refer to Monism—the intellectual fruit of centuries of unbelief—as 'the bug-house foolosophy of the nineteenth century,' and who, in spite of the efforts of the counsel you forced upon me,—a counsel who insisted that I was 'bug-house' and not responsible—proved to the satisfaction of the jury that I am a man above the average in brain-power, that I have no trouble in controlling my temper if I want to—which is generally the case when the other fellow is larger, stronger or quicker than I am.

"He proved—and I thank him for it—that I am entirely sane, but I deny that I was therefore responsible at the killing; and for his denunciation of Monism and its doctrine of Fatalism I have nothing but contempt: That Monism is the excuse of the wife-beater, the cloak of the drunkard who steals the pennies of his children to buy whiskey with, the refuge of the social degenerate, the blackmailer and the gambler; that it eases and sears the conscience of the thief and murderer—in short, that it is that philosophy which serves as a cloak for every infamy and a scapegoat for every crime—against all this I protest in the name of an outraged reason, intelligence and every law of logic. Those you call drunkards, robbers and murderers are

not at all to blame for doing the things they do, for if they do do what you call unlawful things it is because a cause compels them to do as they do. This cause is the Great Dynamis, the deity of Monism, besides which there is no other god. The thief, the liar, the wife-beater, the dead-beat, the drunkard, the bully, the gambler, the blackleg and the murderer are not the wretches that you conceive them to be—they are as good as you are for they have no moral free will of their own. The only things they do are the things that they must do—the only will that they obey and which they must obey—causing and compelling them to burn, rob, destroy and kill—is the will of Fate—the god of the Monist—of the Great Dynamis!

"Sir, among other things, the insulting prosecuting attorney has called me a modern devil-worshiper, he has held me up as an apologist for every evil and the champion of every criminal; he has painted me as the practical apostle of the materialistic gospel of darkness, death, degradation and despair; he has held me up as the bitter foe and aggressive opponent of life and its responsibilities and duties, of its light and laughter, hope and joy; as one who would supplant a statue of love and maternity with an idol of lust and ruin. He said I was the stony heart of anarchy, the hidden dagger of the assassin, and the festering flower of midnight debauchery. Sir, from his standpoint—that man can choose and be either upright or evil—that he is FREE to will and have what you imagine to be a clear conscience and a blameless life—he is right, and I am proud of his withering titles; but, sir, he is mistaken; you are mistaken. The gods have vanished, and with them have vanished their loves, and joys, and hopes of a hereafter. Your past justice was founded on superstitions you no longer believe in; you present justice is based on the individual and on self; you future justice—Ah! when that time comes there will be no justice! Like all other superstitions, Justice, so-called, will fly the earth. Monism will be over all—the worm of Death will devour all underneath—the earth will not be for the good but for the strong. When that day—the Era of Fate, Materialism, Anarchy—the Era of Monism—arrives, you will be forgotten and I will be remembered as one of its martyrs; the last remnant of superstition—the Occultist—will be exterminated, and the rule of life will be, 'Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die!' Sir, for this end I am grateful to die—conclude your farce—pronounce your sentence against me."

#### The Prophetic Parson.

Once upon a time, says the *Kansas City Star*, a bad boy threw stones at a country preacher. The preacher predicted that the lad would grow up and turn out a convict. The minister afterwards abandoned the pulpit to take up the life insurance business, and finally landed in the penitentiary. The former bad boy became Governor of the State, and, remembering the preacher's prophecy, he pardoned him.

#### THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim,  
The unwearied Sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

#### THE SOUL AND IMMORTALITY.

With the new and wonderful X-ray in its hand, science is said to have taken another stride toward the eminence from which it can look upon a world of spirit and perceive the wonders of the other existence which are believed to await us on the other side of the valley of the shadow.

According to Dr. Heber Roberts, who has made the study of the new and wonderful ray a specialty, a discovery has been made which unfolds a world of promise in establishing conclusively not only that man has a soul, but that it is fitted to the enjoyment of things which to the senses of flesh and bone and sinew are imperceptible. In other words, science seems to be on the threshold of the entrance to the mysteries of another existence of which man has hitherto dreamed, doubted, scorned, hoped or believed blindly, because he believed.

The discovery which promises so much, he says, is that the retina and optic nerve are not necessary to the sensation of sight. In other words, the mind, the consciousness, the soul, may see and have no eyes, no optic nerve. By seeing is meant that one may be conscious of the same sensation which would have been produced had the retina and optic nerve been in place to convey the impression to the brain. This fact was demonstrated by learned scientists while experimenting with the X-ray on the blind. Dr. Roberts says that the experiments have conclusively demonstrated that by means of the Roentgen ray there are other avenues of transmitting light to the organs of light sensations in the brain than the retina and optic nerve. Quoting from authority he says that the evidence has come in a way that clearly points out the fact that every pore in the human cranium is a window from which the soul may look out upon the common world and common things, and, by changing its focus just a little, behold the transcendent beauties of a more ethereal existence. In reference to the discovery Dr. Roberts says:

"By means of the X-ray the soul can look through the human body or other opaque substances. Such is the belief of churches, taught for hundreds of years, that the spirit, freed from the grosser senses of mind and body, soared master of the realm of thought and fancy, and passed through solids as if they were not there, or glanced through substances as if they were but ether.

"Now on top of this comes the astounding fact that the retina and optic nerve are not necessary for the transmission of the sensation of light to the brain.

"Following up this lead the room for speculation is unlimited. If light may be perceived by people who have neither eyes nor optic nerves, why not other things than light? Why not the material things of life? Does the discovery not show that the life, the inner consciousness, may perceive all things when unfettered from the body; that it may perceive them in a more ethereal aspect, as it now looks through the body with the X-ray, and as it now perceives the glories of light without the eye to transmit it to the seat of sensation? Is it not a wonderful discovery? Its possibilities are vast. Possibly it will soon be demonstrated that the inner consciousness, or spirit, may look out upon a new world, which is now obscure because of the want of proper conditions. It may soon establish that there are relations between the outer and inner being and show the relation which exists between spirit and matter, and show that the now known material universe has its counterpart in the invisible.

"I have said that if the sensation of sight can be transmitted to the brain without the retina and optic nerve, then why not other sensations? It seems possible that science is on the eve of demonstrating that the inner being may have no eyes, no optic nerve, and still see; that it may have no ears, or auditory canal and nerves, and hear; that it may have no material sense of smell, and yet vibrate with delight in the odor of roses; that it may have no mouth, or organs of taste, and still be able to receive that sensation; that it may have no hands or body honey-combed with nerves to transmit the sense of touch to the brain, and yet be sensible of touch.

"Soon after the X-ray was discovered, Mr. William Reedy made the assertion that possibly the new ray might prove to be the stepping-stone to the solution of the very mystery of being itself. It has."

We not only possess a soul, but that soul is immortal as well, as our memory indicates, as it survives, without effort, the constant change of brain-tissue without a corresponding change itself. A late investigator observes that a German biologist has calculated that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die and are succeeded by new ones every day, and that in this way we get an entirely new brain every sixty days.

A large proportion of every person's stored-up knowledge lies dormant most of

the time. If there were no entity or immaterial memory back of the substance of the brain we would have to remember and turn over our entire stock of dormant facts and sensations once every sixty days in order that the new cells that were replacing those that were dying should acquire the memory store.

If memory were dependent upon the material cells of the brain, a fact we knew over sixty days ago would have passed out of our memory forever unless it had been recalled within that time.

But many persons can recall the events of childhood, in an emergency, of which they had not thought for many years.

The persistency of memory is a constant miracle. We shall probably never be able to explain it, but it is one of the strongest grounds of hope that—

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portals we call death.

#### SCIENCE AND REINCARNATION.

In a late issue of the Chicago Sunday *Record-Herald* the following defense of reincarnation from a scientific standpoint was made by Kate C. Havens, one of the most vigorous and convincing writers of the day. We give her article in full:

The step taken by Columbus Bradford, a former minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, in accepting the theory of reincarnation as an explanation of some of life's mysteries and in declaring that this theory is "scriptural," will cause some of his colleagues to abuse him, and doubtless may cause some others to stop and think.

A discussion of some of the ideas involved in this theory may interest the more serious portion of the readers of the *Record-Herald*. Now that science has accepted the theory of physical evolution, it is merely a matter of time when it will accept the theory of psychical evolution.

Every logical evolutionist who believes in the immortality of the soul will eventually face problems that only the theory of reincarnation can solve.

Evolution implies reincarnation. Evolution is the theory of the gradual progression of forms—that higher, more complex forms are evolved from the lower, simpler forms.

Reincarnation is the theory of the gradual progression of life. If there is an evolution of form there must be a corresponding evolution of life.

In his "Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life," Lafcadio Hearn says: "With the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution old forms of thought crumbled, new ideas everywhere arose to take the place of worn-out dogmas, and we now have the spectacle of a general intellectual movement in directions strangely parallel with oriental philosophy.

"The unprecedented rapidity and multifariousness of scientific progress during the last fifty years could not have failed to provoke an equally unprecedented intel-

lectual quickening among the non-scientific.

"That the highest and most complex organisms have been developed from the lowest and simplest; that a single physical basis of life is the substance of the whole living world; that no line of separation can be drawn between the animal and vegetable; that the difference between life and non-life is only a difference of degree, not of kind; that matter is not less incomprehensible than mind, while both are but varying manifestations of one and the same unknown reality—these have already become the commonplaces of the new philosophy.

"After the first recognition, even by theology, of physical evolution, it was easy to predict that the recognition of psychical evolution (*i. e.*, reincarnation) could not be indefinitely delayed, for the barrier erected by old dogma to keep men from looking backward had been broken down. And to-day for the student of scientific psychology the idea of pre-existence passes out of the realm of theory into the realm of fact."

The late Professor Huxley wrote of the theory of reincarnation:

"None but hasty thinkers will reject it on the ground of inherent absurdity. Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration (reincarnation) has its roots in the world of reality, and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supplying."

This theory, as explained by the teachings of theosophy, implies a gradual differentiation from a condition of homogeneity to that of heterogeneity—the word "heterogeneity" implying life centers showing forth more or less individuality.

Strictly speaking, the word "reincarnation" applies to the evolutionary life processes only after the human stage has been reached. This theory is hoary with age. From time immemorial the Hindu sages have taught that variations in manifestation were caused by the latent potentialities trying to become active powers:

"These internal efforts being modified by external environment. These ideas are 'new' only in the sense of being so old that they have been forgotten.

"Any theory which shows such perennial life must have in it some element of truth and be worthy our serious consideration. Hume says this [reincarnation] is 'the only theory of immortality that philosophy can hearken to.'"

If the soul is immortal then it must be ingenerable. And to accept the idea of immortality and reject the idea of pre-existence is about as logical as to declare that a stick has but one end. Again, this theory cannot be dismissed with the sneer, "It is only an old heathen idea!"

It is no more "heathen" than it is "Christian." True, it does not belong in the teachings of modern churchianity, but it did belong to the teachings of early Christianity.

Even a superficial knowledge of the early church history will show this. The

Inostics, the earliest Christian philosophers, such as the Basilideans, the Valentinians, the Simonians, the Marcionites, etc., held the doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul. Clement of Alexandria and Origen show the influence of this doctrine, and Origen's teachings were not placed under the ban of heresy until the sixth century.

Then the council of Constantinople issued the following:

"Whoever shall support the mythical presentation of the pre-existence of the soul and the consequently wonderful opinion of its return, let him be anathema."

Thus the Christian doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul received its death blow in the western world.

St. Jerome says that the doctrine of rebirth was an esoteric doctrine with the early Christians. Macrobius says there was the idea of two doors, called the "door of man" and the "door of the gods."

The former was reached by the process we now call that of involution, or the descent (or "fall") of man; the latter was reached by the process we now call evolution, or the ascent of man.

If we reject the theory of "special creation," then there is nothing left us but evolution, implying its companion theory, reincarnation.

Of the theory of "special creation" Herbert Spencer says:

"It is worthless. Worthless as absolutely without evidence. Worthless in its intrinsic incoherence; worthless as not supplying an intellectual need; worthless as not satisfying a moral want. We must therefore consider it as counting for nothing in opposition to any other theory respecting the origin of organic beings."

#### MYSTERY OF LOST SOUNDS.

An English scientist, noticing the mysterious way in which sounds sometimes are lost in space, recently undertook an interesting experiment in a balloon. He found that while still within talking distance of earth all sound of the human voice was quenched in the mere indistinguishable hum of the human hive. Equally lost was the striking of clocks and ringing of bells, but a dog's bark rang out clearly. So, also, the bellow of a cow far out in some field would penetrate above the babel of a busy town, while the screeching of railway whistles pierced the sky up to three miles and, gathered in from vast areas, often reached an intensity positively painful.

The strangest of all acoustic phenomena is the unaccountable silence which sometimes ensues when sound is to be expected. In many cases it has been proved that, speaking literally, the lost sounds issuing from a point on a seacoast were not extinguished, for they were heard distinctly farther out at sea. Heavy salutes unheard by people within twenty or thirty miles have been plainly audible at a much greater distance, and this apparently not in a direction favored by the wind. The scientist who conducted the balloon experiment offers the theory that conditions of

the aerial currents rather than the direction of the wind are responsible for these phenomena.

Through a certain upper stratum, measured by many hundred feet, he found streamlets of wind—wild, strong and biting, and dead opposed to the main broad current. The copious commingling of dry, colder air with the warmer and moister wind, the scientist maintains, was necessarily an opaque sound barrier, and when allowance is made for casual but powerful updraughts there would seem to be no difficulty in accounting for fickleness in the travel of sound.

#### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A SQUARE foot of honeycomb contains 9,000 cells.

AN inch of rainfall represents 100 tons of water to an acre.

OF 1,000,000 persons born, 511,745 are males and 488,255 are females.

NO fewer than 1,760 ancient manuscript copies of the New Testament exist.

WASPS rank next to the higher classes of ants in point of insect intelligence.

THE blackbird and the cuckoo are the only known birds that never build nests.

THE hottest desert in the world is the Cocapah, right here in the United States.

MANY people do not know the derivation of the word "fad." F. A. D. means for a day.

ALL rivers of Africa have a marked peculiarity. They seek the ocean furthest from their source.

THE shipworm, which bores holes in ships, is not a worm but a mollusk. It has two tails but no head.

DEW falls on a yellow surface more readily than on green. On red and black it will not usually form.

TO be perfectly proportioned a man should weigh twenty-eight pounds for every foot of his height.

THE largest apes have only sixteen ounces of brain, while the lowest type of man has thirty-nine ounces.

NO receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing water. Twenty-pound steel shells have been burst asunder as if made of pottery.

IN a perfectly formed female figure twice round the thumb should be once round the wrist; twice round the wrist should be once round the upper arm; twice this is once round the neck; one and a half times the circumference of the neck equals that of the waist.

PERHAPS the oddest piece of china now made is known as "the astrological fortune telling tea cup." The inside of the cup shows a complete division of the year, the twelve months, four seasons, weeks and days, around a central sun at the bottom. Near the top of the cup are twelve modern symbols which relate to the twelve ancient signs of the zodiac, upon the outside of this after-tea toy.

THE Flor de Volcan is a curious blossom, if a knarled piece of wood may be called a blossom, that is found only on trees that grow at the foot of a volcano. The blossoms form at the tip of the branch and there are no leaves or bark on the tree. This curiosity comes from Guatamala.

THE elaborate patchwork quilts, so dear to our grandmothers and still occasionally exhibited at country fairs, have been eclipsed as monuments of untiring energy and ingenuity. There is at Redess, a village of England, a model of Lincoln cathedral built of 1,000,000 old corks. It was made by a plowman, who worked over ten years and a half to complete it.

#### HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

Patient—"What would you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?"

Doctor—"Good Lord, man, that's just what I am trying to save you from."

#### An Effectual Remedy.

A sad looking man went into a drug store and asked the druggist if he could give him something to drive from his mind thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections. The druggist nodded, and put him up a mixture of quinine and wormwood and rhubarb and epsom salts, with a dash of castor oil, and gave it to the man, who for six months afterwards could not think of anything except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

#### Dowie and the Smallpox.

Dowie should put his faith in training for a few months so that it will be able to handle smallpox as neatly and effectively as it now—according to Dowie—takes hold of cancer, tuberculosis and broken limbs. This one limitation is quite a handicap to a thrifty prophet at times. If he hangs out a sign reading, "Corns, warts, baldness, measles, rheumatism, softening of the brain, and all mental and physical diseases, except smallpox, cured while you wait," an epidemic of smallpox may come along and Dowie may lose several golden dollars, or he might catch it himself.

#### The Reading Cure.

Reading aloud is recommended by physicians as a benefit to persons affected with any chest complaint. The recommendation is made because in all cases of lung trouble it is important for the sufferer to indulge in an exercise by which the chest is in part filled by and emptied of air, for the exercise is strengthening to the throat, lungs and muscles of the chest. Reading aloud can be practiced by all and besides being a curative act can be made a pleasure and profit to both the reader and his hearers. In this treatment it is recommended that the reading be deliberate, without being allowed to drag, that the enunciation be clear, that the body be held in an easy, unstrained, upright position, so that the chest will have free play, and that the breathing be natural and as deep as possible without undue effort.

#### That Terrible Disease, the Divers.

Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, recently told of a colored clergyman who preached a sermon on the text: "And the multitudes came to him, and he healed them of divers diseases." Said he: "My dying congregation, this is a terrible text. Disease is in the world. The smallpox slays its hundreds, the cholera its thousands and the yellow fever its tens of thousands, but in the language of the text, if you take the 'divers' you are gone. These earthly doctors can cure smallpox, cholera and yellow fever if they get there in time, but only the good Lord can cure the divers."

#### Vaccination Prevents Smallpox.

While England has her conscience clause to the vaccination law, rendering it practically inoperative for a large part of her people, and while America permits its cranks and antis the control of public health laws, we have been able as a government to act more wisely for Porto Rico. For the ten years prior to American occupation of the island the deaths from smallpox averaged 621 a year. Today, in a population of 960,000, the annual death rate from the disease does not exceed two. Smallpox is practically non-existent. The result is due to the carrying out of an order for universal vaccination by Governor Henry in 1899, when we took possession of the island. The fact is of no significance to the antis, but the intelligent American citizen should ask why our own good people are not as worthy as the Porto Ricans of protection against the disease. At least, every citizen should constitute himself a committee of one to see that his family is thus protected.

#### For a Delicate Wife.

The following remedies have been suggested for a delicate wife: For a slight headache give her a dozen pairs of gloves; if it grows worse, a new gown. In extreme cases a new hat has been known to produce instant relief. For nervous debility, a new horse and carriage; for dullness, a theater ticket; extreme weakness, a trip to the sea; nervous irritability, invite the lion of the season to dinner. We do not advise a man to begin his married life by administering drugs in this way, for the domestic pharmacopoeia would soon be exhausted, but there is one thing he ought to do, and that is to abstain from nagging (men can nag as well as women), arousing jealousy and every other action that may even remotely injure the health of his wife. Who has not heard of a bad husband headache, or one brought on by the worrying and fault-finding of a selfish man? A man is always bound to protect the health and happiness of his wife, and the wife on her part ought, for the sake of others, if not for her own sake, to think more of her health than of dancing about from one kind of dissipation to another. Ignorance of the laws of nature does not make a young woman more innocent or better in any way, and it may destroy or blight her married life.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

The article "What is Martinism," answering questions as to the nature and motive of the society and points of difference between it and similar orders, will be our leading article next month.

Our special offers for June have now expired, and our summer book bargains have been changed as in the present issue. We can no longer supply "Etiopathy," having disposed of all remaining copies.

#### Old Man Peebles, A. M., M. D.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Mich., the bombastic champion of the anti-vaccinationists and author of other pestilential tommyrot, has hied himself away to Australia, leaving the work of curing the people of the United States of their physical ills by "Psychic Power" to his hired man and maid servants, who were gathering in a goodly hoard of sheckels from the credulous until "Uncle Sam" got next to the scheme and stopped the mail and money orders on the usual ground of fraud. Our office "devil," on hearing the news, composed the following lines:

Old Man Peebles, A. M., M. D.  
Put out a fake "ad" for a fee.  
He'd a "mighty psychic power"  
That cured his patients in an hour.  
He preached for "spooks" o'er all creation.  
And often railed 'gainst vaccination.  
He wrote "hot air" while in a "heat."  
His grab for "coin" was slick and neat.  
When Uncle Sam called down his way  
He spied his "con game," run for pay.  
Then Uncle Sam shut down his mail  
And gave him time to rave and rail.  
Old Man Peebles, A. M., M. D.  
Now howls against Theosophy.

#### Not a Seven-Up or Poker Game.

A few days ago we came across the following letter, lately received by the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*:

"Sur and Frend—Do the Carnage library lend books techn Matthevmattics to Outside you cite? I want Onlie Books on Matthevmattics, as I am all right on spellin and am a purty good Grammatician, if I do say it myself. I kin Spel and Grammarise, but Matthevmattics is one too Much for Me."

A sort of second-cousin to the above fellow wrote to us the next day, as follows:

"Lincoln Washington Co Ark June the 17 sir what kin of a dial card Game is this, or is it sevn-up or Poker. If it is a seveup Game or a poker Book a good one and that Will show the new way to dial to win, and if so you may send me a cateloge."

No; the "Pappus Planetarium" is not a seven-up or poker game arrangement.

#### Heliocentric Planetarium.

Our "Pappus Planetarium" is a splendid thing for those interested in astrology in connection with current and coming events, also as an educational adjunct in the science of astrology and astronomy. We recommend it strongly. See advertisement on last page.

### Important Announcement.

#### The Star of the Magi for 1903 and Its New Magazine Form.

The STAR OF THE MAGI will contain an extra number in the present volume—that for November—which all subscribers will be entitled to and receive.

In December next we will change the form of the STAR TO MAGAZINE SIZE, increasing the number of pages and putting them in a more convenient form for binding and preservation.

The next volume will begin with the January, 1903, issue, thus making it conform with the calendar year. The December issue, on account of the new form, will be complimentary, however, to Volume Four. In this way we make the desired change of beginning the volume with the calendar year instead of November without missing a monthly issue. Subscribers for Volume Four will be entitled to the December issue.

Arrangements are also being made for a foreign edition of the STAR OF THE MAGI to be issued in London, England, simultaneous with its publication in Chicago. The circulation will also be largely increased through the efforts of agents and newsdealers, not only in America and Great Britain, but also throughout the world. Though the STAR will be greatly improved, no increase will be made in its subscription price.

### SUMMER BOOK BARGAINS.

Examine the following extraordinary bargains and order while we can fill orders, which will be for a short time only.

**For twenty-five cents** we will send, postpaid, to any address: One copy Perpetual Planetary Hour Book, by Mr. E. S. Green (price, 25c); one copy Old Moore's Prophetic Almanac for 1902; one back number of *Coming Events*, and three back numbers of the STAR (our selection).

**For fifty cents** we will send, postpaid, to any address: *All of the above* and, in addition, one copy of White's Guide to Astrology with Ninety-Year Ephemeris (50c).

**For one dollar** we will send, postpaid, to any address: *All the foregoing* and, in addition, one copy of The Mystic Thesaurus (regular price, \$1).

We will *not* send those additional under our 50-cent bargain offer for 25 cents, nor the one additional under our dollar offer for 50 cents. If you have any of the list on hand you can easily dispose of the extra copies that these bargains afford.

#### "Old Moore" for 1902.

It is not too late to obtain a copy of Old Moore's Prophetic Almanac for 1902 if you have not already got it.

As a prognosticator of coming events, "Old Moore's Almanac" takes first rank among the prophetic annuals. We invite the sceptical to compare its monthly forecasts with current history and see, for themselves, the truth which we assert.

Price, postpaid, 10 cents a copy. Agents and dealers supplied on liberal terms. Just the thing for open gatherings—as "Old Moore" sells at first sight.

#### "Modern Astrology."

This is the foremost astrological magazine published. A few of its many good features are set forth in the advertisement, which we publish elsewhere. No one interested in astrology can afford to be without it. We have made arrangements with the publishers to keep this fine monthly on sale, beginning with the May, 1902, issue. We will mail it to any address, postpaid, for \$3 a year or 25 cents a copy. Write your order to-day.

The following letter in regard to *Modern Astrology* speaks for itself:

"ELMHURST, Ill., June 16, 1902.

"News E. Wood, M. D., Chicago, Ill.:

"DEAR SIR—I thank you very much for sending me *Modern Astrology* for May and June. I am so very well pleased with them that I think I must send in my subscription in time for the July number.

"Yours Respectfully,

"ROBERT BOLTON."

#### New Work on Astrology.

"The Horoscope and How to Read It" is the title of a new hand-book by Alan Leo, editor of *Modern Astrology*, being the second of the "Astrological Manuals" now in course of publication, each being a complete work in itself. Its instructions for casting the horoscope are clear, concise and accurate, while its rules for reading the same are such that one unacquainted with astrology will be readily able to obtain satisfactory results. No one interested in astrology—whether as a student or practitioner—should be without this valuable contribution to the science. We have imported several copies of this valuable work for our patrons, and will mail it to any address for thirty-five cents. It is of good size, beautifully printed, illustrated with diagrams, and substantially bound in dark-green linen-covered boards, being stitched so as to open flat. Order this book to-day as our supply is limited and will not last but for a short time.

#### New Work on Reincarnation.

The very best work on this subject in the world is the one by Mr. Walker, thoroughly revised and published by the editor of the STAR. It has 160 pages, is beautifully printed and bound, and is just the work you desire as it is complete in every particular, plain, logical and convincing. It is, in fact, a handy and perfect text book on the subject of repeated lives. See advertisement elsewhere for chapter headings, etc. Price, postpaid, in handsome leatherette covers, 50 cents; in heavy paper covers, 30 cents.

**Has Suspended Publication.**

We regret to announce that *Coming Events* suspended publication with its issue for March, that being its last number.

**Volume Two of the Star.**

Volume Two of the STAR will be sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of \$2. The edition is limited to one hundred copies, of which twenty were sold in advance; it is uniform in style with Volume One.

Our readers who have not secured the bound volumes of the STAR for its first and second years do not know what a good thing they are missing. We have only a few copies left. The price is two dollars per volume, postpaid. See list of contents and particulars on second page of cover.

We are now receiving orders for the bound Volume Three of the STAR at \$2, postpaid. Send cash with the order and the volume will be sent as soon as issued.

All single copies of Vol. Two, 10 cents each. Vol. Three, same price. Six, 50c. Title-page of Vol. Two for 2-cent stamp.

**A Good Little Book.**

"The Plan-Less, or Intuitional Life," by Dr. L. Miller. Paper, 100 pages; published by Chas. W. Smiley, Washington, D. C. Price, paper, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents.

This is a commentary which explains the philosophy of Lao-tze and Vedanda thought in its application to human life. Dr. Miller has performed his work thoroughly.

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Editor of "Modern Astrology."

This manual is designed for those who wish to cast and read horoscopes without a long preliminary training in the predictive art of Hermes. It is a work we have no hesitancy in recommending as it answers all requirements of the student. Beautifully printed, and substantially bound in linen-covered boards. Price, postpaid, 35 cents. N. E. WOOD, 617 LaSalle Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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"We stole with her a frightened look At the gray wizard's conjuring book."

—WHITTIER.

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