

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE embattled forces of conservative orthodoxy are so strong that one is sometimes tempted to wonder how it is that the world ever goes round at all; how it is that the forward movement of progress succeeds, as it apparently does, in getting the better of so many retrograde tendencies, so much prejudice, so strong a clinging to the stereotyped conditions of the day. After all, the more one thinks about it, the more one becomes convinced that

WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND? the whole progress of the world is the work of the very, very few; that the positive and progressive intellect is the rare exception, and that if democratic conditions really prevailed (as of course they never do) all civilization would go backwards and gradually

revert once more to chaos. What a mockery, after all, Democracy is! And how hopelessly the modern world is deluded in thinking that anywhere or at any time Democracy has in reality held sway! As a matter of fact, the many have never ruled, have never wished to rule; they have merely asked for some strong man to lead them. Where was ever the flock of sheep that did not follow the bell-wether? Here and there we

meet with a master mind that—for good or evil—leads the multitude—or, if he does not lead, at least points the way where others will eventually follow. Side by side with him we see the multitude either drifting or being led. “Work!” said Voltaire, that most popular of writers, “work for the little public!” Voltaire knew, as all great leaders have known, before and after, that it is the “little public” that ever dominates the situation. It is the “little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump.” “It is a sight beloved of the gods,” says the old saying, “to see a good man struggling against adversity.” But is it not a finer sight still, to see a strong man battling with the forces of orthodoxy, and refusing to yield his ground? A man of such a mould was Philip Bombast of Hohenheim, better known by his assumed name of Paracelsus. Never was there any one to whom Shelley’s celebrated line:—

The sun comes out and many reptiles spawn,

was more absolutely appropriate. The hostility and venomous antagonism of his own profession, with a few notable exceptions, followed and persecuted him throughout his entire  
 PARACELSUS  
 AS  
 PIONEER. medical career. The boldness and independence of his medical attitude galled the leaders as well as the rank and file of the profession. But what was still more galling to them than his lack of orthodoxy, was the fact that his novel methods, as they must have appeared to the doctors of that day, were so immeasurably more successful than their own. Paracelsus, indeed, never gave or asked for quarter. John the Baptist denouncing the Pharisees who came to him as “a generation of vipers” was no bad parallel to Paracelsus’s stinging invective on the ignorance and tradition-loving proclivities of his own profession.

Many to whom the name of Paracelsus is familiar are accustomed to look upon him as little more than a singularly successful quack who revived the traditions of an earlier school of Occultism in defiance of the more scientific methods of his own time. As a matter of fact, the doctors of his day were, in the vast majority of cases, merely theorists with little real practical experience, but with a fair store of book-learning of a very indifferent kind. Paracelsus it was whose medical knowledge was derived from experiment and experience, and who had acquired the greater part of his medical and surgical skill from wide and varied travelling and visiting more countries and more different nationalities than any other medical expert of his day, and who had learnt by

actual association with all sorts and conditions of men in different climes, far more than any book-learning had ever taught him.

The period of Paracelsus's career coincided with the Reformation of Luther, and with the wider and more general Renaissance movement. This latter movement had brought back in its train



PARACELSUS, AGE 24.

From the painting by Scovel, 1517, now in the Louvre Gallery.

(By kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

the study of classical learning and classical ideals which had fallen into discredit about the period of the first triumph of Christianity and its establishment as a world-religion. The attitude of the earlier Christians, who looked upon the Pagan deities as devils, and Greek and Roman classical writers as apologists for devil-

worship, had passed away; and the highest dignitaries of the Church were now often noted for their classical erudition and ripe scholarship. With the return of classical ideals came back also into favour in a number of unexpected quarters the doctrines

FROM  
PLOTINUS  
TO  
CORNELIUS  
AGRIPPA.

of Neoplatonism. When Hypatia perished at Alexandria, orthodox Christianity set its foot on Plotinus and all his works. The struggle at the end had been one rather between Christianity and the later Greek philosophers with their Neoplatonic conceptions than between Christianity and Pagan Rome. The

gods of Rome were dead already. Pan was dead past resurrecting. The danger that threatened Christianity was the triumph of such Emperors as Julian the Apostate—Julian, whose master was Plotinus, and whose religion was Neoplatonism merely dressed in an old Roman garb. To the thinkers and philosophers of the time it seemed like the triumph of exoteric religion over the inner esoteric truths—the victory, in short, of the body over the soul. Back, now, with all that was best of the scholarship and art of Greece and Rome, came the mystic doctrines of the Alexandrian philosophers—back, not in triumph, but daring once more to reassert themselves in the face of a hostile world that had long even forgotten their existence. A thousand years separated Hypatia from Cornelius Agrippa—a thousand years which, in the realm of thought, might well be characterized as the Dark Ages. Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim was born at Cologne in 1486. Seven years later, on November 10, 1493, at Einsiedeln, near Zurich, a son was born to Dr. Wilhelm Bombast von Hohenheim, and was christened Theophrastus, in honour of Theophrastus Tyrtamos, a Greek physician, philosopher, and follower of Aristotle. This child was subsequently to be known to fame and held up to obloquy under the title of Paracelsus.

It was a period at which the world was in labour with great events. Only a year earlier Columbus had landed on American soil. In the same year, or the year before, passed away a man whose life was destined to create as great a revolution in the history of the human race as that of Columbus himself—William

THREE  
GREAT  
REVOLU-  
TIONARIES.

Caxton. Returning from a long sojourn in the Netherlands in or about 1474, Caxton established his printing press in the precincts of Westminster Abbey, and before his death at least sixty-four

books are known to have been issued from this first English Printing House. Ten years exactly before Paracelsus's birth, a third of these great makers of revolutions had

seen the light. On November 10, 1483, Martin Luther was born at Eisleben in Lower Saxony, and when the subject of these notes was twenty-four years old, Luther was destined to nail



PARACELSUS.

After an engraving by Hirschvogel, from a portrait when he was 47 years old.  
(By kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

his ninety-five theses against the Doctrine of Indulgences on the church door at Wittenberg. Paracelsus, when occasion offered, did not disguise his sympathy with this bold reformer, though

he took no actual part in the movement, and he was accused by his enemies of being a medical Luther, a charge which he took pains to show that he did not in any way resent. Another noteworthy character in the realm of History and Literature, Lorenzo de Medici, had passed away a year before our hero's birth. In England the Wars of the Roses were over, and Henry VII was busy establishing absolute monarchy on a firm basis, the people, worn out by incessant struggles, being glad to accept the Tudor rule, sympathetic as it always was to the middle and commercial classes. In Europe there was no Austria, and Italy was still fated for centuries to come, to remain a geographical expression. The Holy Roman Empire extended from the German Ocean and the Baltic Sea on the North to the Adriatic on the South. Poland and Lithuania extended far along its Eastern border, and the outmost limit of the realm of the Muscovite was still 500 miles East of the site where a century later Peter the Great was to found and give his name to the capital of the Russian Empire. The conquering Turk was thundering at the gates of Christendom. Ferdinand and Isabella, patrons of Columbus, reigned at Madrid. Everywhere throughout the civilized world vast changes were impending, everywhere the horizon was widening, and men's minds were being directed into new channels and to fresh fields of enterprise and of opinion.

There has been much discussion as to what exactly is connoted by the name "Paracelsus," and how it came to be first adopted. What seems clear is that von Hohenheim adopted the name himself and was not, as some have held, given it by his admirers.\* It was a usual practice in those days to write books under some Latin *nom de plume*, frequently some adaptation into Latin of the name of the writer. In all probability the last two syllables of the name, "celsus," were suggested by "Hohen" (or "high"), "Hohenheim" being literally translated as "high home." With regard to the first two syllables it is noticeable that these were occasionally employed by Paracelsus in giving name to his medical treatises. There is thus one treatise called "Paramirum," and another "Paragranum." This word "para" seems to have been used somewhat in the sense of giving the word to which it was prefixed a superlative value. Thus "Paramirum" would mean "extremely wonderful." The whole word is doubtless a polyglot hotchpotch, the first part being Greek and

\* See Miss Stoddart's *Life of Paracelsus*, published by Mr. John Murray. 10s. 6d.



the second Latin; but mediæval writers had little scruple in adapting the classical tongues to their own requirements.

To follow the writings of Paracelsus it is necessary to understand his phraseology, his jargon, as we should call it in the slang of to-day. Without this he is as incomprehensible as is the dog Latin of a scientific textbook to one who is not a scientific specialist—or, to give another example, as the language of Astrology is to one who is not an Astrologer. Paracelsus held that there were three basic substances necessary to the existence of all bodies. These he called Sulphur, Mercury, and Salt. Sulphur corresponds to fire, or rather to the principle of inflammability; Mercury to water, or fluidity; and Salt to earth, or solidity. For a full glossary of the terms which he employed, readers are referred to the volume on *The Life and Philosophy of Paracelsus*, by the late Dr. Franz Hartmann. In this terminology *Azoth* stands for the creative principle in Nature, or the spiritual vitalizing force; the *Ilech Primum* is the causative force; *Cherio*, the essence of the thing, the "fifth principle," which constitutes what we call its essential qualities; the *Evestrum* is man's astral body, his ethereal counterpart, that may act to him as guardian angel and warn him of dangers; the *Elementaries* are the astral corpses of the dead, and must not be confused with the *Elementals*, or Nature Spirits—Sylphs, Salamanders, Undines, and Gnomes; *Magic* is the conscious employment of spiritual powers to act on external Nature. Many of these expressions have been adopted by the Theosophists of the present day and the terminology will be found very useful generally by the student of Occultism.

THE  
PHRASEO-  
LOGY OF  
PARACEL-  
SUS.

It is clear, though Paracelsus long antedated Hahnemann, the founder of Homœopathy, that much of his medical teaching is what we should now call Homœopathic. Hahnemann, in fact, borrowed extensively from Paracelsus. Take, for instance, Paracelsus's teaching with regard to the quintessence or virtue of each substance. This, he taught, though infinitesimal in quantity, even in large bodies, had none the less the power to

PARACEL-  
SUS AS  
PIONEER  
OF HOMŒO-  
PATHY.

affect the mass through and through, as a single drop of gall embitters, or a few grains of saffron colour a large quantity of water. Metals and other stones contained, he held, this same quintessence or secret virtue. The application of Homœopathic cures by doctors of the other school has frequently led to mistakes in this connection; as, for instance,

the administration of doses many times in excess of what the complaint requires, the result being the entire failure of the medicine to produce the intended effect.

"There are wide differences," says Paracelsus, striking again a very Homœopathic note, "between what the ancient doctors taught and what we here teach, and therefore our healing art differs widely from theirs. For we teach that what heals a man also wounds him, and what wounded will also heal him. For the nettle can be so changed that it cannot burn, the flame so that it does not scorch, and the chelidony so that it does not cicatrize. Thus similars are good in healing, such and such a salt to such and such a sore. And the things which heal a wound in Nature heal the same sort of wound in man."

"Many kinds of rust," says Paracelsus again, "occur in the minerals; for each mineral has its own peculiar nature." This rust is in the form of a disease, and iron has one disease, while copper has another. In a similar way a man has a sore and it is healed by treatment. The metal, too, has a sore, and can be healed by treatment. "Metallic bodies," says Paracelsus, long antedating the discoveries of the present day, "are as liable to death as the others, for their salt is arsenic." The whole earth is linked together, and the life that passes through the bodies of men passes also through the bodies of minerals. Paracelsus had no patience with those who taught of a panacea

WHAT EVERY DOCTOR SHOULD KNOW.	that would heal all diseases. He described them as people who "rode all horses with one saddle," through whom more harm than good was effected. He maintained that a doctor must know the sick and all matters appertaining to their state "just as a carpenter knows his wood." He mentions six essential qualifications for the practical physician.
--	--

(1) A doctor (he says) must know how many kinds of tissue there are in the body, and how each kind stands in relation to the man.

(2) He must know all the bones, such as the ribs and their coverings, the difference between one and another, their relations to each other and their articulations.

(3) He must know all the blood-vessels, the nerves, the cartilages and how they are held together.

(4) He must know the length, number, form, condition, and purpose of each member of the body, its particular flesh, marrow, and all other details.

(5) He must know where all emunctoria lie and how they are to be averted; also what is in every cavity of the body and everything about the intestines.

(6) He must with all his might and being seek to understand about life and death, what the chief organs in man mean, and what each member can and may suffer.

If we look to Paracelsus as the real founder of Homœopathy, so also we must regard him as the pioneer of magnetism and magnetic healing. Man, he maintained, is nourished through the magnetic power which resides in all Nature and by which every individual member draws its specific nourishment to itself. He called this magnetic force *Mumia* in his special phraseology, and he laid great stress on the healing power which resided in this *Mumia*. "Just as the power of the lily breaks forth in perfume which is invisible, so," he writes, "the invisible body sends forth its healing influence. Just as in the visible body are wonderful activities which the senses can perceive, so, too lie powers in the invisible body which can work great wonders." To him the whole universe was one, and knit together by indissoluble bonds.

HIS VIEWS  
ON MAG-  
NETIC  
HEALING

"The astral currents created by the imagination of the Macrocosmos," he writes, "act upon the Microcosmos, and produce certain states in the latter, and likewise the astral currents produced by the imagination and will of man produce certain states in external Nature; and these currents may reach far, because the power of the imagination reaches as far as thought can go. The physiological processes taking place in the body of living beings are caused by their astral currents, and the physiological and meteorological processes taking place in the great organism of Nature are caused by the astral currents of Nature as a whole. The astral currents of either act upon the other, either consciously or unconsciously; and if this fact is properly understood it will cease to appear incredible that the mind of man may produce changes in the universal mind, which may cause changes in the atmosphere—winds and rains, storm, hail and lightning—or that evil may be changed into good by the power of Faith. Heaven is a field into which the imagination of man throws the seeds."

Here, in a single paragraph, is the philosophy of Astrology, and the justification for the efficacy of prayer.

I have said that Paracelsus was the father of Homœopathy, and the father also of that later school of animal magnetism which was founded in France in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the inception of which is always associated with the name of Mesmer. Unfortunately, Mesmer had neither the knowledge nor the experience, nor yet the intuitive faculties of his master, Paracelsus. But, resurrected as it was under somewhat unfavourable conditions, there is reason to believe that magnetic healing is destined to play a far greater part in the future of medical art than it has ever done in the past. Having shown Paracelsus to be a pioneer in all these movements, it will hardly be a matter of surprise to learn that he was one of

AND  
FAITH  
HEALING.

the first, as well as one of the greatest of all Faith-healers. "Faith," he says, "has a great deal more power than the physical body." "All magical processes are based upon Faith." "The power of Faith overcomes all spirits of Nature, because it is a spiritual power, and Spirit is higher than Nature." "Whatever is grown in the realm of Nature may be changed by the power of Faith." "Anything we may accomplish which surpasses Nature is accomplished by Faith, and by Faith diseases may be cured." "Imagination," he says again, "is the cause of many diseases. Faith is the cure for all." "If we cannot cure a disease by Faith, it is because our Faith is too weak. But our Faith is weak on account of our want of knowledge. If we were conscious of the power of God within ourselves, we should never fail." "The power of amulets does not rest so much in the material of which they are made as in the Faith with which they are worn." Paracelsus's chosen motto was—

*Alterius non sit qui suus esse potest.*

"Let him not belong to another who has the power to be his own"—who can, in short, be master of his own soul. The idea contained in the Latin line is similar to that suggested by the line of Horace which figures as the motto for the OCCULT REVIEW. Paracelsus declined to follow any leader, but formed his own conclusions from his own experience. For him the *Codex Naturæ* was a system which led straight to exact knowledge, and rejected whatever could not be verified by research. He laid the foundations of a new system, built on evidence rather than on the outworn traditions of the medicine of his day. This system comprised within itself at once a practical guide to the medical art and a spiritual philosophy of life. The fatal error of divorcing the physical from the spiritual, and treating the physical as a thing apart, which has rendered abortive so much of the medical research of recent generations, would undoubtedly have been obviated, had the modern exponent of the medical art realized that in Paracelsus was to be found a pioneer of the new and practical, who brought the life-giving genius of his intellect to bear on old truths, in their relation to modern problems, rather than a quack and mountebank who deluded his contemporaries—none so easy a task—into the idea that he had accomplished marvellous cures where the medical faculty of his day could show nothing but a record of failures.

RELATION  
OF THE  
SPIRITUAL  
TO THE  
PHYSICAL.

The outbreak of war in the Balkans will not have come as a surprise to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. In writing of the central eclipse of the Sun of April 17 last, I drew attention to its significance from a European standpoint and the observations made by the Editor of *Zadkiel's Almanack* in this connection. It may not be amiss to quote again from the remarks which appear in the Almanack for 1912 under this head. Says Zadkiel :

As the central line of the solar eclipse of this year passes across Europe and is more or less visible as a partial one over the whole of Europe and the greater part of North Africa, and as Mars is in extreme North Declination and in the oriental quarter of the heavens over Europe at the time of the eclipse, the danger of war in Europe is imminent.

And again : " At St. Petersburg and Constantinople Saturn at the time of the eclipse will be very close to the upper Meridian at the conjunction of the Sun and Moon." Zadkiel also draws attention to the fact that the middle of October is likely to be a critical period in this connection, as Mars then transits the opposition (27° Libra) of the place of this eclipse." It is also noteworthy that at Vienna and in the Balkans Mars was just culminating at the Autumn Equinox. In referring to this, Zadkiel observes : " There will be much sickness in Austria and in Vienna especially. . . . Unrest in the Balkans is likely to disturb the serenity of Austria." Under the heading of " General Predictions " in the new Almanack for 1913 Zadkiel refers to the proximity of Mercury and Mars to the eastern horizon at Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Rome, at the Midwinter Figure (entry of the Sun into Capricorn) and states that " This forebodes great political or martial excitement and that the Eastern and Far-Eastern questions will overshadow the horizon of the great Powers of Europe." The conjunction of Mars and Jupiter, occurring on January 13 of the new year in the 3rd degree of Capricorn, is also a threat of danger, especially as it falls under the rule of the eclipse of April 17 of the present year. The old astrologer Proclus had his aphorism with regard to this. " It presignifies," he said, " the transmigration of some king, rebellion of nobles and peasants, mischances to the great, and scarcity of corn." The spring of 1913 is particularly threatening to the German Emperor, the place of the Sun at whose birth is transited by the malefic Uranus, which becomes stationary in close proximity to the greater luminary. Reverses are indicated, and if the Emperor should go to war under these conditions, sensational reverses would be met with by his army. The outlook

for this country, though threatening, is not without favourable indications of an important character. A serious crisis is threatened in America. The transit of Saturn through Gemini and the culmination of Mercury at the winter solstice at Washington indicate disasters, and the probability of some financial panic. Writing of the figure for the winter solstice at London, Zadkiel observes: "There will, we fear, be much suffering, influenza and acute rheumatism, as the Moon is in the descendant in Gemini 3° and is only 5° separated from the conjunction with Saturn and applying both to the opposition of Mercury and Mars. Mercury," he continues, "ruler of the Meridional sign, is hastening to conjunction with Mars, Ruler of the first and fifth houses. This seems to presignify that the Liberal Government will become very unpopular and will meet with a speedy overthrow. One minister will be in personal danger."—*Nous Verrons*.

I have received a letter from Mr. Jacob criticizing the article written about him by Mr. F. W. Heath. He complains (a) that he is no more a Mohammedan slave than the writer of the article. (b) That he is a Christian, and belongs to the Church of Rome. (c) That though he was born in Turkey he is not a Turk, but that his parents were Italians. (d) That he is no more "banished" from Simla than the writer of the article, but that he left Simla to prosecute his claims against the Nizam of Hyderabad. (e) That the difficulties of his financial position are greatly exaggerated, and that he has numerous friends in India and England on whose assistance he can rely, in case of need. (f) With regard to his séances, he states that Mr. Heath has copied from *Borderland* of 1896.

In answer to these criticisms, I would say in the first place that I understood (evidently erroneously) that Mr. MR. JACOB. Heath was writing on the subject of Mr. Jacob's A DIS- life with Mr. Jacob's approval and consent, and I CLAIMER. gather that it is the case that Mr. Heath has seen Mr. Jacob on very many occasions and had numerous conversations with him. In reply to (a) it is not intended in the article to imply that Mr. Jacob is a Mohammedan slave. As regards (b) of course I at once accept Mr. Jacob's statement of his faith, but it is easy to have sympathies and leanings towards Buddhism and yet to profess Christianity—at least, there are many people in England who seem to find it so. With regard to (d) this seems to be rather a matter of an unfortunate phrase on the part of the writer. The same applies to his exaggerated description of

Mr. Jacob's poverty. I would say in this connection that it is quite clear that Mr. Heath wrote what he did as an admirer of Mr. Jacob, if a misguided one; and I do not think the expressions he made use of would at all detract from the high opinion that might have been formed of him by any readers of the article. I would say in conclusion that Mr. Heath denies ever having seen *Borderland* for 1896, from which Mr. Jacob suggests that he has taken his information about his séances, and that he claims that the origin of his account was Mr. Jacob's own conversations. Mr. Heath, however, makes no claim to possess occult knowledge, and under the circumstances it is likely enough that he may have made mistakes in this direction. In conclusion, I would say that I am sure the best wishes of all readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will go out to one whose occult powers are admittedly so remarkable, and who finds himself in the evening of his days confronted by difficulties and the victim, through no fault of his own, of financial reverses.

I print on a later page a curious discovery in connection with the celebrated seer and artist, William Blake. What deduction is to be drawn from it, I do not feel in a position to suggest; but as to the strangeness of the discovery in question there can be no doubt, however we may interpret it. Mr. William T. Horton, as an artist and student of occultism himself, and author of two books dealing with occult interpretation and occult imagery,\* would, of course, be the last person in the world to decry the genius of Blake, or represent it as a form of madness. He merely comes forward in the present instance to give to the world a statement of the bare facts of the case, which certainly seem to call for comment and some reply from those who have made a special study of the life and works of this remarkable genius.

\* *The Book of Images. The Way of the Soul.*

# SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING BIRDS

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

AMONGST the most remarkable of natural occurrences must be included many of the phenomena connected with the behaviour of birds. Undoubtedly numerous species of birds are susceptible to atmospheric changes (of an electrical and barometric nature) too slight to be observed by man's unaided senses; thus only is to be explained the phenomenon of migration and also the many other peculiarities in the behaviour of birds whereby approaching changes in the weather may be foretold. Probably, also, this fact has much to do with the extraordinary homing instinct of pigeons. But, of course, in the days when meteorological science had yet to be born, no such explanation as this could be known. The ancients observed that birds by their migrations or by other peculiarities in their behaviour prognosticated coming changes in the seasons of the year and other changes connected with the weather (such as storms, etc.); they saw, too, in the homing instincts of pigeons, an apparent exhibition of intelligence exceeding that of man. What more natural, then, for them to attribute foresight to birds, and to suppose that all sorts of coming events (other than those of an atmospheric nature) might be foretold by careful observation of their flight and song?

Augury, that is, the art of divination by observing the behaviour of birds, was extensively cultivated by the Etrurians and Romans. It is still used, we are informed, by the natives of Samoa. The Romans had an official college of augurs, the members of which were originally three patricians. About 300 B.C. the number of patrician augurs was increased by one and five plebeian augurs were added. Later the number was again increased to fifteen. The object of augury was not so much to foretell the future as to indicate what line of action should be followed, in any given circumstances, by the nation. The augurs were consulted on all matters of importance, and the position of augur was thus one of great consequence. Auguries, however, were also obtained from other animals and from celestial phenomena (e.g. lightning), etc. In what appears to be the oldest method, the augur, arrayed in a special



costume, and carrying a staff with which to mark out the visible heavens into houses, proceeded to an elevated piece of ground, where a sacrifice was made and a prayer repeated. Then, gazing towards the sky, he waited until a bird appeared. The point in the heavens where it first made its appearance was carefully noted, also the manner and direction of its flight and the point where it was lost sight of. From these particulars an augury was derived, but, in order to be of effect, it had to be confirmed by a further augury.

Auguries were also drawn from the notes of birds, birds being divided by the augurs into two classes—(i) *oscines*: “those which give omens by their note,” and (ii) *alites*: “those which afford presages by their flight.”\* Another method of augury was performed by the feeding of chickens specially kept for this purpose. This was done just before sunrise by the *pullarius* or feeder, strict silence being observed. If the birds manifested no desire for their food, the omen was of a most direful nature. On the other hand, if from the greediness of the chickens the grain fell from their beaks and rebounded from the ground, the augury was most favourable. This latter augury was known as *tripudium solistimum*.

“Any fraud practised by the *pullarius*,” writes the Rev. Ed. Smedley, “reverted to his own head. Of this we have a memorable instance in the great battle between Papirius Cursor and the Samnites in the year of Rome 459. So anxious were the troops for battle, that the *pullarius* dared to announce to the consul a *tripudium solistimum*, although the chickens refused to eat. Papirius unhesitatingly gave the signal for fight, when his son having discovered the false augury, hastened to communicate it to his father. ‘Do thy part well,’ was his reply, ‘and let the deceit of the augur fall on himself. The *tripudium* has been announced to me, and no omen could be better for the Roman army and people!’ As the troops advanced, a javelin thrown at random struck the *pullarius* dead. ‘The hand of heaven is in the battle,’ cried Papirius, ‘the guilty is punished!’ and he advanced and conquered.” †

A coincidence of this sort, if it really occurred, would very greatly strengthen the popular belief in auguries.

The *cock* has always been reckoned a bird possessed of magic power. At its crowing, we are told, all unquiet spirits who roam the earth depart to their dismal abodes, and the orgies of the Witches’ Sabbath terminate. A cock is the favourite

\* Pliny: *Natural History* (Bostock and Riley’s translation, vol. ii., 1855), Bk. x., ch. xxii.

† Rev. Ed. Smedley, M.A.: *The Occult Sciences (Encyclopædia Metropolitana)*, edited by Elihu Rich (1855), p. 144.

sacrifice offered to evil spirits in Ceylon and elsewhere. Alectromancy was an ancient and peculiarly senseless method of divination (so-called) in which a cock was employed. The bird must be young and quite white. Its feet are cut off and crammed down its throat with a piece of parchment on which must be written certain Hebrew words. The cock, after the repetition of a prayer by the operator, is placed in a circle divided into parts corresponding to the letters of the alphabet, in each of which a grain of wheat is placed. A certain psalm is recited, and then the letters are noted from which the cock picks the grains, a fresh grain being put down for each one picked up. These letters properly arranged will (?) give the answer to the inquiry for which divination is made.

The *owl* was reckoned a bird of evil omen with the Romans, who derived this opinion from the Etrurians, along with much else of their so-called science of augury. It was particularly dreaded if seen in a city, or, indeed, anywhere by day. Pliny informs us that on one occasion "a horned owl entered the very sanctuary of the Capitol; . . . in consequence of which, Rome was purified on the nones of March in that year." \*

The folk-lore of the British Isles abounds with quaint beliefs and stories concerning birds. There is a charming Welsh legend concerning the *robin*, which the Rev. T. F. T. Dyer quotes from *Notes and Queries*.

"Far, far away, is a land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil, and fire. Day by day does this little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame. So near the burning stream does he fly, that his dear little feathers are scorched; and hence he is named Brou-rhuddyn (Breast-burnt). To serve little children, the robin dares approach the infernal pit. No good child will hurt the devoted benefactor of man. The robin returns from the land of fire, and therefore he feels the cold of winter far more than his brother birds. He shivers in the brumal blast; hungry, he chirps before your door." †

Another legend accounts for the robin's red breast by his having attempted to pluck a thorn from the crown encircling the brow of the crucified Christ in order to alleviate His sufferings. No doubt it is on account of these legends that it is considered a crime, which will be punished with great misfortune, to kill a robin. In some places the same prohibition extends to the *wren*, which is popularly believed to be the wife of the robin.

\* Pliny: *Natural History* (Bostock and Riley's translation, vol. ii., 1855), Bk. x., ch. xvi.

† T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A.: *English Folk-Lore* (1878), pp. 65 and 66.

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In other parts, however, the wren is (or at least was) cruelly hunted on certain days. In the Isle of Man the wren-hunt took place on Christmas Eve and St. Stephen's Day, and is accounted for by a legend concerning an evil fairy who lured many men



THE FUNG HWANG.

According to the 'Ri Ys (from Gould's *Mystical Monsters*).

to destruction, but had to assume the form of a wren to escape punishment at the hands of an ingenious knight-errant.

For several centuries there was prevalent over the whole of civilized Europe a most extraordinary superstition concerning the small Arctic bird, resembling, but not so large as, the common wild goose, known as the *Barnacle* or *Bernicle Goose*. Max

Müller\* has suggested that this word was really derived from *Hibernicula*, the name thus meaning Irish goose; but common opinion associated the barnacle goose with the shell-fish known as the barnacle (which is found on timber exposed to the sea), supposing that the former was generated out of the latter. Thus in one old medical writer we find:—

There are founde in the north parts of Scotland, and the Ilands adiacent, called Orchades [Orkney Islands], certain trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour tending to russet; wherein are contained little living creatures: which shells in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them grow those little living things; which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnakles . . . but the other that do fall vpon the land, perish and come to nothing: this much by the writings of others, and also from the mouths of people of those parts. . . . †

The writer, however, who was a well-known surgeon and botanist of his day, adds that he had personally examined certain shell-fish from other parts, and on opening the shells had observed within birds in various stages of development. No doubt he was deceived by some purely superficial resemblances—for example, the feet of the barnacle fish resemble somewhat the feathers of a bird. He gives an imaginative illustration of the barnacle fowl escaping from its shell, which we here reproduce.

Turning, now, from superstitions concerning actual birds, to legends of those that are purely mythical, passing reference must be made to the *roc*, a bird existing in Arabian legend, which we meet in the *Arabian Nights*, and which is chiefly remarkable for its size and strength.

The *phœnix*, perhaps, is of more interest. Of "that famous bird of Arabia," Pliny writes as follows, prefixing his description of it with the cautious remark, "I am not quite sure that its existence is not all a fable."

"It is said that there is only one in existence in the whole world, and that that one has not been seen very often. We are told that this bird is of the size of an eagle, and has a brilliant golden plumage around the neck, while the rest of the body is of a purple colour; except the tail, which is azure, with long feathers intermingled of a roseate hue; the throat is adorned with a crest, and the head with a tuft of feathers. The first Roman who described this bird . . . was the senator Manilius. . . . He tells us that no person has ever seen this bird eat, that in Arabia it is

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\* See F. Max Müller's *Lectures on the Science of Language* (1885), where a very full account of the tradition concerning the origin of the barnacle goose will be found.

† John Gerarde: *The Herball; or, General History of Plants* (1597). p. 1391.

looked upon as sacred to the sun, that it lives five hundred and forty years, that when it becomes old it builds a nest of cassia and sprigs of incense, which it fills with perfumes, and then lays its body down upon them to die ; that from its bones and marrow there springs at first a sort of small worm, which in time changes into a little bird ; that the first thing it does is to perform the obsequies of its predecessor, and to carry

*Britannica Combe anisifera.*  
The breed of Barnacles.



BARNACLE GESE.  
From Gerarde's *Herball*.


(By kind permission of the authorities of the British Museum. Photo by D. Macbeth, London.)

the nest entire to the city of the Sun near Panchaia, and there to deposit it upon the altar of that divinity.

"The same Manilius states also, that the revolution of the great year is completed with the life of this bird, and that then a new cycle comes round again with the same characteristics as the former one, in the seasons and the appearance of the stars. . . . This bird was brought to Rome in the censorship of the Emperor Claudius . . . and was exposed to public view. . . . This fact is attested by the public Annals, but there is no one that doubts that it was a fictitious phœnix only." \* 1

The description of the plumage, etc., of this bird applies fairly

\* Pliny: *Natural History* (Bostock and Riley's translation, vol. ii., 1855), Bk. x., ch. ii.

well, as Cuvier has pointed out,\* to the golden pheasant, and a specimen of the latter may have been the "fictitious phoenix" referred to above. That this bird should have been credited with the extraordinary and wholly fabulous properties related by Pliny and others is not, however, easy to understand. The phoenix was frequently used to illustrate the doctrine of the immortality of the soul (e.g. in Clement's *First Epistle to the Corinthians*), and it is not impossible that originally it was nothing more than a symbol of immortality, which in time became to be believed in as a really existing bird. The fact, however, that there was supposed to be only one phoenix and also that the length of each of its lives coincided with what the ancients termed a "great year" may indicate that the phoenix was a symbol of cosmological periodicity. On the other hand, some ancient writers (e.g. Tacitus) explicitly refer to the phoenix as a symbol of the sun, and in the minds of the ancients the sun was closely connected with the idea of immortality. Certainly, the accounts of the gorgeous colours of the plumage of the phoenix might well be descriptions of the rising sun. It appears, moreover, that the Egyptian hieroglyphic *benu* , which is a figure of a heron or crane (and thus akin to the phoenix), was employed to designate the rising sun.

There are some curious Jewish legends to account for the supposed immortality of the phoenix. According to one, it was the sole animal that refused to eat of the forbidden tree when tempted by Eve. According to another, its immortality was conferred on it by Noah because of its considerate behaviour in the Ark, the phoenix not clamouring for food like the other animals. †

There is a celebrated bird in Chinese tradition, the *Fung Hwang*, which some sinologues identify with the phoenix of the West. ‡ According to a commentator on the *'Rh Ya*, this "felicitous and perfect bird has a cock's head, a snake's neck, a swallow's beak, a tortoise's back, is of five different colours and more than

\* See Cuvier's *The Animal Kingdom* (Griffith), vol. viii. (1829), p. 23

† The existence of such fables as these shows how grossly the common people have misunderstood the real meanings of the Sacred Writings.

‡ Mr. Chas. Gould, B.A., to whose book *Mythical Monsters* (1886) we are very largely indebted for our account of this bird, and from which we have culled extracts from the Chinese, is not of this opinion. Certainly the fact that we read of *Fung Hwangs* in the plural, whilst tradition asserts that there is only one phoenix, seems to point to a difference in origin

six feet high." Another account (that in the *Lun Yü Tsch Shwai Shing*) tells us that "its head resembles heaven, its eye the sun, its back the moon, its wings the wind, its foot the ground, and its tail the woof." Furthermore, "its mouth contains commands, its heart is conformable to regulations, its ear is thoroughly acute in hearing, its tongue utters sincerity, its colour is luminous, its comb resembles uprightness, its spur is sharp and curved, its voice is sonorous, and its belly is the treasure of literature." Like the dragon, tortoise and unicorn it was considered to be a spiritual creature ; but unlike the Western phoenix we read of it in the plural. The birds were not always to be seen, but according to Chinese records, they made their appearance during the reigns of certain sovereigns. The Fung Hwang is regarded by the Chinese as an omen of great happiness and prosperity, and its likeness is embroidered on the robes of empresses to ensure success. Probably, if the bird is not to be regarded as purely mythological and symbolic in origin, we have in the stories of it no more than exaggerated accounts of some species of pheasant. Japanese literature contains similar stories.

## TEMPTATION

BY HELEN BEATRICE ALLAN

I HEARD a Voice which said : Oh, beautiful,  
And very sweet, and full of Rest, must be  
The deep amnesia of the Mystic Shade,—  
Dreaming eternally !

And fair the elusive Dream, and yet more fair  
That Sleep from which the Soul shall no more wake,  
But rest within the Shadows evermore,  
Though many Dawns do break !

Then from the Inner Void I sought to know  
The meaning of the Deep and Mystic Shade ;  
And in a little while came answer through :  
*The Fringe of Time, where Light is long delayed !*

Now, having sought the Light and found it true,  
And having known the Truth, and understood,—  
Nor Sleep, nor Death, nor Time my Soul shall keep  
From the Eternal Good !

# WAS BLAKE EVER IN BEDLAM ?

## A STRANGE DISCOVERY

By WILLIAM T. HORTON

WHEN reading *Des Hallucinations*, by A. Brierre de Boismont, I was surprised to come across (p. 89, third edition, 1862) the mention of a Blake as an inmate of Bedlam. I referred to its given authority, the *Revue Britannique*, July, 1823, p. 184, but on looking for this reference I found it did not exist. The first edition of *Des Hallucinations* published in 1845, gave the same reference, as did the translation published in the United States in 1853, and the translation published in England in 1859. After a long search through the volumes of the *Revue Britannique* at the British Museum, I at last found the reference in the volume for July, 1833, p. 183, and I give a translation of it herewith :—

The two most celebrated tenants of Bethlem Hospital are the incendiary Martin, elder brother of Martin the painter, and Blake, nicknamed the *Seer*. When I had passed in review and submitted to my examination all this criminal and mad population, I had myself taken to Blake's cell. He was a big and pale man, a good speaker and truly eloquent ; in all the annals of demonology nothing is more extraordinary than the visions of Blake.

He was not the victim of a simple hallucination, he believed firmly and earnestly in the reality of his visions : he conversed with Michael Angelo, chatted with Moses and dined with Semiramis ; there was nothing of the impostor about him, he was sincere. The past opened its gloomy portals ; the world of shadows sped to him ; all that had been great, astonishing, and famous, came and posed before Blake.

This man had constituted himself the painter of ghosts (*spectres*) ; before him on the table, pencils and brushes were always in readiness for him to reproduce the faces and attitudes of his heroes, who, he said, he never evoked, but who came of themselves to ask him to paint their portraits. I have looked through heavy volumes filled with these effigies, among which I have noticed the portrait of the Devil and that of his mother. When I entered his cell he was drawing a flea, whose ghost, he made out, had just appeared to him.

Edward III was one of his most constant visitors ; in recognition of this monarch's condescension he had painted his portrait in oils in three sittings.

I addressed him questions to perplex him, but he answered them quite simply and without hesitation.

"Do these gentlemen have themselves announced ?" I asked him, "Are they careful to send you in their cards ?"

"No, but I recognize them as soon as they appear. I did not expect



to see Mark Antony yesterday evening, but I recognized the Roman as soon as he set foot in my room."

"At what hour do your illustrious dead visit you?"

"At one o'clock; sometimes their visits are long, sometimes short. I saw poor Job the day before yesterday; he would only stay two minutes; I had hardly time to make a rough sketch of him which I afterwards copied in etching—but, hush!—here is Richard III!"

"Where do you see him?"

"Facing you, on the other side of the table; it is his first visit."

"How do you know his name?"

"My spirit recognizes him, but I do not know how."

"What is he like?"

"A rugged face but beautiful; I only see his profile as yet. Here he is three-quarters. Ah! now he turns towards me; he is terrible to behold!"

"Can you question him?"

"Certainly, what do you wish me to ask him?"

"If he pretends to justify the murders he committed during his lifetime?"

"Your demand has already reached him. We converse soul to soul by intuition and by magnetism. We have no need for words."

"What is His Majesty's answer?"

"Here it is, a little longer than he gave it me; you would not understand the language of Spirits. He tells you that what you call murder and carnage is nothing; that in slaughtering fifteen or twenty thousand men one does them no harm; that the mortal part of their being is not only preserved but passes into a better world, and that the murdered man who would address words of reproach to his murderer would render himself guilty of ingratitude, as the latter has only enabled him to procure a more commodious lodging and a more perfect existence. But leave me. He poses very well now, and if you say a word he will go."

I left this man against whom none could bring any reproach, and who was not without talent as an engraver and draughtsman.

This finishes the remarks on Blake in the *Revue Britannique*. In *Des Hallucinations* Brierre de Boismont turns the ghost of a flea into the ghost of a girl\*; a most serious error, for the allusion to "the ghost of a flea" is an important point in the article, since "the ghost of a flea" is, as is well known, one of the published works of William Blake.† Boismont's mistake is repeated

\* The word for flea in French is, of course, *puce*, which has presumably been altered by the printer into *pucelle*, a maid, girl.

† William Blake is known to have made drawings of the following:—"Ghost of a flea," see John Varley, *Zodiacal Physiognomy*, and A. Gilchrist, *Life of William Blake*, pp. 274-5 (1907 edition); "Edward III," see A. Gilchrist, *Life of William Blake*, facing p. 270; "Richard III and the ghosts of his victims," see Basil de Selincourt, *William Blake*, facing p. 59. "The Ghost of a flea" and "Edward III" were drawn 1818-20, while William Blake was residing at 17, South Moulton Street, W.

in all the editions of this book and its translations. Further, I may note here, in passing, that the American 1853 translation speaks of Blake as "a large man." The English 1859 translation by Robert T. Hulme, calls Blake "a tall man,"\* and further translates *Michel-Ange* as "the angel Michael," and "*la partie mortel de leur être*" as "what is immortal of them"!

But what does this account of a Blake all mean? Is it a coincidence, or a cruel joke, or a devilish libel, made venomous by the pointed reference to the "ghost of a flea"? Did William Blake have a mad brother, or a relative, or a namesake, in Bedlam when the writer visited the hospital? The article is undated; it may be about the date of its appearance in the *Revue Britannique*, July, 1833, for previously in the article the writer says: "A short time ago [*Il y a peu de temps*] . . . I visited this place of asylum," or it may have been written some years earlier, since it speaks of the other maniac, Martin, as being the elder brother of William Martin the painter, who, one gathers, was alive at the time of the writer's visit. William Martin the painter died in 1821, six years before the death of William Blake according to the commonly accepted statement.

Brierre de Boismont in his quotation cuts down the first paragraph and puts it at the end. Instead of beginning the second paragraph (which he makes the first) with "He [Blake] was not the victim of a simple hallucination," de Boismont leaves out these words (evidently not agreeing with them) and begins his quotation with "Some years ago there was in the hospital of Bedlam (Bethlehem) a madman called Blake, nicknamed the Seer; he believed firmly, etc., etc." Translators of course follow suit. What made de Boismont make this the beginning of his quotation when it is not in the original article? He meant, of course, that the article was written some years earlier than when he was writing in 1845, but he should not have made it part of his quotation and so misled those not having access to the original article published in 1833.

Most of the articles in the *Revue Britannique* give the source from whence they have been taken, as it is a kind of *Review of Reviews*, but in this instance no name or source is appended. It merely comes under *Statistique* and is entitled "*Hôpital des fous à Londres.*" Evidently the original was written in English, for there is a note at the foot by the translator.

By some strange mistake, or spiteful intention, can the mention of William Blake's residence (1793-1800) at 13, Hercules Build-

\* William Blake the artist, was five feet in height and very strongly built.

ings, Lambeth, as "*near the asylum*," in Flaxman's recommendation of Wm. Blake to Hayley (March 16, 1800),\* have been twisted into his being *in* the asylum?

We are inevitably driven to certain conclusions: either this is a most extraordinary coincidence, or a pointless and venomous libel, or a "pot-boiler" concocted and palmed off as a serious article, or else William Blake was for a time an inmate of Bedlam, or died there, and the knowledge of both these facts was kept secret by the loyalty of his wife and friends.

Against the last two conclusions we have the evidence of his addressed, dated and signed letters, and also a full account of his death, burial and number of his grave in Bunhill Fields. To offer as explanation that the funeral was a sham one seems far fetched under the circumstances, considering it was attended by men like Richmond, Calvert, Tatham and others.

The Records of Bethlem Hospital have been searched and no mention of a Blake, between 1815 and 1835, has been found.

The only purpose I have had in making this search was to get at the truth. Whatever be the outcome, it cannot affect the genius of William Blake.

\* *The Real Blake*, by E. J. Ellis, p. 187.

# A BATCH OF STRANGE STORIES

[SECOND SERIES]

By A. DE BERGH

THE interest aroused by the records of the uncanny which I furnished to the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW some time ago has led to the request for a further supply of the more remarkable from among the strange incidents of the kind which have been communicated to me. The following story is narrated by the son of an Irish politician whom we will call by the name of O'Brien. The events narrated followed on his return from abroad consequent on his father's death. In recounting the circumstances of his return to his native land he put on record the following striking occurrences :—

“ My father's death recalled me from abroad. His letters and MSS. were sealed up, and it was my duty upon my arrival in Ireland to wade through the enormous pile of correspondence. He was a man with literary tastes, he was a strong Home Ruler, a Parnellite, and although he had never made the public a participant in his labours, he left a testamentary instruction for the publication of his essays, etc., on this great political problem. Now I myself, as one of Her Majesty's civil servants, was strongly for the Union, and was afraid that I could not do justice to the intentions of the testator.

“ I had been away from home more than ten years, and I found that my father had been assisted in his work by a young fellow, Louis Sullivan, who seemed to be his only companion, my mother having died when I was quite young. Of course, I was only too glad to retain the services of the young man. I requested him to call, and we soon came to an arrangement satisfactory to both of us. Louis Sullivan, who was about twenty years of age, was slim and fragile, his face was very handsome, of true Irish type, with dark hair and blue eyes. He was well versed in my father's literary work, and absolved me entirely from any responsibility. I left him fully in charge of all matters referring to Home Rule, and took the sifting and investigating of letters and other papers upon myself.

“ During some months we were daily together, and I often observed that my young companion looked at me with an expression of fondness which touched me in an inexplicable manner. I came across some letters which showed me that Louis was more than a mere acquaintance to me. My father had years ago formed an intimacy with a woman residing on his estate, who had nursed him through a severe illness, and a child was born as the result of this attachment. The name of the woman was Sullivan, and she was dead. I thought it more than coincidence that Louis Sullivan should have been with my father ever since then, and I could understand why my father should have provided for his young companion by

a substantial annuity. He was his own child, though I soon became convinced that Louis was not acquainted with this fact. Nevertheless, I felt that blood spoke loudly, for I saw that Louis loved me, and such a state of things can only be due to a strong sympathy, which, no doubt, is based upon blood relationship.

"In a conversation with him one day, I gathered that he was under the impression that his father had died before he was born. I could not undeceive him and let him know that he was an illegitimate child. At last our tasks were finished, and as I was leaving Ireland, a separation became necessary. The night before my departure I asked Louis to dine with me. It was a sad occasion; little was said, and it was evident we both felt keenly the approaching parting from each other. At last Louis broke the silence, and taking my hand in his, he asked my forgiveness for making a confession. I saw now that I was mistaken, and that he knew our relationship, and I told him that his confession was not needed, that I knew all, and embracing him, kissed him, and called him brother. The result of my action was a great surprise. Louis burst into a fit of the most violent weeping. I told him how I had found out the secret, and entreated him to come with me, and be my brother before the world. I could not understand his subsequent behaviour, but he refused point-blank. This was the last I saw of him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I was in —, where I intended to spend some weeks. It was just eight days since I had left Ireland. I was ascending the staircase of the *Hotel* — in —. It was the evening twilight. Suddenly I saw standing before me the shape of a woman dressed in white. I stared at her; she bore the face of Louis Sullivan. Too astonished to speak, I stood looking at her in amazement, when she vanished.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Subsequently I learned the truth. The being who recently had been my companion, and whom I had discovered to be so near a relation, was indeed no brother, but a sister. Why my father had made her wear men's clothes I never exactly understood, unless it was the fear that the presence of a young girl at his house would have given occasion to gossip. She is now dead. She died the very evening she appeared to me at the hotel in —. With her own hands she made an end to her life. The letter she left behind her told all: she loved me, and was just on the point on that evening before my departure of confessing her feelings when, misunderstanding her purpose, I told her she was my brother. Her relationship to me had not been known to her, but she found now that she was my sister—she could not bear the situation, and she died.

"That I should have seen her in the shape of a woman, when her sex was entirely unsuspected, seemed to me the most inexplicable feature of the occurrence."

The second story is also very much out of the common:—

Sister Clare, under which name Nurse Benson was known at the Grand Central Hospital, was young, good-looking and the daughter of an Army officer, who had lost his life in his country's service. She was devoted to her profession and proficient in it,

and nothing could show more clearly the value placed upon her than the fact that she was selected by the War Office out of many applicants to go down to the Gold Coast and take charge of the nursing of the soldiers then employed in one of the frequent small but deadly wars of Great Britain. The order came for her to be ready to join the transport at Portsmouth in forty-eight hours.

The news was a great blow to young Dr. Levinge, the resident assistant physician at the hospital. He felt he could not allow Miss Benson to leave England without having given and received a promise which should secure the happiness of their future. The doctor had loved Clare for some months and although there existed, no doubt, a silent understanding between the two, neither had spoken openly, Levinge waiting till he should have bought a practice and be able to offer his wife a home. The approaching departure of Miss Benson altered circumstances, and the evening heard mutual declarations and saw the couple betrothed. All seemed to come natural, it was simply the telling over of an old tale, love had been doing its work for many months, the present outburst was the final touch to the long story.

"And now, my dearest, as you are about to visit a country of vast fever-swamps, I give you a remedy which never fails to cure. My friend Sunderland, who has spent many years in the region of Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, has discovered it and he assures me that he has saved many a life of men already in the grip of death." He brought out of his medicine chest (they were in his room now) a phial which he filled with a brown fluid possessing a most powerful pungent scent which immediately pervaded the room. "At the first indication of fever administer five drops on a piece of sugar and continue the doses every hour till the pulse has become normal."

\* \* \* \*

The story as it is given here was told me by the young physician to whom it happened, and who vouched for its truth:—

Nurse Benson left on the appointed day. On her return from her work of mercy she would become Dr. Levinge's wife. The latter embraced an opportunity offered near his native town to buy the practice of an old friend of his family who retired from active work, and took with the practice the old doctor's house, furnished it afresh and prepared it for the reception of its new mistress. Five months had passed since Miss Benson had left, and her last letters, full of hope and happiness, promised her speedy return.

One evening Dr. Levinge came home from a long tour of visits and sat down to write to his love when suddenly his attention was engaged by a strong pungent smell pervading his study. He

called his servant who assisted in making up the mixtures, but was surprised to find he could not perceive any odour. It was the pungent smell of his fever draught and the bottle must have been opened. The chest was brought, but no trace of an escape of the medicine could be found. The doctor could not get the scent out of his nose, to the astonishment of his man, who did not detect anything out of the common.

The clock struck ten, Levinge had finished his letter and retired, being tired and uneasy on account of the remarkable occurrence of the penetrating scent he alone could perceive. His night's sleep was greatly disturbed and it was early in the morning, when he rose and again and again investigated fully every possibility of the strange delusion of the previous evening. In vain; he could not discover even a theory which would hold its ground.

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Two weeks after the above related incident the news arrived of the death of Sister Clare of fever on board H.M.S. *Stork*. Her illness had lasted only three days. The hour and day coincided exactly with that in which Dr. Levinge had the strange experience with the pungent smell of the fever-medicine. Some time afterwards he met the army-surgeon who had attended Miss Benson in her fatal illness and heard how she had called for Dr. Levinge shortly before she died and had asked fervently for the draught by which she had saved so many lives, but which, unfortunately, had been exhausted by the time when she herself was struck down by the terrible enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whilst, some years ago, I was on a visit in Berkshire, and spent some days with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale, the former told me a remarkable occurrence which had happened a few years previously.

Mr. Lonsdale's brother, an army officer, had returned from India after a long absence, being invalided, and was expected in the evening at The Hall, which was only about half a mile distant from the railway station.

The train was due to arrive at 9.15, and Mr. Lonsdale, accompanied by his wife, walked slowly down to meet and greet the arrival, the carriage being sent to bring the party back.

On the way from The Hall to the station they had to pass the old church, which was surrounded by the village burial ground. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and they could not help observing a new-made open grave. As they had not heard of

any death in the neighbourhood, they were surprised, the more so as the grave seemed next to their family plot.

The train arrived, but without the expected guest. They drove back to their house, concluding he had missed the train or had been delayed on his way from Portsmouth to London. Next morning a telegram announced the death of the officer, who had been landed very ill and had died the previous evening, at 9.15, at Portsmouth.

The strange thing was that there did not exist any open grave as seen by Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale at the very moment the death took place.

Three days afterwards the body was buried at the spot where the relatives had in vision seen the open grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Count L., who spent many years in a diplomatic capacity in London, related to me a very remarkable incident of his life.

Whilst spending a holiday at his ancient castle in Germany, not far from the beautiful Rhine, he was sitting one evening alone in his library, which was partly also an armoury, when he was suddenly disturbed by the fall of a dagger which had formed part of an ornament on the wall. When he lifted the poniard from the floor he observed that it was reddened as if with blood. He took it to the light, but found it was an illusion, although he could have sworn he had seen blood on the short blade.

The next day he had the sad news of his son's death. The young count, who was spending some time in Italy, had an altercation with some Italians which led to a fight, in which he was stabbed to the heart and met with an instantaneous death.

\* \* \* \* \*

Amongst my collection of strange stories I have a great number of so-called warnings by dreams. But there is a great sameness in these, and if I give you a couple of well-authenticated ones it will suffice.

The Duchess of P. saw, during an afternoon's siesta, her brother brought into the house a corpse. He had only left her a couple of hours before, with a number of guns, who went out shooting on the Ducal estate. She was awakened by some unusual noise in the courtyard, and, going to the window, actually saw her dream realized.

Monsignor l'Epèe, a well-known ecclesiastic and Curé of a church in a small French town, dreamed he saw two men entering his church for the purpose of robbery. They were met by the sacristan, who lived near the church, and had heard some noise



coming from thence. The Monsignor saw his man attacked and murdered by strangulation, saw the robbery and everything in most vivid detail. In the morning it was found that the church had been entered during the night, and the corpse of the sacristan was discovered.

Through the description of the murderers given by the Curé as he had seen them, they were traced and arrested. They confessed, and it appeared that the reality coincided in every point with the vision of the dream.

These psychical phenomena just related are, as I have said, only two out of a great number I have heard, and in most cases authenticated; whether they are due to simple clairvoyance or lucidity, or are in the nature of premonitions or objective apparitions, I do not undertake to say.

Warnings given by dreams are of frequent occurrence, and they are often found even in ancient history. We are told that the wife of Pontius Pilate was troubled by a dream and prevailed on her husband to wash his hands in respect to the judgment on Jesus; the wife of Julius Caesar was warned of the Ides of March.

It is not my intention to enter further upon the subject.

\* \* \* \* \*

More out of the common is the following incident, which has been personally related to me by two gentlemen who were the principals in it.

It was at Oxford, some years ago, that three undergraduates became great friends, and cared so much for each other's society that they became known under the name of "the Trinity." After they had taken their several degrees, they naturally parted, and some years afterwards one found himself settled in a Yorkshire village, as curate, another as barrister in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the third in India, in the civil service.

The curate received one morning the following letter from the barrister (I have seen and read it myself):—

"DEAR —, — Jack (the Indian civil servant) is back in England. Looking out of my chamber window, I saw him passing, and although he looked when I called, he passed on without coming up. He must have been in a hurry, but I am staying in, as I am sure he will come back."

The reply came two days after from Yorkshire:—

"DEAR TED,—You must have had an hallucination, for it is quite impossible that you could have seen Jack the day before yesterday, at 10.30 a.m. For this I can give you the very best reason—I saw him amongst the congregation at my church during morning prayers, at 10.30. Strangely enough, he left without waiting for me; he evidently was in a hurry, but I am sure he will call on me ere long."

It was some weeks afterwards that the news reached the friends that Jack had died at the very time he was seen by the curate and barrister.

\* \* \* \* \*

I will conclude my batch of tales with the recital of an incident which has come under my personal experience, and a story which occurred a short time ago, and is vouched for by three people. I was staying at the country house of a near relation, whose husband had gone abroad on an important errand. In the middle of the night I heard a bell ringing most furiously, and jumped out of my bed, put on a wrapper, and went out into the corridor. The lady of the house ran towards me, informing me that burglars were in the house: she heard them in her absent husband's study, which joined her bedroom. Having no arms, I picked up a formidable poker and, followed by her, entered the study, but there was nobody there, and the windows were shut and fastened from within. My hostess informed me she heard steps, and the moving of chairs in the room. She assured me she was not dreaming, as she was up and out of her bed for some time before she rang her bell. By this time the servants had come down, and we searched the whole house, but not a trace could be found of any intruder. The next day the sad news arrived of the sudden death of her husband at his hotel, 300 miles distant.

The great event in one of the Western Shires was the annual County ball, and the preparation for this festival engrossed for weeks and weeks the minds of the many young ladies whose social standing allowed them to participate in this important function. The shire hall, where the dance took place, having limited dimensions, the elder people were not encouraged to come, and the young ones were chaperoned by a few married ladies who were still in their prime. So it came to pass that the contingent from B—Abbey consisted only of the young daughters of the house and their brother. As the county town was nearly twenty miles distant from the Abbey, the merry party left by motor an hour before the time the ball was to commence.

The gaiety lasted into the small hours of the morning, and every one at B—Abbey had gone to bed, when three of the dwellers there were awakened by the continuous hooting of the approaching motor-car in the near neighbourhood. Both father and mother were awakened by the noise, as well as the aunt of the youthful travellers, who was staying at the time with her sister. As the hooting continued and the car did not come nearer, the old gentleman came to the conclusion that something had gone

wrong, and that the hooting was a call for assistance. He rose and alarmed the servants, and ordered some of the stablemen to go and see what was the matter. They returned some time afterwards, and reported that they could neither hear nor see anything. The remarkable thing was that the two ladies, as well as the master of the Abbey, still had heard the hooting.

Grooms on horseback were sent out in the road towards the county town, but they were unable to discover any trace of the carriage.

At last, some hours afterwards, a messenger arrived at the Abbey in great haste, and brought the news that a serious accident had occurred only two miles from the town, nearly eighteen miles from the Abbey, and that the occupants of the car had been brought to the county hospital, where they lay in a critical condition. A sad and anxious party left the Abbey for the town, where they found on their arrival at the hospital that one of the young ladies had succumbed to her injuries, whilst the other, her brother and the chauffeur were in an almost hopeless condition. The hooting had only been heard by the relatives of the victims, and by none of the servants and retainers.

# VRIL: THE ENERGY OF THE COMING RACE

BY W. J. COLVILLE

EVER since Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Lytton) wrote that amazing romance, *The Coming Race*, which many readers look upon as that famous author's masterpiece, the word VRIL has been employed more or less frequently to designate a force or energy latent within every human being, but only unfolded to a large extent in very exceptional instances. Not only is VRIL regarded as a human possession susceptible of cultivation or emancipation, it is further looked upon as almost identifiable with PRANA, which Oriental writers tell us is the vitalizing element in our surrounding atmosphere and the vital principle in vegetable as well as in animal existence. The word VRIL is distinctly derived from *Vir*, the Latin term for a superior type of man to the ordinary Homo, and though we of to-day have grown accustomed to a demeaned employment of the kindred words virile and virility, the old Romans undoubtedly attached a meaning to them far more exalted than any mere suggestion of the attainment of exterior manhood.

The *toga virilis* was bestowed upon the young Roman when he attained adult age with considerable impressive ceremony, and such a badge was regarded as a token of honour, not a mere advertisement that one had reached legal majority. Our splendid word VIRTUE, from *virtus*, is close of kin to *valor* in its primary significance, but though we have never reduced the meaning of virtue to any very low level, we often refer to it in a negative rather than in a positive manner, particularly when we speak of a person "losing" virtue, thereby implying that a virtuous condition is simply one of original innocence, with which ignorance of the world and its doubtful practices may well be logically associated. From the standpoint of students of the Mysteries, and all who are seeking to tread faithfully the way of initiation into their depths, virtue is an altogether positive word used only to express a state of attainment inseparable from strenuous effort to achieve. The "virtuous" woman, difficult to find according to the testimony of the 31st chapter of Proverbs, is a very far remove from the simply innocent, chaste and kindly

woman who was always a very familiar figure in ancient Israel.

The people are looking for a queen, and they inquire where they can find a woman so perfectly symmetrical in her development that she will grace a throne and be an ensample of excellence to all sections of the community. She must be both strong and gentle; adapted to domestic life and also capable of leading in public affairs; in a word she must be an all-round woman, and because perfectly well balanced she is truly virtuous. Virtues are easily divisible into at least two very marked categories—the stern and the mild. Among the stern or robust, often termed heroic virtues, we place courage, fortitude and a keen sense of justice, coupled with resolute determination to carry justice out in all our transactions one with another. Among the gentle virtues we place mercy, compassion, sympathy, and all such moral excellences as soften and sweeten life. An ideal man or woman must possess and exhibit both classes unitedly in equal degree. The world is fast coming to a knowledge, almost universally, that there can be no sex in virtue. Every moral quality that adorns a man glorifies a woman likewise, and every vice that disfigures feminine character also tarnishes the male. Bulwer Lytton was far ahead of his times when he embodied Rosicrucian philosophy in fascinating novels and also gave veiled glimpses of ancient systems of civilization under the guise of works of fiction. In the middle of the nineteenth century public curiosity became greatly aroused concerning the mystical and the occult, and it is always through the agency of the romance, the play, and the poem that public interest can be held readily and information given in a form best calculated to partially reveal and partially conceal the deeper teachings which the poet, novelist, or playwright has it in his power to impart.

Bulwer Lytton was in many respects deserving of such a title as the great pioneer protagonist of that widespread interest in matters psychical which has already spread through almost every intelligent section of the studious world. To tell a good story and to tell it well, when it is one that is surely calculated to direct public thought into some serious and profitable channel, is to perform one of the grandest and most useful services that any philanthropist can render to humanity. No story is really good or actually worth the telling unless it presents some noble ideal before the readers, therefore we should hesitate to commend for general perusal tales that are merely attractive from a sensational standpoint. *The Coming Race* is so replete with food for deep and profitable reflection that we cannot see how any intelli-

gent reader can fail to derive inspiration from its intensely alluring pages. The traveller who finds himself a stranger among the Vril-Ya does not find in those mysterious people a state of absolute perfection realized to the extent that the country they inhabit is a perfect terrestrial paradise, but their mode of life is in all respects far superior to anything we are now witnessing even in those lands which loudly boast of their highly advanced civilization. These Vril-Ya represent a large community of women and men who are living according to a rule more nearly in accordance with matriarchal than with patriarchal forms of administrative government, for the women have a little more power vested in them than have the men, and that distribution of authority seems to work admirably. Though perfect sexual equality may be the goal toward which we are advancing, there are many reasons advanceable why, in some respects, woman should be given precedence over man, and these all circle round the central thought of motherhood.

It may require a very highly developed mother to give birth to a child of either sex who may prove a world-benefactor in any exceptionally high degree; on that account it is well to ponder thoughtfully over even romantic and traditional histories which claim to show how a very highly advanced civilization grew up and blossomed in an atmosphere in which the women were a little ahead of the men in general esteem throughout a large community.

The question of VRIL and the mysterious power wielded by the exercise of an enchanter's wand in the hands of a boy twelve years of age,—who readily annihilated a monstrous destructive creature which occasionally appeared among the Vril-Ya as a survivor of a bygone age,—points unmistakably to a mighty force inherent in all human beings, but though latent in every one, active in but very few of our immediate contemporaries. Vril is said to be gathered from the universal atmosphere, and also to be generated within the human frame. It is thus, as already stated, closely related to Prana, about which we read a great deal in works which employ a Sanscrit terminology.

Call it by whatever name we will, or leave it nameless, we must all admit that there is an available energy both within our own organisms and pervading the common air we breathe, which can be commanded and disciplined to our service, so that we eventually become adepts in the scientific art of regulating all conditions to our will. Deep, regular, rhythmic breathing is one of the methods most widely advocated for generating and

liberating Vril or Prana, but we often hear that indiscreet employment of Oriental methods on the part of Europeans and Americans has led to disastrous consequences, developing nervous derangement instead of increased spirituality. This experience is **not** difficult to explain if we take into account heredity, psychology and the widely different general habits prevailing in the Orient from those customary in the Occident.

Simple food and hygienic clothing are indispensable for all who would profitably devote themselves to life on a higher plane than the ordinary, and though it may sound materialistic in some ears, frankness compels the statement that a truly spiritual life must be that of a deep, healthy breather whose entire physical body acts responsively to the dictates of the dominating ego.

Bulwer Lytton, who is known to have held high office in the Rosicrucian Confraternity, rightly insisted in his marvellous romances that physical health and vigour must ever go hand in hand with high intellectual and moral attainments and with deep insight into spiritual realities among the Vril-Ya, who are to succeed the present race. Human nature is truly unitary, harmonic, not discordant, therefore those who actually know to the point of definite demonstration some of the laws prevailing in the occult realm, teach persistently a very different doctrine from that promulgated by hysterical ascetics who regard the body as evil while they proclaim the soul to be in origin divine.

Without mastery over appetites and passions there can be no copious generation or command of Vril, but whosoever governs a propensity realizes its essential righteousness and intelligently undertakes to lead it into the most profitable channel in which it can be made to flow. Nearly every one in ordinary life either believes that it is necessary to indulge appetites or else to execrate them, whereas the true generator and exerciser of Vril knows that every tendency can be allowed or encouraged to express itself on a lower or on a higher plane. We do not condemn any force in nature and pronounce it evil because we determine to so harness and direct it that it may act constructively instead of destructively. Every convincing demonstration of scientific skill in any mechanical domain is self-evidently a result of specially utilized and definitely directed energy. Every force we are now handling easily and making tributary to our comfort and convenience is found originally in an undisciplined condition awaiting the magic touch of the master mind of humanity to render it completely subservient to human will. Luther Burbank, of California, known all over the world as the first regenera-

tor of the wild prickly cactus,—from which he has refined away all spikes and rendered it edible as well as peaceful,—declares in his splendid educational manual, *The Culture of the Human Plant*, that children can and should be dealt with exactly as he so successfully deals with vegetables, though of course he states very plainly that when attempting the culture of a “human plant” the educator must take largely into consideration the ability of a child or adult to respond intelligently to culturing overtures to an extent far beyond the possibilities of even the highest type of animal. There are unmistakably two co-operating factors in education which must be perfectly balanced in our minds before we can successfully function as useful educators: one of these is inherent energy, while the other is all that we mean by environment. Individualists see very clearly the value of the former, while Socialists never neglect to descant upon the importance of the latter. A true mutualistic philosophy recognizes and insists equally upon the elements of strength and utility in both of these much discussed philosophic systems which appear as irreconcilable as proverbial oil and water, which are said to never mix, and indeed they do never mix when the two are left to themselves without the interposition of a mixer, but a chemist can unite them by introducing a third factor, neither oil nor water, which is quite capable of blending them.

When Herbert Spencer in his later years took a pessimistic view of an impending future he declared his belief in the nearing advent of Socialism, but anticipated its coming mournfully, because he felt assured that it would veto individual initiative and reduce men and women almost to the dead-level uniformity of mechanically operated automata. Socialists, on the other hand, are loud and persistent in their advocacy of Socialism because they declare that Socialistic changes will make for the larger freedom of every member of society where industries are socialized. Without attempting just now to discuss the pros and cons of Individualism and Socialism, usually regarded as antipathetic and mutually exclusive systems of philosophy, it is well to note that we can all find a common denominator directly we leave the arena of intellectual controversy and enter the field occupied by universal human will. We all love liberty and we are all resolved to exterminate, if it lies in our acknowledged power, every obstacle that we think stands in the way of our securing liberty; consequently we rarely, if ever, either eulogize or denounce any system of thought, or proposed alteration in the administration of affairs, apart from our convictions as to the



inevitable consequences which we believe must flow from a wide promulgation of a certain doctrine or the establishment of a proposed governmental or administrative *régime*.

All the intense longing expressed in this excited day for greater victory over the hidden forces of nature, is only another and a somewhat profounder resolve on the part of humanity to advance definitely nearer to the goal of emancipation from thralldom to the stress of circumstances and the weight of dominating unseen forces.

An ever-increasing number of highly-strung individuals of both sexes and all ages, and in all countries, are feeling irrepressibly what may well be called an urge of the soul. The very atmosphere of our planet is becoming so highly electrified that we are restive under conventional restraints that were formerly accepted tacitly and yielded to, not willingly but under a sense of unconquerable compulsion. The day of submission to a supposed inevitable is almost at an end and a new day is clearly dawning in which voluntary open-eyed obedience to universal order will prevail. There are many students of the traditional history of the sunken continent Atlantis who declare that its final submergence was precipitated by the unrighteous magic practised by its highly intellectual but often terribly unrighteous inhabitants. Be that as it may, it will not do for the thinkers of our age to shut their eyes to the immense possibilities for upbuilding or down-tearing which must inevitably result from added victories over the unharnessed forces of nature which modern science is rapidly learning how to govern to an extent popularly undreamed of till quite recently. The law of synchronous vibration is being increasingly studied, and we are rapidly learning how to accomplish wonders formerly regarded as miraculous even to the degree of the supernatural. To-day those old terms are being invested with more exact meaning where they are not discarded as obsolete. There are unquestionably higher and lower domains of nature, and while it is safe and logical to affirm that law is never set aside—therefore, in one sense Hume may have been justified in saying that a miracle never happens—the new scientific attitude is very unlike that of the iconoclastic position of an earlier period when the old explanations of the so-called miraculous were being discredited and no new interpretations had been vouchsafed.

By the agency of what Bulwer Lytton called Vril we may be able scientifically to account for every alleged miracle attributed to supernatural intervention, and that without disturbing any one's Theistic faith. No one could possibly accuse Henry Drum-

mond or John Fiske of atheism, yet both those gifted writers and profound thinkers found no place for the old idea of supernatural intervention in their philosophy or theology. The eighth psalm long ago settled the question of man's possible supremacy over all the earth and the myriad races of creatures below the human level which inhabit it, and we have only to acknowledge that there is an inside as well as an outside to everything to enable us to comprehend and endorse the magical position. The magician is, correctly speaking, only one who can do greater things than ordinary in consequence of his unusually wide acquaintance with the working of unchanging law; but the competent magician is one who far transcends the simply physical scientist, because it is not possible to perform the works of high magic without undergoing an amount of self-discipline far transcending the self-government required to produce an efficient worker on any outward scientific plane.

The worker in the occult realm of nature who is truly one of the Vril-Ya, a prophet of the coming day, has not only to learn how to manipulate forces external to himself so that he can accomplish great mechanical achievements, but to so discipline and govern his interior forces that by virtue of such dominion he can render all outward things subservient to his mental sway.

The greatest of all lessons to be learned by all aspirants toward magical attainments is the unification of interior with exterior energy. Vril is at the same instant within and without the bodies of the Vril-Ya. The child who could kill the rapacious monster with a single stroke of his wand was the offspring of a race whose members had learned well how to subdue their own emotions without annihilating feeling, for a person void of feeling will never accomplish much that is significant on account of the callousness and general indifference which must characterize him. Though it is undeniably true that heredity plays an important part in racial evolution, there are a few exceptional individuals encountered now and then, who show by their exceptional attainments that they have already reached a level which will not be extraordinary in an age to come. In *The Coming Race* the author comments upon the surprise expressed by a visitor among the Vril-Ya when he found no very great men and women among them; genius seemed not to be extant. The explanation, however, was immediately forthcoming when the stranger to a higher state of society than any to which he had grown accustomed by early associations, discovered that the general average of mental development was immensely higher than anything he

had previously encountered, consequently a production which would have been regarded as a work of pronounced genius in the land where he had formerly dwelt would be accepted as only up to a general standard among the Vril-Ya. The question may well be asked, did Bulwer Lytton truly foresee a "coming race," or was he only describing romantically a state of society possible only to initiated graduates among Rosicrucians and other mysterious Orders. The whole trend of present thought and demonstration is in favour of the encouraging conclusion that we are surely passing onward and upward toward a general high level, where the coming race may even surpass the pictured Vril-Ya. But the most important question for us to ask ourselves is what we can do individually to join forces with those first-fruits of a new age who are designated the 144,000, specially prepared and sealed, according to the Apocalypse, as forerunners of a multitude of initiated ones so numerous that their number is incalculable. If any ordinary individual were to devote half as much time and thought daily to real self-training as most ordinary persons devote to unnecessary activities which yield no satisfactory results, the latent Vril would soon make itself so manifest that we should come to resemble Rafael Santoris and his bride, as Marie Corelli has portrayed them in *The Life Everlasting*.

If we determine to take it upon ourselves seriously to develop Vril we must live as much as possible in the open air, both literally and figuratively. We must set ourselves the task of thinking our own thoughts and becoming, therefore, truly free thinkers, that is, thinkers untrammelled by the opinions of our neighbours. We must partake of only such food as we individually find to be conducive to our welfare regardless of the practices of our associates; we must wear only such clothing as we find agrees with our temperament and consorts with the free exercise of all members of our frame; and most of all, we must proclaim within the inmost recesses of the temple of our being, our sovereignty over all thoughts and feelings which are not in accord with our aspirations and ideals.

No matter where we live we must avail ourselves of all the sunshine we can get, never tolerate customs which we know to be injurious on the plea that they are fashionable, for it is a fact that admits of no gainsaying that if any of us desire to lead we must not permit ourselves to follow.

Health on all planes of existence is possible unto us, but we may often have to work steadily to overcome fettering conditions inherited from the past and fostered by mistaken training up to

the present hour. One very good rule to be universally observed by all who would develop Vril is to determine each day to accomplish some definite piece of work and carry it through to a victorious issue, regardless of any obstacles which may arise in our path.

"Faint heart never won fair lady" is a good old adage intensely applicable to qualification for initiation into Rosicrucian and all other mysteries which are in every case, in their last analysis, open secrets thinly disguised in metaphorical phraseology, all hinging upon the central pivot of self-discipline eventuating in the complete subordination of the lower or outer to the higher or inner planes of universal human consciousness.

# THE USES AND ABUSES OF MIND-CURE

BY HERWARD CARRINGTON

WITHIN the past few years, the country has been flooded by a host of books, pamphlets and periodicals, dealing with "psychotherapy" and mind-cure in general. In some ways, it would be impossible to exaggerate the good which this has done. It has cheered up many desponding souls; it has brightened many a life; it has stimulated activities and lines of thought which otherwise would have remained dormant; it has added real zest to life, and made it worth living. Undoubtedly, too, real cures have been effected by means of these modern mental methods, and any one who denies this must surely be ignorant of the vast amount of steadily accumulating evidence in their favour. The many advantages of the system are doubtless pointed out with acuteness and insisted upon with vigour in the books which defend it; and need not be re-stated here. And yet, while I acknowledge all this; while I am forced to admit the many wonderful cures, and much mental relief, on account of these newer methods of healing, I still believe that a vast amount of harm is also brought about by the incautious application of the doctrines taught; by over-enthusiasm for the ideals which are ever before us, luring us on and on. In the present article, therefore, I propose to show in what these pitfalls consist; to illustrate some of the errors into which over-enthusiastic "mental-curists" are apt to fall.

First of all, however, a confession of faith! For a number of years, I believed as implicitly as it was possible for any one to believe in the great power of the mind to cure disease. I read nearly every book of importance that had been published on this theme—including Mrs. Eddy's books, all the standard works on hypnotism, mind-cure, faith-cure, new thought, etc. I was deeply imbued with the truths they contained. I became greatly opposed to the so-called "materialism" of medical science. The rationality and philosophical truth of the mind-cure systems appeared to me irrefutable.

The fundamentals of the system are, indeed, well laid. We know of the tremendous effects of the emotions upon the body—its functions, secretions, etc. Cheering faith and optimism

are assuredly great incentives to health ; more than that, they are actual physiological health-stimulators. We know that we can make ourselves ill by morbid and unwholesome thoughts ; and, as Feuchtersleben says : " If the imagination can make man sick, can it not make him well ? " By opening up the great " sluice-gates " of the organism, we somehow allow a great influx of spiritual energy to pervade us, and the disease vanishes. It is a very fascinating doctrine, and, for many diseases, doubtless a true one.

In spite of all this, however, I believe the present tendency to treat all diseases—or next to all—by purely mental methods is a great mistake. It leaves many persons sick and crippled for life ; it allows many hundreds of others to sink and fall into premature graves.

And the first objection I would make to mind and faith curing, and all kindred systems, is this : that *they tend to suppress symptoms rather than remove causes*. This is a very grave objection indeed. If one suffers constantly from constipation or dyspepsia, the natural habit of the mind would be to worry about them, more or less, and to take steps to prevent their continued progress. But the faith and mind-curists say : " No, it is not at all important ; imagine yourself whole and well, and whole and well you will be ! " Many persons have done this, and their troubles have, apparently, lessened and disappeared. They may have, and they may not. It is easy to ignore troubles of this kind ; but this sort of ostrich-philosophy, which buries its head in the sand and refuses to look at what is before its eyes, is not natural or by any means best for the bodily organism. Ignoring symptoms does not cure them. What such persons fail to take into account is this : that any unpleasant symptom which may have arisen must be due to *some* cause ; sickness and disease do not arise *de novo*, and without just cause. This is not the order of a good and kind nature. It must be due to *something*, and generally that " something " is the condition of the body at the time ; and that condition depends in turn upon the previous habits and modes of life. These have engendered the diseased condition we see before us ; and the only effective and rational way to stop the effects—the symptoms—is to stop the causes—to change the habits of life which have led to such results ; and not to tinker with the effects. Even pain may be ignored to some extent ; but pain is due to a certain pathological state, which requires treatment. It is simply an indication of an existing bodily condition. What is the good of ignoring that

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state, when it exists? Symptoms may be ignored, but the causes of those symptoms run on in the body, nevertheless, and in the end work havoc and breed sickness and decay.

I am aware of the fact that the Christian Scientists, e.g., would reply to this that the bodily state (there is no body, according to them, but we let that pass, for the moment) is cured at the same time; that, by the mere affirmation that the body is whole we thereby make it whole; we do not suppress symptoms, we remove causes as well. This I deny—at least in many cases. I have seen too many of such “cures”—and relapses—not to know whereof I speak. A patient goes to a “healer,” and becomes “cured.” A few weeks or months later his trouble returns; or, if not the same trouble, another and perhaps a worse one. This is “cured” in turn, and so on.

Now it is a well-known fact that a disease, suppressed in one place or one direction, has a tendency to break out in another. It has been gathering in force all the time within the body, and finally bursts forth again—worse than before. “And the last state of that man is worse than the first.” The *causes* have run on. Similar causes can produce opposite effects—just as opposite causes can produce similar effects. Although no tangible connection between the first and the second illness can be traced, it is there nevertheless; and both have been produced by a common cause. We cannot ignore causes; we must treat them; and if we do not, they will, in the majority of cases, repay us a thousandfold for our past neglect.

When a person is diseased, the majority of mental-scientists would at least admit that certain unhealthy conditions were present, and needed to be overcome. If this is so, I ask: Why should we allow the body to become diseased at all, and thus necessitate its cure by mental or any other means? Would it not be much simpler to prevent such a diseased condition in the first place, by proper physiological habits of life; and so render any cure by mental or other means unnecessary? It seems to me that, by thus allowing the body to become diseased, and then “curing” it by mental control (even granting that this is the case), we burn the candle at both ends—for the reason that we devitalize the body by allowing it to become diseased, and then waste more energy in the mental effort to get well again! Would it not be more simple and more philosophical so to regulate the life that such diseased states and such cures are unnecessary?

The fundamentals of Mrs. Eddy's doctrine are well known.

God is all in all ; God is good ; hence all is good. Sin and sickness are delusions of poor mortal mind. They do not really exist. And this, they say, may easily be proved—on the one hand by the cures which take place ; and on the other, by the doctrine of idealism, which philosophers and scientists alike are accepting more and more as a satisfactory interpretation of the universe. The whole system is very delightful—and very illusory !

In the first place, as to the cures. I must contend that because some remarkable cures have been effected that, therefore, the *doctrines* of Christian Science are not thereby established. We know similar cures have been effected at Lourdes ; over the bones of saints (which did not really exist under the sacred cloth) over (fraudulent) " chips of the Cross " ; by means of hypnotism, and in a hundred ways. The whole root of the matter lies in auto-suggestion ; in the patient's faith in himself, and in the degree of faith he places in the curing object or dogma. The dogma may be quite false, but the cures are effected just the same. Because cures are effected by Christian Science methods, therefore, it is no proof whatever that the Christian Science theology or philosophy is right. It may be one huge error, but the cures would be effected just the same—provided the faith, the emotions, the imagination and spirit of the patient be touched in an appropriate manner.

True it is that science and philosophy tend towards idealism ; and the belief that there is, strictly speaking, " no matter." But this belief need not make us any the more believers in Christian Science and its methods. There is a subtle error here, which is unperceived by the majority. When first the truth reaches the mind that there is " no matter," that matter cannot feel, etc., it bursts like a flood of light upon the unfettered mind, and appears a fact so overwhelmingly great, so vast and so true, that to gainsay it would be to acknowledge ignorance of its teaching ; to admit intellectual shortsightedness. (This is, perhaps, the reason for the supercilious superiority of many Christian Scientists ; they imagine that no one perceives this truth but themselves.) And once grasped, is it not self-evident ? and does not all else follow in consequence ? At first sight, it would, indeed, appear so !

The great error, however, lies here. Because this fact is *theoretically* true it is not *practically* true also. We may admit the one ; we cannot accept the other. The fallacy has been clearly pointed out by Sir Oliver Lodge (*Hibbert Journal*, Jan.



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1905), and I cannot do better than to quote his words in this connection. He says:—

“ We cannot be permanently satisfied with dualism, but it is possible to be over-hasty, and also too precisely insistent. There are those who seem to think that a monistic view of existence precludes the legitimacy of speaking of soul and body, or of God and spiritual things, or of guidance and management, at all ; that is to say, they seem to think that because these things can be *ultimately* unified, therefore they are unified proximately and for practical purposes. We might as well urge that it is incorrect to speak of the chemical elements, or of the various materials with which, in daily life, we have to deal, or of the structures in which we live, or which we see and handle, as separate and real things, because in the last resort we believe that they may all be reduced to an aggregation of corpuscles, or to some other mode of unity. . . . The language of dualism or of multiplicity is not incorrect or inappropriable or superseded because we catch ideal glimpses of an ultimate unity ; nor would it be any the less appropriable if the underlying unity could be more clearly or completely grasped. The material world may be an aspect of the spiritual world, or vice versa, perhaps ; or both may be aspects of something else ; but both are realities, just the same, and there need be no hesitation in speaking of them clearly and distinctly as, for practical purposes, separate entities.”

This, it seems to me, disposes of the argument for Christian Science drawn from idealism. No matter whether the material world exists or not, we always have to live *as if* it existed. If we close our eyes and walk across the room, we shall be rudely stopped by the brick-wall at the opposite end when we come to it. No matter how strongly we may believe that such a wall does not exist, it does, nevertheless, stop us ; we have to live *as if* it existed. And just so, it seems to me, no matter how strongly we may believe that the body does not exist, we always have to live and act *as if* it existed—so long, at least, as we live in and inhabit the body at all.

Christian Science says that hygiene, diet, etc., are unimportant factors in the cure of disease. They “ do not count.” Apart from the immediate, practical disproof which cases of blood-poisoning, etc., would offer to such a theory, it may also be disproved theoretically. For, if it be unnecessary, e.g., to fast during illness, if food is a negligible quantity, and can be left out of account, why do Christian Scientists ever eat at all ? If food is unimportant in one case, it must be in the other case also. And

if it be replied to this (as it is) that the only reason for food is because the Christian Scientists are not yet sufficiently "advanced," and have not yet sufficient "enlightenment" to do without it; then, I reply, by the same logic they are as yet insufficiently advanced, and have not as yet sufficient knowledge to treat all cases of accident and disease, which, in point of fact, they do treat. If the limitation be acknowledged in one direction, it must be acknowledged in the other direction also. Christian Scientists cannot yet live without food because they have not yet sufficiently "perfected" themselves. So, in like manner, they should not treat many cases of disease they do treat because they have not yet sufficiently "perfected" themselves.

I might advance arguments such as the above to fill many pages. But I do not think it necessary. As a cure for certain functional diseases, for nervous disorders, and for many of the affections of the mind, mental methods of treatment must be acknowledged to be a great and a most important factor. But when an organic lesion is present; in grave states demanding immediate attention, I think it little short of criminal that such states should meet with almost total neglect, because of perverted ideas of physiology and a sickly sentimentalism, illogically extended from the philosophical doctrine of idealism. As a metaphysical doctrine, it may be correct, as a basis for medical practice, it is certainly incorrect. Let us once more set our feet to earth, and determine to live a good and a useful life in the material world of which we undoubtedly form a part. We are *in* a material world, and I believe we should be *of* it. I, for one, raise my voice in protest against the tide of intellectual asceticism which is inclined to accept, without question, the modern doctrines and methods of "psychotherapy" and mind-cure, in place of the more rational and certain measures of hygiene and medicine. The further a pendulum swings in one direction, the further will it swing in the other, when released. And I believe that the modern extreme acceptance of faith and mind-cure, in all its forms, is but the moral and intellectual and spiritual reaction against the materialism of the past generation. Hail the day when it again swings back to its mid-position; when rationality shall again have asserted its sway; and when mental methods of cure and bodily hygiene shall together march hand in hand to the joint attack against disease! They each have their mission to fulfil, their cases to cure. Tolerance; tolerance! Let them each recognize the rights of the other!

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### PRENTICE MULFORD AND PRAYER.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I duly received your favour of the 10th ult., and thank you very much for your kindness in sending me another copy of *The Gift of the Spirit* by Prentice Mulford, to replace the copy which went astray during the revolution here. I have received and perused the work with pleasure.

I think the author has handled his subject with great skill, and one great recommendation, which very often does not apply to works of this kind, is the fact that he writes in graphic and vivid language, which is readily comprehensible to any intelligent reader. The language is simple, the ideas well expressed, and in such a manner as to call forth the reflective faculties of the reader. Many works of this nature treat of their subject in a very obscure and mystifying manner and leave no clear and permanent impression on the mind of the person who peruses them.

At the same time I do not agree with all the opinions expressed by the author. For example, he says, with reference to the power of personal prayer, that the united prayers of a large body of people (in the healing of the sick, for instance) have a very marked power as a therapeutic agent. If that were the case, kings and notabilities would have a much longer span of life and enjoy better health than the average person, in view of the great mass of prayer which is offered up for them whenever they are ill or in danger; but as a matter of fact, they enjoy no better health than the average person, though they certainly have greater medical skill at their command.

Apart from this, I have no hostile criticism to offer.

I hope soon to send you one or two articles on approval for the OCCULT REVIEW,

And remain,

Yours very truly,

JOHN D. LECKIE.

VILLA RICA, PARAGUAY.

## MYSTICISM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—While fully admiring the sincere purpose and brilliant intellect behind many of the articles on Mysticism which have appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW this year, may I be permitted to point out that surely True Mysticism has nothing to do, save incidentally, with intellect. It is not and cannot be a question of scholastic argument, but of living the life—following after the Christ in all gentleness and strength, whether professing Christianity or not.

Occultism, Visions, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, etc., etc., are *not* Mysticism, but may come in its train, and are estimated at their true value by the Mystic. His aim, however, in life is so to live as to let the Christ within him gradually make him of greater use to his fellow-men in the spirit of service to Humanity. He knows no religion save that of Love to others. Yet the Love he follows is not a weak, sentimental thing of negative acquiescence, but Love in wisdom and power; the knowing how to be just and often seemingly cruel, to be kind—the hardest task of all that true Love demands.

This mysticism springs, as it has been truly said, “from the perfect presence of faith and the *perfect absence of pride*; from a realization of God, and a consequent love of God that is limitless.”

So much for the outer life where the Mystic is human among the human (*sham* mysticism dehumanises). As to his inner life and experiences, his motto is and must be, *Secretum meum mihi*, and only those who know can understand.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM T. HORTON.

## BREATH AS A HEALING AGENT.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your correspondent Mr. Will R. Penick, Junior, who in a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW refers to what he calls “a dogmatic statement” made by him in a former issue of that magazine respecting the potency, or otherwise, of the “*Breath*” as a healing agent, apart from suggestion, may I, as one who has been healed of a severe form of valvular disease of the heart extending over a period of twenty-seven years, be allowed to describe the *modus operandi* employed by Mr. Foot-Young in my cure under spirit instruction? Firstly, there were made full length passes to secure rapport between subject and healer, then came the potent “breathing treatment” about which the Spirit Doctor said, “The breath is the life, and is charged with powerful magnetic force, ay, who shall say *how* powerful! for is not every breath drawn from the Divine Source of all life and love? When, then, the desire of the medium

through whom this 'Magnetic Breath' is *changed* by the Divine Wisdom, or higher consciousness, to suit each particular case, and is *directed* to the *seat* of the trouble, the effects which result therefrom can more easily be understood by you."

In giving the above quotation from the Spirit Doctor and control of Mr. Foot-Young, and from my own observation as a psychic *and* healer, my conclusions can be readily guessed. In my own case *as the patient*, I am convinced that the "Breathing" treatment was the most powerful and effectual of all, and acted in a miraculous way, without any suggestion whatever, beyond that which the act itself must convey.

I am assured by Mr. Foot-Young of the unmistakable efficacy of insufflation during his fifty years' practice as a healer.

Referring to the question of whether "every molecule or cell of the body has a separate consciousness," this, I believe, has been already proved by recent scientific research; the intelligent manner in which each and all set to work harmoniously to repair any damage which may have taken place amongst them, directed, of course, by their ruler, the brain, suggests more than anything, a conscious knowledge of what they are about in their efforts to rebuild their shattered citadel.

Faithfully yours,

S. J. ST.-LEONARD.

48, CONDUIT STREET,  
REGENT STREET, W.

### DREAM PROBLEMS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—“Enquirer's” Dream raises some interesting points. In the waking state the mind is constantly receiving impressions from the outer world *via* the sense-organs and the physical brain. These sensations we, by long habit, translate into mental knowledge which conforms more or less exactly to the outer event, and we do this consistently and with regularity; the more perfect the correspondence between the mental state and the outer conditions to which it responds, the more “true” is our knowledge.

Now in sleep it is obvious that some of these avenues by which we learn are closed, but with the ear there is the same bombardment of sound (sleep in this case consisting in the inattention of the mind), and the sounds around us become incorporated with the fabric of our dreams by an interpretation of the sense-impression very unlike that of our waking state.

With some persons there may also be an intenser appreciation of *small* sounds during the sleep state. As an example I may mention that I once woke to the accompaniment of the rhythmic beating of horses' hoofs on the hard road outside my open window. I listened

for some moments, wondering who was riding so late, and was surprised to find that the sound did not die away in the distance, as would be natural. This caused me to rouse myself, when I found that what I was hearing was not horses' hoofs, but the ticking of my own watch, which under ordinary circumstances I should scarcely be able to hear at all, but which now sounded loud enough to cause the illusion.

Now, as "Enquirer" says he can infer what horses are doing by the sounds they are making, I imagine that what happened is that the sounds of the disturbance penetrated to his brain, by the ordinary channel, but were there broken up and redirected by an unusual path, and so became partly misinterpreted, perhaps because the ordinary centres of association were more or less inhibited in his sleeping state.

Yet there also seems to be something in the way of distant vision. Anyway, the dream is interesting, as it helps to show that we do not—all of us—"sleep like logs," and may indeed be acquiring a knowledge of things even in sleep.

Yours faithfully,

P. H. PALMER.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Stanley Redgrove's Article "Madness and Mysticism" is interesting from more than *one* point of view. The section of humanity which has always stood, in a worldly sense, for the most stable and *sane*, has shown throughout the ages, its supreme evidence of *sanity* (?) by labelling as heretics or *mad* many of the most evolved souls, spiritually, morally and scientifically as in the case of Galileo. Even the Christ, "the Light of the World," has been so named.

Later, these false dictums have been *altered* as more than the few became enlightened, but it would seem that every vision of spiritual truth revealed in advance of the moral and mental standard of the age, must inevitably receive the same misjudgment and rejection.

Will *justice* and *truth* be forever *crucified* in this world? Who shall say?

Yours truly,

A MYSTIC.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

A QUARTERLY review of scientific thought has been founded of recent days under the title of *Bedrock*, and if one cannot help thinking that such a name is calculated to hinder rather than help the success of a large venture, there can be no question as to the seriousness and importance of its contents, so far as the early issues are concerned. Whether intentionally or not, it has begun early to exemplify the widespread interest in questions which THE OCCULT REVIEW has made peculiarly its own, by giving considerable space to articles on psychical research. The lead was taken by Dr. Ivor Tuckett in the second number; his thesis on the subject was *Psychical Researchers in connexion with "the will to believe,"* he being a sceptic who "proceeds to pour scorn" even upon the evidence for telepathy. In the third number there are rejoinders by Sir Oliver Lodge, who writes on "'Uncommon Sense' as a substitute for Investigation," and by our own contributor Mr. T. Arthur Hill, who has chosen for his title "*Fair Play and Common Sense in Psychical Research.*" As regards both designations, the point is that Dr. Ivor Tuckett has also published a book on *The Evidence for the Supernatural*, "a critical study made with uncommon sense." There is also a mutual ground of criticism in both articles, the suggestion being that Mr. Tuckett has what may be termed a book-knowledge of the said evidence but not that of an investigator at first-hand. This is developed more especially by Mr. T. Arthur Hill, who believes that when Dr. Tuckett has really begun to study the phenomena, he will "bring forth fruits meet for repentance in the shape of articles against the *à priori* negationist." Sir Oliver Lodge deals mainly with the evidences for telepathy as established fact, and his conclusions are well known to all. Mr. Hill tells us (a) that he, for his own part, wants no future life; (b) that, more than this, he hopes and longs for extinction; but (c) that he has been driven by sheer force of evidence to regard personal survival as certain. He is a very curious illustration of the will to disbelieve arrested at the important points. It is supposed that Dr. Tuckett will reply.

The literature devoted to the elucidation, and here and there to the destruction, of Bergson's philosophical system continues to grow. If a new quarterly magazine is established—like *Bedrock*, noticed above—one can venture to prophesy beforehand that it will make its contribution to the debate; and as a fact,

in the first issue, it discussed Bergson's understanding of evolution in comparison with that of Darwin. The writer was Dr. E. B. Poulton, Hope Professor of Zoology in the University of Oxford. And those periodicals through which the English reading public first made acquaintance with Bergson's claims are still providing notable additions to his study. *The Hibbert Journal*, which opened its Lodge of Research on the subject with a memorable article by Mr. A. J. Balfour, contains in its most recent issue a paper of considerable interest on "The Pessimism of Bergson," which will come to many as rather a new note in the long discussion. Mr. J. W. Scott, who is the author, opens the question by a remark which will have almost a touch of the fantastic to lay minds, at least on the surface of its expression. "We hold that to thrust 'space' out of the question, when the ultimate nature of things is under discussion, is to involve oneself in a pessimistic view of the world." To be in space, according to Bergson—as interpreted by Mr. Scott—is to be side by side; and his contention is that we see things thus "when they are not really so"—as, for example, in our inner life. This is "a falsification of the true nature of our inner life, induced through our habit of dealing so much with outward things." Our thoughts, images, wishes, volitions do not exist side by side but interpenetrate, as spatial substances cannot do. The idea of space in connexion with mental things is the source of our confusion regarding free will, confronting us with an unanswerable question which does not arise otherwise. "Instead of seeking to solve the question," the mistake is to ask it. In other words, as regards any past action, it is not true that we "could have helped," nor is it true that we "could *not* have helped." Mr. Scott asks pertinently: "What, then, *is* true?" And he maintains that Bergson's only answer is: "Nothing; hold your peace." Now it is this that Mr. Scott calls pessimism. He infers also that the self is for Bergson unknowable, because, according to Mr. Scott, the thing known must be distinct from the knower. Bergson, on the other hand, insists that to attain self-knowledge the distinction between subject and object must disappear. Thus, says Mr. Scott, the self "sinks into utter darkness," and this is again pessimism. It is a question whether the French philosopher has said the last word upon the problem, but while we respect Mr. Scott's own obvious ability, we think that his self-knowledge is not true knowledge at all.

Let us offer our felicitations to the editor of *Healthward Ho* on that loss of a casual subscriber which he recites in a



recent issue. The presence of a religious element in its pages has been found by this one correspondent and reader not only irrelevant but without service in the important matter of digestion. Mr. Eustace Miles has some pertinent remarks on the subject which one is glad to read independently of the particular occasion, as they may be said to embody a criticism of the prevalent habit of keeping religion in a watertight compartment for use in extreme need, or—under another form of imagery—as part of a wardrobe which does not belong to daily life but is reserved for certain conventional times and seasons. He suggests that the religion which fails to enter into every phase and office of existence is likely in the last resource to be no religion at all. It is nothing if it is not life, but if it does not dwell with us during business hours and even hours of pleasure it is for us dead. There is a well-known story of St. Charles Borromeo, a cardinal-prince of the Latin Church, who was once playing billiards with his chaplains and was asked by one of them what he would do if told suddenly that he must die in half-an-hour. His answer was that he would finish the game of billiards. The obvious inference is that every act and exercise is part of the life of religion, if it is done in the Divine Presence and with a Divine motive. The fact of an occasional religious element in *Healthward Ho* may dissuade a few readers here and there from continuing among the subscribers, but it will attract many others. It is one of the titles to consideration of our bright and pleasant contemporary that it has a wide range of concerns outside its more direct interests, and we wish it the continued success which it deserves so well.

Yet another scheme in preparation for the coming of a Master is announced in *The Vahan*, though the proposal on the present occasion seems a matter of private zeal and enterprise. The Guild of the Mysteries of God seeks to incorporate Christians of every denomination who will consecrate their lives to Christ's service in expectation of His approaching advent, and who for this object will study Christian mysticism, ceremonial and symbolism, so as to attain a better and greater knowledge of the Mysteries now lost to the Christian Church, the restoration of which is a want deeply felt. The proposals come from Scotland and the North of England, being put forward by writers who belong to some form of the ministry. One of the names, being that of the Rev. W. Scott-Moncrieff, is known in some of our literary circles, and it is hoped to establish centres of the Guild at various points, as opportunity arises.

There is a brief paper of rather curious interest in the last number of *La Revue Théosophique Belge*. The Great Rites rectify and the great religions suffer reformations; when they are not too drastic in their nature, and when the loss of the head does not leave the body to decay, it may be that such revolutions make for improvement and for a new accession of life. It is mere commonplace to speak of the danger-in-chief, which is that of too drastic revision: this, in the words of Browning, "pumps out, with a ruthless ingenuity, atom by atom, and leaves you vacuity." When the Masonic Grade of Rose-Croix was once rectified by the expulsion of all its Christian essentials, that Grade died under the obedience which extracted its vital principle. Fortunately, it had other custodians and so continues elsewhere its unimpaired appeal to those whom it concerns. It would appear that a reformation of Zoroastrian religion has been initiated in Germany by a Persian gentleman named Dr. Hanish, who has secured a number of adherents, and that it has given a new impulse to the study of the *Zend-Avesta*, not only in Germany but in France, England and America. It has adopted a simplified religious ceremonial, borrowed from various quarters, and imposes on those who accept it the study of all the written revelations, which are to be understood in the light of "the open book of Nature." The care of the body is inculcated as not less important than that of the mind, and the preservation of physical youth is looked for as one of the results. The basis of all is said to be the *Zend-Avesta*, considered as "the supreme truth and original source of the sacred books acknowledged by other religions"; but the fundamental Zoroastrian doctrine concerning two principles, personified as Ormuzd and Ahriman, is rejected by the new system, and the question is how it can be called a reformation of the religion of Zoroasters.

We have received the first issue of *La Estrella de Occidente*, a monthly review published at Buenos Aires. It contains articles on the Enigma of Life and Death and on Hermetic Philosophy. The *Nueva Era* is also a new venture from Alicante. It is devoted to psychological research and is the official organ of the Spanish Spiritistic Federation. We have learned with regret that our contemporary *The Path* is likely to suspend publication if a certain amount of financial help should not be forthcoming. The periodical has existed for a considerable period and has no doubt had a sympathetic audience within the measures of its appeal. We have found it of considerable interest and shall regret its cessation, if this should indeed come to pass.

## REVIEWS

**MODERN PROBLEMS.** By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. 7½ in. by 4½ in., pp. iv. + 320. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C. Price 5s.

THE scientific man is frequently a specialist, incapable of taking a broad view of man and nature as a whole: the philosopher is apt to lack detailed knowledge of any class of phenomena. Not frequently is a man both truly scientist and truly philosopher; when he is, his words are of double worth. Sir Oliver Lodge is one of the few cases in point: there are not many writers whom it is as great pleasure to review. The present volume contains twenty-one essays on a variety of topics, of which a large number are on subjects in the domain of Economics and Sociology; a few deal with purely philosophical questions (e.g., "The Nature of Time," "Balfour and Bergson," etc.). The matters dealt with are frequently of a very debatable nature, and no doubt readers will not always agree with the author (e.g., we cannot follow Sir Oliver Lodge when he argues that mind and matter may have both been generated from some different and anterior form of existence); but, speaking of the book as a whole, the sanity of Sir Oliver Lodge's arguments and conciliatory style will do much to convince the most critical. At times, indeed, he uses strong words; but it is only when strong words are needed. Some of his economic essays "give one furiously to think." Sir Oliver Lodge holds that there is something irrational in the ownership of land—of portions of England—by private individuals, and in the fact that a worthless and useless person may, without any effort, acquire considerable power over other individuals (in the form of money) by way of inheritance. Again, we are, indeed, too prone to allow ourselves to be ruled by money, mistaking riches for true wealth; and money which might be converted into true wealth for the nation, in such forms as better education, increased knowledge of nature through scientific research, and improvements in the conditions of living generally, is very frequently frittered uselessly away. Old-fashioned folk may shake their heads and repeat the word "Socialism"—as if that did any good—but Sir Oliver Lodge never makes the mistake of supposing that any conditions of absolute equality or dead levelism are possible or desirable; and with true wisdom makes his appeal, not to conventionalized and tradition-bound age, but to youth—youth with its glorious ideals, noble aspirations and superabundant energy.

There are many inspiring passages in these essays which we would like to quote. We content ourselves with one. "To realize what a city ought to be—might be, if we thought it worth while to set the ideal before us and strive to reach it—we can contemplate the visions of painters and poets. These are the seers of humanity, and their visions are only the precursors of what it is for us, after laborious generations, to make real and actual." We hope that Sir Oliver Lodge's contributions to Economics and Sociology will not only be widely read and pondered, but, what is of real importance, acted upon.

H. S. REDGROVE.

INSTINCT AND EXPERIENCE. By C. Lloyd Morgan, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. 7½ in. by 5 in., pp. xvii + 299. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C. Price 5s. net.

PROF. MORGAN'S views are always interesting, and he possesses in a high degree that quality so necessary in a philosopher: the ability to express his views with extreme lucidity uncombined with pedantry. The present work is an expansion of a paper contributed to the symposium on Instinct and Intelligence held in 1910 at a joint meeting of the Aristotelian and British Psychological Societies and of the *Mind* Association, and, of course, no one interested in modern philosophy can afford to miss reading it.

Instinct, Prof. Morgan defines as organic behaviour suffused with awareness. Thus instinct, to put it otherwise, is reflex action plus perception. Of course, as Prof. Morgan indicates, instinctive action is generally not "pure," but is accompanied by more or less of intelligent guidance, as the result of previous experience gained through instinctive behaviour. To a large extent the book constitutes a criticism of the views of Bergson, McDougall and Driesch, Prof. Morgan holding, in contradistinction from these philosophers, that there is only one science of nature, inclusive of inorganic, organic and mental processes and products. Science, as Prof. Morgan rightly limits it, deals only with phenomena—with the concatenation of relations, amongst which the conscious relation must be included:—questions of Source come under the domain of metaphysics. Prof. Morgan adheres very rigidly to this distinction and in the present volume deals with his subject only from the strictly scientific standpoint. He considers any attempt at blending science with metaphysics as detrimental to both. This constitutes the primary point of disagreement between Prof. Morgan and Bergson; otherwise they have many views in common. Admitting, as we freely do, the validity of Prof. Morgan's distinction between science and metaphysics, and the necessity for the *practical* purposes of science of keeping science and metaphysics apart, it must be confessed that science is incapable (and necessarily so, because of its limitations) of giving a completely intelligible account of the Cosmos. We must turn to metaphysics for that; but it must be a system of metaphysics based upon and, in a sense, including all science.

H. S. REDGROVE.

LE SECRET DE MICHEL OPPENHEIM. Par A. Porte du Trait des Ages. Paris: H. Durville, 23, Rue St. Merri. Prix 1. 50 fr.

OCCULT literature is annually enriched by the appearance of some new work, and among the most recent contributions to the romance of occultism we may make special note of this work, the latest from the pen of A. Porte du Trait des Ages. It may be said that nothing more mysterious or enthralling is to be found in fiction than the various magical scenes which are depicted in these pages. The author revives the hermetic art of Paracelsus in the weird process of creating a homunculus from a human embryo. This problem, which engaged the attention of all alchemists and hermetic philosophers in the Middle Ages and which has

modernly appeared again in a new guise, is solved by Dr. Oppenheim by means of a scientific magic. The greatest achievement of occultism is attained, the most mysterious arcanum is laid bare before our mind's eye. In the strange lore that permeates the pages of this remarkable book there are many recondite secrets, and yet the whole scheme of the story aids the development of a scientific occultism which has an undoubted interest for both the student and the lay reader. It is a story that will hold the thinker in a strong grip. What happened to the human midget after his creation by Dr. Oppenheim forms the conclusion of a very weird and remarkable piece of fiction.

SCRUTATOR.

THE PAGAN TRINITY. By Beatrice Irwin. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1912. Published 3s. 6d. net.

GOOD poets of the female sex are extremely rare. Many women, like Lawrence Hope, write admirable verses as far as *feeling* is concerned, but their technique does in no wise correspond to the spiritual exaltation their verses *sometimes* produce. Until I read *The Pagan Trinity* I thought that in the whole history of the world only three brilliant women-poets existed. These three were: Sappho, the immortal Lesbian; Christina Rossetti, or Santa Christina, as she is sometimes called; and Ethel Archer, a poet who has not yet obtained the recognition her marvellous verses deserve and who up to the present has only published one book, *The Whirlpool*. To these I now add Beatrice Irwin, and I sincerely hope the public will do her justice. The spiritual profundity of her poems is equalled by their flawless form. The expression is equal in every way to the conception. Beatrice Irwin—Beata Beatrix!—is a Pagan. A demi-goddess, like Venus she rises above the flood of the commonplace.

“ . . . Lo!

The argent splendour of white limbs ascend.”

Personally I prefer the naked statues of Greece to the equivocal deminude vices of Society. The poetry of Beatrice Irwin is extremely sensuous, but not sensual. It is voluptuous yet radiant with that peculiar purity which was so *en evidence* in

The Glory that was Greece,  
And the Grandeur that was Rome.

Happy are they that read *The Pagan Trinity*! But let them beware lest the ecstasy of reading prove their undoing, like mine!

I fancy that I know the secret of Beatrice Irwin's genius. It is a tremendous secret.

'Tis the Secret of the Sex!

MEREDITH STARR.

AA

THE GIRDLE OF KAF. By Cora Minnett. London: W. J. Ham-Smith. pp. 284. Price 6s.

BLESSED indeed in waking-life must be the person who has not wished to have romance in dream-life. Miss Minnett seems to understand and sympathize with the yearning for an intimate contact with agreeable reality which that wish denotes, for her heroine falls in love with a person seen in her dreams, before she makes his acquaintance on the material plane. The principal theme of her tale—or perhaps I should say her second tale—is the influence exerted by a dead husband's soul upon his wife and upon his "affinity" whom he had jilted during his fleshly life. Miss Minnett's plot is amateurish, and her characters marry in England in private houses. She is not convincing, but she delivers a message of comfort to those who dread death. The title-story follows an "occult" narrative in autobiographical form, of which the value depends entirely on its truth.

W. H. C.

HYPNOTISM AND DISEASE. By Hugh Crichton Miller, M.A., M.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace. Price 5s. net.

A CAPABLE work dealing with Psychotherapy in a form suitable for general reading, sufficiently extensive to cover the whole ground of enquiry, and at the same time offering a concise statement of the theory and practice of Psychotherapeutics, has long been desired. Such a work is now before us. It gives a general survey of the development of hypnotic science and equally the changes that have taken place in the scientific mind in regard to it. "The science of the last generation," observes the author, "lacked that sense of its own limitations which is the necessary attribute of all true science." It is not enough that faith has worked a cure or that medical science repudiates the action of faith in genuine cases of paralysis, the public mind demands a statement which accommodates both the belief of the Faith-healer and the practice of orthodox medical science. What is known as Psychotherapy when fully understood and fairly represented, would appear to satisfy this demand. The learned author quotes such high medical authorities as Sir William Osler, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir G. H. Savage and others, to the effect that Psychotherapy ought to receive much more attention than has hitherto been given to it by the faculty, that it has a recognized and long-acknowledged basis of truth and fact, and that it can be advantageously employed by honourable and skilled doctors.

The interaction of mind and body is fully discussed in a dispassionate and scientific manner, and much of what is said will be found consonant with the conclusions of Swedenborg in his *Intercourse of the Soul and Body*. The author very cleverly distinguishes disorders of a functional nature which have an imaginary or suggested origin and organic diseases; but he also wisely affirms that, in the case of such as arise in the imagination, the idea is an hallucination, but the perception is a fact. The doctor has to accept the pain as real, and determine whether the cause of it is psychic or physical. The psychology and physiology of stigmata are well treated, and form very interesting reading.

The book contains a good section on the history and phenomena of Hypnotism which brings the subject up to date, and enables the reader to form just opinions on the relative values of the mechanical and psycho-

logical processes. The author then proceeds to a statement of the methods to be employed in the treatment of disease by Hypnotism. A most interesting and informing chapter on Psycho-neurosis goes to show that rooted ideas and "phobiques" may assume the dimensions of mental aberration and disease which are to be considered in the category of psychic ailments by no means amenable to drug treatment, but readily dealt with by Psychotherapy. Another chapter deals with the treatment of organic diseases, as distinguished from functional—whether of psychic or extraneous origin; and the work concludes with a study of diseases of lost inhibition, or the loss of self-control, in which various vicious habits and their cure are clearly set forth. The work is rounded off by one or two important appendices and a subject-index adds value to the book, which, fairly considered, will be admitted to take a foremost place in the literature of practical therapeutics.

SEPHARIAL.

THE DRAMATIC POEM OF JOB: A Close Metrical Translation with Critical and Explanatory Notes. By William Jennings, M.A., formerly Rector of Grasmere. 112 pp. London: W. Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C. 1912. Price 3s. 6d. net.

A DRAMA, according to most authorities, is distinguished from a romance by the tense of the stage-directions, which in the former are in the present, in the latter in the past; but it would be difficult to use this criterion in the case of a Hebrew book, where the language has no present tense, and we should not quarrel with Mr. Jennings on this ground for calling Job a Drama; on the other hand the word Drama suggests that the characters do something besides talk, and in the case of Job not only is their activity limited to haranguing, but, as Renan observed, the argument does not advance a single step from beginning to end. Hence it seems doubtful whether the adjective prefixed to the word Poem by Mr. Jennings is really appropriate; and it is clear that the author by no means complies with Aristotle's demand that within a drama everything should come about by recognized causation, and that the omission of anything should disconcert or wreck the whole. For it may be asserted that there is no speech in the whole work the omission of which would obviously affect the development, and many critics eject whole groups of chapters.

On the whole the book is the most difficult in the Old Testament, not only because the language is *sui generis*, but chiefly because nothing is known of the community whence it emanated or the date at which it was composed. It is unlikely that any light will ever be shed on these matters: it could only be by archaeological discovery. Mr. Jennings has done wisely in following the best and most conservative scholarship of the time in matters connected with the text and interpretation, and the few notes dealing with these matters which he has appended are judicious. The metre which he has adopted is that of "Hiawatha" with one syllable prefixed, thus—

Ah, what is man that Thou shouldst honour,  
That Thou shouldst set Thine heart upon him,  
And pay him morn by morn Thy visits,  
Nay, try and prove him every moment?  
How long wilt Thou not cease to watch me,  
Leaving me never for an instant?

Of course the original has no artifice which can be identified with metre, and it is a matter to be decided by individual taste how far the introduction of this ornament outweighs in advantage the lack of precision which results; thus the R.V. in its rendering of the first line, "What is man that Thou shouldst magnify him," i.e. take him seriously, brings out a point which the metrical rendering blurs, and in the last "never for an instant" is a euphemism for "till I swallow down my spittle," which is not, as Mr. Jennings says, "a common phrase for a moment," but for "delay." Probably most readers will find that the gain is greater than the loss: for the notion that poetry must be rhythmical is deep-seated in the European mind.

[What connection, however, has Job with THE OCCULT REVIEW? A verse of Job is quoted in many manuals of palmistry as a justification of the science, viz., xxxvii. 7 in the Vulgate, "who signs on the hand of all men that each may know His works." The Authorized Version departs somewhat from this: "He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His work." The Revised Version is still further removed: "He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men whom He hath made may know it." Mr. Jennings has again something different:—

Then stayeth He the hands of all men  
That each may learn to know his Maker.

The note tells us that the cessation of labour during the rainy season is meant; and the rendering evidently follows a slight alteration of the text. The Revised Version is, as usual, scholarly; but its rendering appears to give no meaning. Meanwhile those who desire to maintain the Vulgate translation and the consequent justification of palmistry have the authority of the most ingenious and able of the Rabbinic commentators, Ibn Ezra, who died 1167 A.D. His note runs: "Some say it means that God stamps on the hand of every man the acts which they shall do; and what I think is that the reference is to the sower—as the preceding verse is about rain, and men sow after the rain has descended; i.e. God stamps on the hand of every man what is to be the result of the seed."

D. S. MARGOLIOUTH.

FATE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR. By Will Levington Comfort. Crown 8vo. 374 pp. 6s. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

THE theme of this latest novel by Mr. Comfort is an idealistic, mystical Feminism. Ambitious in conception, the fruit, evidently, of painstaking work, the achievement might have been yet finer had the author been content with greater simplicity of style. Nevertheless, the high idealism of the hero, Andrew Bedient, and the growth of his ideal of Womanhood, culminating in his mystical realization of the Divine Feminine, woven skilfully into the plot (which we feel under no obligation to divulge, seeing that it is of quite subsidiary interest), far outweighs this slight defect, and should commend it to many readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, and more especially, perhaps, to those who have read with interest the letters in our Correspondence Columns over the signature of "Mystic."

H. J. S.