

• मन्वन्वि । •

Chhandogya-Upanishad.

"This so solid-seeming world, after all, is but an air-image over Me, the only reality; and nature with its thousand-fold productions and destruction, but the reflex of our inward force, the phantasy of our dream."—*Carlyle.*

THE LIGHT OF THE EAST.

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KEYNOTES.

THE Theosophical Thinker of Madras has changed its name and styles itself Thinker, perhaps, to shew that it will in future deal with all religions from an impartial point of view and not from its old theosophical way of looking at things. But it appears that though the title is changed the spirit is the same. Everything outside the charmed theosophical circle, is, according to this thoughtful critic "oracular ignorance and illiberal criticism." The Thinker defends Swami Vivekananda's liberal method of showering the titles "Sannyasi," "Swami," and "Sannyasini" on foreigners and says that everyone who works for Humanity is a Sannyasi. The phrase "working for Humanity" is very current now-a-days especially among those Hindus who have received lessons at the feet of European ladies. We do not mean the European ladies who preside over the Zennana Missions but our own familiar

Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant. It is true that a being who has lost all sense of self and has devoted his whole life to the cause of Humanity is a true Sannyasi; but after all, it remains to be seen whether such a class of beings is so cheap as to be picked up anywhere and by anybody. Mere renunciation of all family ties and the ordinary pursuit after wealth do not constitute a Sannyasi. There are other springs of action such as Honor, Celebrity, Fame and a world-wide Reputation. Who can prove that the above are not the springs of action of a great number of the so-called Sannyasis of the present day? Is not a true Sannyasi as rare as a Phoenix who being consumed by the fire of wisdom wakes up to a new and higher spiritual life? Here is the specimen of a recently converted French lady upon whom Vivekananda has affixed the label "Swami." Here is a full-fledged

lady Swami, of course, full of *ânandâ* with which Vivekananda has filled her! A contemporary writes: "The other day an address was announced to be given by "An Oriental Nun," Swami Abhyananda, a nun of the order of Sannyasini of India. Attired in a long straight snuff-colored robe with silken sash and necktie, and wearing a piccadilly collar and white cuffs the lecturer turned out to be a French woman, who professed to be a convert to the teaching of Buddha?"

We should remark that the new class of *Kurma-yogis* who have arisen of late must have "silken, sash and necktie" and French shoes attached to their yellow robes! The New Sannyasi like the New Woman should live in splendid hotels and (instead of being *Mouni*) should deliver as many speeches as his breath will allow him to do. If you ask him, what do all these mean? He will promptly answer:

"I am working for Humanity?" The world has become richer no doubt by the sudden appearance of a multitude of workers for humanity at the expense, of course, of the highest Ideal of the Hindoos! Take a homeless, friendless, wandering Paramhansa, the product of ancient Hinduism and place at his side the so-called "worker for Humanity" of the present day and you will find how meagre the latter (with all his professions) looks! The difference is as great as between the centurian oak which has braved a thousand tempests and the tiny shrub which trembles at every gale!

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We are told very gravely that the matted lock, the yellow robe and the austerity of the Hindu Sannyasi are externals with which the soul has no connection whatever. Whether a person clothes himself with purple robes or with beggarly rags, whether

he eats on a golden dish or begs from door to door are matters of no moment. The real Sannyasi is a mental being within the cover of the physical body. If the mind is pure what need is there of paying attention to the externals?

The above remarks are no doubt very wise. But it is based on a wrong conception of the nature of man.

To the mankind of the present day overwhelmed with the affections of the physical body the absence of all forms is a great hindrance to his spiritual progress. The yellow robe and the matted hair create a spiritual surrounding by attracting the spiritual nature of every person who comes in contact with them. On the other hand, a luxurious style often creates a worldly atmosphere in the majority of cases. There may be exceptions to the above rule, but the expectations are few and far between. The moral teacher should give directions for the guidance of the mass and not for the guidance of a few exceptional natures. He should not regard every man an embodied Buddha. It is essential that the average man is order to scale the spiritual ladder should be made to go through forms again and again in order to reach his goal. Form is the great moulder of a man's character, the architect of a great spiritual future. Spiritual surroundings remind us again and again of the invisible world into which we shall have to enter after leaving the mortal coil. The sound of the bell, the awful serenity of the temple, the fragrance of the incense are so many incentives to the spiritual ambition of man. A religion devoid of all forms is suited to a microscopic minority and not to the vast masses of the human race. Even our thoughts are formal and we cannot think anything beyond the universal forms, Space and Time. Let our critics realize this fully.

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Is Paris there is a sect formed for the purpose of worshipping the Devil. It is doubtful if the Devil worshipper show any poorer taste than the dollar worshippers, who are his active agents. Indeed, of the two, the former appears the least harmful. *Twentieth Century.*

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When death attacks man his body is thrown aside with fuel and other trifles, his kinmen follow him not, but Religion goeth with him in the next world. *Smriti.*

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Kurozumi, the Japanese religious teacher, prescribes the following method of what he calls "holy breathing": "Standing under the rays of the sun expel the breath from the lungs, repeating this process three times. Then, banishing all other thought, let the whole heart be filled with gratitude for the blessedness bestowed by heaven. Turn the face towards the morning sun and slowly inhale the positive spirit. Hold the breath for a short time, then turn to one side and let it slowly pass from the lungs. When eight or nine tenths have escaped, inhale as before. The breath inhaled should be as much as possible; that exhaled should be a little less."

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It is mentioned in the Shástras that the Rámáyana was written some thousands of years before the birth of Ráma. It is also written in the Mahábhárata that just before the battle of *Kurúketra* Arjuna saw all the events of the great battle before his mind's eye even to the minutest details. Again, in the *Yoga Bashista Rámáyana* it is said that Sree Krishna will give to Arjuna a number of advices on the eve of the great battle and those advices exactly tally with those

contained in the *Bhagabát Gítá*. Will any our readers say what all these mean? What bearing have these on the doctrines of free-will and predestination? We reserve the solution of this enigma for a future issue.

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It is better that the conduct of our public men should be liable to fair criticism, for criticism mends many an error and sets men in the right track. Neither the intellectual grandeur of a man nor his actions should deter us from weighing him in the balance of true criticism. Party-interest, sectarian predisposition, personal liking, should all be forgotten while submitting the conduct of a great man in the dry light of criticism. The Light has always been true to the above principles since its very existence. It has cared neither for the interest of the party nor for its own in speaking out boldly what it considered to be true. Almost single-handed the Light of the East has attacked the vagaries of such an influential and powerful body as the Theosophical Society and in doing so it has sacrificed to some extent its own interest. It has always sympathised almost with a brotherly feeling with the missionary work of Swami Vivekánand in America. Vivikánanda is a Hindu or more properly a Hindu of Hindus. His labours in the far West have done an immense service for the material civilization of the West. No doubt the Theosophical Society paved the way long ago, so it was very easy for the Swami to make a mark in no time. Still his intellectual capacities, the ardour of his mind, his quick imagination, his renunciation—all these are admirable. But when it is said by some of his over-enthusiastic partizans that all that he does is without any blemish, we

are bound to say that we fail to sympathize with such a judgment. His careless way of showering the titles, Sannyasi and Sannyasini to European gentlemen and French ladies clearly shows that he cares more for a wide-world reputation than for true spiritual work. We are reminded here of the lines of the Bhagabat Gita which says, "Among thousand men one directs his attention to Me and even of those who direct attention to Me, one in a thousand knows me truly."

Such an indiscriminate shower of titles will lower the idea of a true Sannyasi in the eyes of the Europeans. It will shew clearly that a few months are only required to reach the spiritual level of a *yogi*.

One of the Theosophical Journals remarks that it is the hidden past Karma whose re-appearance in this birth can raise any man at once to the level of the Sannyasi. This is true but at the same time it is very rare, so rare that we meet with such an expression of past Karma in one case out of a thousand. If we meet with such examples in a number of cases we at once conclude that it is not the past Karma which is silently at work but something else, probably the judgment of an individual. If everything is explained by occult method we do not understand how to form judgment on the conduct of individuals or how to understand the various spirings of action.

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Writes a correspondent in the Banner of Light: "As many remarkable phases of mediumship are reported from time to time through your paper, I think it not altogether out of the way to tell some of my experiences—though they are not uncommon to many who have investigated the materializing phase of mediumship. I relate only what especially came to me *personally*—

although others present had their own experiences also.

"My spirit-wife, Katai, had advised me before-hand to go to Mrs. Stansbury for materialization, and I visited her three times, with the following results:

"All being seated as usual, I soon had a visit from Katie, as she was always called. I urged her to come again and sing as she used to; she said she did not know, but would try. Other spirits were coming continually to their friends; one commenced to materialize in front of Mrs. Mason, who sings and plays the harp; when the form reached full size, Mrs. M. began to sing and play; Katie also sang the air through, then went to the cabinet.

"My mother next came; then one after another my brother's two former wives, Mary and Elizabeth; then come Katie Laird, a school-mate of sixty-five years ago, who passed away at sixteen or eighteen years of age in one of the interior towns of the State of Vermont.

"The medium's control, "Rose Bud," is very interesting in her manifestations, talking continually and fluttering about like a bird. She weaves her long mantle before the face of the visitors, sometimes two yards long, and allows them to take hold of the folds. She said "Able" was there, trying to materialize. Soon Able came to the door, but didn't seem to know where to go. She said some one there had her picture in his pocket. I then arose, and she called me by name; I had a spirit picture of her; she was my youngest sister, who passed away at two and a half years of age.

"Spirits materialized all about the room in plain sight—behind our chairs, on the sofa, etc., and dematerialized in full view of all. These two hours spent with spirits were very interesting to me, and were evidently so to the others present in the physical form."

ANCIENT SANKHYA SYSTEM.

(Continued from page 199.)

IN expounding the ancient Sankhya philosophy to king Janaka, Maharshi Bashista says in the 304th Chapter of the Mahabharata:—

“The full moon consists of 16 parts of which the original or the sixteenth part is known as the *soma kalá* (सोमकला). This *soma kalá* never waxes nor wanes like the other fifteen parts but is always a constant quantity. *Chidátma* (चिदात्मा) may be compared to this unchanging *Soma* and *Mula Prakriti*, the ten *indrias*, *Buddhi*, *Chitta* (चित्त), mind, *Ahankar* (अहकार) may be compared to the other fifteen parts of the moon. The latter fifteen parts are always lighted up by *Chidátma*. *Chit* (consciousness) is independent of them, but they are fully dependent on consciousness. When consciousness realizes its own nature as distinct from its fifteen dependent parts, it takes leave for ever of the attributes of *Prakriti* and attains the supreme state.”

To the above king Janaka raises the following objection “O prince of Sages, according to your statement the qualities of *Prakriti* are reflected on *Purush*; on the contrary, the consciousness of *Purush* is reflected on *Prakriti*; *Purush* though inactive falsely regards itself as active through the contact of *Prakriti*; and *Prakriti*, though unconscious, feels itself conscious through the contact of *Purush*. Such being the case it is always impossible for *Purush* not to be affected by the influence of *Prakriti*. Con-

sequently *Moksha* is never to be attained.”

To the above Maharshi Bashista replied as follows in substance: “O king, you have studied the Shástras without understanding their true meaning. The attributes are never produced from consciousness which is altogether devoid of qualities. So the attributes are not inherent in consciousness. This being the case, the cause of the influence of *Prakriti* on *Purush* is not so much the nature of *Purush* itself who is free from qualities as the want of the proper discrimination of the true nature of *Prakriti* and *Purush*. Whenever *Purush* is able to conquer the various passions of the mind he is able to relinquish the false notion which induces him to regard the physical body as his self and to realize the nature of spirit. The realization of the true nature of *Jiva* (जीव) brings on simultaneously the realization of the true nature of Brahman. O king, the wise regard *Jiva* and *Brahman* as the same but the ignorant considers them different. When *Purush* tries to understand the nature of the 25th principle, it finds it illusive and at once reaches the twenty sixth known as the all-pervading attributeless, self-luminous *Chit* (चित्). The unity of *átma* is the purport of the true Shashtra, its diversity is contrary to its true spirit.”

The last line of the quotation clearly states that the *Atmá* is one and undivided. Gaudapada who has written a commentary on the Sankhya Kárika holds the same

view. According to him soul is one (एक) and not many (अनेक).

The tendency of the modern Sāṅkhyas is to emphasize the plurality of the soul. They explain the passages of the Vedas where the unity of *Atma* is emphasized by saying that the unity of the *Atma* referred to in the Vedas implies only the unity as regards the nature of the multitude of souls. Every soul is of the same nature, therefore, they are one in a certain sense. Let us consider these contradictory statements regarding soul by the light of reasoning. The term "one" or "many" can never be applied to the *Atman*. These terms denote material objects, objects having *form* and *shape*. The epithet one (एक) can never be applied to Brahman. The Shāstras use this epithet simply because they have no better word to express the idea of the absolute. Even in the world of manifestation space for, instance, cannot be said to be either one or many. It is not a material object and so capable of divisions and sub-divisions. In the same sense the *Atman* is neither one nor many. It is infinite. The ancient Sāṅkhya philosophers called the *Atman* many from the standpoint of experience; but above and beyond it they posited the twenty-sixth principle, Brahman, to whom neither the epithet one nor many is capable of application.

In the 24th Chapter of Sreemat Bhāgbat, Krishna is expounding the Sāṅkhya philosophy to his disciple Uddhaba in the following manner. "O Uddhaba, I am going to expound the doctrines of the Sāṅkhya philosophy to you as ascertained by the ancient Rishis. Hearing this you will be free from the bonds of pain and pleasure. At the time of Mahāpralaya nothing exists but the secondless reality Brahman. Even at the beginning of a *Yuga* when

men were possessed of the knowledge of self there was but one reality. This secondless reality becomes divided into two aspects viz; Prakriti (प्रकृति) and Purush (पुरुष) at the time of creation. This is the whole truth."

From the above quotations we come to the conclusion that there is a great difference between the Ancient Sāṅkhya philosophy and its modern development. Mr. Gough, an orientalist, very truly remarks in his philosophy of the Upanishads as follows: "In fact, if we pay attention to the strictly Vedantic teaching of the Svetasvara Upanishad and the Bhāgavadgītā and to the Sāṅkhya language in which that teaching is couched, as also to the references they make to Kapila and Jaimini, the reputed authors of the Sāṅkhya and yoga systems, the only conclusion that we can form is that the Sāṅkhya is originally nothing more than a nomenclature for the principles of the philosophy of the Upanishad and that the distinctive tenets of the subsequent Sāṅkhya school, viz., the independence and reality of Prakriti and the plurality of Purushas are later developments. In its origin the Sāṅkhya appears to have been nothing more than a series of terms to note the successive emanations from Prakriti or Māyā. It was only in later times that it became a separate philosophy."

By the few quotations given above are not meant that there are not passages in the whole Mahābhārat or in the Bhāgbat which inculcate the doctrine of the plurality of Purushas. There are some such passages but in them a relative view of the universe is taken i.e., the Jivas are viewed from the ordinary stand-point. When it is said that by the freedom (मुक्ति) of one self, other selves are not freed; it

simply means that the emancipation of one Buddhi (intellect) does not emancipate other Buddhis (intellects). In the Hindu Shastras a single thought is expressed in a variety of ways and it is often very difficult to determine whether the thought is expressed from the relative or from the absolute stand-point. The whole of the thirteenth Chapter of the Bhagbat Gitá is full of Sánkhyas teachings. In the thirty-second sloka of the same Chapter, Sree Krishna compares Atmá (आत्मा) to the all-pervading space denying thereby the plurality of selves. The doctrine of of the plurality of spiritual selves is childish in the extreme and cannot stand a moment's criticism. What in fact, do we understand by the term spirit (आत्मा)? Surely, spirit is that which is devoid of the characteristics of matter. One of the main characteristics of matter is to occupy space. Now as spirit is devoid of all the attributes which compose matter, it can never occupy space. An entity which does not occupy space cannot be bounded by another entity and consequently cannot be many. If there be more selves (आत्मा) than one, each of them must be material for each of them will occupy space. The term "one" cannot also be appropriately applied to spirit, for this term also denotes existence in space. The terms "one" and "many" are used to denote material attributes like other terms hardness, softness &c. Such being the case how can we consistently say that there are more selves than one? The materialist may argue that there are more selves than one simply because his self is material and is composed of a number of attributes. To say so is a mere contradiction of of terms on the part of a spiritualist. The Bhagabat Gitá is gene-

rally considered to be a Sánkhyas work. Most of the Sánkhyas terms are introduced in this remarkable book and the twenty-four categories of Kapila are plainly enumerated. Kapila is extolled as the prince of those sages who have attained final liberation (Ch. X. 26). On the other hand, by the vast majority of the Vedántists the Gitá is considered to be a purely Vedántic work. There is no doubt that this work forms a part of the great epic Mahábhárat as there are many allusions regarding it in many places of the latter work. The composition bears the stamp of the diction of Veda Vyás. All these are cited as proofs that this work deals with Vedántic doctrines. We are inclined to believe that the Gitá is both a Sánkhyas and Vedántic work at once and the author of the Bhágabat Gitá itself supports our view by stating that according to his view the same place is reached by the Sánkhyas and the Yogis. The Sánkhyas doctrine as preached by the Gitá does neither teach the doctrine of the plurality of selves nor does it place matter in the same footing as consciousness. It is the old Sánkhyas philosophy as hoary as the Vedas. According to Kapila liberation ensues from the true knowledge of self. The distinction between self and not-self, *Purush* and *Prakriti*, forms the subject of the thirteenth Chapter of the Bhágabat Gitá which is an exposition of the cardinal tenets of the ancient Sánkhyas philosophy. The nineteenth and the twentieth slokas of this chapter summarizes the Sánkhyas doctrine in four lines :—

प्रकृतिं प्रवचन्नेव विद्वन्प्राणी उभावापि ।

विकाराश्च युक्ताश्चैव विद्धि प्रकृतिं कर्मात्मकम् ॥

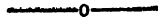
कार्शकारश्च कर्तृत्वे हेतुः प्रकृतिं चक्षते ।

उत्पत्तौ च अद्भुतानां प्रोक्तुं हेतुश्चक्षते ॥

Both *Prakriti* and *Purush* are eternal. All modifications and attributes belong to *Prakriti*. The chain of cause and effect belongs also to *Prakriti*. *Purush* (इवम्) is simply the enjoyer (भोक्ता) of pleasure and pain.

इवम् : प्रकृतिलोकिं सकृन्ने प्रकृतिजान् इवाम् ।
कारणं इवम्भूतोऽव्ययं वद वद बोधिं जगत्स ॥

Purush (इवम्) enjoys the qualities of *Prakriti* (प्रकृति) by coming in contact with it. This is the cause of its birth in higher and lower embodiments. Not a word in the whole of the Bhāgabat Gītā about the plurality of selves (*Purushas*), not a word teaching the doctrine of the absolute reality of matter.



OUR EXCHANGES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY A PUPIL OF LORD LYTTON.

THE writer of the following extraordinary fragment of autobiography has been known to me for many years. He is one of the most remarkable persons I ever met. For more than a year I was under the impression that he was the veritable Jack the Ripper; an impression which I believe was shared by the police, who, at least once, had him under arrest; although, as he completely satisfied them, they liberated him without bringing him into court. He wrote for me, while I was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, two marvellous articles on the Obeahism of West Africa, which I have incorporated with this article. The Magician, who prefers to be known by his Hermetic name of Tau-triadelta, and who objects even to be called a magician, will undoubtedly be regarded by most people as Baron Munchausen Redivivus. He has certainly travelled in many lands, and seen very strange scenes.

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

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

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

I.—EARLY HISTORY.

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

I remember, at the early age of 14, practising mesmerism on several of my schoolfellows, particularly on my cousin, a year younger than myself. But on this boy (now, by the

way, a hard-headed north country solicitor) developing a decided talent for somnambulism, and nearly killing himself in one of his nocturnal rambles, my experiments in that direction were brought to an untimely close.

As a medical student, however, my interest in the effects of mind upon matter once more awake, and my physiological studies and researches were accompanied by psychological experiments. I read *Zanoni* at this time with great zest, but I am afraid with very little understanding, and longed excessively to know its

author; little dreaming that I should one day be the pupil of the great magist, Bulwer Lytton—the one man in modern times for whom all the systems of ancient and modern magism and magic, white and black, held back no secrets.

II.—LORD LYTTON.

MY INTRODUCTION TO LORD LYTTON.

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

Anyhow, in the spring following, he presented me to his father as an earnest student of occultism. I was then about 22 years of age, and I suppose Sir Edward was attracted to me partly by my irrepressible hero-worship, of which he was the object, and partly because he saw that I possessed a cool, logical brain; had iron nerve; and, above all, was genuinely, terribly in earnest.

CRYSTAL-GAZING.

I remember that the first time on which he condescended to teach me anything, he seated me before an egg-shaped crystal and asked me what I saw therein. For the first ten minutes I saw nothing, and was somewhat discouraged, thinking that he would blame me for my inability; but presently, to my astonishment and delight, I very plainly descried moving figures of men and animals. I described the scenes as they came into view, and the events that were

transpiring; when, to my intense satisfaction—and I am afraid self-glorification—he said, "Why you are a splendid fellow! you are just what I want."

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

LORD LYTTON'S DOUBLE.

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

He *did*; but not in the way I expected. I happened to look up from the book which I was vainly attempting to read, and my glance fell upon the empty arm-chair on the other side of the fire-place. Was I dreaming, or did I actually see a filmy form, scarcely more than a shadow, apparently seated there? I awaited developments and watched. Second by second the film grew more dense until it became something like Sir Edward. I knew then

that it was all right, and sat still as the form got more and more distinct, until at last it was apparently the Master himself sitting opposite to me—alive and in propria persona. I instantly rose to shake hands with him; but, as I got within touching distance, he vanished instantly. I knew then that it was only some variety of the Scin-Iæca that I had seen. It was my first experience of this, and I stood there in doubt what to do. Just then his voice whispered close to my ear, so close that I even felt his warm breath, "Come." I turned sharply round, but of course, no one was there.

INITIATION.

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

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

But in my travels in the far East, and in Africa and elsewhere, I have met with many curious incidents connected with that Magist's term

"black magic," and also manifestations of psychic force and occult science as practised by other schools than that to which I belong; and I will recall a few of them for the benefit of the readers of BORDERLAND.

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IV.—IN ITALY.

THE EVIL EYE.

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

I bolted out into the street, and after the crowd; and being, after a few months' campaigning, in magnificent wind and condition, overtook the fellows. They were shouting *Mal' occh'!* and *Mort'!* (the Neapolitans never by any chance finishing a word), by which they meant "The Evil Eye" and "Death to her!"

I congratulated myself on being again in luck, as I had heard a great deal in Southern Italy of the *mal' occhio*, but had never been fortunate enough hitherto to come across one. So I easily outstripped the crowd, the old woman racing along like a greyhound. As I got within about ten or a dozen yards of her she caught her foot and fell. I then stopped, faced about to the gang of pursuers; and, drawing my revolver, halted the lot in an instant. Cowards to the backbone, none of them liked to be the six men who would infallibly "lose the number of their mess" from the rapid fire of that unerring barrel, and they did nothing but stand and jabber, while the old woman sat up in the middle

of the road glaring at them. At last one of them on the extreme flank, thinking that I did not see him, picked up a sharp stone and hurled it with all its force at the old woman. I turned sharply to see if it had hit her; meaning, in that case, to shoot that fellow—at all events—where he stood.

PARALYSED BY A GLANCE.

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

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

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

IN THE WITCH'S CAVE.

In a short time we arrived at one of the numerous caves in the mountain side, where she said she lived. She added—"All the province know where Matta, the witch of La Cava lives, but they dare not molest me

here." I went in and sat down and talked with her. She told me that she lived by telling the fortunes of the country-girls, and selling them charms and philtres to win the affections of their lovers; and I shrewdly suspected that she dabbled a little in poisons; and that, when a jealous husband became too obnoxious, old Matta furnished the means of his removal.

I examined her medicaments and tested her fortune-telling powers; and found that the first were useless and the second did not exist. But her knowledge of poisons was wide and profound, and her power of "the evil eye" was real.

THE GREEN OINTMENT.

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

I need scarcely say that, in the experiments I subsequently made with it, I never tried it on a human being. But I found that all that

was recorded of it was true: that the slightest smear of it on the fifth pair of nerves (above the eyes) gave a fatal power to the glance when so determined by the will; and, on various occasions, I have killed dogs, cats, and other animals as by an electric shock in this manner.

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VI.—AFRICA.

RAIN-MAKERS.

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

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

A RAIN-MAKING SCENE.

I was on a visit to one of the petty “kings” in what is to-day called the Hinterland of the Cameroons (now a German settlement), and it was of great importance to me to keep the king in good humour, as his temper, never very good, was getting absolutely fiendish by reason of the long drought which had prevailed. There had been no rain for weeks, all the greener vegetables had perished,

and even the mealies were beginning to droop for want of water, and the cattle in the king’s kraal died by scores. Celebrated rain makers had been sent for, but so far none had turned up.

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

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

THE TWO RAIN-MAKERS.

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

They began their incantations by walking round in a small circle.

ting the exact distances they required.

I sat, therefore, at the apex and they stood at the two other angles. Then the old man began reciting in a loud voice, the other occasionally joining him at regular rhythmic intervals. Presently, as I looked, I saw the old man gradually growing taller and taller until he was level with the 6-foot Soosou. Then they both began to slowly shoot upwards till their heads touched the roof of the hut, about 9 ft. Still keeping on the recitation, they decreased in height minute by minute, till a couple of mannikins, not more than two feet in height, stood before me. They looked very repulsive, but horribly grotesque. Then they gradually resumed their natural height; and, for the first and last time of my acquaintance with them, they both burst out into a genuine, hearty, unsophisticated peal of laughter.

* * * *

SUBE THE OBEYAH WOMAN.

I remember more than thirty years ago meeting an Obeeyah woman some hundreds of miles up the Cameroons river (Africa), and who had her residence in the caverns at the feet of the Cameroons mountains. In parenthesis, I may remark that I could not have existed there for one moment had I not been connected in some form or other with the slave trade. That by the way. Judge for yourselves, whether "She" was not "evolved" from Sube, the well-known Obeeyah woman of the Cameroons, or from one of a similiar type. Sube stood close on six foot, and was supposed by the natives to be many hundred years of age; erect as a dart, and with a stately walk, she *yet* looked two thousand years old. Her wrinkled, mummyfied, gorilla-like face, full of all iniquity, hate, and uncleanness, moral and physical—

might have existed since the Creation, while her superb form and full limbs might have been those of a woman of twenty-four. "Pride in her port, and demon in her eye" were her chief characteristics; while her dress was very simple, consisting of a head dress made of her sharks' teeth, brass bosses, and tails of some species of lynx. Across her bare bosom was a wide scarf or baldrick made of scarlet cloth, on which were fastened four rows of what appeared like large Roman pearls, of the size of a large walnut. These apparent pearls, however, were actually human intestines, bleached to a pearly whiteness, inflated, and constricted at short intervals so as to make a series of little bladders. On the top of her head appeared the head of a large spotted serpent—presumably some kind of a boa constrictor—the cured skin of which hung down her back nearly to the ground. Round her neck she wore a solid brass quoit of some four pounds weight, too small to pass over her head, but which had no perceptible joint or place of union. Heavy bangles on wrists and ankles reminded one somewhat of the Hindu women but hers were heavier, and were evidently formed from the thick brass rods used in "the coast trade," and hammered together *in situ*. Her skirt was simply a fringe of pendent tails of some animal—presumably the mountain lynx—intermingled with goats' tails. In her hand she carried what seemed to be the chief instrument of her power, and what we in Europe should call "a magic wand." But this was no wand, it was simply a hollow tube about four inches long, closed at one end and appearing to be made of a highly glittering kind of half ivory. Closer inspection, however, showed that it was some kind of reed about an inch in diameter, and incrustated with human molar teeth, in a splen-

did state of preservation, and set with the crown outwards. When not borne in the right hand this instrument was carried in a side pouch or case leaving the open end out.

SOME OF HER WONDERS.

Strange to say—this mystery I never could fathom—there was always a faint blue smoke proceeding from the mouth of this tube like the smoke of a cigarette, though it was perfectly cold and apparently empty. I shall never forget the first day on which I asked her to give me a specimen of her powers. I quietly settled down to enjoy the performance without expecting to be astonished, but only amused. I was *astonished*, though, to find this six feet of humanity weighing at least eleven stones, standing on my outstretched hand when I opened my eyes (previously closed by her command), and when I could feel not the slightest weight thereon. I was still more so when, still standing on my outstretched palm, she told me to shut my eyes again and reopen them instantaneously. I did so and she was gone. But that was not all; while I looked round for her a stove fell near me, and looking upwards I saw her calmly standing on the top of a cliff nearly five hundred feet in height. I naturally thought it was a "double"—that is, another woman dressed like her, and said so to the by-standing natives, who shouted something in the Ephyra language to her. Without much ado, she waved—not jumped—over the side of the cliff, and with a gentle motion, as though suspended by Mr. Baldwin's parachute, gradually dropped downwards until she alighted at my feet. My idea always was that this tube of hers was charged with some—to us—unknown fluid or gas, which controlled the forces of nature; she seemed powerless without it.

HER LIMITATIONS.

Further, none of her "miracles" was, strictly speaking, non-natural. That is, she seemed able to control natural forces in most astounding ways even to suspend and overcome them, as in the previous instance of the suspension of the laws of gravitation: but in no case could she *violate* them. For instance, although she could take an arm, lopped off by a blow of her outlass and, holding it to the stump, pretend to mutter some gibberish while she carefully passed her reed round the place of union (in a second of time complete union was effected without a trace of previous injury), yet, when I challenged her to make an arm sprout from the stump of our quartermaster, who had lost his left fore-arm in action some years before, she was unable to do so, and candidly declared her inability. She said "It is dead; I have no power"—and over nothing dead had she any power. After seeing her changing toads into tipolongas (the most deadly serpent on the Coast) I told her to change a stone into a trade dollar. But no, the answer was the same—"It was dead."

A KILLER-WILLER.

Her power over life was striking, instantaneous, terrible; the incident in "She" of the three blanched finger-marks on the hair of the girl who loved Callikrates and the manner of her death, would have been child's play to Subè. When she pointed her little reed at a powerful warrior in my presence—a man of vast thews and sinews—with a bitter hissing curse, he simply faded away.

The muscles began to shrink visibly, within three minutes space he was actually an almost fleshless skeleton. Again, in her towering rage against a woman, the same action was followed by instantaneous

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

THE RAIN MADE.

But stay! Is that a darker shade coming over the intense blue of the sky at that point? It is—it deepens to purple—then heavy clouds appear, apparently from nowhere; and, before a whole minute has expired, the sun has gone, and vast clouds of inky blackness cover all the face of the heavens.

Still motionless stands the statue. Blacker and more black grows the pitchy darkness, until it becomes almost impossible to see. But still that ebony figure stands silently pointing. Then the lowering vault of heaven is riven by a lightning shaft, that seems to blind one by its awful glare: a peal of thunder accompanies it that sounds like the "crack of doom"; and then down comes the rain in torrents—in waterpouts, tons and tons of it.

Verily, they earned their reward!

Of the feast that followed, when the rain had abated into a steady, business-like downpour that never ceased for two whole days and fairly transformed the parched and thirsty land, I will not speak. It was like all other royal feasts in West Africa.

MY INTERVIEW WITH THE RAIN MAKERS.

After it was over I visited the rain-makers, who were fortunately allotted the next hut to mine. I found that they both spoke Soosoo and a little Arabic (which last they had picked up from the Arab slave-dealers of the interior), so we got on finely.

By certain means, known to all occultists, I at once acquired their confidence, and they agreed to show me what they could do. There was a fire on the ground in the centre of the hut, and we seated ourselves around it, at the three angles of an imaginary triangle.

Throwing some dried herbs and mineral powders (all of which I carefully examined and identified) into the fire, they commenced singing and rocking themselves backward and forward.

A MYSTIC SNAKE DANCE.

This continued for a few minutes, when, all rising to our feet but keeping the same relative positions, the old man began making a series of motions, like mesmeric passes, over the fire. Almost instantly the fire seemed alive with snakes, which crawled out of the fire in scores, and in which I recognised the most deadly serpent on the face of the earth—the African tic-polonga. These brutes raced madly round and round the fire, some endeavouring to stand on their tails, hissing loudly all the time, until it absolutely produced the effect on the spectator of a weird dance of ser-

pents. On the utterance of one Arabic monosyllabic word, the pologas hurled themselves into the fire and disappeared.

The younger man, who had hitherto taken no active part, then opened his mouth wide, and a snake's head popped out. He seized hold of it by the neck, and pulled out of his throat a tic-polonga between two and three feet long, and threw it also in the fire. I said, "Do it again," and he repeated the feat several times.

It must be remembered that both men were entirely naked at this time, excepting for their feather head-dresses, so no clever jugglery or sleight of hand was possible.

LEVITATION EXTRAORDINARY.

The next thing was that the old man lay down on the floor, and told us to take him by the head and the heels and raise him up. This we did to the height of about three feet from the floor, he having made himself perfectly rigid. We held him there for a moment, and then he softly "floated" out of our hands and sailed right round the hut, I following him closely. He then approached the wall, feet first, and fairly floated through it into the outside darkness. I immediately felt at the spot where he had gone through, expecting to find a hole; but no, all was as solid as stout beams of timber and a foot of sun-baked clay could make it. I rushed outside to look for him, and even ran round the hut; but, what with the dark night and the heavy rain, I could see nothing of him. So I returned, wet to the skin. The other man sat by the fire alone, singing.

In a few moments the old man came floating in again, and sat down at his point of the triangle. But I noticed that the feathers in his head-dress were dripping wet,

and that his black skin fairly glistened with rain.

EVOCATION OF THE DEAD.

The last incident was to be an evocation. Other substances and odoriferous gums being thrown into the fire, we stood in solemn silence, although I could see by the continuous rapid movements of the old man's lips, that he was silently repeating the necessary formula. After a long time, that seemed an hour, the figure of a venerable old man slowly arose in the centre of the fire, *in puribus naturalibus*. He was evidently an Englishman (having, I noticed, a long purple cicatrix on his back), but I could not get a single word out of him, although I tried several times. The old rain-maker shook like a leaf, and was evidently almost frightened out of his wits. He could only gasp and stare at the Englishman. At last he managed to mumble out the two words necessary to dismiss him, and, as I looked, he was gone.

Neither of the rain-makers seemed to know who he was, and kept up such a rapid gabble to each other for a long time after he had gone that I could not properly follow them; but a few words gathered here and there showed me that they were thoroughly terrified. The Englishman was not at all what they had expected to see. What they looked for was black.

FIRST GIANTIFIED, THEN DWARFED.

I could get neither sense nor reason out of them any more that night, so left them and went to my own hut for a good sleep. When I visited them the next evening, just after sunset, they were quite willing to resume the seance. This time we formed an isosceles triangle, instead of an equilateral, I occupying the apex. They were very particular on both occasions in get-

results, but instead of withering, the woman absolutely petrified there and then. Standing erect, motionless, her whole body actually frozen as hard as stone, as we see the carcasses of beasts in Canada. A blow from my revolver on the hand, and afterwards all over the body, rang as if I were striking marble. Until I saw this actually done, I must confess that I never really believed in Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of rock salt. After it I was disposed to believe a good deal.

A NOVEL FROM CRYSTAL GAZING.

One of the things which most impressed me was that she poured water from a calabash into a little paraffin, scooped by her hands in the soft earth, but that this was nothing but water, I satisfied myself by the taste. Telling me to kneel down and gaze steadily on the surface of the water, she told me to call any person whom I might wish to see, and here a rather curious point arose. She insisted upon having the name *first*. I gave her the name of a relative Lewis, which she repeated after me three times to get it fixed correctly on her memory. In repeating her incantation, a few minutes afterwards, she pronounced the word "Louise," though I did not pay much attention to it at the time. When, however, her wand waved over the water, evolving clouds of luminous smoke, I saw distinctly reflected in it, after those clouds had passed away, the face and form of a relative of mine standing in front of the audience, evidently reciting some composition. I told her that she had made a mistake. I did not acknowledge to have seen anything for some time. At last I told her that it was the wrong person; then, naturally, argument followed. She insisted that I said Louise. However, at last I taught her the correct pronunciation of Lewis,

and I saw the man I wanted sitting with his feet elevated above his head, *more Americano*, and calmly puffing his pipe while reading the letter. I need scarcely say that I verified the time at which these things occurred, and in both instances I found them, allowing for the difference in longitude, absolutely and exactly correct.

Space will not allow, or I could go on for hours relating the wonders that I have seen Sube perform. The most wonderful of all I have left untold, because they seem even to myself utterly incredible, yet they are there, buried into my brain, ever since that awful night, when I was a concealed and unsuspecting witness of the awful rites and mysteries of the Obeyah in the caverns of the Cameroons.

WHAT IS OBEYAH?

The very root and essence of Obeyahism is devil worship, *i.e.*, the use of rights, ceremonies, adjurations, and hymns to some powerful and personal spirit of evil, whose favour is obtained by means of orgies, which for horror and blasphemy and obscenity cannot have been exceeded—if, indeed, they have ever been equalled—in the history of the world. These things are too utterly horrible even to be hinted at.

The term Obeyah (vulg. *obi*, pronounced *obee*), conveys a truer idea of the sound of the word than *obi*, because always after the pronunciation of the last syllable there is the African pant or grunt, which I have roughly endeavoured to reproduce by the syllable yah; O-be-yah. One curious fact in connection with the Obeyahism, and which seems almost to link it with bygone ages as a remnant of the old serpent worship, is what we read in Mosaic Scriptures about the Witch of Endor. The Hebrew phrase, thus freely rendered by the translators, literally means

one who asks or consults O-B, not Ob, but O-B, or two letters signifying "a serpent." Now the Obeeyah women always wore a serpent on the head, and some of them would even have a live one twisted round their necks.

The Obeeyah seem to worship the arch-demon under different forms; Sube, of the Cameroons, and her tribe, believing that he occupied the body of a man-eating spider, to whom they offered living human beings.

CHANGING A SNAKE INTO A SPIDER.

Sube professed to exercise all power at first, and my chief amusement in the weeks in which I was kept a prisoner by her (and undergoing the process of being fattened up to form an appetising *bonne bouche* for the spider-god) was in proving to her that she could not do this, that, and the other—in fact, what schoolboys call "settling her capers." Vide the instance of stone and trade dollar. But on what I call "natural lines," she was perfect. Thus when, she took up a toad, she changed it into a tie-po onga; it was not done by any word of command, or word of power (as a Hindoo and Talmadic magic), but she *rolled* it between her hands for a few moments, and pulled and mutilated it until it was more like a lizard than anything, havin' distinctly the legs intact.

The next process was to pull away the legs, the body all the time gradually lengthening, and last of all, to manipulate the head and putting her fingers into its mouth, pull out and develop the long, flexible, split tongue of the serpent.

A HARVEST IN FIVE MINUTES.

When she wanted food, it was only a variety of the Indian "mango-trick." If mealies were wanted, she would plant a grain of maize in the earth, and gaze steadfastly upon the place, her lips moving, but no audi-

ble sound issuing from them. In a few moments (no covering up) a bright green shoot would come up, which grew and grew, and in five minutes time was a considerable crop of mealies (Indian corn), every head ripe and fit for use. She would gather these, and boil them for our dinners, but I always noticed that within half-an-hour, the stalks, leaves, etc., of the plant, had turned black, wet, and rotten, although the food was satisfactory. A curious point here. Unknown to her, I one day extracted one of the mealies so produced, and after we had had a good feed, I went out to examine it. It was only two hours after its production, but it had begun already to decay, and in a little more time, absolutely perished.

A MAGICAL TALISMAN.

As I said just now, I delighted in showing her incapacity. Thus I used to challenge her to produce an orange seed from the mango seed, or plantains from mealies, but this was entirely beyond her powers. Give her a seed, a leaf, or a portion of the plant required, and she could do it, but she never could, in any single instance, gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. Likewise, from an egg, she would develop a full-grown bird in a few minutes, but she could not turn a bird into a monkey, nor a fish into a lynx. The towering rage she used to get into on these occasions generally used to end in a series of violent epileptic fits. She tried all the resources of her magical arts upon me, but I was proof against any charm in the world but one, and that was one with which she was unacquainted. I possessed a talisman, given me by Bulwer Lytton (who also taught me the use of it), which not only enabled me to defy all her spells, incantations, and curses, but which was evidently the means, not only of her death, but of her absolute annihila-

tion. Still, this talisman, ancient and powerful as it was, could only preserve from inimical magical processes and demoniac agencies; it could not protect from death or ordinary physical dangers. Such a talisman has as yet to be discovered.

CHANGING A MAN INTO A WOMAN.

When she wanted to kill an animal, serpent, or anything else, either for food or other purposes, she simply pointed her tube at it, with a steady gaze, as though making aim with a revolver. Nothing ever appeared to issue from the tube, but in a few moments the animal appeared surrounded by a kind of reddish cloud or thin vapour, through which its vain struggle could be seen. On examination, no perforation, or injury of any kind could be found. I believe that Sube could do this at any distance. She could certainly do it at eight hundred yards, but the most terrible examples to my mind of her power was the transformation of the sexes. One day, being offended with the chief, who sought in vain to pacify her, she said to him, "I will degrade you, and you shall become a woman." Placing her hands upon him, while he stood powerless as though turned to stone (his eyeballs starting in horror), she commenced her manipulations. Beginning with his face, she rubbed away every vestige of beard and moustache. The prominent cheekbone fell in, and the smooth, round face of a woman became apparent. Next, the powerful biceps and triceps were rubbed down, and the lank, lean arm of an African woman appeared. Next, seizing hold of his vast pectoral muscles, she began a different process, pinching up and pulling them out until they were shortly visible, well-developed mammilæ. And so she proceeded from head to foot, until, in less than ten minutes, every vestige of manhood had disappeared, and there stood

before her a hulking, clumsy, knock-kneed woman.

AND MEN INTO BEASTS.

Transformations of another kind, of the most hideous character, were the feature of the orgies which constitute the worship of the demon. During the frantic dances which took place, and over which Sube presided, there was a certain amount of transformation of the faces to the resemblance of certain animals, while the bodies remained human. Not all kinds of animals, only apes, goats, and serpents were represented. Yet, while human lineaments were still traceable, the resemblance of these loathsome objects was utterly horrible, and more like an awful nightmare than anything else. When I was a boy at school I used to read Greek, Roman, and other mythologies, and when I came across the transformation of Circe, and descriptions of Satyrs, &c., I used to admire the vivid imagination of the ancients, but ever since I witnessed, long years ago, awful powers of Cheeyah, I genuinely believed that those old writers only related what was actually matter of common knowledge at the time. As to Centaurs, I don't know, but as to the former existence of Satyrs, the transformation of Circe, and the petrifying action of the Medusa's head, I am as certain as I am of my own existence.

VII.—IN FRANCE.

I will now recall some experiences of hypnotism, as it is now the fashion to call it, for want of a name which will really express it.

I had, of course, done a good deal in it myself; but when Dr. Charcot, of the Salpêtrière, first made public his experiments, I was much interested, and determined to run over to Paris and witness some of them myself. I need, perhaps, scarcely say here that Dr. Charcot

was no quack, no faddist, no obscure practitioner; but, in all questions of mental diseases, the foremost expert in France. Dr. Liebeault, who collaborated with him, is well known to the medical world as a distinguished physiologist and psychobiologist. I went to Paris, and called on Dr. Charcot, whom I found indisposed; and I was turning away somewhat gloomily (as I could only spare time for two days in Paris), when I met almost on the threshold an analytical chemist, a Frenchman of Italian origin, with whom I had at one time been associated in a series of toxicological experiments.

I told him of my disappointment, and he said, "You have lost nothing, come and dine with me at the Richekieu, and I will introduce you to one of his pupils who has, in fact, attained better results than Charcot himself." The latter statement I took leave to doubt; but there being nothing else to be done, I consented.

A HYPNOTIC SUBJECT.

To cut the matter short, we went after dinner with Mons. Y. to the hospital with which he was connected. He said, "I have here three splendid subjects, with whom I can do anything," and he showed us the three women. One was rather stout, fair woman of about 40 years of age, and of decidedly lymphatic temperament; with a contented *laissez faire* expression almost amounting to fatuousness. I shall call her A. The next was little, dark, wiry woman of the active, bilious temperament, with a rather cunning look, B. The third was a big raw-boned woman, an agriculturist, simple and straightforward, C. I found that these were carefully selected from the number of patients as "types," so as to show the differing effects of hypnotism on the various temperaments, A,

and C. both being cataleptic under certain conditions.

READING BLINDFOLD.

B. being selected for the first experiment was rapidly placed in the hypnotic state, and was first tested by having needles unexpectedly thrust into different sensitive portions of her anatomy. Perfect insensibility; so far, good! Next, I wrote a word on a card; and you may be sure that I did not choose an every-day word, or one that there was any possibility of its being conveyed by means of concerted signal between the operator and the patient.

I showed the word to Mr. Y. and my friend; and then I placed it in a thick envelope, sealed it, and handed it to the hypnotist. He held it for a moment to the woman's chest, saying, "Tell me what that is?" "An envelope sealed containing a card." "What is written on the card?" The answer came directly, and was correct. She was not blindfolded, as Mons. Y. offered, because I preferred to watch her closed eyelids intently. My friend next wrote a whole sentence in Italian, finding that Mons. Y. understood that language, and it was sealed up by him (after being read by the operator), and was this time held to the back of her head. The result was precisely the same.

A SIDE-LIGHT ON TELEPATHY.

The next experiment was more interesting from its throwing—by reason of its partial failure—a side-light upon the true hypnotic theory. Mons. Y. said, "I will now make her tell the time by my watch, taking it out and unconsciously looking at it." A thought occurred to me, and I said, "No, try mine." He took mind and laid it on the top of her head. He then asked her the time, to which, she replied, "Huit heures, moins vingtneuf minutes." He told

her that was wrong, at my request. She persisted in repeating the same time; he saying to me, "but, she *is* right, monsieur;" and, taking out his watch again, showed me it. And I said, "Yes, she is right by your watch; but I want her to tell me the time by the watch that is on her head." Of course she was unable to do so; because the hypnotiser had not looked at it, and so was not able to convey the suggestion.

I was infinitely more pleased at his failure than if he had succeeded; because I had all along maintained (against the Frenchman) that the results they obtained were due not to clairvoyance, as they maintained, but to "suggestion." I wanted to see how far suggestion could go in giving temporary know-

ledge of subjects far beyond the ken of the hypnotised person. So I suggested that, as we all knew Greek, a sentence should be written in it, and submitted to her. I wrote a verse from St. John, and she read it with the greatest ease.

We made many more experiments, which all tended to prove my contention as to the clairvoyance.

Mind I do not for a moment dispute that a real clairvoyant faculty is possessed by some persons; but I do maintain that hypnotism can *not* communicate that power. Where it is manifested, it is not in any degree attributable to hypnotism.

BORDERLAND.

THE TIMES AND PHILOSOPHY OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

(Continued from page 243.)

HAMILTON'S philosophy goes into the very essence of things and in this point it is very abstract. It is in the first place fragmentary, unmethodical, and indigested. The various parts have neither union nor cohesion. There was in him more of the student of philosophy. There was in him a strong feeling which advanced with the advance of age and maturity of thought. No system of human knowledge is suited to the universe of things, to the possibilities of being. So far as the highest form of reality is concerned he felt very clearly that the Almighty dwells not in churches made by men.

However greatly we may regret the lack of system under certain

heads in Hamiltonian Philosophy, we feel, looking at the intellectual narrowness, the exclusiveness and the harm done to the breadth and freeness of human life and feeling, the unlovely moral spirit, which are apparently inseparable from certain theories of God and the world—we feel, I say, a certain relief in thinking about a system of hints, chiefly if these be at the same time reverent, ennobling and inspiring.

There are three points worthy of consideration in his philosophy—(1) the question of his method *i. e.*, the method of his procedure in solving the question of the Relativity of Human knowledge. (2) The meaning of the term 'Reality' as applied to the world of the senses,

the external world. Is the external world, a world of images, more than such a world, or is it merely a bundle of ideas? (3) The meaning of Reality as applied to the Infinite. Ultimately what is God? In what sense is he real?

The method of Hamiltonian philosophy is the same as the method of the Baconian philosophy which rendered the possibility of scientific progress during the past two centuries and more. It is an appeal to experience, an appeal to human consciousness, the unifier of all knowledge. The facts and the laws of knowledge are to be enquired into as are the physical facts and laws.

This is a method which is absolutely necessary to the labours of every metaphysician. This means simply that we must be perfectly conversant with facts. This can be done by a study of psychology or by a study of what is called irreflexive common sense. But to say that it is the Baconian method is not to say the whole of it for it soars above mere generalisation, mere summation of particulars even guided by a determining idea. The principles are not merely general but universal. The method develops itself more to the method of Descartes, which was the experimental testing by reflection of the possibilities of doubt. This pushed backwards on the principles assumed in ordinary experience, gradually made it clear that there are laws which guarantee themselves by the impossibility of subverting them even in thought. This impossibility being fully realised in consciousness gives them universality. No one can assail these principles without assuming them as universal in consciousness.

Hamilton holds firmly that we cannot go beyond the general fact of consciousness. I am conscious say of feeling. This is a prime fact

of consciousness for me and beyond this I cannot go. This is the basis of my knowledge. There is nothing known if consciousness be absent. Words can have no import under the circumstances. External world would be a void if consciousness be absent. Everything would be a tabula rasa unless we take them into the folds of our consciousness. All that has been said or done by man was once an invisible consciousness, true and real then ere it was embodied. Reality for you and me is in what we think and feel rather than in what we do. Out of the heart are the issues of life. But do not understand consciousness in a narrow sense. It is not the passing mood of the individual. It is the mind of men in general, consciousness in its full extent which is studied. The method therefore goes beyond the province of individual consciousness. It imposes no formula on facts. It does not in order to suit a see-saw theory of being, dissolve human personality into a hazy pantheistic unity; nor does it blur the distinction of right and wrong by postulating everything as really necessary to its opposite, and thus laying down the evil as the necessary condition of the good, leaving in fact no good or evil in the universe at all.

The question then arises, can this psychological state be resolved by a physiological process? Hamilton answers this question in the negative. No form of nerve or brain energy can be shown to be capable of developing into or becoming a state of consciousness. There is no analogy for the purely unconscious passing into the purely conscious. In this Prof. Tyndall and Hamilton are one. "The passage from the physics of the brain," says Tyndall, "to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain

occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened and illuminated, as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following the motions, all their groupings, all their electrical discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem—how are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness."

This analysis of consciousness is not a mere survey of facts but is an attempt to run them back to their elements, first of all carefully scrutinizing their features. It is psychological in the best sense of the word, not introspective. But it seeks also the universal laws of knowledge. In our familiar experiences we perceive a knower and a known, *i. e.*, a contrast and a difference, a permanency and an impermanency, a stability and an instability. Testing these by experimental reflection we find that we cannot get rid of them, if we want to know about them. The objects may change but still the relation between the perceiver and the thing perceived, that relation remains all the same. We have now by the individual effort of reflection risen to the ultimate, the cognisable, yet incomprehensible principles of human knowledge. These are revelations to us indeed.

These ultimate principles or laws of knowledge have been called the principles of common sense. The phrase is apt to mislead us. In common parlance common sense means a general shrewdness in the affairs of life, innate rather than

acquired. Because apparently of this one sense of the term, which is by no means the historical sense, it has actually been supposed that the thinkers of the Scottish school meant to leave the problems of philosophy to be dealt with by the shrewd practicality of ordinary intelligence. The method of common sense, as interpreted almost uniformly by Reid, and always by Hamilton, is "not an appeal from philosophy to blind feeling," or to ordinary feeling. "The first problem of philosophy," says Hamilton, "is to seek out, purify and establish by intellectual analysis and criticism, the elementary feelings and beliefs in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession. This is dependent on philosophy as an art. Common sense is like common law. Each may be laid down as the general rule of decision; but in the one case it may be left to the jurist, in the other to the philosopher, to ascertain what are the contents of the rule." After this is done, the work of philosophy might pretty nearly be accomplished.

The question next arises what is the special relation of this method to Hume, and to his wholly destructive and negative propositions. Simply put it in this: Hume said what we call sensation or impression is all that is known or knowable. There are consciousness, states of consciousness, that come and go. Beyond this human knowledge can not rise. There is no knowledge of a self or person in consciousness, or amid these consciousnesses. They have no tie, bond or unity of this sort. There is sensation without a sentient, there is passion without a feeler, there is knowledge without a knower.

We speak of impressions from the external world; but no external world is known, no world apart from the conscious impression, no subsisting external world, nothing in the form of independent material reality.

All we know is the impression, and this imports nothing regarding an outward cause. From this theory of the known to the theory of being, the step is easy. This limitation of knowledge gives us the limit of existence. If impression be alone known, if at most there be but a series of conscious impressions, then the universe itself means merely, is merely, a series of impressions, and a series of impressions, utterly isolated from casual or customary conjunction. The external world, selfhood, personality, freedom, cause, God, disappear as simply illusions of the fancy of the common ill-regulated imagination. As notions they are subjectively empty. They have no correspondingly justifying impression; and hence as applied to things, they are objectively void or unreal.

This method of Hamilton and the Scottish school generally is thus an appeal to facts, to the fulness and breadth of your experience. Every system of philosophy is and can only be an interpretation of experience. The method which recognises the great convictions of personality, freedom, duty and God, those spontaneous impulses of the human heart is the one which will survive, keep pace with the breadth of facts, the growth of intelligence, and the moral life of mankind.

FINITE REALITY.

The question of finite reality is closely connected with the name of Sir William Hamilton. It came down to the Scottish school of thinkers through Descartes, Locke, Berkley, and Hume. It is in fact the question as to the nature of finite reality, as to whether there is in our experience a two-fold reality, the mental and the material world; or only one form of being—*i. e.* either the one or the other. And in this case we have the further question as to which is first and

creative, whether the material world is a product of consciousness or *vice versa*. The former is Idealism, the latter gross Realism. This question of metaphysics can only be solved by a psychological analysis. This is the fundamental question which Hamilton so strongly contended for, the question how we came to know of an external world, whether we know anything in the shape of a material and external world. The question is found on factitious difficulties as to whether this extended object comes into our knowledge at all, *i. e.*, whether the experience in perception is the same as in sensation. In sensation I assuredly know only my own mental states, forms of my consciousness. It is a subjective world in which I am not only the viewer but the actor. Is the world to which I am introduced by perception only a subjective world or more? The answer to this question depends entirely on the view we take of those objects of perception which we call resistance and extension. Is this extended object the same as our subjective sensations or is it wholly a new experience? The answer in the first sense leads to Idealism, in the second sense of Realism.

Hamilton takes the latter view. Face to face with us, the perceiver is a resisting something, extended, opposed to our locomotive effort. The quantum of being in the sensible world, its qualifying power subsists, remains undiminished. There is change. There is transmutation. My sensible perception may now be motion and then heat, at one time steam, at another movement. There is all through it the permanence of the quantum of existence in our sensible experience, the possibility of transmutation from one quality to another. This is the substantial in the material world. This is all that realism need ask. This is the interpretation of what Hamilton has

stated in his doctrine of the ultimate incompressibility of matter and in the principle at the root of his theory of casuality, as a change only in the permanent indestructible quantum of being in the universe. The doctrine of Hamilton is thus seen to concur, to unite itself with the two great modern scientific conceptions, the conservation and transmutation of energy. This affords a basis for what is best in the poetic view of nature. Nature is no mere relation between the percipient and thing perceived, neither being real, and yet basing a real relation. But it is that which is contradistinguished from the individual; it is that which has a self-subsistence, it is a power revealed to the individual, known by the individual, but whose existence is not dependent on his knowledge. The individual becomes the

lord of it only as he learns from it. Philosophy and poetry interpret nature each in its own way. The truths I learn from it, the impulses I feel regarding it, the moral and spiritual analogies I may discern between it and my own soul, are not the arbitrary moods of the individual self, but the lessons with which it is charged for all mankind, for every one at least who has singleness of vision and purity of heart. This is simply Natural Realism sublimed to poetic spiritualism. Such spiritualism is impossible apart from the grounding philosophical conception of difference, and the poetry of Wordsworth is the natural complement of the philosophy of Hamilton.

(To be continued)

G. R. S.

A FEW FORGOTTEN TRUTHS.

(Continued from page 282)

THE Rishis very carefully studied Nature, from which they derived the rudimentary idea of their caste system. The four great types of the human race on our globe viz: Negros, Europeans, Chinese, and Hindus are natural divisions and based on facts in nature. We have already said that "varna" means color. The four varieties of color are also found in these four types of the human race. They vary according to the longitudes. The physically developed black fetishist Negro like the Sudras of Tama Guna, are intended by her political economy to represent labor to serve her other favored children of higher development. The white Europeans, like

the Vyasyas of Tama and Raja Gunas, are the capitalists. Trade and agriculture are the means of accumulating wealth and these are the natural characteristics of the European nations. Often we find the development of intellectuality tends to the increase of material comforts but morality is as loose and slack as it is in the lower animal creation. The Asiatic Nations are disappointed in finding so little social or domestic morality in Europe, in which respect alone, the human race is supposed to be superior to the animal creation. Morality is variously affected by undue female liberty, by marriage at an advanced age, by the animal propensities in-

flamed by continual use of animal food and after all like the fuel to the fire, by unrestricted drinking even in company with fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, elders and youngers and in balls and theatres. As a result, asylums for foundlings, which are shocking to the ideas and notions of the ancient races of Asia, are scattered through the length and breadth of Europe. They are not to the credit by any means to the boasted civilization of Europe. No sensible man, we presume, can expect morality from the female liberty which naked nature has bestowed on females of savage beasts and barbarous peoples. We write this in no spirit of animosity, but only to bring home to them the necessity of devising some means for introducing marriage at a comparatively earlier period of life and a curtailment of female liberty, as they have founded and founded successfully so many societies and clubs for vegetarians and teetotalers during the last decade. Abstinence from meat and drinks, to speak the truth, were like idle speculations and theories to the Europeans of middle ages and as impracticable as commanding the rising tide to retreat. But they have now been satisfactorily proved as practicable truths.

Morality is the stepping stone to spirituality. For it is an acknowledged truth in all religions that morality should always be observed in words, deeds and thoughts. It is, therefore, simply against the Law of Nature that the unmarried men and women, with unrestricted liberty to mix with each other and using animal food and exciting drinks, can observe morality in deeds and words, not to speak of lustful thoughts which are as natural to such men and women as solidity is to stone and liquidity to water. Woman is frail, flesh is feeble, mind is most helplessly weak and above all tempta-

tion is the bewitching barmaid of peerless beauty in the glittering shop called the universe. Whoever enters this shop, is most dexterously cheated by her in all the bargains of his earthly life. Even milkwhite Eve, the first mother of the so-called fallen race of Biblical world, could not escape from the iron grip of temptation. As regards other questions concerning morality the Hindus would humbly ask their western brethren to answer them candidly whether any nation, which is entirely guided by such doctrines as "End justifies the means," by political principles like "Evil be to those who evil think" and "might is right," by social mottoes like "survival of the fittest," and by the commercial dogmas such as "trade lies are excusable" and "exchange is no robbery" can possibly observe true morality? These are purely selfish animal instincts articulated in the human speech of Europe. They only instigate a nation to adopt an aggressive policy and when a nation adopts that policy then and there it loses its morality together with any spark of spirituality it may possess.

The yellow Chinese, like the true Kshetryas of Rajas and Satwa Gunas, have preserved their country's arts, science, civilization, national honor and religion, for a period of no less than four thousand years from the attacks of foreign invaders. Their Satwic policy like that of the Hindus is always on the defensive and never aggressive as illustrated in the annals of their country. The reason being that those most selfish doctrines enumerated above, by which almost all the European nations are more or less guided, are entirely unknown to our Eastern brethren. In all branches of industry and fine arts, which are no doubt the result of a developed intellect, no nation in our globe can cope with the Chinese. No female emancipation is allowed throughout the

"Flowery Kingdom." Early marriage and political, social and religious check on female emancipation are helpful to the purity, chastity and morality of their race.

And the dark brown Hindus, like the Brahmins of Satwa Guna, are naturally humble and unmindful of earthly pomp, in comparison with the younger nations mentioned above. They are a proverbially spiritual nation. Humility and civility, intellectuality and morality, which are the fundamental basis of spiritual development are the rational characteristics of the Hindus.* As regards the character and habits of their women we take the liberty to reproduce the following from the pen of an English Reviewer :

"An Englishman may live in this country without the slightest knowledge of Hindu women, who seldom go outside their own houses and when they do, are covered up like white mice. From the time of marriage to birth of a child, the woman remains covered with a veil. As she grows old, the veil is made shorter but never entirely withdrawn. The veil is not only worn outside the Zenana but inside also ; the wife will not appear unveiled before her husband's brother or speak to him except through a medium. From our point of view, it must be a sad dreary life, but there is another way of looking at it. The Hindu woman is kept under constant tutelage to father, husband or son. She is not, however, either a slave or a drudge ; but rather quite the reverse. Her labor is one of love. She prefers the comforts and happiness of her parents, husband and children to her own self-denial. Patient endurance, economy, simplicity, modesty, tenderness and sincere affection are the prominent features of her character. In the

East there is no such thing as the unplucked rose, better known as an old maid. A father who neglected to marry his daughters would be made an out-caste. The monotony of the home life is relieved by the ceremonies attending Poojahs."

In short, conscious force develops spiritually from the fetichism of the Negro to Mahomedanism, from Mahomedanism to Christianity, from Christianity to Buddhism, and in the end from Buddhism to Hinduism—the fountain head of all religions. In fact the different places, peoples and times are requisites for the gradual development of individualized forces in their physical, intellectual and spiritual planes of existence. For instance Africa, we may safely say, is intended for the development of human physique, Europe of intellect and Asia is, as it were, meant for the spiritual development of the human race on our planet. For we can distinctly see that God (Logos), His son and His prophet all incarnated in Asia and not in Europe or Africa, and consequently the divine truths are all more or less revealed through the Asiatic languages, viz :—Hinduism in Sanskrit, Buddhism in Pali, Christianity in Hebrew and Mahomedanism in Arabic, and not through the French Spanish or English languages of yesterday. The European nations translated their Bible from Hebrew in various dialects and therefore the present Bible is not what it was. There is a Bengali adage.

যাত নকলে আবেল খাফা ।

The originality of a book is lost when it is copied seven times. We cannot say what amount of damage is done to the originality of a book, when it is translated seven times in seven dialects. There is no end of

* And why ? Because the Hindus as a Nation, have no female emancipation, and they observe entire abstinence from meat and drinks. The result is that they have no strong and violent animal propensities, as we find in all other nations.

translations and revisions of Bible in English up to this date. It is a pity that the English nation so noble and magnanimous could not as yet translate their religious code to the entire satisfaction of their spiritual needs.

Among all the countries of Asia, India (Váratvarsha) stands first both in intellectual and spiritual development. The superiority of Váratvarsha to all the other Várshas of our globe is fully established by the authors of various sacred Puráns and by some of the eminent European writers. We find the following in Sreekrishna's Janma Khandam of Bramha Vayvarta Puránam :

उत्तरं यत् सप्तद्वस्र हिमाद्रौ चैव दक्षिणम् ।
 वर्षं तद् भारतं नाम भारती यत्र सन्ति ॥
 अत्रापि भारतं श्रेष्ठं जम्बुद्वीपे महासुने ।
 यतो हि कर्म भूयेषा ततोऽन्या भोगभूयः ॥
 यत्र जन्म सद्ब्रह्मणां सद्गुरुषु सत्तन ।
 कदाचिन्नमते जन्तुर्मातृपुत्रं पुण्यं सञ्चयात् ॥
 यत्र जन्म तपः पूतो जन्मेदं भारते लभेत् ।
 करोति सफलं जन्म श्रुत्वा हरि कथामृतं ॥

The country which is situated on the north of the Indian ocean and on the south of the Himalayas is called Váratvarsha whose inhabitants are called Váratí, the sons of king Varat. O great Muni! this Váratvarsha is still superior to all other countries of Jambu Dwipa, for she is the Karma Bhumi—the land of action or religious rites,—and all other countries are Bhoga Bhumi—the land of earthly enjoyments. No soul can incarnate here, unless he is fortunate enough to gather the good effects of religious and pious deeds performed in millions of years. A soul can only reincarnate here, after performing the most severe austerities for a period of one hundred births and once born here, he will be in a position to sacrifice

himself by hearing the most sweet and hallowed name of Hari.

We quote the following about the holy land of Váratvarsha from Vishnu Puran part 2, chap. III,—the most sacred of all the Purans of the Hindu world :

उत्तरं यत् सप्तद्वस्र हिमाद्रौ चैव दक्षिणम् ।
 वर्षं तद् भारतं नाम भारती यत्र सन्ति ॥
 * * * * *
 अतः सम्प्राप्यते स्वर्गो मुक्तिं सञ्जात् प्रयान्ति वै ।
 तिर्यक्स्थं नरकाञ्चापि यान्ततः पुष्पा सुने ॥
 वतः स्वर्गं च मोक्षश्च मध्यस्थान् च गच्छते ।
 न खलु न्यत्र कर्माणां कर्म भूमौ विधायते ॥
 * * * * *
 चकारि भारते वर्षे युगान्त्रल महासुने ।
 कर्तं त्रेता हापरश्च कश्चिच्चान्त्रल न कश्चित् ॥
 तपन्त्यन्ति सुनयो जुह्वति चाल यजुनः ।
 दानानि चाल दीयन्ते परलोकार्धमादरात् ॥
 * * * * *

मायानि देवा किल गीतकानि
 धनान्ते ते भारत भूमि भागे ।
 स्वर्गाप वर्गाम्बुद मार्गं भूते
 भवन्ति भूयः पुष्पा सुरत्वात् ॥
 कर्मण्य सङ्कल्पित तत् फलानि
 सन्त्रय विष्णो परमात्म भूते
 अवाप्य तं कर्म भङ्गी मन ते
 तस्मिन् यं ये स्वमला भवन्ति ॥
 जानोम नैतत् क्वथं विषीने
 स्वर्गं प्रदे कर्मिषि देहं बहुम् ।
 प्राञ्जनामः धनत्राः स्वभूते मनुष्या
 ये भारते नेद्रिय विप्रहीनाः ॥

That is to say, the country which is situated on the north of the Indian ocean and on the south of the Himalayas is called Váratvarsha, whose inhabitants are called Váratí the sons of king Varat. From here

alone the human souls can get Heaven, Mukti, Hell or the organisms of reptiles. From here alone, the human souls can attain Mukti, Heaven, the middle or the lowest state of existence, for it is certain that there is no other country in this globe which is intended for Karma (religious rites). In no other country you shall find the four Yugas viz:— Satya, Tretta, Dwapar and Kali, but only in Váratvarsha. Here the Munis perform Tapas (austerity), householders perform Jagnas and freely bestow alms for happiness hereafter. Devas sing the sweet songs and congratulate those heartily, who have the good fortune to be born in Váratvarsha, the only place where Mukti can be attained. The people can rise to the status of Vishnu, the root of roots, the soul of souls and the force of all forces in nature by offering Karma-phalam (the effects of religious rites) to him alone. We do not know where we shall be born after enjoying this heavenly bliss. Blessed are the people of Váratvarsha born without deformities.

The following is from Brihannaradya Puran, chapter III.

सौरोद्रे चैव चत्वरं यद्विभक्तं देवं दक्षिणम् ।
 प्रोयं तद्भारतं वर्षं सर्व्वं कर्म फलप्रदम् ॥
 अत्र कर्मणां कुर्वन्ति त्रिविधानप्रज नन्दन ।
 तत् फलं सुद्यते ब्रह्मण भोगभूमिषु क्रमात् ॥
 भारते तु ज्ञातं कर्म सुभं वाऽ सुभ मेव च ।
 आफल लयणं कर्म सुजयतेऽनत्र जन्तुभिः ॥
 अद्यापि देवा रक्षन्ति जन्मं भारत भूतले ।
 सच्चितं सुमहत् सुखमस्यैव मनसं सुभम् ॥
 कदा वयम् हि लक्ष्मणो जन्म भारत भूतले ।
 कदा सुखेन महता प्राप्स्यामः परमं पदं ॥
 दानैर्वा विविधैश्चै सौभोभिर्वा विद्यायनम् ।
 पूजयित्वा कदा यानो यद्दै पश्यन्ति मृतवः ॥
 भक्त्या वा कर्मभिर्वापि ज्ञानेनाप्यथवा हरिम्
 जगदीशं कदा यानो नित्यानन्दमयं विद्मः ॥

वी भारत भूवं प्राप्य विष्णु पूजा करो भवेत् ।
 न तत्र ब्रह्मचानि कदा वै रवि तेजसः ॥

The country which is situated on the north of salt ocean and on the south of the Himalayas is called Váratvarsha, which is the bestower of the fruition of Karma. Here the three sorts of Karma (Adhivoutic, physical Adhidaivic—Astral and Adhmyatic spiritual) are performed and their effects are enjoyed. O Brahman! whatever the effects of Karma, either good or bad performed in Váratvarsha, must be enjoyed elsewhere. Devas still desire to incarnate in Váratvarsha through sheer merit of their virtuous deeds. They say when shall we incarnate in Váratvarsha? When and by what great virtue may we attain that most blissful state of existence? When by worshipping the lord of the universe by alms, Jagnas and austerities shall we see that indescribably happiest state that the sages of all ages are so anxious to attain? When shall we get the eternal—all the merciful and blissful Hari by Gnánam, Bhakti or performance of various rituals? There is none like him, who being born in Váratvarsha, can worship Bhagwan Vishnu with all his heart and soul.

And now let us see what the thoughtful European authors say on the superiority of India. We quote the following from Buckle's History of civilization in England, vol. I, page 69.

"If in the first place, we turn to Asia, we shall see an admirable illustration of what may be called the collision between internal and external phenomena. Owing to circumstances already stated Asiatic civilization has always been confined to that rich tract where alone wealth could be easily obtained. This immense zone comprises some of the most fertile parts of the globe; and of all its provinces, Hindoostan is

certainly the one which for the longest period has possessed the greatest civilization. And as the materials for forming an opinion respecting India are more ample than those respecting any other part of Asia, I propose to select it as an example and use to illustrate those laws, which though generalized from political economy, chemistry and physiology may be verified by that more extensive survey, the means of which history alone can supply."

So in the opinion of the ancient Rishis and the modern writers of Europe, Váratvarsha is superior to all others vārshas of the globe. But there is again one part of Váratvarsha which, according to Rishis, is far superior to her other comparatively backward tracts. We quote the following from Manu, Chap : II, Sloka 22.

तवोरोचानरं चिद्योरोर्यत्रावत्तं विदुर्भुधाः ।
जम्बू वारन्तु चरति जगो बल उभावतः ॥

The land which lies between the eastern and western seas and the Himalayas and Vindhya is called Aryavarta, where musk deers graze naturally. But what is the meaning of the word Aryavarta? Kullock Bhatta, the greatest commentator of Manu, says :

"आर्यत्राज आर्यर्त्तने पुनः पुनः उद्भवति
इति आर्यत्रावत्तः "

That is to say, Aryavarta is the place, where the noble souls incarnate often and often. We cannot understand how oriental scholars of the highest repute quote this Sloka of Manu, as one of their authorities to prove that Aryavarta is the place in which the Aryas came and settled. Do they mean that the word Avar-tanta means "to come and settle"? If so, then they must be mistaken. Because the word as we have quoted from Kullock Bhatta means "to incarnate often and often." To strengthen our position we may state for the information of our readers that the principal Avatars, the incarnations of God or Logos such as Baráha, Nrishingha, Bámana, Parashuráma, Ráma, Sreekrishna and Buddha, and also minor Avatars or noble souls such as Nanak, Kabir, Dadu, Chaitannya etc. all incarnated in this holy tract of Aryavarta. The word "ávartanta" is derived from the root आ, + वृत् to whirl or rotate. So it isat once clear as far as the derivative meaning of the word goes that Aryavarta is the place where the noblest souls incarnate often and often and not the place where Aryas came and settled.

(To be continued).

SREENATH CHATTERJEE.

ASTROLOGY.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF MERCURY.

MERCURY is the nearest planet to the Sun ; and though the least in magnitude of the old planets, is one of the most important.

N. B.—The abilities and disposition of everyone depend upon the condition of MERCURY and the luminaries.

I. MERCURY IN CONJUNCTION WITH SATURN :—The native is slow, dull, fearful, timorous,

patient, persevering, laborious, grave and capable of great application to any sedentary pursuit.

II. IF IN BAD ASPECT :—The native is nervous, stupid, sordid and very worthless.

III. IF IN GOOD ASPECT :—The native is subtle, prudent, careful of his own interest.

IV. IF MERCURY BE IN CON-

JUNCTION OR GOOD ASPECT WITH JUPITER :—The native is generous, liberal, humane, possessed of a good capacity.

V. IF MERCURY BE IN BAD ASPECT WITH JUPITER :—(It is said), the native will be inclined to view things through a false medium.

VI. IF MERCURY BE IN CONJUNCTION OR BAD ASPECT WITH MARS :—The native is violent, furious, blood-thirsty, passionate, and revengeful; possessed of acuteness and discrimination: (*without the assistance of good aspects*), a thief and a swindler.

VII. IF MERCURY BE IN GOOD ASPECT WITH MARS.—The native is an excellent mechanic, brave, skilful, ingenious, possessing a large fund of humour, penetrating, excellent in any work that requires dexterity of hand, an excellent accountant and mathematician, and, (*with the assistance of the moon*), a good astrologer.

VIII. THE CONJUNCTION OF THE SUN AND MERCURY :—Destroys the mental abilities of the native; he is shallow, superficial, devoid of sound judgment or reflection, and though he may be qualified in business, he will never make any progress in the higher branches of science.

N. B.—As *Mercury* can never be more than 28 degrees from the *Sun*, he can form no *aspect*, except the *Mundane parallel*. When he forms this parallel from the mid-heaven, he seems to cause great and boundless *ambition*.

IX. IF MERCURY BE IN CONJUNCTION OR SEXTILE WITH VENUS :—The native is fond of poetry, music and dancing; (*if Mars assist the configuration*), he will be an excellent painter, and perhaps there can be no position which produces a better *musician*, than the *Moon* separating from *Venus* and applying to *Mercury*.

X. MERCURY IN GOOD ASPECT WITH THE MOON :—Produces the

most splendid abilities; and he is eminently successful in every *scientific undertaking*.

N. B. (a) A good *aspect of Saturn* to this configuration, renders the native more steady, and more persevering in any pursuit.

(b) *If in conjunction or bad aspect*, the native still possesses great abilities; but he is very unsettled, continually shifting, not remaining long in any pursuit, and always ready to take advantage of the credulous and unwary.

XI. Whenever *Mercury* and *Moon* are AFFECTED IN A NATIVITY; (and not in *good aspect* with each other or the ascendant)—the native is liable to *metal derangement*.

N. B.—(a) Whenever *Mercury* is *evilly aspected in a nativity*—he will operate as a MALEFIC.

(b) *If well aspected*—he produces *good*.

(B). IN HORARY QUESTIONS :—

(1) *Mercury* describes a person rather tall, thin, active, with straight forehead, thin lips, narrow chin, thin face, long arms, hands and legs.

(2) If WELL-DIGNIFIED—he denotes a person quick, active, subtle, and well qualified for learning or business.

If ILL-DIGNIFIED—the person is a thief, liar, mean, sharper, full of deceit, and low cunning.

[IMP. N. B.] *Mercury* cannot be more afflicted than by being in *conjunction* with the *Sun*; or give greater abilities than by good *aspect* of the *Moon*.

PARODONES.

(1) There are certain planets said to be in conjunction with the *Sun*, not only when they appear in the same degree of their orbit with the *Sun*, but when they are in that degree of their orbit diametrically opposite to him. (Q) What planets are they?

(2) There is one place in the

world, where all the planets both (*inferior* and *superior*), may be beheld *constantly to move forward* in the same uniform regular motion, though to most places of the earth they appear at the same time—to be *stationary, retrograde*, and to move very *unequally*. (Q) What place is it ?

ASTROLOGICAL ANECDOTE OF JOHN PICUS, PRINCE OF MIRANDULA.

John Picus, Prince of Mirandula, commonly called *Picus Mirandula*, it is well known, wrote 12 books *against* Astrology—so severe and well argued, that he obtained the name of *Flagellum Astrologo-*

rum. The story runs—that *Lucius Bellantins* (an well known astrologer of his time), and others, got the *nativity* of Picus, and foretold that he would die in his 33rd year, which provoking him, induced him to undertake a most severe *satire* against Astrology; but, dying of the same time predicted, he admitted that by his own *death*, he had disproved all he had written.

This should be sufficient to satisfy all doubts in unprejudiced minds.

N. B.—Vide *Battridge's Almanac* for 1700 to 1701 for the complete account.

H. M. BANDYOPADHAY, F.T.S.

PARASARA'S SUSLOKA SATAKAM.

(Continued from page 219).

IF the lords of the 4th and 10th houses be related to each other in any one of the four relations, then their periods and sub-periods are auspicious.

If the lords of the 6th and 7th houses be the same planet and be situated in the 10th house, then it is auspicious and the lord of the 7th house which is united to the lord of the 6th house, is also auspicious.

If the lords of the 2nd and 7th houses be the same planet and be placed in the 4th house, then its own period is very auspicious; or if the lords of the 2nd and 7th houses be united with each other then their periods are auspicious. If the lord of the 5th house be related to the lords of the 6th, 8th and 12th houses, then its period is auspicious.

If the lords of the 9th, 10th, 4th, and 9th houses be placed in the same house, the period of each of them is auspicious. If the lords of the 4th and 10th houses exchange their own houses, then their periods and sub-periods are auspicious.

If the lord of the 9th house be placed in the 4th house, or if the lord of the 8th house be placed in

the 4th house, then their periods are auspicious.

If the lord of the 9th house be placed in the 9th place, it produces wealth in its own period. If the lord of the ninth house be placed in the 10th place, then it is very auspicious; if a planet be placed in the 12th house from the lord of the planetary period it produces loss of wealth in its own *Antar dasā*.

Within the planetary period of the lord of the fifth house the sub-period of the lord of the 10th house is productive of good effect. The sub-period of the lord of the 9th house which is related to the lord of the 5th house is auspicious. The period of the lord of the 4th house and its own sub-periods are also auspicious. The sub-period of the lord of the 5th house within the planetary period of the lord of the 10th house is auspicious. If the lords of the 4th and 9th houses be related with each other in any one of the four relations, then their period and sub-period are auspicious. If the lords of the 9th and 10th houses be placed in the fifth place, then their period is auspicious.

(To be continued.)