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THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XVI. NO. 4, JANUARY 1895.

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[*Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.*]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.

ORIENTAL SERIES, CHAPTER IV.

THE popular proverb "Heaven helps those who help themselves," which, in one phrasology or another, has been common to all nations, is—as every intelligent person knows,—the key-note and cornerstone of Brahma Vidya. No Guru would dream of teaching his pupil any other rule than this. If one hears a person complaining that it has not proved true in his case, depend upon it that he has not made real, unselfish effort on the higher planes of Will, however much he may have dissembled externally. It is as impossible that it should fail as that an unopposed weight should not fall to the ground when dropped from the hand. Good people often deceive themselves in mistaking their ultimate interior motive for altruism, when it is but the refined selfishness of some personal yearning or other. That is why so few Adepts and fit spiritual Teachers are seen in the world nowadays. But if I allow my truant mind to follow out this theme, my digression from the straight course of our narrative will be inexcusable.

The above train of thought was suggested by entries in my Diary, which relate to certain American commercial interests, which I had in temporary charge, and by getting which, I was enabled to leave America, when I did. I was being importunately pressed to get away, yet but for this help could not have done it just then. As elsewhere stated, the American Government was at that time very anxious to extend our national commerce to the East Indies and, as I was rather well-known to the authorities for services rendered during the war, the President and the Department of State requested me to look over the ground in India, and report what legislation Congress ought to make to facilitate this desirable object. Pleased with this mark of confidence, I accepted the mission and, before sailing, received my credentials from the President and Secretary of State. I also undertook to try my best to find Bombay agencies for a number of leading American manufacturing companies and private firms, who were associated with a Trades' Union, whose

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THE CONVENTION PHOTOGRAPH.

Copies of the large group Photograph of the Delegates at the late Annual Convention are now ready for delivery. Prices as usual, *viz.*, Unmounted, Re. 1 Ans. 8; mounted, Rs. 2. Post free. By V. P. P. 2 Ans. more.

Address: the Manager, *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras.

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THE INDIAN BOYS' ASSOCIATIONS.

Many societies for Indian boys having been opened in various cities in India by our President Founder, Colonel H. S. Olcott, it has been thought advisable in this Convention to form them into an Association to bind them more firmly together and to facilitate the development of new societies.

Donations are needed to enable the Association to carry on this important work. All who have the welfare of the Indian boys at heart and wish to see them grow up true to their religion, will help this most useful enterprise by sending their donations to the elected President of the Association, the Countess Wachtmeister, Benares City, N. W. P.

It is decided to bring out a monthly journal from January 1895 at 1 rupee per annum, including postage; the name of the Journal being

“THE ARYA BALA BODHINI”.

Subscriptions can be sent to T. Vija Raghavacharlu, Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, who has accepted the Managership. All closed letters relating to the business of the *Bodhini*; should be inscribed with that name on the cover, to prevent confusion with the business of the Theosophist.

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seat was at Philadelphia, and who represented a vast aggregate of capital. No pay was attached to my Government appointment, it having been accepted purely on patriotic grounds, but the several houses represented contributed, each, a sum towards my travelling expenses, and on the strength of that meat we went many days. There would have been no landing by us at Bombay in 1879, if I had not grasped the chance offered me, instead of waiting for the rupees to be showered upon us by supernatural agency. That, in a sense, came later of itself. Before leaving the subject, I may say that, owing to their higher cost—one element in which was the extra freight across the Atlantic,—the American goods found no market in India, although I did my best.

Beginning with the 29th March (1879), there were a series of strange occurrences in which Mooljee Thackersey was an essential, sometimes the chief witness—excluding H. P. B. On the day in question she told Mooljee to fetch a buggy, and when it came mounted into it with him. She refused to answer his questions as to whither she was going, simply telling him to order the driver to turn to right or left or go straight ahead, as she might direct. What happened Mooljee told us on their return in the evening. She had directed the course by numerous windings of streets and country roads, until they found themselves at a suburb of Bombay, eight or ten miles distant, in a grove of coniferæ. The name is not written in my Diary, but I think it was Parel, though I may be mistaken. At any rate, Mooljee knew the place because he had cremated his mother's body in that neighbourhood. Roads and paths crossed each other confusedly in the wood, but H. P. B. never faltered as to her course, and bade the driver turn and turn until they came to the sea-shore. Finally, to Mooljee's amazement, they were brought up by the gate of a private estate, with a magnificent rose-garden in front and a fine bungalow with spacious Eastern verandahs, in the back-ground. H. P. B. climbed down and told Mooljee to await her there, and not for his life to dare come to the house. So there he waited in a complete puzzle; for such a property he, a life-long resident of Bombay, had never heard of before. He called one of several gardeners who were hoeing the flowers, but the man would tell him nothing as to his master's name, how long he had lived there, or when the bungalow was built: a most unusual thing among Hindus. H. P. B. had walked straight up to the house, had been received cordially at the door by a tall Hindu of striking and distinguished appearance, clad entirely in white, and had gone inside. After some time the two re-appeared, the mysterious stranger bade her farewell, and handed her a great bunch of roses which one of the gardeners brought to his master for the purpose, and H. P. B. rejoined her escort, re-entered the buggy, and ordered the driver to return home. All that Mooljee could draw out of H. P. B. was that the stranger was an Occultist with whom she was in relation and had business to transact with that day. The roses, she said, he had sent by her to myself. The strangest part of this

story to us was that, so far as we knew, there was no possibility of H. P. B.'s having learnt anything about this suburb and the way to it, at any rate since our arrival at Bombay, for she had never left the house alone, yet that she had shown the completest familiarity with both. Whether any such bungalow existed or not, we had no means of knowing save on Mooljee's testimony. He was so amazed with his experience as to go telling it to his friends in the town, which led one who professed to know the suburb in question perfectly, to lay a wager of Rs. 100 that there was no such bungalow by the sea-shore, and that he could not guide any one to it. When H. P. B. heard this, she offered to bet Mooljee that he would lose the other wager; whereupon he, declaring that he could re-trace every foot of the way by which they had gone, closed with the offer, and I had a carriage called at once, and we three entered it. By another Hindu interpreter, I ordered the coachman to strictly follow Mr. M.'s directions as to our route, and off we went. After a long drive by devious ways, we reached the wood, in whose shady depths the mysterious bungalow was supposed to stand. The soil was almost pure sea-sand, bestrewn with a brown mulch of pine-needles, or those of some other conifer, possibly the casuarina. We could see a number of roads running in different directions, and I told Mooljee that he must keep a sharp look-out, or he would assuredly get lost. He, however, was as confident as possible, despite the gibes thrown at him by H. P. B. about his state of mystification and the certain loss of his Rs. 100. For an hour we drove on, now to this side, now to the other, now stopping for him to dismount from the box and look about him. At last—and just a minute or so after his declaring himself perfectly sure that we were driving straight for the seaside bungalow—a train rattled by on a near embankment, and thus showed poor Mooljee that he had guided us in the very opposite direction from the one desired! We offered to give him as much time as he liked to pursue his search, but he felt completely baffled and gave in as beaten. So we drove home. H.P.B. told all of us that Mooljee would have found the mystical bungalow if a glamour had not been brought to bear on his sight, and, moreover, that the bungalow, like all other spots inhabited by Adepts, was always protected from the intrusion of strangers by a circle of illusion formed about it and guarded and kept potent by elemental servitors. This particular bungalow was in the constant keeping of an agent who could be relied upon, and used as an occasional resting and meeting place by Gurus and Chêlâs when travelling. All the buried ancient libraries, and those vast hoards of treasure which must be kept hidden until its Karma requires its restoration to human use, are, she said, protected from discovery by the profane, by illusory pictures of solid rocks, unbroken solid ground, a yawning chasm, or some such obstacle, which turns aside the feet of the wrong men, but which Máya dissolves away when the predestined finder comes to the spot in the fullness of time. This story coincides with all folk-lore tradition, and any one who has seen

even one of an hundred recorded proofs of hypnotic inhibition in modern hospitals and clinics, can readily accept the reasonableness of such a tale of mayâvic engirdlement: the Devil is no longer accepted (outside the Vatican) as sole hypnotiser of mankind, and Charcot, Liébault, de Rochas and others have shown us the scientific reasonableness of the old tales of Sorcery and Magic. At any rate, I give this story for what it may be worth, as I do in all cases where I myself was not an eye-witness, when I say my say in all candour, and leave the public to believe or disbelieve as they see fit: it is nothing to me. If my own opinion be asked, I should say that to my mind the story of the bungalow seems probably true, for, as mentioned in a former chapter, we were visited in our Girgaum cottage by more than one Adept in the flesh, and one moonlight night, Damodar and I were with H. P. B. on the road leading towards the hidden house, when one came up to and saluted us at not more than arm's-length distance. But the details need not be mentioned here as I have other things to first tell.

We now come in chronological order to a momentous country trip whose incidents have been expanded and glorified through some sixty pages in "The Caves and Jungles of Hindustan." Until comparatively a short time ago, it lingered in my memory as a chapter of the most trustworthy as well as exciting episodes in my relations with H. P. B. As perfect candour is my aim, I shall narrate my facts, with such comments as the present state of my mind permits me to offer.

H. P. B., Mooljee and I left Bombay by train April 4th, 1879, for a trip to Karli Caves. Our servant Babula accompanied us. This was our entire party. We had with us no "Brahman from Poona, Moodelliar from Madras, Sinhalese from Kegalla, Bengali Zemindar, or gigantic Rajput"—visible to me, at any rate. At Narel station we left the train, and took palanquins up the hill to Materan, the chief sanitarium of Bombay. I was given to understand that we had been invited to Karli by a certain Adept with whom I had had close relations in America during the writing of "Isis;" and that the sundry provisions for our comfort *en route* had been ordered by him. I was not in the least surprised, then, to find at Narel station a Hindu servant of the better class, *i. e.*, not a house menial, who came forward, and, after saluting, gave a message in Marathi, which Mooljee interpreted to be the compliments of his master, and a request that we should graciously choose whether we would have palanquins or ponies for the ascent, as both were ready. H. P. B. and I chose palanquins, and Mooljee and Babula ponies. Then away we went in the day-bright moonshine, twelve bearers to each "palkee:"—fair-sized, strong, muscular, dark-brown fellows, of the Thakoor clan, who trotted along in broken step (so as not to jar the person in the palkee), keeping time by a sweet-voiced, measured cadence that, in its novelty, was extremely pleasant to hear, but which grew monotonously tiresome after a while. I had never before made such a poetical journey as this through that tropic night, with the sky ablaze

with vividly bright stars before the moon had risen, myriad insects chirping to each other, the night birds crying to their mates, the great bats silently sailing in tortuous gyrations in quest of food, the palm fronds crackling and jungle leaves rustling, the smell of the earth, mingling now and again with that of spicy buds in a warmer air-current through which we passed, and with all the chant of the panting palkeewallahs as they nimbly swung along. As for the escort of numberless chattering monkeys, the "thundering roars of tigers," and the "Portuguese inn, woven like an eagle's nest out of bamboos," the less said the better in a sober historical narrative. We certainly reached the Alexandra Hotel in due course, supped at 11, went to bed quietly, rose early the next morning and enjoyed the splendid view from the verandah. Mooljee was out when I awoke, but returned an hour later with the story that he had been aroused before day-break by the man who had met us at Narel, and shown a completely furnished bungalow which, he said, was at our disposal free of rent, for such time as we chose to occupy it. But by breakfast time, H. P. B. had become nauseated with what she called "the aura of Anglo-Indian civilisation," and refused to stop over a single day. So, despite the landlord's warning against the fierce heat of the sun, away we started and rode to Narel again, in a temperature like that of the stoke-room on a steamer. By good luck neither of us were sun-struck, and in due course got the train and went on to Khandalla, a delightful place in the hills. Our same universal provider met us here also, with a spacious bullock-carriage in which he took us to the Government rest-house (dâk bungalow) where we spent the next day and night. The evening of our arrival, Mooljee strolled down to the Railway station for a chat with the Station-master, an old acquaintance, and got a surprise. A train came in from Bombay and stopped at the platform, when he heard his name loudly called. Looking from carriage to carriage he saw a Hindu beckoning and went to his window. The unknown proved to be the personage whom H. P. B. had visited! He handed him a fresh bouquet of what seemed to be the same kinds of roses as he had seen in the mysterious garden of the taciturn gardeners, and which were the most beautiful he had ever seen. "These", said the gentleman, as the train moved on, "are for Colonel Olcott, give him them, please." So Mooljee brought them to me and told his story. An hour later I told H. P. B. that I should like to thank the Adept for his courtesies to our party, and if she could get it delivered, should write him. She assented, so the note was written and given her. She handed it to Mooljee and requested him to go down the public road before us and deliver it. "But," he asked, "to whom, and where: it bears no name nor address on the cover?" "Nomatter; take it and you will see to whom you must give it." He accordingly moved off down the road, but after ten minutes came running back, breathless and exhibiting every sign of surprise. "It's gone!" he faltered. "What?" "The letter, He took it," "Who took it?" I inquired. "I don't know, Colonel, unless

it was a *pisàcha* : he came up out of the ground, or so it seemed to me. I was walking slowly along, looking to right and left, and not knowing what I must do to carry out H. P. B.'s orders. There were no trees or bushes for a person to hide in, but just the white, dusty road. Yet suddenly, as if he had come out of the ground, there was a man a few yards off, coming towards me. It was the man of the rose-bungalow, the man who gave me the flowers for you at Khandalla Station, and whom I had seen carried away in the train towards Poona!" "Nonsense, man," I replied, "you've been dreaming." "No, I was as wide awake as I ever was in my life. The gentleman said 'You have a letter for me—that one in your hand; have you not?' I could hardly speak, but I said 'I don't know, Maharaj, it has no address.' 'It is for me, give it.' He took it from me and said 'Now, go back.' I turned my back for an instant and looked to see if he was there, but he had disappeared: the road was vacant! Frightened, I turned and ran, but had not got away fifty yards when a voice at my very ear said 'Don't be foolish man; keep cool; all is right.' This frightened me still more, for no man was in sight. I fled and here I am." Such was Mooljee's story, which I repeat exactly as he told it to me. If appearances go for anything, he must have spoken truth, for his fright and excitement were too evident to have been simulated by so clumsy an actor as he. At all events, a certain request contained in that letter was answered in a letter from this same Adept, which I got later, at the *dâk* bungalow in Bhurtpore, Rajputana, more than a thousand miles distant from this place of Mooljee's adventure. And that goes for something.

It was a moonlight night, glorious beyond anything we see in the colder Western lands, and the air sweet, bland and pure, making physical existence a charm. We three sat out on the lawn enjoying it until late, planning our visit to Karli Caves for the next day.

Towards the end of the evening, H. P. B. came out of a state of mental abstraction in which she had been sitting for some minutes, and told me that at 5 P. M., the next day, a Sanyâsi or Sanyâsis would visit us at the Caves. I recorded the forewarning before retiring: the sequel will be seen presently.

At 4 o'clock in the morning Baburao, the Adept's supposed agent, silently entered the room where Mooljee and I slept, wakened me with a touch, thrust into my hand a small, round lacquered box containing a *pân sopâri*, or betel-leaf with spice-accompaniments, such as is given to guests, and whispered in my ear the name of the Adept under whose protection we were alleged to be on this trip. The significance of the gift was that in the mystical school with which we have had to do, this is the sign of adoption of the new pupil. We rose, bathed, had coffee, and at 5 left in the bullock-coach (*shigram*) for Karli, which we reached at 10. By this time there was a blazing sunshine, and we had a hard climb of it up the footpath from the foot of the hill to the Caves. H. P. B. became so distressed for breath that finally some coolies brought a chair and carried her the last half of the ascent. It is foreign to my purpose

to enter into a description of the awe-inspiring, grandiose rock-temple and its adjacent smaller cave-dormitories, which are given in every guide-book, with all their details of measurements. My narrative is concerned only with the personal adventures of our little party.

We found a festival of Rama in progress in the neighbouring village, with a great crowd, and I found it very amusing to observe its novel features. Tired with our hot climb, we went inside the great Cave, and spreading our blankets camped on the rocky floor. By and bye we had our lunch, although feeling half-ashamed to be satisfying the vulgar cravings of the stomach in the aisle of a fane where, centuries before our Era, thousands of ascetic recluses had worshipped, and with chaunts of sacred slokas and gathas, united in helping each other to dominate the animal self and develop their spiritual power. Our talk, of course, ran upon the noble theme of the rise, progress and decadence of the Brahma Vidya in India, and our hopes of its recrudescence. On these worthy subjects discoursing, we passed the time away until, looking at my watch, I found that it lacked but 6 minutes to 5 o'clock; so Mooljee and I left H. P. B. and went to the gate-house which guards the entrance to the Cave, and waited. No ascetic was then in sight, but in about 10 minutes, there came one who drove before him a cow, which was deformed by a short fifth leg that grew from its hump. A servant accompanied him. The ascetic's face was gentle and attractive. He had flowing black hair, and a full beard, parted down the chin in the Rajput fashion, with the ends turned over the ears and worked in with the hair of the head. He was robed in the saffron-hued cloths (*bhágwa*) of his order. Across his intellectual forehead was the smear of grey ashes (*Vibhuti*) which indicates the follower of Shiva. We watched for some sign or look of recognition, but getting none, at last joined and drew him into conversation. He explained his presence there when by rights he should have been faring on towards Hardwar, by saying that the previous day, while on his road to that noted shrine, his Guru had ordered him to be here at 5 o'clock this day, as there were persons for him to meet. No orders beyond that had been given him. If we were expecting him, then we must have been the persons his Guru had in mind, but he had no message for us, as yet at all events. No, his Guru had not told him in person but—this we drew from him after much cross-questioning and after an interval of silence, in which he seemed to be listening to some invisible person—by a voice, as if spoken into his ear. That was the way he always received his orders while travelling. Finding that we could get no more out of him, we took temporary leave and returned to H.P.B. Our determination to pass the night on the hill being made known to Baburao, he and Mooljee went in search of a suitable shelter, and on their return we and our luggage were removed to a small cave-dormitory cut into the hill, some distance to the right of the great cave-temple. The ancient sculptors had fashioned a two-pillared small porch at the entrance, and inside ten cubicles, with open doorways, giving on to a central square hall or chamber of assembly. To the left of the porch a basin, cut in the

rock, received the waters of a spring of deliciously cool and clear water. H.P.B. told us that from one of the cubicles in one of these small caves, a secret door communicated with other caves in the heart of the mountain, where a school of adepts still lived, but whose existence was not even suspected by the general public: and that if I could find the right portion of rock, and handle it in a particular fashion, no hindrance would be made to my entrance:—a liberal offer considering the circumstances! However I tried, and in another little cave some way off, I did actually put my hand on a place and was about to try to move it, when H. P. B. began calling me back in haste. The Adept writer of the Bhurtpore letter told me that I had actually hit upon the right place and would have prematurely penetrated to his retreat if I had not been called away. However, this is unproveable for the present, so let me proceed. Mooljee and Babula had gone to the village bazaar with Baburao, to buy provisions, and H. P. B. and I were left alone. We sat in the porch smoking and chatting until she bade me stop where I was for a few minutes and not look around until she told me. She then passed inside the cave, as I thought to go into one of the cubicles for a nap on the rock-hewn block that served as the old monks' bed. I kept on smoking and looking over the wide landscape that lay before me like a great map, when suddenly, from within the cave, I heard a sound like the slamming of a heavy door and a burst of satirical laughter. Naturally I turned my head, but H. P. B. had disappeared. She was in neither of the cells, which I examined in detail, nor could I with the minutest search over every inch of the rocky surfaces of their walls, find the least crack or other sign of a door: there was nothing palpable to eye or touch but living rock. I had had so long and varied an experience of H.P.B.'s psychological eccentricities, that I soon ceased to bother myself about the mystery and returned to the porch and my pipe, in placid inclination to wait for what might happen. A half-hour had passed since her disappearance, when I heard a footstep just behind me and was addressed by H. P. B. in person, in a natural tone, as if nothing had happened out of the common. In reply to my question as to where she had been, she simply said she had 'had business' with(mentioning the Adept) and gone to see him in his secret chambers. Curiously enough, she held in her hand a rusty old knife of a strange pattern, which she said she had picked up in one of the masked passages, and purposelessly had brought along. She would not let me keep it, but flung it out into the air with all her force, and I saw it fall in a thicket far down the hillside. I do not explain the above occurrence, leaving each reader to make what he may out of the facts. Yet, to forestall what will unquestionably occur to many minds of a certain bias, I may say that, barring the rusty knife, all is explicable on the theory of hypnotic suggestion. The sound of the slammed rock-door and the shout of laughter, H. P. B.'s seeming disappearance and subsequent sudden reappearance, can all be accounted for as hypnotic *mâyâ* cast on me by her. She may have passed out by the porch at my very side, gone elsewhere, and returned before my very eyes without my seeing her.

This is one explanation, and a very rickety one it will be to any one who has had to do, in the state of pupilage, with a real Adept of Eastern Magic.

Our people in time returned; we had a warm supper served to us in the cave-porch, and then after admiring the moonlight panorama, and having a last smoke, all rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down on the rock-floor and slept quietly until morning. Baburao sat at the porch-door and tended a wood-fire that we kept burning as a protection against wild beasts. But—save one wretched little jackal that slunk by in the night—none came to break our rest. The “Caves and Jungles” story about my falling down a precipice and being rescued by the Sanyâsi and his five-legged cow is all fiction; so are the “far-away roars of the tigers rising from the valley,” the night attack on us by a huge tiger, the casting of it into the abyss by adept will-power, and the weeping of “Miss X.”—a totally unknown quantity. These were the plums and spices that H. P. B. put into her charming Indian wonder-book, to make it interesting to the Russian public, in whose language it was originally written. Equally misleading is her account of a snake-charming performance as occurring at Karli Caves, the truth being that the thing happened in our own house at Girgaum; as will be seen later on, when I come to the case in its due order.

Mooljee and I were up before H. P. B. the next morning, and after a wash at the spring, he went down to the village while I stood on the path, enjoying the early morning view over the plains. After awhile, to my gratification, I saw the cow-owning Sanyâsi coming towards me with the evident intention of speaking. I was at a loss what to do, as neither H. P. B. nor I knew a word of either of the vernaculars. But my doubt as to the issue was soon solved by his coming close up to me, taking my hand, giving our T. S. private tokens of brotherhood, and pronouncing in my ear the Adept's name! Then saluting me most gracefully, he bowed and went his way. We saw him no more.

We passed that day in exploring the caves, and at 4-30 P. M. wended back to the Khandalla rest-house. But while still in the Great Cave H.P.B. passed on to me an order telepathically received, she said, from the Adept, that we should go to Rajputana, in the Punjâb. After supper we sat out again on the moon-glorified lawn of the travellers' bungalow, this time in company with two other travellers—Anglo-Indians, who retired early, leaving us three alone. My two companions strolled about conversing together and disappeared behind the house, but Mooljee speedily returned and, as it seemed, in a daze of confusion, saying that she had disappeared before his very eyes while he stood talking to her in the moonlight. He seemed really about to have a fit of hysterics, so much did he tremble. I bade him sit down and keep quiet, and not make such a fool of himself, as he had merely been made the subject of a glamour, which was a very harmless affair, such as any good

mesmeriser could accomplish on his sensitive subject.* She soon re-appeared and resumed her seat, and our chat went on. Presently two white-robed Hindu men were seen crossing the lawn obliquely past us, some fifty yards off. They stopped when opposite our position and Mooljee was sent by H.P.B. to talk with them. As he stood with them doing this, she repeated to me what she said was their conversation and which Mooljee corroborated a moment later on rejoining us. It was a message to me to the effect that my letter to the Adept had been received and accepted, and that I should get the answer when I reached Rajputana. Before Mooljee could finish this brief report, I saw the two pupil-messengers walk away a short distance, pass behind a small bush not thick or large enough to screen a white-robed man, especially in that vivid moonlight, and disappear: there was open lawn about the bush, but the two had vanished from sight most effectually. Naturally I obeyed my first impulse to run across the lawn and search behind the bush for some signs of a subterranean place of refuge; but I found nothing, the sod was unbroken, the bush had not a twig bent out of its natural place. I had simply been hypnotised.

We left for Bombay the next morning by mail train, but our adventures were not yet finished. Baburao bade us farewell at Khandalla Station after refusing to accept the *douceur* I pressed upon him:—a rare stretch of self-denial, as any one familiar with Hindu serving-men will declare. We three friends had a second-class carriage to ourselves; Babula found room in the third class. After a while, Mooljee stretched himself out on one of the benches and fell asleep, while H. P. B. and I sitting side by side on the cross-bench—she next the left-hand window—talked about our occult affairs in general. She finally said “I do wish that.....(the Adept) had not made me pass on verbally to you his message about Rajputana!” “Why?” “Because Wimbridge and Miss Bates will think it all humbug, a trick to make you take me on a pleasant journey and leave them moping at home.” “Bosh!” I said. “I don’t need anything more than your word for it.” “But, I tell you,” she replied, “they will think hardly of me for it.” “Then” I said, “it would have been far better if he had given you a note, which he could have done easily. Well it’s too late to worry about it now. Khandalla is 15 or 20 miles behind us, and so let it go.” She brooded over the idea a few minutes, and then said: “Well, I shall try, anyhow: it is not too late.” She then wrote something on a page of her pocket-book in two kinds of character, the upper half Senzar—the language of all her personal

* She herself specifies with full candour on p. 588 of Vol. II of “Isis.” This illusion-casting power as one of the acquired functions of a thaumaturgist, thus:

“The thaumaturgist, thoroughly skilled in occult science, can cause himself (that is, his physical body) to *seem* to disappear, or to apparently take on any shape that he may choose. He may make his astral form visible, or he may give it a protean appearance. In both cases, these results will be achieved by a mesmeric hallucination of the senses of all witnesses, simultaneously brought on. This hallucination is so perfect that the subject of it would take his life that he saw a reality, when it is but a picture in his own mind, impressed upon his consciousness by the irresistible will of the mesmeriser.”

writings from the Mahatmas,—the lower half English, which she allowed me to read. It ran thus,—

“ Ask Goolab Singh to telegraph to Olcott the orders given him through me at the cave yesterday ; let it be a test to others as well as to himself ! ”

Tearing the leaf out, folding it into a triangular shape, and inscribing on it some peculiar symbolical signs (which, she said, dominated the Elementals), she took it between her thumb and forefinger of the left hand, as if about to throw it out of the window. I, however, caught and held her hand, saying, “ You want this to be a test to me ? Then let me re-open the billet, and see what you do with it.” She consenting, I looked inside the note, returned it to her, and at her express bidding, watched it when she flung it from the train. It was touched by the outer edge of the air-rush made by the train, and whirled outwards towards a solitary tree near the track. We were then 3,000 high, up among the peaks of the Western Ghâts, with no human habitation in sight at the moment, and but very few trees beside the railway track. Just before I let her fling out the billet, I awoke Mooljee, told him what she was about doing, with him took the time by my watch, and he joined me in signing a certificate in my own note-book, which now lies before me, and from which I have refreshed my memory as to these details. The certificate is dated at “ Kurjeet Station, G. I. P. R., April 8, 1879, at 12-45 P.M.,” and signed by Mooljee Thackersey as witness.

At Kurjeet, Mooljee and I wanted to descend and stretch our legs a bit on the platform, but H. P. B. said that neither of us should leave the train until we reached Bombay : she had her orders, and we would understand them in due time. So we remained with her in the carriage. In schedule time we reached home and I at once went on an errand to the Kalbadevi Road and was gone an hour. On returning I was met by Miss Bates, who handed me a sealed Government telegraph cover, saying that she had received it from the messenger (peon) and receipted for it in my name. It read as follows :—

“ Time 2 P.M. Date 8-4-1879.

From Kurjeet To Byculla.

From Goolab Sing To H. S. Olcott.

Letter received. Answer Rajputana. Start immediately.”

As I said above, until a few months ago, I regarded this as one of the most unmistakably genuine proofs of H. P. B.'s occult relations I had ever received. It so impressed all my friends, among them one in London and one in New York to whom I forwarded it for examination. The friend at New York, moreover, reported a strange fact, which I am glad to say I recorded in my Diary for the following July 1st, after receipt of the Overland Mail of that day : Mr. John Judge, brother of W. Q. Judge—the friend in question—wrote that the name of the sender of the telegram (Goolab Singh) had entirely faded out, and he had no clue, therefore, to the sender. He enclosed the original dispatch in his

letter and I found the name had again become *perfectly visible*, as it is to this day. The one weak point in the whole series of phenomena is that—as I learned quite recently—Baburao had been engaged by Mooljee! to look after our party at Materan, Khandalla and Karli Cave. It is for this reason that I have so minutely described the incidents of our pleasant trip, leaving each reader to judge for himself.

H. S. OLCOTT.

OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMICAL MOTION.

RECESSION, AS A GUIDE TO MOTION.

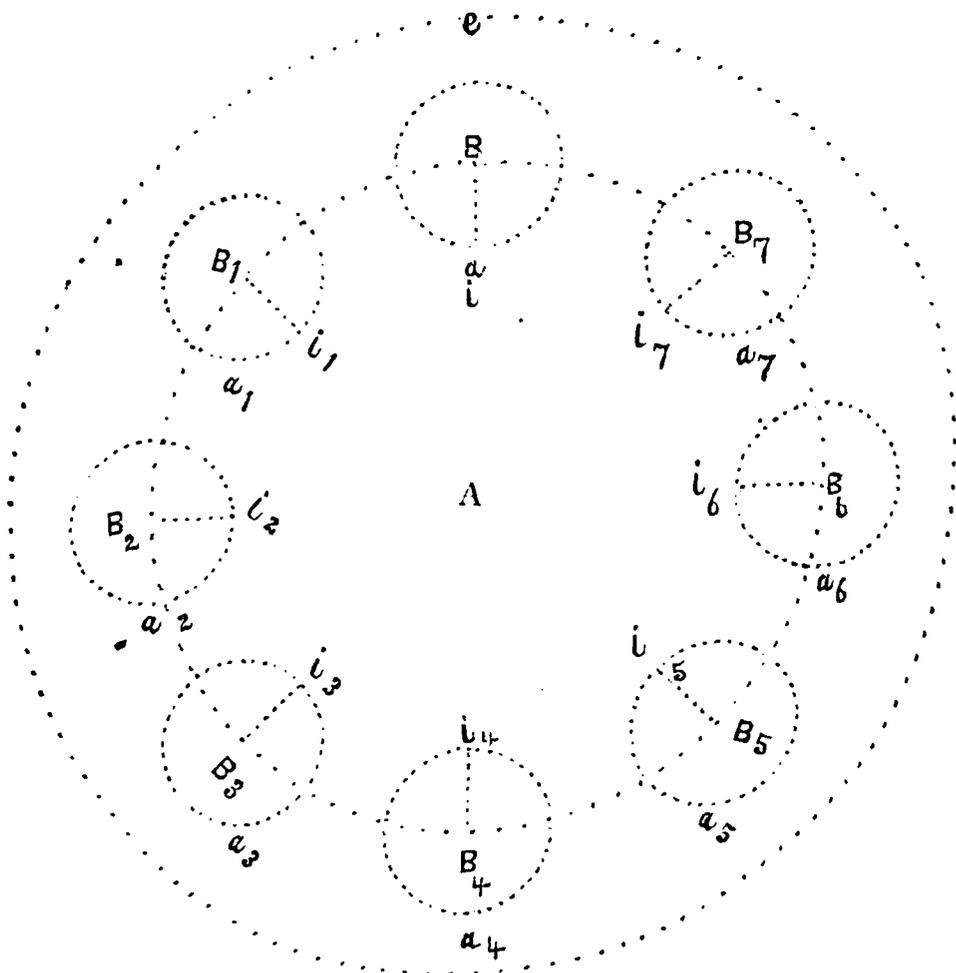
VIII.

MULTIPLE RECESSION.

(Continued from p. 149.)

(14) Multiple recession takes place when one body rotates on its axis more than once during each revolution made by it round another body; or where one body revolves more than once round another body during the single revolution of that body round a third body.

Fig. 4.



In Fig. 4, A represents the station of the observer, and B, a body simultaneously rotating on its axis and revolving round A. At B, a is between B and A, or in conjunction with A. At B₁, a has completed a

single rotation round B, but is no longer between B and A. To regain that position it has to advance from a_1 to i_1 . This advance represents the segment of its circle of revolution which B has simultaneously traversed, and is rendered necessary by the advance of B. At B_2 , a , having completed a second rotation at a_2 , has to advance to i_2 to regain its position between B and A, this advance having been rendered necessary by the further advance of B in its circle of revolution. Here one quarter of the additional circle of rotation caused by the revolution of B, and one quarter of the circle of revolution of B have been completed. At B_3 , a , having, at a_3 , completed a third rotation, has to advance to i_3 to regain its position between B and A. At B_4 , where B has completed one half of its revolution, a , having, at a_4 , completed a fourth rotation, has to advance to i_4 to regain its position between B and A, where one half of the additional circle of rotation has been completed; and so on, through B_5 , 6 and 7, back to B. At B, a is once more between A and B, and its position now coincides with that of i , as it did at the commencement of the revolution of B. The observer at A will now perceive that there have been nine recessions of e round a ; and with these one recession of a with e , due to the simultaneous revolution of B, which compels a to make the additional rotation which brings it back to the right line of departure $e B a i A$, where it reunites with i . The effect of this additional rotation, under the conditions stated, is that while e recedes nine times round a it recedes only eight times round i .

It might be supposed by some that this demonstration proves that the Moon must rotate once upon its axis during each revolution in its orbit; and that this added rotation represents its single rotation. But this added rotation causes an additional recession of e round a : so that if the Moon were rotating on its axis its revolution would be accompanied by two recessions of e ; and it would not always show the same face to the terrestrial observer (para. 13). The observed fact that the Moon's revolution is only accompanied by a single recession of the zodiacal constellations places the conclusion beyond doubt that it is not rotating on its axis.

If a were a separate body or satellite revolving round B, while B revolved round A, it would make eight conjunctive revolutions from the right line $e B a i A$ back to that line, and simultaneously nine sidereal revolutions, the ninth sidereal revolution being caused by the revolution of B. These would be indicated to the observer at A by nine recessions of e round A, only one of which would be a recession round B.

(15) The most direct astronomical example of multiple recession, in which axial rotation is associated with orbital revolution, is found in the rotating and revolving Earth. This planet makes 366 sidereal but only 365 synodic rotations during each revolution in its orbit. That is to say, in the terms of recession, the zodiacal constellations recede 366 times round the revolving Earth, while the Sun only recedes 365 times round it; and it is through these recessions that the axial rotation and orbital revolution of the Earth are learnt.

(16) An equally direct and clear astronomical example of multiple recession, in which orbital revolution is associated with orbital revolution, is found in the revolution of the Moon round the revolving Earth. During each single complete revolution of the Earth, or passage of that body from the right line between a given zodiacal star and the Sun back to that line, the star makes fourteen recessions round the revolving Moon, while the Sun makes only thirteen, corresponding with the thirteen lunar months of the solar year. Here the fourteenth sidereal recession is due to the orbital revolution of the Earth, which causes the Sun to advance through the constellations of the Zodiac once during each passage of the Earth round itself (para. 34). This advance of the Sun is only an apparent, not an actual motion. The Moon has to make the additional revolution, which causes this additional recession, to overtake the right line between the Sun and the Earth, which advances with the advancing Sun, the cause of whose advance is the advancing Earth. When this right line coincides with the right line $e B a i A$ of departure, the fourteenth recession is completed. These recessions prove that the Moon is revolving round the Earth, as that planet passes round the Sun.

It is necessary thoroughly to grasp these relations of recession to advancing motion in order to be able accurately to interpret the observed phenomena of astronomical motion, because the right understanding of these relations is the basis on which the correct interpretation must rest. All the misunderstandings of modern astronomy are due to disregard or oversight here.

IX.

COMPLEX RECESSION.

(17) So far the problems involved in the recessions caused by the revolutions of A , B and a have been considered. In complex recession the effects of a further revolution are discovered. That of C .

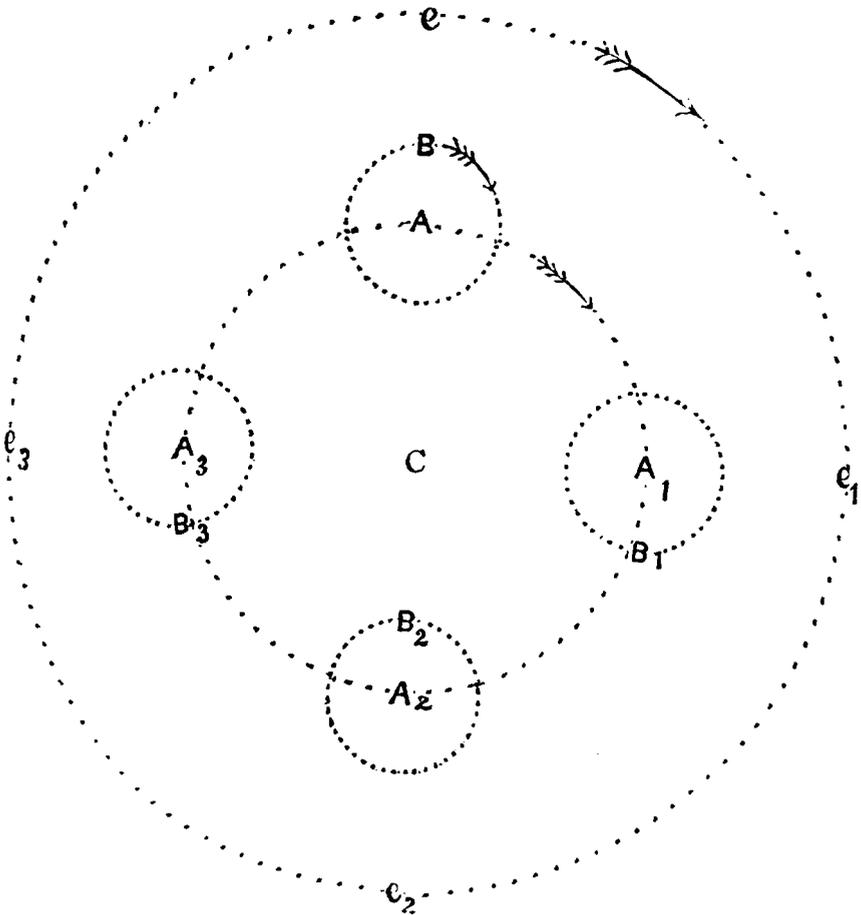
The revolution of C causes a simple recession of e , accompanied by a similar recession of A , which on regaining the receding e at the close of each successive revolution round C , has with it been left behind by, or receded from C (para. 14).

These recessions cannot be demonstrated in a diagram which gives the revolution of C , because they are caused by that revolution and are the witnesses that it is taking place. When, in such cases, the revolution is given with the recessions it causes, to associate the cause with its effects, it is necessary to treat the revolving body as stationary in computing the recessions its revolution produces.

Besides this simple recession of A with e , the revolution of C causes the recession of B . While receding with A and e , B is simultaneously receding from e , so that at A_1 (Fig. 5) it has reached B , having receded one quarter of a circle from e , to which the added recession of e gives another quarter circle, making half a circle of recession from their common point of departure, e . At A_2 , B is at B_2 , having now receded half a circle from e , but a whole circle from the point of departure of e , which

has here reached e_2 . At A_3 , B has receded to B_3 , and at A, back to B. Here B has regained their common point of departure, with e , which has also returned to that point.

Fig. 5.



In this case, and under these conditions, an instance of duplex recession (para. 13) is associated with one of single or simple recession (paras. 9, 11). This double recession is constituted of the recession caused by the revolution of C, to which is added that due to the simultaneous successive revolutions of A (para. 13).

(18) The astronomical example of complex recession is found in the recession of the lunar nodes. The cause of this recession is the orbital revolution of the Sun.

As the Sun, C, revolves in its orbit the terrestrial system, A, B, recedes (from the right line e , B, A, C) with the zodiacal star of departure, e , or fails to regain that right line (para. 14) at the completion of each successive revolution round the Sun, C, until at the completion of the revolution of the Sun, C, the terrestrial system, A, B, and the zodiacal star, e , regain their original point of departure on the right line e , B, A, C.

During this recession of the terrestrial system, the Moon, B, is simultaneously receding on the Zodiac from e , the zodiacal star of departure; but, as the lunar orbit is inclined to the ecliptic, this reces-

sion is observed as that of its nodes (the points where it crosses the ecliptic), the orbit of the Moon thus drifting, so to say, round the ecliptic, through the zodiacal constellations.

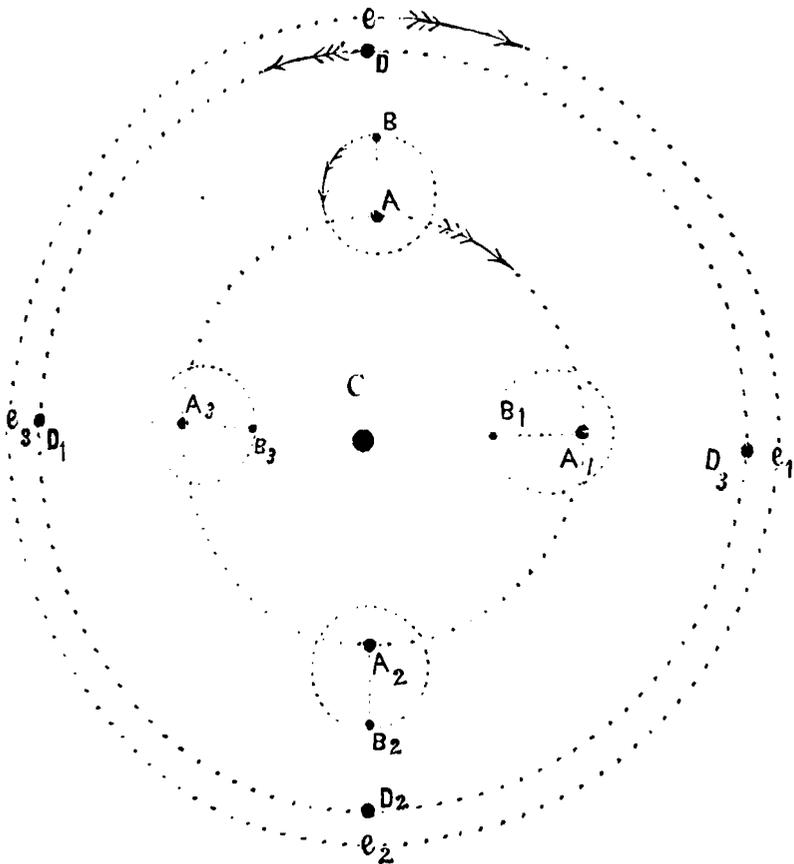
This double recession at once points to the cause to which it is due—the orbital motion of the Sun ; and thus proves that that luminary is revolving in an intra-zodiacal orbit. Its own revolution causes one recession, while the successive simultaneous revolutions of the terrestrial system round the Sun cause the other (para. 14). These recessions, moreover, reveal the period taken by the Sun to revolve in its orbit: for that period is necessarily that of the duplex recession (para. 13), or full recession of the node, since it causes that recession. In this way it is learnt that the Sun takes some 18.6 years to pass round the focal body of its orbit, the Equatorial Sun.

X.

MASKED RECESSION.

(19) This form of recession has been hitherto treated as an advance of the body from which the recession is taking place.

Fig. 6.



If C were revolving round D, e would recede from D and A, while A would recede from D. As D was thus left behind by the receding e and A, if A B represented an axis of the path of B always directed to D, and D was a body whose existence was otherwise unknown, then, as

B was simultaneously left behind by the recession of e , it would be necessarily assumed to be advancing from e . Then if this masked recession were duplex in character (para. 13), e would recede in such a ratio as to give an apparent double advance to B.

This duplex character of the recession is brought out when the seeming advance of B is followed during the recession of A. It is almost impossible to demonstrate these mixed relations geometrically. In Fig. 6., which is a somewhat arbitrary diagram, this has been attempted to be done by associating a revolution in advance of D with a recession of e . Under this arrangement, while at A the radius vector A B is in conjunction with D and e , as A recedes to A₁, B advances to B₁, where the radius vector A B is directed to D, and B is in opposition to e . Hence, while as computed from e , their common point of departure, D and B have described one quarter of the circle, whether of advance or recession, they have described half a circle as computed from e , the present position of e . At A₂, B is again in conjunction with D and with e , as though it had returned to the point of departure. Here B and D having, at e_2 , arrived at their supposed point of departure, seem to have completed a whole circle of revolution, although as computed from e , their actual point of departure, they have only completed half a circle of revolution in space. At A₃, the radius vector A B is still directed to D as D₃, but B is now in opposition to e , as e_3 . At A, the radius vector A B is still directed to D, which has returned to conjunction with e at their common point of departure, so that B and D seem to have once more described a whole circle in advance although they have only completed another half circle of revolution in space.

But as D and B have not been advancing on the circle of comparison, but have been relatively stationary as regards the recession of e , it is evident that e has made a double recession, or, in other words, that its recession has been duplex in character.

It is desirable that such complicated relations should be made as clear as possible, since they cannot be shown in a single diagram. They comprise an example of multiple recession (para. 14.), which resolves itself into an instance of duplex recession (para. 13), combined with an apparent advance. The multiple recession is caused by the successive revolutions of the terrestrial system round the Sun, during the orbital revolution of that body. The duplex recession consists of the additional recession caused by these successive revolutions and the further recession caused by the revolution of the Sun in its orbit. The additional recession round the terrestrial system is due to the difference between the sidereal and synodic revolution of the Earth, itself due to the advance of the Sun in its orbit (para. 14), which causes the continuous advance of the right line of conjunction between the Sun and the Equatorial Sun, and by doing so compels the revolving Earth to as continuously overtake this line after completing a full sidereal revolution. The direct recession caused by the orbital revolution of the Sun, with

which this is combined in its duplex relation, is a simple recession (para. 9).

(20) The astronomical example of masked recession is found in the advance of the lunar apsides. As the Sun, C, revolves in its orbit round the Equatorial Sun, D, that body advances through the constellations of the Zodiac, just as the Sun itself does during the orbital revolution of the Earth (para. 34). Now it is found under observation that one full recession of the lunar nodes, which is the expression of the duplex recession of the Zodiac, includes somewhat more than two full revolutions of the lunar apsides. The difference here suggests that the apsidal advance, while testifying to the double recession of the Zodiac, points to and is the measure of the period of the sidereal revolution of the Earth, while the nodal recession is the similar measure of its synodic revolution, which is completed when the Earth regains the right line between the Sun and the Equatorial Sun, which does not take place till after the lunar apside has regained the zodiacal star of departure at *e*.

XI.

COMBINED RECESSION.

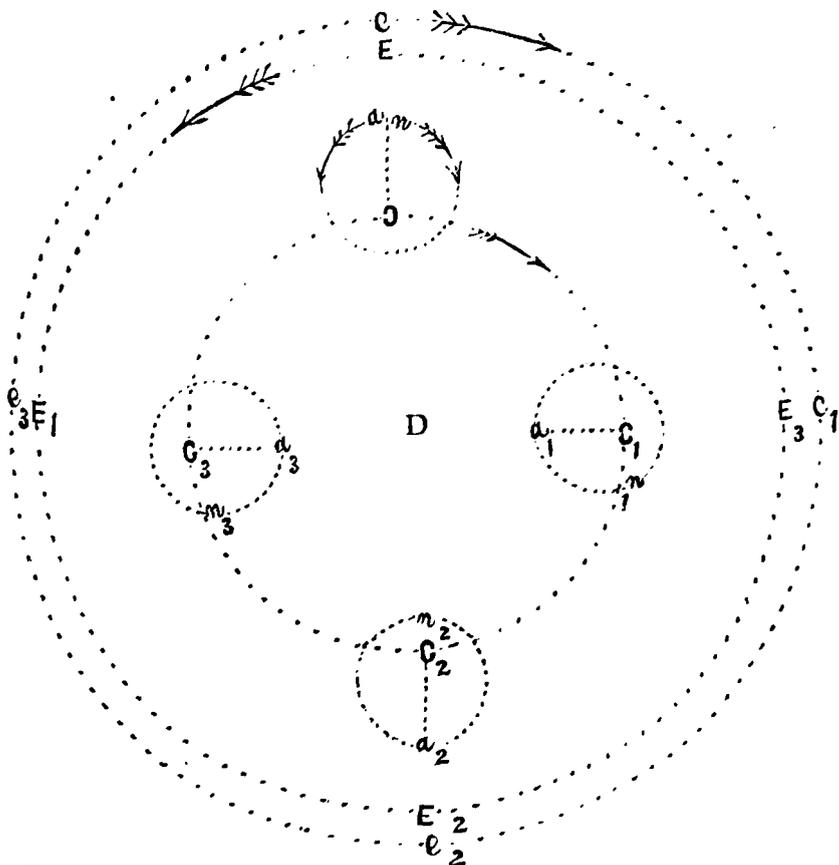
(21) In the circulation of the heavenly bodies the several forms of recession are simultaneously and ceaselessly taking place, and silently bearing witness to the motions producing them. Amongst the many remarkable problems they present for solution, perhaps the most remarkable and at the same time the most simple, when the correct line of investigation is followed, is found in the association of masked and complex recession—that is, of the advance of the lunar apsides with the recession of the lunar nodes.

(22) Hitherto these phenomena have been studied separately. In Fig. 7 the analogous phenomena, the precession of the terrestrial equinoxes and the advance of the terrestrial apsides, are associated, that their common cause may be demonstrated. There D represents the Equatorial Sun and E the Polar Sun, round which D is assumed to be revolving. As D revolves round E, *e* and C recede from E, and thus give E an apparent motion (para. 34). The actual motion of D, which is the cause of the apparent motion of E, cannot be shown in the figure, but in order to demonstrate the double recession of *e*, through its effects, the apparent motion of E is given.

(23) The recession of C and of *e* represent the revolution of D. At C, *a* and *n* are in conjunction with E and with *e*. As C recedes to C₁, E advances to E₁, and *a* advances to *a*₁. Simultaneously with this *e* recedes to *e*, and *n* to *r*. When these associated motions in advance and recession are compared, it is found that E and *a* have advanced one quarter of a circle from *e*, the common point of departure, but half a circle from *e*, the present position of *e*. That is to say, E and *a* have advanced through half of the constellations, or made half a circuit, of the Zodiac, while only describing one quarter of a circle in space. During this

advance, n has receded on the receding Zodiac, and described half a circuit of recession, as computed from e , but only one quarter of a circuit, as computed from e ; so that as computed on the Zodiac (supposed to be stationary) a has described half a revolution in advance, while n has described only one quarter of a revolution in recession. At C_2 , E at E_2 and e at e_2 , meet and cross each other; so that a , which ceaselessly follows E , will appear at a_2 to have made a whole circuit of the Zodiac in advance, because advancing on a receding Zodiac, though it has only described half a circle in space, as computed from e , the actual point of departure: while n at n_2 will appear to have only described half a revolution in recession, as computed from e_2 , the present position of e , although it has actually completed a whole revolution in space, as computed from e . At C_3 , E at E_3 and a at a_3 , will have made one and one half revolutions on the Zodiac, but only three-quarters of an actual revolution from e ; and n will have made three-quarters of a revolution in recession on the Zodiac, but one and one half actual revolution from e . On returning to C , E and a will have completed a single revolution in advance, which will have appeared to be two revolutions on the Zodiac and n will have completed two revolutions in recession, which will have appeared to be only one revolution on the Zodiac.

Fig. 7.



(24) This demonstration shows—(1) that the revolution of the Equatorial Sun round the Polar Sun causes that body to advance on

the *Zodiac pari passu* (para. 34), that seeming advance being due to the actual recession of the Zodiac (with the solar system), accompanying and caused by the orbital revolution of the Equatorial Sun. (2). That the terrestrial apsides are produced by the attraction of the Polar Sun, which they follow in its seeming advance (para. 25). (3). That they appear to make a whole revolution in advance while only making a half revolution, owing to their meeting and crossing the receding zodiacal star of departure (para. 19). (4). That the receding equinoctial point describes two circles of recession in space while only showing one on the Zodiac, because receding on a recession (para. 17) and (5). That this double or duplex recession (paras. 13, 14) indicates a double advance in space—of the Equatorial Sun in its orbit round the Polar Sun, and of the Sun in its simultaneous successive revolutions in its orbit round the Equatorial Sun.

HENRY PRATT, M. D.

(To be continued.)

PAUL DEUSSEN'S VEDA'NTA.

IT is now two years since Dr. Paul Deussen visited India. Before he left this country, where he was so well received everywhere and particularly by all Hindus, he delivered an address before the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society (February 25, 1893). This lecture, on the philosophy of the Vedânta in its relations to occidental metaphysics, was printed at that time and widely spread; but the supply did not meet the demand. And we have, therefore, to thank our indefatigable member, Mr. Tookaram Tatyā, for having now brought out a new edition of this excellent little pamphlet in English form for the Bombay Theosophical Publication Fund.

I fully understand the reason why my friend Professor Deussen was so generally liked here, why he made so many sincere friends, and why he was so well appreciated particularly by the best Indian scholars. It is, indeed, astonishing, how a German savant, without any other help but European books and European teachers, has mastered within a few years the Sanskrit language so fully, that he can keep up conversation in it quite as well as in our own native tongue. And to any one unacquainted with German metaphysics, it would even be more astonishing to see how he has understood so much of Vedânta, the highest spiritual philosophy of all mankind. His own enthusiasm for the Indians and their mental attainments necessarily won for him the sympathy of these very Indians, and the same cause naturally secured a wide circulation to his lecture on Vedânta Philosophy.

This lecture is really very good—very good in its spirit and in its intentions. But being asked by our editor to say a few words in review of it, I cannot help repeating here in print what I have person-

ally upheld towards Deussen himself, in word and writing, and, as I think, with success. I differ from him in his exposition of Vedânta almost on *all* essential points.

And this for very obvious reasons. I do not think that what he represents is more than what our great German Philosophers, Kant and Schopenhauer, have laid down in their grand pioneering works. Deussen, I think, has not added to these Western acquisitions those treasures of wisdom that have been from time immemorial in the possession of Vedântins. I will state here only a few main points.

When Deussen says: "The conception of Íśvara is merely exoteric and does not give us a conform knowledge of the Átman," I think this is misleading. For if only the final realisation of Átman is to be called esoteric, then in fact almost the whole of the Vedânta and Yoga philosophy is to be called exoteric. The European term "*exoteric*" bears an entirely different meaning from the Sanskrit term "*nirguná vidyá*." Íśvara, the "Lord," is the kosmical will of world-existence; and I should think that the task of only (?) realising this Íśvara as self, is already quite esoteric enough; and this has to be accomplished, ere the final delivery of the Jívanmukta in Moksha can be attained.

But Kant says, and Deussen believes, that this can *never* be attained. The latter says the very organisation of our intellect excludes us from a knowledge of the spaceless, timeless, godly reality for ever and ever. Does it? Well, if the human entity had no chance of attaining higher consciousness than our intellect, if no consciousness could raise itself to any higher conception of reality than that of our present innate forms of intuition, what would then be the use of striving for such higher perfection which as everybody knows is the very practice of Advaita Vedânta!

This defect, however, which is hitherto found in every Western philosophy, has a much deeper origin. This shows itself clearly in Deussen's paragraph on Vedântic Psychology, like in any other European Psychology.

Kant is mostly credited with having proved that there is something behind or beneath the "reality" of our senses, which these cannot fathom. The European scientists say sneeringly: what of that! If we cannot get at it, let's ignore it!—And on the other hand the Neokantian metaphysicians say: no, this is the only *real* reality; therefore all the rest is useless rubbish, only fit for momentary amusement; and that's all!

That is the Western conception of the Indian term *Máyá*,—indeed a rubbish conception! And mistaken by this sad illusion Western philosophers have declared that Eastern philosophy, and particularly Vedânta and Buddhism, are "Akosmism," *i.e.* that they deny the existence of the universe altogether. An incredible absurdity!

Is not the real meaning of S'ankara easy enough to understand? Every one knows that there are different states of consciousness; that of an animal is different from that of a man, that of a savage different

from that of a savant, that of a waking man different from that of a dreaming man, and all these are different from that of a sage in Samādhi. Now, it is a matter of course, that the "reality" of a waking man is different from that "reality" which he conceives as such when he is dreaming, and both are very different from that "reality" or those different states of "reality" of which he becomes conscious when he enters *sushupti* and *turīya*, and all these are again other "realities" than that as which the *mukta* "realizes" *Ātman*. Viewed from the standpoint of any of these different states of consciousness, all the other conceptions of "reality" appear as *māyā*, as illusion or as unreal. The material scientist, together with most European philosophers, would even not hesitate a minute to declare the "alleged" realisation of *Ātman* an illusion, although he would not deny that this might be some state of consciousness.

By the way, it might here be mentioned, that the "*Āvidyā*" of such sensuous consciousness ought not to be translated "ignorance." For this word implies always an intellectual defect. A highly advanced philosopher who is theoretically well aware that *jñānavidyā* is possible, but who cannot yet realise it practically, is certainly subject to *āvidyā*, but we cannot possibly call him ignorant; we might rather call him "unwise," that is to say, "not yet a sage."

Now, for Deussen's "Kosmology."—Kant has never said (Deussen, p. 20), "that the world is merely a representation of my mind and nothing beyond it." (That was rather a mistake of Schopenhauer's, not of Kant's). Kant said the world, as we conceive it, is "*Erscheinung*," *i. e.*, a manifestation of reality, the forms or appearances of which in space and time are subject to the means and limits of our conceptive faculty. Schopenhauer added to this our conception of existence in the form of causality; but he declared the whole of it to be but the "*Vorstellung*," *i. e.*, the ideation, of each one's own individuality. If this is understood to mean the same as Kant has it, then it is right. But Kant is wrong in saying that we cannot solve the problem of infinity (it being an antinomy). Our intellect *can* solve it, for infinity in space and time is fully supplemented by infinity in *number*. If we call "universe," the largest form of kosmical organisation, say the ring of our galaxy together with all the stars we see, then the *number* of such "universes" which are in existence must be infinite, as *space* is infinite, must be infinite; and if the evolution and involution of each universe must certainly have a beginning and an end, then the *number* of universes that exist one after the other in the same place, must also be infinite, for *time* is infinite, must be infinite. Causality, however, reigns only for *each* universe during its *own* existence (mahā-kalpa of 314 billions and odd years).

Very unsatisfactory seems to me Deussen's answer to the question: "Why has God created the world?" or rather: Why does not *Ātman* always remain—latent? Why does anything manifest itself at all?—He says: "The never-ceasing new creation of the world is a moral necessity connected with the doctrine of Samsāra."

A moral necessity for Ātman? What a *contradictio in adjecto*! Ātman, as we all agree, is that which is beyond all necessity, and necessity, that is causality reigns or exists only in our manifested world of *individual* consciousness of any sort.

No, there is no "necessity" and no "morality" for the Absolute (Ātman). But existence is the manifestation of the will to exist, and this will—as every one knows and feels in himself, or sees in any playing child or hears in the half-conscious jubilee of any lark—is *trishna*, *tanha*, the desire for enjoyment, or as the German language better expresses it: "Lust, Gelüste."*

Existence (*ajñāna*) being the desire for enjoyment, bears its full cause and reason in itself. And being a manifestation of the Absolute, it must be infinite, *i. e.*, without beginning and without end, like the Absolute itself, although the particular individual manifestation of *ajñāna* in each universe (makrokosm) or in each person (mikrokosm) must have a beginning and an end.

All European philosophers, Deussen included, have not yet comprehended what the true meaning of Samsāra is, because none of them have realised yet that all existence is only consciousness in different states within any universe, the evolution of which consists in the *differentiation* of monads, and the involution of which is the *individualisation* of these monads towards the largest form of individuality (Īśvara) which is this universe itself. For this reason all truly Western minds acknowledge only faint-heartedly the law of Karma and Janma, that every birth is a re-incarnation (*punar janma*). As Deussen says: "The theory of metempsychosis is unattainable by our intellect."

Not at all! On the contrary this "theory," or rather fact, solves all the hitherto unexplained vital problems of science and religion, of life and of philosophy. But, of course, that what reincarnates, is not, as Deussen thinks with Schopenhauer, "spaceless and timeless." The individual existence pursues its own causality (karma) in another state of consciousness than that of our ordinary waking life, and wakes afterwards again to another term of such a life, bringing with it in the form of gifts and fate all the results of its former lives and enjoying them or suffering from them again adequately on the same plane of consciousness on which the causes were given.†

The easy European explanation of the world-existence as *māyā*, that is, as an aimless delusion of our mental conception, helps Deussen nicely in his "Eschatology," to skip over all the "exoteric" doctrines

* I have explained this fully in a small book with many diagrams and pictures, which I published in 1891: "Das Dasein als Lust, Leid und Liebe. Die alt indische Weltanschauung in neuzeitlicher Darstellung. Ein Beitrag zum Darwinismus" (C. A. Schwetschke & Sohn in Braunschweig). But this book being written in German, is yet excluded from the English-speaking world.

† The absolute necessity of all this as a logical outcome of modern European science and philosophy is explained in my above mentioned book. I have also tried there to make the way and mode in which reincarnation takes place, intelligible by analogy of well known facts in science and in industry.

of *pitrīyāna*, *devayāna* and *tṛitīyam sthānam*. In fact, he thinks, with all the rest of the European pantheists, that "the moment we die heaven and earth are blown away like the nightly phantoms of the dream ; and what may then stand before us ? or rather in us ? Brahman, the eternal reality, which was hidden to us then by this dream of life" !

Indeed, it would be an easy thing to realise the self as Brahman or Ātman, if mere physical death did attain this ! And if every savage and every brute did attain this quite as easy as a sage ! verily, suicide would be the only reasonable thing to commit on the spot—no, not only has death to be conquered but also life, not only the fear of death, but also the desire for individual life, that is, every will of existence.

And if there were no *individual* existence outside the world of our sensuous consciousness, how could there be any evolution at all ? how could there be any of that striving for individual improvement and perfection, of which Nature as well as civilization show proof everywhere. Why should any one "love his neighbour as himself" (the logic consequence of Vedānta, as Deussen shows, p. 30), if there was really nobody, no individuality behind that mask of personality which then "dissolves into the absolute with the death of the body" ? And what could be the purpose of Vedānta philosophy, if the end of its wisdom was nothing but a play of intellect, if its end was not a practical and grand realisation ?

Indeed, there can be no more fatal error than to believe with those furthest advanced Western philosophers, that *jñānam moksha* means nothing else but the *intellectual* conception of monism (Advaita), nothing else but the *intellectual* enjoyment of a proud theory. No, surely, every one has to realise this final truth *practically* for *himself*. And death alone will never bring this realisation, but only Yoga in its highest attainments after many lives of true devotion and of invariable aspiration to the Absolute, the Eternal.

HÜBBE SCHLEIDEN.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

THE night that I spent in the caves of Elephanta with Bruce Earlington is one that I shall not easily forget, for it stands out as the most dramatic and weird experience of my life. Elephanta is a place that has always impressed me, and previous to my visit with Earlington I had spent many a day on its sunny island, wandering about and exploring every inch of the caves there. The fallen majesty and desolate grandeur of the cave temple contained for me an irresistible charm, which numerous visits had by no means lessened. So that when Earlington, in his impetuous and enthusiastic way, proposed that we should sleep in the large cave, to test, as he said, the influences of the place, I hailed his proposal with an enthusiasm almost as great as his own.

Earlinton was one of those fortunate individuals whom a large private fortune enables to travel and see the world. He and I had been at school together, but had not met for four years, till I, an Artillery subaltern, welcomed him to the shores of India on the Apollo Bunder at Bombay. He belonged to an old family,—a family of traditions and landed estates, who boasted that most respectable of all county family possessions—a ghost, or at least something approaching one. The Earlintons, unlike other owners of family ghosts, made no attempt to deny or conceal their unearthly heirloom; they took it as a matter of course and as much a part of the family estate as the grand old mansion in which they lived, or the church—the living of which was in the family gift,—which stood near the park. The church, as it appeared, played an important part in the family tradition. I had never heard the particulars of the legend till the day Earlinton and I visited Elephanta together. Earlinton himself had never known it while at school, since it had not been considered advisable to divulge it to him.

As we dashed along in the Artillery steam launch, over the sparkling blue water, towards the island of Elephanta. I asked Earlinton if he would give me the particulars of his family ghost-story. He made no objection, and gave me the following details with a seriousness that showed that he at least believed thoroughly in the legend. When any member of the reigning house of Earlinton was about to die, or in grave danger of his life, whether from accident or from natural death, the large bell in the Earlinton church-tower invariably tolled of itself, and the number of its strokes were supposed to indicate the number of hours the doomed Earlinton had to live. In addition, the tolling of the bell could be heard by any member of the reigning house, no matter where he might be, and if he heard it, it was a sure sign to him that some member of the family was passing away. For instance, Bruce Earlinton's father had been in Norway, salmon-fishing, when *his* father had died, yet he had heard the ghostly bell and had remarked to his fellow-fishermen that he feared his father was dead. His fears were realised! As Bruce said, it was not a pleasant family legend to have in one's possession, and he confessed that the Earlinton church bell was oftener in his thoughts than was desirable. However the blue skies of India were over us now, the sunlit waters sparkled beneath us; and it would require, I laughingly remarked, a very terrible ghost indeed to haunt us under these conditions—an opinion in which my friend heartily concurred. Then we left the subject and Earlinton began to speak of his cousin Grace Earlinton, a beautiful girl, to whom he was engaged, and whom he was to marry when his journeyings were over. A description of his *fiancée*, her characteristics and tastes, occupied the time till we reached the little stone pier where we had to land.

The cool cave was indeed most welcome to us after the long and toilsome ascent from the shore under the blazing midday sun; and I spent some pleasant hours showing my friend round, explaining to him, as well as I was able, the meaning of the many carvings on the walls.

After dinner we made preparations for our night in the cave. We had only one cot, or *charpoy*, which we borrowed from the bungalow near the cave, and had to improvise another out of a plank and two wooden benches.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and the silvery moonbeams fell through the rifts and side-entrances of the cave-temple, as we entered it about ten o'clock to see if things were properly prepared for the night. Our charpoys had been placed nearly in the centre of the cave, facing the mighty *Trimûrti* or three-faced image of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva.

It was Earlington's fancy that we should sleep facing the great three-faced bust, for, as he remarked, there was something so reposeful and tranquillising about its massive features. The expression on the face of the central figure reminded me strongly of the calm, immovable dignity of the Egyptian Sphinx. We had before us the symbolic representation of Eternal Being, supported on either hand by its aspects—Life and Death. There was something oppressive, almost overpowering in this cave-temple at night, and as we lay there, we were both of us affected by our surroundings.

A death-like silence reigned, broken only by the fluttering of the numerous bats that wheeled in and out of the cave, or by an occasional splash from the small tank that lay beneath a shelving rock in the small cave adjoining. The moonbeams fell on the time-worn walls of the cave, turning them to silver, idealising them, as if endeavouring to console them for years of neglect and ill-treatment. Our solitary lantern threw a dim light on the features of the Holy Three. We had brought it with us with a view to guarding against snakes, for we had seen a cobra in the afternoon which had glided out from a rocky recess.

We lay on our charpoys for some time without speaking, neither of us being inclined for sleep. Earlington moved restlessly from side to side. Feeling that conversation of some sort was better than this melancholy silence, I turned to my companion and remarked: "I don't know how you feel, but I find this place distinctly depressing at night. It's like some great tomb, and one feels as if cut off for ever from the world."

"Well," rejoined Earlington, "to tell the truth I feel very much as you do, and yet it's really rather absurd for two men like ourselves to be afraid like children in the dark. The place is very depressing. I feel, too, as if some sort of danger or misfortune was hanging over us, and though it's foolish of me, I've been thinking about the Earlington bell. I suppose that's because we were talking about it this morning. If I hadn't made up my mind to sleep here I'd go outside and we'd roost in that shed just in front."

"We had better stop where we are," I rejoined, "it will be so much trouble moving these beds. Let us forget the haunted bell."

A quarter of an hour later I was dropping off to sleep,—the drip of the water and the fluttering of the bats sounding faintly in my ears.

Suddenly a hand was laid on my arm, and I started up to find Earlington bending over me. His face was white and he looked terrified.

"Don't you hear it?" he exclaimed.

"Hear what?" I asked.

"Why, the bell," he rejoined, "the Earlington bell. It is tolling and some one of my family is dead. Oh! it is horrible," and he covered his face with his hands.

"Nonsense! man," I said, "you are imagining all this. You've been brooding over that family ghost of yours, and being in this cave has made you nervous. We had better go out."

"No, it is not imagination," Earlington protested. "I can hear the bell now quite clearly. Look here, hold my hand a minute: I have an idea."

I took his outstretched hand and then to my unbounded astonishment heard distinctly the mournful note of a funeral bell sounding throughout the cave!

The deep booming seemed to echo around, till it filled every corner of the building. I loosened my grasp of Earlington's hand and the bell ceased. I took his hand again, and again heard the tolling! This was the most remarkable instance of *rapport* I had ever come across.

'After all,' I mused, 'there must be something in this Earlington superstition.' But I nevertheless felt it my duty to persuade my friend that the whole affair was imagination. It would never do to let him believe in the reality of this ghostly bell. My efforts, however, were useless, and Earlington continued to sit on the edge of his bed in a state of profound dejection, nor could I get him to speak.

Silence prevailed for a minute or two, and then Earlington looking up fixed his gaze on the three-faced image.

"My God!", he exclaimed, seizing my arm in a vice-like grip, "do you see that?"

I looked at the image. To the right of it, where the altar ended, a brilliant shaft of moonlight fell through a hole in the roof. Close to the altar wavered an indistinct shadowy *something*. I thought for the moment that it was but an effect of the moonlight, but soon saw that I was mistaken. The shadow seemed to grow into substance and it took the form of a human being. Though the outline of the figure was perfect, it seemed in itself to be composed but of notes of light. I could see each one dancing individually, and yet all of them collectively composed a form unmistakeably human in its outline!

A creep of horror ran through me! Ghostly bells were bad enough, but a veritable spectre was really too much of a good thing. Certainly Earlington was a very uncanny sort of person to travel with, a man who carried about with him, so to speak, a perfect museum of horrors.

The luminous apparition grew clearer and then I saw that it was that of a female figure. For the moment I lost my fright in admiration for the

beauty of the form that quivered beneath the shadow of the three-faced image. A girl stood before us clad in a flowing robe of some white, sheeny material that glistened in the moonlight till it looked like the spray thrown up by a fountain or waterfall. Her hair, which was loosened, fell over her shoulders, and the moonbeams lighting on it turned part of the golden tresses to silver. The face was that of a young girl of about twenty, and it bore an expression of pleading anxiety piteous to see. Even to-day I can recall every incident of the strange scene and see clearly in my mind's eye that graceful figure resting against the rock-cut altar.

So absorbed, almost spell-bound, was I by the apparition that for the moment I had forgotten Earlington. Suddenly a loud cry from him brought me back, as I might say, to the physical world. "O! Grace," he cried, "O! my darling, is it for you that the bell has been tolling, is it you who are dead or who are to die?"

"Don't you see her?" he exclaimed, almost fiercely, grasping me by the arm, "don't you see her standing there. She is dead. I tell you, she is dead. Oh! what shall I do without her?"

He flung himself down on the bed, burying his face in his hands.

The figure of the girl moved and fitted into a small chamber adjoining the large cave. As she did so, she turned, cast an imploring look on me and beckoned with her hand.

"See!" I cried to Earlington, "she is calling you. Let us follow." Earlington looked up just in time to catch the last glimmer of the sheeny robe as it disappeared in the darkness.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "let us follow,"—at the same time seizing my hand and dragging me forward. We rushed into the adjoining cave, and found it silent and deserted! There was not a trace of the girl. She had vanished into thin air, for there was no outlet! We looked at one another and then———!

A fearful crash, that echoed throughout the whole cave, came as a veritable climax to the events of the evening. We rushed to the entrance of the chamber and saw to our horror that a large piece of the roof of the large cave had fallen down on to our charpoys, smashing them into matchwood! Our dry lips could frame no words, and we looked into each other's eyes as men do who have faced death together. What would have been our fate, we asked one another, had we remained where we had intended to sleep?

As Earlington and his cousin Grace lived to marry each other, it is to be presumed that the ghostly funeral-bell was intended as a warning to the former; but it would, I must admit, have been ineffectual without the apparition of the very charming young lady who is now his wife.

THE BHUTAS, PRETAS, AND PIS' A' CHAS.

(Concluded from page 190.)

POWER OF POSSESSING.

THOUGH, as we have observed, the Rig Veda contains many Mantras for averting the influence of entities, there is not a single allusion to their 'possession.' The first information we get on the subject of 'possession' is from the Brihadáranyaka Upanishad. There we are told how the wife and the daughter of the sage Pantanjalakápya were *possessed* by Gandharvas. Perceiving the strange behaviour of these ladies, the S'ishyas of that Rishi asked them who they were and why they acted so. The ladies, or more correctly the entities possessing them, answered that they were Gandharvas by such and such name. Then the students asked them certain questions concerning the secrets, or the mystery of Brahman or the universal soul; and the ladies began to the wonder and surprise of those students to clear all their doubts. This is the first evidence we have of the power of *possession* which the entities are said to have.

This subject is not dealt with in a systematic way in any work on Mantra S'ástra. As *possession* chiefly affects the *body*, the subject has been of importance to medical science. Thus we have the matter treated of at length in the most ancient and famous works on medicine—*Sus'ruta* and *Charaka*. The theory expounded in these works seems to agree with modern views on *possession*. *Possession* is said to result from sudden excitements, or from failure to observe certain hygienic principles. Modern medicine also holds that *possession* is a species of hysteria, and is said to result from similar causes.

Possessions are classified according to the causes from which they result and are of five kinds. Possession :

(1) From eating narcotics, and impure and bad things—*e. g.*, certain plants which affect the brain and certain kinds of rotten, putrid food.

(2) From insulting the Devas, the Rishis, the Manes, the Gandharvas, the Yakshas, the Rákshasas, the Pis'áchas, the Gurus, the great men, the Siddhas, the A'cháryas, &c.

(3) From sudden joy or fear.

(4) From achieving heroic feats, and

(5) From previous bad karma.

Of these five kinds, the four are easily cured with the application of medicines and with certain preliminary *Mantras*. The last one alone can be properly called *possession* (for in the others the possession is more or less an affection of the *body*; but in this the *possession* is not attended with any permanent affection of the *body*) and is the most difficult to exercise. In this kind, medicine plays but a secondary part and the *Mantras* a primary one.

Possession proper can never take place without one's own bad Karma. "For no *Devas, Gandharvas, Rákshasas, Pis'áchas, &c.*, will ever *possess* one without his own *karma*." Charaka, Ch. VII. *Possession* from bad karma is of three kinds—(a) For the purpose of killing; (b) for enjoyment: and (c) for worship and redemption. In the first, the person *possessed* will climb up tall trees, and fall into wells, and, in short, will do things calculated to endanger his life. These symptoms should show us that the *possession* is for killing. There is no remedy. In the second and the third the *possessed* will himself demand his own terms. They will be unattended with violence, and compliance with the terms demanded will effect a cure.

The first four kinds of *Possession* are called *Ummádas* or *Mano-Vibhrama* (i.e., mental affection). *Ummádas* are impossible with a man of high *Satva* (great strength of mind). At the first stage of *Ummádas*, the following symptoms are noticeable—muddle-headedness, loss of firmness of mind, rolling eye-balls, loss of courage, irrelevant talking, loss of memory and absent-mindedness. These symptoms develop with time and are in keeping with the cause of the *Ummáda*. For instance, *Ummáda* resulting from disappointment by separation from an object of love, has the following intense symptoms—revealing whatever is in the patient's mind, unconsciousness, singing, laughing, weeping, &c. In the last stage of *Ummádas*, the patient will stare at the earth or the sky, will be reduced to a skeleton by starvation, will have no sleep, and will thus die. Therefore the science of medicine devotes a great deal to the treatment of the *Ummádas*. Great care should be taken in nursing the patient. But these *Ummádas* are curable.

Possession proper is the most important of all and deserves more attention than the *Ummádas*.

There are different times and periods when different entities *possess*. The *Devas* prefer the Full Moon days; the *Asurás** the evenings and the mornings; the *Gandharvas*, mostly the eighth and the twenty-third days of lunations; the *Yakshas* on the days following New Moons or Full Moons; the *Pitris* the black part of the lunations (chiefly New Moons); the *Nágas* the fifth and twentieth days of lunations; the *Yakshas* and the *Pis'áchas*, the nights and the days previous to the New Moons or Full Moons. Though the entities prefer certain days and times they are by no means limited to them.

Certain places are favourable for particular *possessions*. For *possession*, it is essential that the person should be about to begin a sinful act; or the effect of a previous bad karma should be about to commence. If a person happens to be at such a time in a haunted or deserted house, or a junction of four roads, in the evening; without devotion or occupation, in the mornings, or without good temper, *possession* will be the result. Also if at such a time, he is engaged in the study of Vedas, in sacrifices, in good karma or in propitiating Agni (Fire), in observing

* *Asurás* and other new names are nothing but the sub-divisions of *Íśvara* Krishna's eight-fold classification of the entities.

strict celibacy, in a great battle, in the destruction of the Devas, families or cities, or in getting (entering) a large house; or if he is then about to separate from his wife; or in touch with impure things; or if he comes in contact with dirty things; or if he is entering a sepulchre or temple; or if he is using flesh, beverages, gingely, jaggery; or if he is naked; in these cases too *possession* will be the result. Again, if in the night he enters a town, a junction of roads or burning ground; or if he insults Brahmins, Gurus, Ascetics or Worthies; if he stops in the middle of a good karma or begins a bad karma. we may expect a *possession*.

Another essential condition for *possession* is that the mind of the patient should be at one with that of the *possessing* entity. *Possession* is always unperceivable. 'The *possessing* entity enters the body, in the same way as the image enters the mirror or the soul enters the body.' The manner of possession is peculiar to different entities. The Devas can possess even through sight: Siddhas, Rishis and worthies by curses: Pitris by threats: Gandharvas by touch: Yakshas and Rákshasas by smell: Pisáchas by actual possession.

The nature of the possessing entities is known from the behaviour of the patient. If the patient is possessed by a Deva, he will be mirthful, pure; he will feel as if he is wearing divine garlands; he will feel active; he will speak fluently in Sanskrit; he will have lustrous eyes; he will deal out fortunes to men; and he will show great devotion to Brahmins. If *possessed* by a *Daitya*, he will always be sorrowful, condemning Devas, Gurus and Brahmins; he will have cruel eyes; he will be fearless; he will be always inclined to bad ways; he will feel replete even without eating and drinking; he will always be mischievous. If by Gandhârvas, the patient will always be merry; will prefer sandy hills and forests; cannot be impeached for failure in duty; he will be fond of singing, scents, and garlands; he will dance gently and sing and be merry. If by Yaksha, the patient will have dusky eyes; will be fond of beautiful, red cloths of fine texture; will be high-minded; will walk very fast, talk little, bear calamities; he will part with anything he has for those that ask for it. If by Pitris, he will sit in places and will always be offering Pindas (*i.e.* balls of rice given to Pitris); he will be quiet; he will always pour water by twisting wet cloths; he will thirst for flesh, sugar-cane, gingely, jaggery, and Páyasa (*i.e.*, a preparation in milk). If by Rákshasa, he will always thirst for flesh, blood, and various kinds of beverages; he will behave as if without shame; he will be haughty, powerful, choleric, and of superhuman strength; he will move about during the night; he will be angry with pure people.

If by Pisáchas, the patient will throw off his clothes; will be reduced to a bag of bones; will be cruel; will prate indecently; will have a bad odour; will love impurity; will hunt after food and drink; will take surprisingly large quantity of food; will run to solitary places or jungles; and will spend his days roaming here and there and crying.

These symptoms are found only in possessions for enjoyment or worship and redemption. The symptoms in possession for killing are, as we have described above, more violent. Similarly there are symptoms for possession by almost every entity, in the sub-divisions of entities.

There is yet another species of *Possession* which has not been dealt with, but is by no means rare in India. I refer to *Possession* by a deity while invoking it, or even without such invoking.

This kind of *Possession* is not the result of previous bad karma or other acts of the subject as above enumerated. All that is needed is devotion to the deity invoked: the subject's belief that the deity will *possess* him, is enough. All the physical or other conditions above enumerated are no bar to this species of possession. The strongest, the boldest, the purest, as well as the impure, the Vedic as well as the *Ābhichara* practitioner, are all alike subject to this kind of possession. A devotion of a very strong character to the deity invoked is the sole condition for it.

Again, this *possession* is temporary, while the others may be said to be of a permanent nature; nor does it recur at intervals as is the case with other forms. This possession, popularly known as *Āveśa* (*lit.* getting on or into), is roughly speaking one of the moment: it generally continues only during the invocation or it may end even sooner: but there have been a few cases in which *Āveśa* has continued for days.

The deities that thus enter the human body are generally not the higher entities, the guardians of the universe, but those of local or household importance—the *Grāmadevatî* (the guardian of the village) or the *Kuladevatî* (the guardian of the family). The only entities of any higher importance that affect us thus are the *Vencatâchalapatî*, *Subrahmanya*, *Sâsta* and *Bhagavatî*, and some others. But some writers hold that these deities too affect us only in their capacities of the *Grāma* or the *Kuladevatîs*.

Unlike *Possession*, the *Āveśa* is not for the benefit, or the redemption of the entity, but is generally for a public benefit. As, for instance, when any member of a family is seriously ill, the *Kula* or *Devatî*, the "household divinity", enters a member of the same family, but especially that member of it who is most interested in the patient. The *Kuladevatî* then says that a particular treatment or the appearing of a particular entity will cure the patient. Similarly, when a village is attacked with a pestilence or plague, the *Grāmadevatî* enters one of the villagers and prescribes the necessary remedy.

It is curious to observe even with regard to *Āveśa*, that the entities concerned are mostly *females*. The *Grāmadevatîs*, female or male, are, as a rule, of a very low character, lovers of flesh, blood, drink and other things prohibited in Vedic observances. Their forms are hideous, their actions cruel, their abode generally burning-grounds or the banks of rivers, and they are usually of a revengeful nature. Any neglect of this class on the part of the villagers is said to result in plague, pesti-

lence or famine. In Southern India, therefore, it is customary to make *pūjah* to these at least once in a year, the occasion being known as *kodai* (the gift). The Tuesdays in the month of *Kataka* (July-August) and the Fridays of *Makara* (January-February) are the favourite days. These *Grāmaderatās* are, as a rule, of a fiery character. The practice can be seen even to this day in Southern India. As the *Aveśa* subject passes each door in the village, water is poured on him in enormous quantities and bunches of plantains are given him. The *Kuladeratās* are a more interesting study. Among them are the *divine mothers*. These in no way resemble the *Grāmaderatās*. These are good entities, neither cruel, nor hideous, and of a higher order, belonging to the upper four of the *Daiva Sarga* and are always believed to be engaged in good work. *Aveśa* by these is not attended with the fatigue that follows the other kinds. This *Aveśa* is of the shortest duration and has never been known to last for more than an hour.

As a general rule, those household divinities, unlike the *Grāmaderatās*, are not worshipped half-yearly or yearly, but when any auspicious events occur in the family, such as births, marriages and the like. On the other hand, the *Grāmaderatās* are heeded only when the village is oppressed with pestilence or plague.

The "divine mothers" are worshipped by the high caste Hindus invariably before every auspicious ceremony in the family. The popular belief about this worship is that it is to pacify any female member of the family who has died a *sumangalī* (*i.e.*, after marriage and before widowhood) : for a *sumangalī* (a married woman, not a widow) dying becomes a *mātrikā* or a divine mother. Propitiation to these entities is strictly and devoutly observed even to this day. This propitiation is one of the purely female ceremonies in which the male members of the family take little or no part. The days that are specially favourable to the *mātrikās* are Tuesdays and Fridays.

One of the chief possessing entities of this class is the female entity known as *Draupadī*. This is popularly identified with the wife of the *Pandavas*. But in reality she is one of the aspects of *Kali* or *Durga*. This deity is such a fiery one that even fire does not affect her.

Before concluding this part of my paper, I shall say something about the invocation of deities for predicting the future. This obtains mostly among the lower classes. It is generally employed to diagnose diseases ; in short, to serve all the purposes that are now served by modern science—such as medicine, midwifery, &c., and also by such mystical sciences as Astrology. The oldest member of a family among the lower castes is considered the best to perform the ceremonies of this invocation. This practice is also found among the *Telugu Brahmins* in Southern India. The ceremonies are performed by females, and are known as *moggu* and are resorted to only as methods for foretelling.

Now to the last of the divisions of our subject.

Hitherto we have been speaking about entities which were open to all castes equally. But we come now to the Brahma Rākshas. This entity is defined thus—: “First a Brahmin and then (by bad karma) entering bad *yonis* or becoming a Brahma-Rākshas (= Brahma + Rākshas).”

The karmas which will lower a Brahmin to the position of these entities are many; but in Manu xii. 60, we have it stated (as we have mentioned above) “whoever has associated with outcastes, or has approached the wife of another, or has stolen the property of a Brahmin, shall become a Brahma-Rākshasa.” Generally these entities are very learned in the Vedas; but being degraded, they put their Vedic learning to bad uses. We have in the Rāmâyana, I ch. 8.

“Particular care should be taken that the sacrifice is not defective on account of any serious omission, inasmuch as the learned Brahma-Rākshasas are ever on the look out to spy shortcomings in the ceremony: the result thereof fails should anything take place not consonant to the ordinance.”

We have the same caution again in the Rāmâyana I, ch. 12. About the Bâlagrahas, Râvana * has an elaborate treatise known as Bâlatantra.

These deities affect only *Bâlas*, *i.e.*, children up to twelve years. Hence the natural division of these into twelve classes. There is a peculiarity observable in this connection, *viz.*, that the entity ruling a certain year rules also the corresponding month and day. (1) Nandâ, (2) Sunandâ, (3) Pâtanâ, (4) Sukhamundikâ, (5) Kata Pâtanâ, (6) S’akunikâ, (7) S’ushkarevatî, (8) Aryakâ, (9) Sâtikâ, (10) Nirritâ, (11) Pili Picchikâ and (12) Kâmukâ, are respectively the rulers of the 12 days, 12 months and the 12 years after birth.

Bhairavas are another species of entities; they are of eight kinds, such as Siddhas, Sambuganas, &c. On each of these there is a separate work in the Āgamas. The limits of this paper will not permit of a detailed discussion. The eight works are known by the names of the kinds they treat of and are as follows:—(1) Mahâ, (2) Samakâra, (3) Asitânga, (4) Ruru, (5) Kâla, (6) Krodha, (7) Tâmbrahûda and (8) Chandrachûda. A theory about these is prevalent that Sîva himself had these aspects; and at some places the names are multiplied by naming the different aspects of the several entities.

R. ANANTHAKRISHNA SHASTRY.

* Many Vedic works of this author are extant, but nothing definite is known about his life.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.*

MY Sister, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, *née* de Hahn, better known in our country under the *nom de plume* of Radha-Bai, which she adopted for her writings in Russia, was a sufficiently remarkable person even in these days, when striking personalities abound. Although her works are but little known to the general public, nevertheless they have given birth to a spiritual movement, to an organization founded on the theories therein contained which it pleases her disciples to allude to as "revelations"—I speak of the Theosophical Society, so well known and widely spread throughout America, England, India, and, in a less degree, throughout Europe.

The Society was planned and founded by Madame Blavatsky, in the year 1875, at New York, in which city she had established herself—why she herself hardly knew, except that thither she was drawn by an irresistible attraction, inexplicable at that time to her, as we shall see by her letters.

Without money, without any kind of influence or protection, with nothing to rely on but her indomitable courage and untiring energy, this truly extraordinary woman in less than four years succeeded in attaching to herself devoted proselytes, who were ready to follow her to India and to cheerfully expatriate themselves; and in less than fifteen years, she had thousands of disciples, who not only professed her doctrines, but who also proclaimed her "the most eminent teacher of our times, the Sphinx of the century," the only person in Europe initiated, into the occult sciences of the East—they were, indeed, with few exceptions, ready to canonize her memory, had the philosophy she taught them permitted any such thing.

There was hardly a century in which the death of H. P. Blavatsky did not produce a most profound impression. All quarters of the globe responded, in one fashion or another, when the news reached them of the death of this poor Russian woman, whose only claim to such celebrity lay in her personal genius. For a time her name rang throughout the press of the entire world. Doubtless it is true that more bad than good was spoken of her, but none the less they spoke of her, some abusing her up hill and down dale and loudly complaining of the injuries wrought by her; and on the other side twenty or so Theosophical journals proclaiming her "illuminated" prophetess and saviour of humanity—humanity which, without the revelations which she had given out in her works, above all *The Secret Doctrine*, would—so they affirmed—be dragged to its doom by the materialistic spirit of the times.

* The Series of articles of which this is the first appeared originally in the *Nouvelle Revue* in French. Permission to translate them into English and publish them having been accorded to the editors of *Lucifer*, we gladly take the opportunity of reprinting them from the latter journal for the benefit of those who do not see *Lucifer*, nor can read Madame Adam's wonderfully interesting French publication. It is most fitting that all veracious narratives of H. P. B.'s personal history should have place in the permanent record which the pages of the *Theosophist* will afford.—*Ed. Theos.*

It is not my business to decide as to whether the truth lay with her friends and enthusiastic disciples or with her bitter enemies. My intention is simply to offer to the public some impartial family reminiscences, and to lay before them some letters of undoubted interest.

It would be easy for me to fill many volumes from the mass of materials which I have at my disposal. I will, however, merely select that which is most remarkable and weave it together with my own personal recollections.

Our mother, Mdme. H el ene de Hahn, *n ee* Fad ew, died when she was twenty-seven. Notwithstanding her premature death, however, such was the literary reputation she had already acquired, that she had earned for herself the name of the "Russian George Sand"—a name which was given her by Belinsky, the best of our critics. At sixteen years of age she was married to Pierre de Hahn, captain of artillery, and soon her time was fully occupied in superintending the education of her three children. H el ene, her eldest daughter, was a precocious child, and from her earliest youth attracted the attention of all with whom she came in contact. Her nature was quite intractable to the routine demanded by her instructors, she rebelled against all discipline, recognized no master but her own good will and her personal tastes. She was exclusive, original, and at times bold even to roughness.

When at the death of our mother, we went to him with her relations, all our teachers had exhausted their patience with H el ene, who would never conform to fixed hours for lessons, but who, notwithstanding, astonished them by the brilliancy of her abilities, especially by the ease with which she mastered foreign languages and by her musical talent. She had the character and all the good and bad qualities of an energetic boy; she loved travels and adventures and despised dangers and cared little for remonstrances.

When her mother was dying, although her eldest daughter was only eleven years old, she was filled with well-founded apprehensions for her future, and said:

"Ah well! perhaps it is best that I am dying, so at least I shall be spared seeing which befalls H el ene! Of one thing I am certain; her life will not be as that of other women, and that she will have much to suffer."

Truly a Prophecy!

At the age of seventeen H. P. Blavatsky married a man thrice her age, and some months later, she left her husband in the same headstrong and impetuous manner in which she had married him. She left him under the pretext of going to live with her father, but before she got there she disappeared, and so successful was she in this that for years no one knew where she was, and we gave her up for dead. Her husband was the Vice-Governor of the province of Erivan, in Transcaucasia. He was in all respects an excellent man, with but one fault, namely, marrying a young girl who treated him without the least respect, and who told him

quite openly beforehand that the only reason she had selected him from among the others who sought to marry her was that she would mind less making him miserable than any one else.

"You make a great mistake in marrying me," she said to him before their marriage. "You know perfectly well that you are old enough to be my grandfather; you will make somebody unhappy, but it won't be me. As for me, I am not afraid of you, but I warn you that it is not you who will gain anything from our union."

He never could say that he did not get what he had bargained for.

H. P. Blavatsky passed the greater part of her youth, in fact almost her entire life, out of Europe. In latter years, she claimed to have lived many years in Tibet, in the Himalayas and extreme north of India, where she studied the Sanskrit language and literature together with the occult sciences, so well known by the adepts, wise men, or Mahâtâmâs, for whom later she had to suffer so much. Such, at least, is the account of her doings that she gave to us, her relations, as also to her English biographer, Mr. Sinnett, the author of the work entitled, *Incidents in the Life of Madame H. P. Blavatsky*. For eight years, we were without any news of her. It was only at the expiration of ten years, the period necessary to render legal the separation from her husband, that Madame Blavatsky returned to Russia.

After her return to Russia, she first came and settled herself in the Government of Pskoff, where at that time I was living with our father. We were not expecting her to arrive for some weeks to come, but, curiously enough, no sooner did I hear her ring at the door-bell than I jumped up, knowing that she had arrived. As it happened there was a party going on that evening in my father-in-law's house, in which I was living. His daughter was to be married that very evening, the guests were seated at table and the ringing of the door-bell was incessant. Nevertheless I was so sure it was she who had arrived that, to the astonishment of everyone, I hurriedly rose from the wedding feast and ran to open the door, not wishing the servants to do so.

We embraced each other, overcome with joy, forgetting for the moment the strangeness of the event. I took her at once to my room, and that very evening I was convinced that my sister had acquired strange powers. She was constantly surrounded, awake or sleep, with mysterious movements, strange sounds, little taps which came from all sides—from the furniture, from the window-panes, from the ceiling, from the floor, and from the walls. They were very distant and seemed intelligent into the bargain; they tapped once, and three times for "yes," twice for "no".

My sister asked me to ask them a mental question. This I did, selecting a question as to a fact only known to myself. I recited the alphabet, and the reply I received was so true and so precise that I was positively astounded. I had often heard talk of spirit-rappings, but never before had I had an opportunity of testing their knowledge.

Before long the whole town was talking of the "miracles" which surrounded Madame Blavatsky. The not only intelligent, but even clairvoyant answers given by these invisible forces, which operated night and day, without any apparent intervention on her part, all round her, struck more astonishment and wonder into the minds of the curious than even the movements of inanimate objects, which apparently gained or lost their weight, which phenomena she directly produced by merely fixing her eyes on the object selected.

All these phenomena were, at the time, fully described in the Russian newspapers. There was no longer any peace for us, even in the country, where we shortly went to live, on a property which belonged to me; we were pursued by letters and visits. Matters became insupportable when, by the intervention of "Messieurs les esprits" as our Father laughingly called them, was discovered the perpetrator of a murder committed in the neighbourhood, and the officers of the law became convinced believers, clamouring for miracles. It was still worse when, one fine day, H el ene began describing "Those whom she alone saw as having formerly occupied the house," and who were afterwards recognized from her descriptions by the old people and natives of the place as having been former lords of the manor and their servants, all long since dead, but of whom they still preserved the memory. I may as well remark that this property had only been mine for a few months. I had brought it in a district completely unknown to me, and none of us had ever before heard these people she described spoken of.

My father, a man of vast intellectual power and most learned, had all his life, been a sceptic, a "Voltaireien" as we say in Russia. He was compelled by the force of circumstances to change his convictions, and before long passed days and nights writing, under the dictation of "Messieurs les esprits," the genealogy of his ancestors the "Gallant Knights of Hahn-Hahn von Rotterhahn."

Ever since her return to Russia, H. P. Blavatsky was at a loss to explain her mediumistic condition, but at that time, she by no means expressed the disdain and dislike for mediumship that she did later on. Ten or twelve years later she spoke of the mediumistic performances of her younger days with much repugnance—in those days the forces at work in the phenomena were unknown and almost independent of her will, when once she had succeeded in obtaining entire mastery over them, she no longer cared to recall the memory. But at the age of twenty-eight, she had not the power of controlling them.

With reference to this the following is of interest:—

In the summer of 1860, we left the Government of Pskoff, for the Caucasus, to pay a visit to our grant-parents the Fad eews and Madame Witt e, our aunt, my mother's sister, who had not seen H el ene for more than eleven years. On our way there at the town of Zadonsk, in the Government of Voron ege, we learned that the Metropolitan of Kieff, the Venerable Isidore, whom we had known well when we were children at

Tiflis, where he had been the head of the exarchate of St. George, happened to be in the town, passing through on his way to St. Petersburg, and was for the moment officiating in the monastery. We were most eager to see him; he remembered us and sent us word to say that he would be very pleased to see us after mass. We made our way to the archiepiscopal Church, but not without misgivings on my part. As we were on our way there, I said to my sister—

“Do please take care that your little devils keep themselves quiet while we are with the Metropolitan.”

She began laughing and saying that she would like nothing better, but that she could not answer for them.

Alas! I knew it but too well. And so I was not astonished, but all the same suffered agonies when I heard the tapping begin as soon as ever the venerable old man began to question my sister about her travelsOne! two!.....one! two! three! Surely he could not but notice these importunate individuals who seemed determined to join the party and take part in the conversation; in order to interrupt us they made the furniture, the looking-glasses, our cups of tea, even the rosary of amber heads, which the saintly old man was holding in his hand, move, and vibrate.

He saw our dismay at once, and taking in the situation at a glance, inquired which of us was the medium. Like a true egotist, I hastened to fit the cap on my sister's head. He talked to us for more than an hour, asking my sister question after question out loud, and asking them mentally of her attendants, and seemed profoundly astonished and well pleased to have seen the phenomena.

On taking leave of us he blessed my sister and told us that we had no cause to fear the phenomena.

“There is no force,” he said “that both in its essence and in its manifestation does not proceed from the Creator. So long as you do not abuse the gifts given you, have no uneasiness. We are by no means forbidden to investigate the hidden forces of Nature. One day they will be understood and utilized by man, though that is not yet. May the blessing of God rest on you, my child!”

He again blessed Hêlène and made the sign of the cross.

How often must these kindly words of one of the chief heads of the Orthodox Greek Church have been recalled to the memory of H. P. Blavatsky in later years, and she ever felt gratefully towards him.

VERA PETROVNA JELIHOVSKY.

(To be continued.)

THE INTERPRETATION OF HINDU SCRIPTURES.

IN the Sanskrit language there exist a number of canons or rules regulating the rank to which literary works काव्य (*Kāvya*) of all kinds are entitled. There are 3 ranks, viz: *Uttama* उत्तम, *Madhyama* मध्यम and *Adhama* अधम. Where Vyangyârtha व्यंग्यार्थ prevails over the Vâchyârtha वाच्यार्थ the Kāvya is placed in the first category: where it is less in the second, and where there is no Vyangyârtha at all, the Kāvya is allotted only the third rank.

It is now necessary to explain what Vangyârtha and Vâchyârtha mean. The latter is the अर्थ or the import conveyed to the mind by the words of any passage. Vyangya is more difficult to explain, as there exists in the English language nothing which corresponds to it or even roughly conveys its meaning. Vyangya is commonly known in Sanskrit as Dhvani ध्वनि. Just as when a bell is rung the sound continues to affect the organ of hearing as long as the vibrations in the air act on the tympanum, even after the ringing is discontinued, so the import of the words in a literary work of the first rank is followed by impressions on the mind which reveal, as it were, the hidden inner sense of the author's mind.

It is now clear that Vyangya is something more than an allegory. It is not a play on words or even S'lesha श्लेष (double meaning), of which there are numerous and very clever illustrations in Sanskrit.

We have now a fairly correct idea of Vyangyârtha. It is conveyed either by one word or a series of words—as in a sentence—or the inner meaning is revealed throughout the work itself.

The Râmâyana is considered by all Hindus—particularly by the sect of Râmânujas—as the highest type of a Vyangya Kâya, inasmuch as the spirit of the author is revealed throughout. What then is this secret import of the Râmâyana? An exhaustive treatment of the whole subject is obviously impossible within the limits of a small article, as it is believed that one great principle is illustrated and taught in each of the seven books of the great epic.

We shall take the fifth book known to us as the Sundara Kânda. It is venerated by all Hindus as the most sacred portion of the Mahâ Kāvya. It is read in almost every Brahmin household as a part of the daily ritual and sometimes specially recited to ward off impending misfortune or to hasten the recovery of the sick.

Sîtâ, the abducted wife of the hero of the poem, is confined in the Āsoka groves of the city of Lankâ and surrounded by Râkshasa attendants of terrible appearance. Râvana, the wicked sovereign of Lankâ, who abducted the royal lady by deceit, fixes a period of 2 months within which she has to yield to his desires or be killed and eaten by her monster attendants. The ravished Queen is in the sorest affliction, when Hanuman, the Vânara chief deputed by Râma and his ally

Sugrîva, discovers her presence in the Ásoka grove after a laborious search in the palaces and gardens of the sovereign of Kavyâ. The regal emissary delivers his message and conveys to her the token sent by her husband. Hanuman's appearance is detected, but he succeeds in leaving the accursed city, not without causing considerable damage to it.

The above is a brief outline of the events related in the Sundara Kânda.

The initiated reader understands in the above the procedure of the Teacher—the Guru गुरु—in his attempt to spiritually educate and save the individual soul (Chetana—चेतन) by educating him to recognize the eternal relation between himself and the Lord. The first verse of the book is strongly corroborative of this. I have no intention of writing an elaborate commentary on it or any other verse. An explanation of the words employed in some of the verses is, however, necessary to make my meaning clear. Sitâ is the Chetana चेतन or the individual Jîva. Vedic authorities are agreed in regarding the Jîva as a female, viewed in contrast with the Lord. The one male is the Purusha—the Supreme Lord—and all things by his side are *Strîprîyam*, or equal unto a woman. Description by the sexes is a convenient method of showing the dependence of the Jîva on the Supreme Lord and is common in both Sanskrit and Dravida writings on Vedânta. The abduction by Râvana is a straying out from the right path impelled by inherent forces or his (Ajnâna अज्ञान) ignorance and (Kâma काम) desire. Râvana is rendered in Sanskrit as असत्प्रलाप (asatpralâpa) or the utterance of what is not. Lankâ is the Sthûla Sharîra—the gross body; and the monster attendants whose frightful and fantastic forms are so graphically described by the poet, are the Indriyas, the senses. The sovereign Lord of Lankâ and its evil-minded population represent the Ahankâra—the sense of individuality and independence. His brother of Herculean strength and his warlike progeny correspond to Kâma, desire, (काम); Krodha, anger (क्रोध); Mada, pride (मद); Lobha लोभ, Moha (मोह) and Mâtsarya avarice, (मात्सर्य), &c.

Placed amid such surroundings is Sitâ, the individual soul. Hanuman, the royal messenger, arrives at this juncture to befriend and guide the afflicted Jîva. Hanuman is the Teacher or the Guru who brings the message of rest and peacefulness to the soul. He, by the light of his understanding, is the dispeller of the darkness in which the Chetana is immersed. This is the literal meaning of the Sanskrit word Guru.

The 51st stanza of the 27th canto of the Sundara Kânda is a significant indication of the way in which the spiritual guide is equipped in his voyage to save the despairing soul.

Manmathanath Dutt (Calcutta) translates it thus:—“The birds again and again entering their nests and highly delighted are pouring forth their notes announcing the advent of a happy occasion.”

पक्षि is the Sanskrit word used in the stanza for bird. पक्ष is a wing, and the Guru is likewise equipped with the two wings of knowledge (Jnâna) and good work (Karma) by which alone the flight of the Jîva to salvation can be accomplished. The nests (निलय—lit. the habitations on the branches) are the Vêdas—*shâkhâ* being the ordinary name of any of the four Vêdas. The Guru has his habitation, or the basis of his teaching rests, in the Vêda shâkhâs, which constitute the highest spiritual lore of the Brahmins. “Hrishta” (highly delighted) indicates the rapture with which the teacher approaches his duty. The notes denoting the happy advent are poured forth again and again into the ears of the afflicted Jîva. A passage from Jîves’vara Sambadha tells us far more clearly than I can ever hope to what these happy notes are and when they arrive. “Ishwara—Oh! Jîva! you are mine (you are dependent on me, you are my Dâsa दास servant), you serve me and obey my orders: you believe in me as the Lord. I love you.”

“Jîva. I am I (oh! no! I am independent).

Ish. Why is it so?

J. Why is it even so (as you say)?

Ish. My assertions are based on the Vêdas.

J. Mine are true by eternity and experience.

(The sense of individuality has developed through the lapse of time and the sense of independence is testified by my ability to act in the affairs of the world by myself).

Ish. I have always said so (I have constantly maintained my theory) that you are dependent on me. I am eternal and my experience limitless. Hence even by your standards my testimony is paramount).

J. Where have you said so?

Ish. In my Gîtâs (such as the Bhagavatgîtâ).

J. Who bears testimony to this?

Ish. The man of knowledge.

J. But is not such a one inclined in your favor (see stanza of the Bhagavatgîtâ where the man of knowledge is said be the most favored by the Lord)?”

Thus does the wavering and doubtful Jîva quarrel with the internal light. At this juncture the Guru steps in and bestows the benefit of his counsel to guide the Jîva in his quest after the Lord: in such words as these “The Lord is in yourself.” “Reconcile yourself to the Lord.”

Griffith in his metrical translation of the Râmâyana omits the 51st sloka of the xxvii canto. He considers it an interpolation and cites Gorressio as his authority. The reasons adduced in support of the allegation of interpolation appear to me to point the other way. The alleged interpolation is the concluding verses of a canto in which one of the Râkshasa attendants, on the strength of a dream, foretells the downfall of

Lanka and its sovereign, as also of the successful advent of Śrī Râma. She admonishes her comrades not to molest Sîtâ any further. Sîtâ had just undergone the terrible ordeal of an interview with her powerful abductor, in which he intimates his final intentions towards the Queen. Hanuman, the monkey emissary, is the unobserved witness of the interview, as he conceals himself in the branches of a large tree in the Āśoka grove. Sîtâ feels in her own self certain auspicious indications sent to cheer her, the throbbing of the left eye, arm and side. The verse in question describes similar tokens in outside nature. The content at all events does not justify the charge of interpolation.

Had Griffith or Gorressio endeavoured to look beyond the words of this and other verses in the Sundara Kânda, I venture to think that such a charge would never be made. Vyangyârtha, as I have already pointed out, is a sealed secret. It is never attempted to be learnt and is lost to all but the initiated pupil. Griffiths' remarks regarding the Sundara Kânda are quite in consonance with the truth of my assertion. I quote them. "This book is called Sundar or the beautiful. To a European taste it is the most intolerably tedious of the whole poem abounding in repetition, overloaded description and long and useless speeches which impede the action of the poem. Manifest interpolations of whole cantos also occur. I have omitted none of the action of the books, but have occasionally omitted long passages of commonplace description, lamentation and long stories which have been again and again repeated."

T. VARADA RAO.

HYPATIA AND ANNIE BESANT.

PREVIOUS to the third century of the Christian era, the philosophic speculations of the Stoics and the Epicureans had, in a measure, resulted in Scepticism, and the negation of all positive assertions, in the domain of philosophy and ethics. The complete indifference to all things which these thinkers affected, instead of bringing about mental peace, forced them into disputations that produced dissatisfaction and unrest. Reactionary thought then set in and a longing for a knowledge of the fundamental truths in Nature gave rise to the Neoplatonic School of Philosophy.

The Neo-Platonists taught a philosophical Monism, and aimed at the establishment of a system of absolute philosophy. They attempted a revival of the pure and esoteric teachings of Plato, whose writings they held in the highest veneration.

Ammonius Saccas was the first philosopher of importance who attempted a regular combination of the various elements of the different Schools, and taught his eclectic philosophy at Alexandria. His most celebrated follower was Plotinus (205 to 270 A. D.), who taught at Rome, and attracted to his lectures many Romans of high rank, some of whom

resigned their official duties to lead a life of philosophic contemplation. His personal character was of the highest, and the deepest respect was entertained for his integrity.

The Neo-Platonic School was propagated by many eminent men, and it spread widely; its principal seats being Alexandria, Rome and Athens. Amelius, Porphyry, Jamblicus, Plutarch, Proclus, Marinus, Isidore, Damascius, and others were at different times the leading lights and expounders of this philosophy. "One of the Alexandrian philosophers was Hypatia, the celebrated daughter of the able Mathematician Theon. Her acquirements both in literature and in science were so remarkable as to qualify her in an eminent degree to become a public preceptress in the Plotinian School. In this capacity she undertook to reconcile Plato and Aristotle with an eloquence that flowed from a highly cultivated genius and which was regulated by a sober judgment, while the gracefulness of her address and lustre of her personal attractions were unobscured by vanity, and the purity of her character continued untainted by suspicion."* Hypatia was born in the latter part of the 4th century. "From her earliest years she exhibited an amazing intelligence, in consequence of which her father, one of the most erudite savans of his time, resolved to give her genius a thoroughly philosophic culture. She succeeded her father in the chair of philosophy at Alexandria, and the fame of her lectures drew round her students from all parts of the East, where the influence of Greek thought and knowledge was felt. She seems to have been worthy of the lofty eulogies she has received. Amid the widespread corruptions of Alexandria, she lived as spotless as a vestal virgin, and if her teaching was not one that could lay a strong hand on the vices of heathenism, and arrest their course, it was at least sufficient not only to preserve herself from pollution, but also to inspire her with a love of beauty, truth and goodness that was christian in its spirit and earnestness, if heathen in its form and limitation."†

"The citizens of Alexandria were proud of her and such reliance was placed on her judgment and sagacity, that the magistrates used frequently to consult her in important cases. At this time the Bishop of Alexandria was Cyril, a fierce hater of the heathens and heretics. Orestes, the Prefect of Alexandria, being most intimate with Hypatia, Cyril detested him, and regarded her as a Satanic enchantress and the grand obstacle to his reconciliation with the Prefect." We read in Gibbon ‡ that the crafty Cyril had styled himself the Patriarch of Alexandria. Assisted by large numbers of the wild monks of the Nitrian desert, and by the *Parabolani*, he first oppressed the *Novations*, the most harmless of the Christian Sectaries, and confiscated their holy vessels. He next led a seditious multitude to the attack of the Synagogues of the Jews which were levelled to the ground, the plunder being distributed

* Dr. J. A. Jeremie in his History of Greek and Roman Philosophy.

† Chambers' Cyclopaedia.

‡ "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

among the rioters. Orestes complained against the tyrannical and lawless acts of the Patriarch, but Theodosius, the Emperor, was too weak to interfere, while Cyril continued to hate the Prefect. As he passed through the streets his carriage was assaulted by 500 Nitrian monks and he was wounded in the face. The loyal citizens of Alexandria hastened to his rescue, and the monk Ammonius, who had wounded him, expired under the rod of the lictor.

“At the command of Cyril his body was raised from the ground, and transported in solemn procession to the cathedral; the name of Ammonius was changed to that of Thaumasius, the *Wonderful*; his tomb was decorated with the trophies of martyrdom, and the Patriarch ascended the pulpit to celebrate the magnanimity of an assassin and a rebel. Such honours might incite the faithful to combat and die under the banners of the saint; and he soon prompted or accepted the *sacrifice of a virgin* who professed the religion of the Greeks, and cultivated the friendship of Orestes.”

“Hypatia, the daughter of Theon, the mathematician, was initiated in her father’s studies: her learned comments have elucidated the geometry of Appollonius and Diophantus, and she publicly taught both at Athens and Alexandria the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. In the bloom of beauty and maturity of wisdom, the modest maid refused her lovers and instructed her disciples. The persons most illustrious for their rank or merit were impatient to visit the female philosopher; and Cyril beheld with jealous eye the gorgeous train of horses and slaves who crowded the door of her academy. A rumour was spread among the Christians that the daughter of Theon was the only obstacle to the reconciliation of the Prefect and the Archbishop; and that obstacle was speedily removed. On a fatal day in the holy season of Lent Hypatia was torn from her chariot, stripped naked, dragged to the church and inhumanly butchered by the hands of Peter the Reader and a troop of savage and merciless fanatics. Her flesh was scraped from her bones with sharp oyster shells, and her quivering limbs were delivered to the flames. The just progress of inquiry was stopped by seasonable gifts, but the murder of Hypatia has imprinted an indelible stain on the character and religion of Cyril of Alexandria.”

This cruel and dastardly murder of the most revolting character was perpetrated in the year 415 A. D., at the Cæsareium which was used as the church where a dense mass of *Parabolani* and monks mingled with the fish-wives and dock-workers who leaped and yelled round their innocent victim.

H. P. Blavatsky thus speaks of this incident in *Isis*.—“With the death of the martyred daughter of Theon, there remained no possibility for the Neo-Platonists to continue their school at Alexandria. During the lifetime of the youthful Hypatia her friendship and influence with Orestes, the Governor, had assured the philosophers security and protection against their murderous enemies. With her death they

lost their strongest friend. How much she was revered by all who knew her for her erudition, noble virtues and character we can infer from the letters addressed to her by Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais, who writes—"My heart yearns for the presence of your divine spirit, which more than anything else could alleviate the bitterness of my fortunes." In another letter he says—"Oh my mother, my sister, my teacher, my benefactor! My soul is very sad. The recollection of my children whom I have lost is killing me.....When I have news of you and learn, as I hope, that you are more fortunate than myself, I am at least only half unhappy." The progress of Christian proselytism was impeded by the learned expositions of Hypatia, for "she too successfully dispelled the mist hanging over the religious 'mysteries' invented by the Christian Fathers. It was precisely the teachings of Plato that had been freely borrowed by the Christians to give a finishing touch to their otherwise incomprehensible scheme, and now the Platonic light—through Hypatia—began shining so inconveniently bright upon the pious patchwork, as to allow everyone to see whence the 'revealed' doctrines were derived. But there was still a greater peril. Hypatia had studied under Plutarch, the head of the Athenian School, and had learned all the secrets of Theurgy. While she lived to instruct the multitude, no 'divine' miracles could be produced before one who could divulge the natural causes by which they took place. Her doom was sealed by Cyril, whose eloquence she eclipsed, and whose authority built on degrading superstitions had to yield before hers which was erected on the rock of immutable Natural Law."*

More than fourteen centuries have passed away since the happening of this melancholy event, which has been quite forgotten, as the very race and religion to which the martyred virgin philosopher belonged have long since perished. Let us now turn to modern times and try to find therein someone whose career will recall the memory of the unfortunate Hypatia.

The history of the life of Mrs. Annie Besant is known to many in its broad outlines, and the recent publication of her autobiography gives us all the details of the career of a most unique and impressive personality. Losing her father at the early age of five years, her mother had to struggle hard for a living and she was educated by a friendly lady who was a rigid evangelist. As a child she was sensitive, dreamy, and enthusiastic; she was very much impressed by what she read, and in early life she came across the "Library of the Fathers," when she was so much taken up with the doctrines of the Primitive Christian Church that she commenced to fast, to use the sign of the cross, and go to weekly communion. She then joined the High Church Revival, and her ecclesiastical zeal led her to make the acquaintance of a young cleric whom she soon after married.

Her prayers at this period were like those of ecstatic nuns. She became engaged to the young clergyman, not because she loved him

* Isis, Vol. II, p. 253.

particularly, or had even the faintest conception of what marriage entailed, but only because it seemed as if he being a clergyman could by his very office bring her nearer to God. Her husband was scarcely able to appreciate the depth and originality of her character, and consequently the happiness that she had longed for was soon found wanting. Two children were born to her, and it was during the trying, painful, and prolonged illness of the second baby that there grew up in her mind a feeling of angry resentment against the God whom she thought had been torturing her helpless baby. Other and more formidable doubts were not slow in coming. One by one all the Christian dogmas gave way as she resolved carefully to probe the truth underlying them. Even the dogma of the Divinity of Christ to which she clung the longest was reluctantly given up. She refused then to attend the holy communion, and was forced to leave her husband's home. His cruelty to her ultimately brought about a legal separation, and she was thrown upon the world without adequate means of support, and with a baby daughter to look after. The difficulties that she had to encounter taught her to sympathize with those who were struggling like herself. Gradually she gravitated towards Atheism, and finally joined Bradlaugh and the National Secular Society. It was from the platform of Free Thought that she hurled her eloquent denunciations against the dogmas of the Christian Church. From the purest motives and with a view to ameliorate the miseries of the wives of the poor and of the middle classes, she took a prominent part in the publication of the Neo-malthusian tracts, which, however, brought her the greatest sufferings of her life. She wrote and spoke constantly in defence of Atheism and in support of radical politics. She was naturally attracted by the moderate form of Socialism and took part in it. Next she came to investigate a little of spiritualism, and finally, on reading the "Secret Doctrine," that monumental work of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, she joined the Theosophical Society, in which for the last five years she has been by far the most prominent worker. Regarding this last phase of her conversion to Theosophy, she thus writes:—"1889 is to me the never-to-be-forgotten year in which I found my way 'Home' and had the priceless good fortune of meeting, and becoming a pupil of H. P. Blavatsky. Ever more and more had been growing on me the feeling that something more than I had, was needed for the cure of social ills. The socialist portion suffered on the economic side, but where to gain the inspiration, the motive which should lead to the realization of the brotherhood of man. As I turned page after page of the "Secret Doctrine," the interest became absorbing; but how familiar it seemed, how my mind leapt forward to presage the conclusions, how natural it was, how coherent, how subtle and how intelligible. I was dazzled, blinded by the light in which disjointed facts were seen as parts of a mighty whole, and all my puzzles, riddles, problems, seemed to disappear."

Did all this happen by a mere accident, and was it all a chance? As to her eloquence, it seems to have come to her as unexpectedly

as did theosophy. "In the spring of 1873," she says, "I delivered my first lecture. One day as I was all by myself practising the organ in the church, I ascended the pulpit in a big, empty, lonely church and there and then delivered my first lecture. I shall never forget the feeling of power and delight that came upon me as my voice rolled down the aisles, and the passion in me broke into balanced sentences and never paused for rythmical expression, while I felt that all I wanted was to see the church full of upturned faces instead of the emptiness of the silent pews."

Hypatia is said to have been a remarkable type of the old Greek beauty, and her eloquence was unsurpassed. She believed that the gods never deserted those souls that aspired towards them, and she longed for the old gods, the old heroes, the old sages who had gauged the mysteries of Heaven and Earth. Erudite and deeply versed in all the subtleties of argument and of logic, she made her antagonists the laughing stock of the assembly. She wanted earnest, courageous men who could work, while she thought; and expounded the philosophy by means of which she hoped to stem the advancing tide of Christianity and revive the old Greek religion and philosophy. Her ardour was intense, and the success of her teaching inspired the deadliest hatred in the heart of Cyril and his myrmidons. She was treacherously waylaid and brutally murdered. It is said that she had been warned of the coming danger, but so great was her faith in her own innocence, having done no wrong or harm to any one, that she disdained to believe she would be assaulted, and fell a victim to Christian blood-thirstiness. What must have been her last thoughts as her beauteous soul winged its way upwards, leaving the remains of her mangled body? She was forced out of existence in the early prime of her life, and all her noble hopes and aspirations, her desire to inspire the Greeks, Romans and Alexandrians, with lofty ideals, and with the teachings of an all-embracing philosophy, her longing to expose the hollowness of the dogmas of the Christian Church, her yearning to revel in spiritual knowledge and participate in the light and harmony of the Divine spirit, all this and much more was cut short just as a beginning had been made. If the individual soul has its life made up of many lives, and it lives and manifests its power in a series of bodies carrying with it all its accumulative forces for good or evil, then must the soul of Hypatia have reincarnated over again on this earth in a suitable body through which it could carry on its unfinished work. To those who would take the trouble to think of the incidents in the lives of Hypatia and of Annie Besant, there cannot but appear a remarkable similarity in these two personalities. Love as well as hatred exercise a similar attraction, and it is nothing unnatural to suppose that the soul of Hypatia should be reincarnated in a Christian family. It may be taken that so learned an eclectic would never despise the pure and real teachings of Jesus, however much she would find fault with the accretions thereto made by the wily Fathers. The fervour for leading a truly religious life was apparent from her earliest years in Mrs. Besant, exactly as the soul of Hypatia owing to

its previous training may be supposed to manifest. Both personalities are seen to keep their audiences spell-bound by their eloquence, by the grace of their person and of their manners and the nobility and importance of the themes they descant upon. The same philosophy is taught by both. The eloquence in Mrs. Besant, at an accidental trial, wells up like stored-up music and goes on ever increasing. She masters the various forms of Christian beliefs, studies the arguments *pro* and *con* and ultimately rejects all the dogmas. Agnosticism and Materialism then show her one side of the difficult problems regarding God, Man and the Universe, and she vehemently goes into the subjects, but gets dissatisfied again, for agnosticism and denial are not *knowledge* and she longs for real knowledge as a basis for altruistic work. The simple reading of the "Secret Doctrine" recalls to her, as it were, portions of long-forgotten wisdom, which seems to her familiar and convincing, and she feels that at last she has found the light for which she was so long and so ignorantly searching, not knowing where it could be found. Hypatia was prevented by her enemies from completing her work of destruction against the evils of Christianity, and carrying out her constructive work in the domain of philosophy. In Annie Besant that same soul seems to have taken up the same work at the point at which she was last compelled to leave it. What she has done as Secularist writer and preacher and what she is doing at present in the cause of theosophy need not be recapitulated here. She has pointed out most forcibly and ably all the weak sides of a so-called 'Revealed' and exclusive religion and she will be able ere long to inspire large bodies of Christians to look upon their religions as a part of the universal wisdom-religion of antiquity which is the source of all human religious knowledge. Mrs. Besant's love for India and the Hindus is not to be wondered at. Even if she was a Greek in her last birth, the Greek philosophy and religion being so closely allied to the Hindu, she would in the present age feel for Hinduism a yearning which would be perfectly natural. The numerous sorrows, cares, difficulties, opposition and calumny that she has gone through in the present life have given her a priceless education, for she has now practically lived the philosophy that she is so ably expounding all over the world.

Hypatia lived a life of spotless innocence and purity, and died a virgin. Mrs. Besant while a mere girl accepted marriage, little knowing what that state of life meant, and all the while thinking that her partner would supply to her the place of a spiritual instructor. When she separated from her husband, although "she was tracked by detectives, enveloped in a cloud of scandal, and made the mark for every reckless calumniator",* no human being has ever ventured to stand up in public, and attempt to substantiate a single accusation against her character.

The oft-repeated objection that she has so often changed her beliefs, and there is no knowing what next she may go to, comes from a very superficial observation of her life. No person who is a deep student and

* Isis, Vol. II. p. 253.

an earnest inquirer can help changing some of his earlier beliefs and taking up new ones at some time or other of his life. People do not generally declare in public that their beliefs have undergone a change, hence those few who happen to make such declarations are hastily denounced as unsteady. It is constantly asserted again that she will ultimately go and join the Roman Catholic Church. This she might have done when she was attracted by the High Church Revival, but now there is no possibility of her taking such a retrograde step. That most immobile of churches can never afford a haven for one who has obtained an insight into the reality of spiritual knowledge and an initiation into the means of its attainment.

There is too much of the ideal in her nature and she may at times be carried away so as to forget some of the practical side of her work, but she has to live and work so much under the fierce light of criticism from friends and from foes, that she would soon be able to retrieve any false steps she might unconsciously take. She believes that she must have been a Hindu in one of her previous births, and that may probably be a fact. In whatever other nation she may have been born at one time, there appear the greatest possible reasons for connecting her with Hypatia. According to the Secret Doctrine it generally takes about 15 centuries for a soul to reappear again on earth, and after a little more than 14 centuries, we find a soul similar to that of Hypatia taking birth in Annie Besant. The coincidence is remarkable. In the whole of history there is probably no instance like this one, where two different personalities separated by many centuries, come so close to each other in many of their ways and work as to give rise to the conjecture that one and the same soul animated them both. There is no doubt that Annie Besant is a counterpart of Hypatia in the present century. Her character, her knowledge, her eloquence, her beliefs, and her work forcibly remind us of Hypatia, all of whose unspent powers could find no better outlet for the manifestation of their obstructive energy than through the personality of Mrs. Annie Besant, the foremost woman of the present age.

N. D. KHANDALVALA.

GERMANY: THE WESTERN INDIA.*

DEAR BROTHERS AND FRIENDS,—Through me an old nation from the West sends you her greetings, a nation and a country which are more like you yourselves and your old wondrous country than any other in the world. Aryavârta is that part of this old continent, whence the whole of Indian culture sprang, and from which it spread far over the vast plains and high mountains, from the Panjâb and the Indus river, following the course of the old Ganga to Bengal and towards the far East; and from the snowy ranges of the Himalayas over the Deccan unto Cape Comorin and beyond; to Ceylon, the old Lanka. In the

* A paper read at Madras at the 19th Anniversary celebration of the Theosophical Society.

same way was Germany not only the old mother-country from which came the Anglo-Saxon race, whose pluck has now conquered the world to her commerce and her language, but Germany was in the West, like Āryavārta in the East, the fountain head from which always sprang the strongest and the deepest waves of spirit that have shaped the Western culture of our race.

Copernicus, the astronomer, to whom we owe the scientific knowledge of our solar system and the proof of our present view of the Kosmos, was a German; so was Keppler, the other astronomer, who adjusted the calculations of the planetary movements and completed the plans laid out by Copernicus. And amongst that long series of their German successors was also our Alexander von Humboldt, who was the first to give a complete description of the Kosmos as science now knows it; but he conceived the material Kosmos with the divine spirit working in it.

As in science, so in arts, since a century and more Germany has undisputedly given to Europe the greatest geniuses. Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, the representatives of spiritual music; they and many more are Germans. Goethe and Schiller, the greatest poets of their time, philosophers and theosophists as well as poets, they were Germans. And for many years the art of painting has nowhere produced a higher and more spiritual school than my land, Germany, which has to show her long series of painters, beginning with Cornelius and now evolving new men like Gabriel Max, and even more promising idealistic spirits among our youngest generation.

Twenty-four centuries ago a great religious movement tried to reform the then degenerated teachings, rites and institutions of *this* country. Buddha Gautama, although perhaps more rational than spiritual in his demands on his followers, and although his Saṅgha has now almost entirely become extinct in this country, undoubtedly gave a very energetic and wholesome impulse towards the revival of the religious spirit. Very similarly did the great reformation of Christianity, 400 years ago, become the cause of an entire regeneration of Europe, in science as well as in religion. But the men who did this were Germans; Johann Huss was a German, Martin Luther was a German, and his two contemporaries, Zwingli and Calvin, were sons of German tribes.

And has not *the* one science which above all has built the golden bridge from the West over to the East, has not Orientalism or Indology been mostly furthered by German Sanskrit scholars and German savants? Need I recall to you names like Bopp, Albrecht Weber, Max Müller and Paul Deussen? Have ever any Westerners understood Vedānta philosophy comparatively better than the Germans? No wonder they have not! Is not the whole of that world-famed German philosophy, since Master Eckhardt in 1300, and Leibnitz in 1600, and Kant, Hegel and Schopenhauer, is not the whole of this philosophy only, an attempt to reproduce in Europe what your Rishis had taught you, here in India, 3,000 years ago?

All those philosophers were Germans. But mind, none of them knew anything of India and your philosophy, except Schopenhauer, who had only heard a word or two of it at second or third hand, from Anquetil and others.

How is it then, that they could of their own accord, without the help of the great Rishis, find out so much of the truth of this divine wisdom?

There is only one answer to this question, and there *can* only be one.

It was and is the same old Aryan spirit that lived in them; the same spirit of the Rishis, the same spirit that is living in you all, the same spirit that unites now all of us to-day here in this hall. This spirit, I venture to say, lived in no other Western nation more than in the German peoples. And just as with you, this spirit has during the later centuries withdrawn from outward activity and become more a theoretic knowledge and a latent idealism, so it has been with the Germans since many generations.

But these analogies mentioned hitherto, are not all and perhaps not the most striking proofs of our near relation to the spirit of the Indian nation, that is, of all those many peoples who derive their culture from that source which is most embodied in the Sanskrit literature. The most important fact which proves this is, I think, rather this, that no other country in the West is so specifically as Germany, the country of practical mysticism, of Yoga. It has also been that of occultism and of all black arts; just as they have been practised not less in this country, I am sorry to say. But that is not what I am speaking of. I mean only the practice of true Râja-yoga, and that is the only true meaning of the word *mysticism* in the West. It had this meaning originally with the Greeks in their mysteries; and in no other sense has it ever been used in Germany, while occultism always was synonymous with phenomenalism and the black arts.

Now, the greatest practical mystics or Yogîs of philosophical and Protestant Europe, all those who gave far-reaching impulses to the spiritual life in the Western world, were Germans or most nearly related to the German nation and the German mind. I mentioned before Master Eckhardt. His disciple Johann Tauler was not less great than he, and there were dozens of men going about in Germany at that time who wielded divine powers and who rightly called themselves "the friends of God." Their successors were the *Rosicrucians*, the Theosophical Society of former centuries, but then composed entirely of real Yogîs, and some amongst them perfected Yogîs. At the same time men like Jakob Boehme and, again, the great Swede, Emanuel Swedenborg, both natural seers and the latter one of the greatest scholars of his time, gave out wisdom to their contemporaries which could only have been acquired from the sphere of sages. If their writings are not to the taste of the present world, then is it to be said, that they were not written *in* the present time nor *for* the present time; they did their splendid work for their

times. Besides these natural-born sages, however, the training of the Yoga school was never lost in Germany, not up to this very day, and even books on practical and truly religious Yoga have been written even in the present century in Germany ; not small books only, but books the like of which there are none in any other European language, I trust, and books which show that German Yoga is and has always been exactly the same as Indian Yoga.

Now, for what reason is it that I tell you all this ? Is it my pride that prompts me to boast of the achievements of a great nation of which I am one of the latest and lowest descendants ?

No, my dear friends and brothers, it is not that. For listen to me, I have not yet told you all ! It is rather that I wish to gain your sympathy for this, my poor nation ; a poor nation, just as you might call yours a poor nation for many reasons ; but mine is poor for even more reasons than yours.

The national and political history of Germany is only a sad repetition of your own. It has been split up into ever so many tribes and peoples, fighting against each other under the selfish impulse of different kings and petty princes. Germany, like India under Asoka and, later on, under Akbar, has been more than once united under strong emperors into one mighty nation, and for many centuries it has ruled the world, there and even beyond the ocean. But again and again has our poor country been made the battleground on which to fight out all the great ideals of freedom of thought and conscience in Europe. Under Karma, her soil has been manured with the blood of German soldiers and of German peasants, that the flower of Independence of the Individual might spring from it and grow on it. And I am sadly impressed that this battling is not yet at an end ; that even the last battle for the victory of social and economical independence of every man and woman, will have to be fought again principally to the waste of German blood. Only in the middle of this century had Germany re-acquired approximately the same number of population which it had had four hundred years ago, ere those religious and social-political wars began. Shall Germany yet have to shed all the rest of her heart-blood in this very same great cause ?

In this respect, Germany is much worse off than you have ever been, and particularly are now. Truly, Germany is now once again united under the strong military grip of a young emperor—united to be again led out by force to do that butchery which will waste its own blood, and, from which those that survive will return from the shambles and fight again the last battle on our country's own soil, the battle which, let us hope, will give stable peace to Europe and to mankind, which will brand for ever all national differences as the primal cause of all social and political evils.

But why is this so, why must this be so ? And why is there no fear that such a fate might ever befall India and its many peoples ?

For the very simple reasons that Germany never had the benefit, never the great boon of a liberal Government, like that of the English, which has made India the free nation it is now. You may have ever so many incidental grievances to bring forward, and perhaps just grievances too, but none of them is anything like so grave and serious as those which afflict the German nation under her different circumstances, and we have much less hope of having ours mended in a peaceful way than you have yours.

If you would realize what is signified by the fact, that the English nation, or rather the Anglo-Saxon race, which governs India, is a world-ruling race, you would comprehend how strong a drawback it is to the old German nation that it yet lives under the egotistical impression that its out-of-the-way country is the world, or anything like the centre of the world.

This national conceit closes our nation against all free breezes of spiritual movements of so many kinds which have, during this century, advanced the culture of England and America so immensely. That is the reason why old Germany is much more *theoretically* materialistic than any other country in Europe, while it is practically idealistic and full of latent spirit yet.

You know yourselves how, by the introduction of the so-called scientific, rather materialistic, European education, the best intellects of your younger generation have been brought under this world-ruling influence. But, then, how many are they out of your population of 300 millions? I venture to say, perhaps, not even a hundred thousand.

Now, in Germany, the whole of our nation is brought up in materialistic ideas and, of course, it becomes now consequently more and more infected by practical materialism. Their idealism becomes more and more impaired, and their latent spirituality will die out altogether, if help be not soon brought to them.

Help—by what and by whom?

I know no other help but one. But this *can* work the change.

It is Theosophy. And this is just the reason why I speak to you on this subject.

As the heart of every true German, who feels yet the old blood of his fathers running in his veins, as his heart flies to this country of an old and wonderful civilization, the cradle of our Aryan race and all its spiritual culture—so do I wish I could make the heart of everyone of you be warm to my poor native country.

For there is force in *sympathy*. There are such things as spiritual currents in the world. And if you all make up your minds, and direct firmly your good will towards your German brethren in the West, towards Germany—that Western India—then you and we all shall succeed in throwing off that deadening spell of materialism, and we shall be able to inflame again that still quietly-glowing spark of spirit and of

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true mysticism into a bright shining light of divine love and wisdom. And Germania might, nay, she *will* one day become a centre, yes, *the* centre of Theosophy for all the continent of Europe. Then will she stretch out her fraternal hand and take that of *Āryavārta*. That will be the day when, once again, the Aryan race will feel its unity in spirit all over the world; the spirit of wisdom and of love and freedom; of that freedom which is the deliverance from all distinctions that are made through any selfishness whatever, the freedom of the true spiritual brotherhood.

H. HUEBBE SCHLEIDEN.

Reviews.

MAGAZINES.

Lucifer—November.—“The Web of Destiny” by G. R. S. Mead deals with the three “vestures” of Vedāntic Philosophy and with the corresponding ideas on the subject in the beliefs of other nations and countries. “A Master of Occult Arts” is a translation from the Russian of N. S. Leskoff, forming an episode in that author’s article on “Russian Demonomaniacs” from which we also presented our readers with an extract in our October issue. “Helena Petrovna Blavatsky” by her sister Mme. Jelihowsky we reproduce elsewhere.

“Some first-hand notes on Tibet” are interesting though we are inclined to regard them as somewhat open to criticism. Upon enquiry at Darjeeling we have been assured that no European has been known to embrace the Lamaic religion, much less to have been accepted as a Lama: and no European has been granted a pass to Lhassa. Nor, moreover, is *Lucifer’s* informant recognized as a savant, although, it is said, he kept a small shop at Darjeeling and was sold out. We give the information for what it is worth. The Tibetan Lamas, we learn hold up before their polyandrous congregations the widespread immorality of the West “as a warning”! But the truthfulness and honesty of the Tibetans are particularly emphasised. It is interesting to note that all writers seem unanimous in this opinion. “The Book of the Azure Veil” continues its interesting lessons in symbology, and the teachings of the *Popul-Vuh* are therein brought into line with those of the “Secret Doctrine”; *the Drying of the World* is a very pretty allegory. Mr. Herbert Coryn’s “The Heaven-world,” which he defines as “the current of the states of feeling that sets in, when the self, freed by death from the body and from the desires that are concerned with the body, rests from pain”, is a thoughtful article. Eliphas Lévi’s Letters and the Kalki Purāna are continued.

The Path for November begins with “A Little Vision” whose author evidently in writing follows the wise suggestion of the famous Montesquieu: “Quand vous traitez un sujet, il n’est pas nécessaire de l’épuiser; il suffit de faire penser”—and this article furnishes plenty of food for thought, as do the others signed by the well-known names of “Julius,” W. Q. Judge and Claude F. Wright. “Conversations on Occultism” will prove helpful to students and the “Magic Mirror” interesting for wonder-loving novel readers.

Book Notes.—No II. 9.—contains announcements of recent and future publications of theosophical, occult, oriental and miscellaneous works, and some interesting general literary chit-chat.

Journal of the Mahâbodhi society—November—contains “Recent Notes on Buddhism,” “Notes and News” and some personal items. Mr. Dharmapâla exclaims: “If I fail to rescue the Mahâ Bodhi, I will give up my life for its sake and die under the shade of the sacred tree.”! H. D. is young.

THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

Through the kindness of the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., the Chairman of the General Committee on Religious Congresses of the World's Congress Auxiliary, the Adyar Library has been enriched by the addition of the two handsome volumes which contain the proceedings of the late Parliament of Religions. Dr. Barrows, who is the editor of this priceless record, calls his work “an illustrated and popular story of the World's First Parliament of Religions.” No trouble and expense seem to have been spared in producing these volumes, which will be valued and appreciated by all students and lovers of religion. It is the most valuable brief of the religious beliefs of the world ever published.

As the now confessed object of the promoters of the Parliament of Religions was the vindication of the superiority of Christianity, we can understand the very strong bias in favour of this religion which pervades Dr. Barrows' work. However, as many visitors at the Congress were of opinion that the religions of the East were by no means thrown into the shade by the blaze of Christianity, we may safely leave readers to judge for themselves whether the lesser object of vindicating Christianity was accomplished, or the far greater and nobler one of emphasising the underlying unity of all religions.

THE LITERARY NEWS.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam and Sons, who have undertaken the publication of “Old Diary Leaves,” have sent us a copy of *The Literary News*, an “eclectic review of current literature.” Messrs. Putnam are to be congratulated on the great artistic merit of their trade circular book.

ZOROASTRIANISM.

We have before us two papers on Zoroastrianism, a subject which has been occupying public attention considerably of late. The first is Dr. Alexander Wilder's review of the “Philosophy and Ethics of the Zoroasters,” which originally appeared in the *Journal of the American Academy*, November 1885, and is republished in *Theosophical Siftings* for the benefit of Theosophical readers. The second paper is published in pamphlet form by its author, Dr. Nishikanta Chattopadhaya, and is entitled “A Lecture on Zoroastrianism.”

THE ETERNAL PILGRIM AND THE VOICE DIVINE.

Our esteemed Brother J. Sorabjee, the author of the above dialogue, explains briefly the origin, nature and destiny of the human monad or the *Atmâ* in man, and points out that to gain freedom from the miseries of conditioned existence, which are the result of his past thinkings, he should think and act rightly and work in harmony with Nature, and have before him the highest ideal and reach it by going within the innermost recess of the heart where lies his Saviour—the Divine voice (which should not be confounded with conscience) concealed. It is with the help of this voice that liberation is gained.

He further points out—as the Shastras do—that Mukti is sought, not for oneself, but for the purpose of helping other souls who writhe in pain to reach the path of liberation. We recommend this dialogue to the consideration of students of Theosophy, who will be benefited by its perusal.

A RISING SWEDISH STAR.

Teosofisk Tidskrift for November continues from a previous number a very lucid and instructive article by Sven Nilsson: "Some misconceptions about Theosophy corrected," in which the author points out how Theosophy satisfies the cravings of both heart and mind.

Fröken Frida von Bétzen contributes in "*The Road to Unhappiness through Self-study and Self-control*," an article that in poetic beauty of language reminds me of the famous Bishop J. O. Wallin, whom Fröken Bétzen, however, surpasses in depth of thought.

The obtaining of knowledge is impeded by our love for the personal self, which the writer shows by the following allegory:—

"There was once upon a time a mighty Hindu Ruler who valued knowledge above anything else in this world. One day the King met a *Deva* of whom he asked: "What shall I do that I may obtain the true wisdom?"

The *Deva* whom he addressed, answered: 'If Thou wilt give me all Thou possessest I will in exchange endow Thee with the pearl of Truth.'

The King promised joyfully.

The *Deva* then asked him for all his earthly possessions. The King gave them. His kingdom: He gave it: His wife and children: Although it pained the King to part from his dear ones, he sacrificed even them to the *Deva*. Lastly, the King was requested to give up his fame and reputation, and when he had consecrated those he waited impatiently to receive the promised knowledge: but he got nothing. The King then complained that he had been unjustly and dishonestly dealt with, and said, therefore, when he met the *Deva*: "I have given Thee all I had and yet Thou hast not kept thy promise." To this the *Deva* responded, "Thou must first give *Thyself*."

Since we have learned to control our lower self, its passions and desires, we must also give up our very thoughts, because only when we concentrate our thoughts on the highest ideal are we fit to become the instrument through which the Spirit can speak; but in looking away from the outer world the power of thought is stimulated to its utmost. It resembles a wild steed which needs the whole force of our will for guiding the fiery animal that it may not drag us into destruction. To elucidate—says Fröken von Bétzen—I will quote some thoughts from the commentaries on "*Per Gynt*" by Ibsen.

Per Gynt does not live in this world. His dominion is in that of the Imagination. He has not been long in possession of his kingdom ere he discovers that there are two different roads opened before him: the one is "*To be oneself*," to live for the ideal, which here is represented by the beloved one of his youth; the other road is "to be a monster" (*være ett trolld*) to sink lower than a human, *i.e.*, to live in the imagination without any thought for the suffering of others, to let the soul soar freely in the rosy light of fancy and make oneself a mighty king, enjoying the more or less foul products of this creative power, entangled in the dangerous snares of the now refined sensual desires. "I impoverish nobody by my own enjoyment," says the

soul, apologetically. "I ask for nothing because I possess *all*."—"Wilt Thou abandon the ideal, since once Thou hast begun to devote thyself to it?" whispers the warning voice from the depth of the soul, the voice we call *conscience*. "Wilt thou transfer thy whole unbridled selfishness to the thought-plane and sink lower than a monster (*ett trolld*), lower than human, because the passions and desires of the latter are not, like yours, only and entirely for *self*; you find in them often an element of sacrificing love?" And the soul listens to the warning voice, rouses itself, and begins to control the different streams of thought."

... ..

In order to live among, and communicate with beings of this world, we need the organs of the senses; so it is also necessary to have suitable organs developed for penetrating the still unknown regions of thought. By constant concentration on the highest aims and ideals these organs are developed, and only on my own efforts and power to unfold those senses depends my acceptance as a Chela, and the knowledge the Masters give is Spiritual. People endowed with those powers, are in the Bible called 'regenerated', and without the possession of these powers, we can never hope to rise to the pure realm of spirit where the higher Manas is active and knowledge comes to us through intuition.

In the *Secret Doctrine*, the Pineal Gland is spoken of as the organ for the third eye, and the same book states that this organ has ceased to function in the present generation. It is our duty to again bring it into activity."

Lack of space hinders me from further quoting Fröken Bétzen's article, but I congratulate the Swedes on their gifted and tireless Theosophical workers, and, on this bright rising star. If any promise given us is true, it is that the blessing of the Masters is on their servants.

At a recent meeting of the *Lundalogue* Herr Sven Bengtson proposed that its members should devote themselves to the study of Magic. The only Magic worth studying is the transmutation of baser metals into gold, *i.e.*, transforming our lower nature into higher, spiritual powers. Sitting for Yoga, without wise supervision, frequently strands the student in the most helpless and dangerous mediumship, and we do not recommend other practices in Magic than those of Râja Yoga, which help to make man a God and whose fruits only are obtainable by unselfishness and constant efforts in the service of others. Only the pure in heart "see God."

E. W.

Theosophy in all Lands.

EUROPE.

LONDON, November 1894.

You will have heard by this time of what *Lucifer's* editorial terms the "indiscriminate and vicious onslaught" made by the *Westminster Gazette*, at the inspiration of W. R. Old, "on several of our friends and colleagues." Probably, indeed, the whole of the series of the "Isis Very Much Unveiled" articles, and the subsequent correspondence, is now in your hands. The surprising part of it all is the exceeding flatness with which the attack has fallen. Not a single great London daily that I know of—with the exception of the *Daily Chronicle*—has taken the slightest notice of the so-called *exposé*; and we all go

calmly on with our work and propaganda. Indeed, Mr. Sydney Coryn, who does a good deal of lecturing among London working men's clubs, said to me the other day that, with one solitary and unimportant exception, he had had no reference made to the affair in the discussions following his lectures; that his audiences had been exceptionally good, and the questions put to him particularly earnest and intelligent; others, I fancy, can say the same. I think we cannot doubt but that the Theosophical ship will weather this storm, much as she has weathered many another, in past years.

At a recent meeting of the Blavatsky Lodge it was decided to abandon the quarterly conversaciones: to have a class for the study of the "Secret Doctrine" on alternate Saturdays, to be conducted by James M. Pryse: and to establish a lending library for Members and Associates of the Lodge. The library starts at once with about seventy volumes, the charge being only one penny per week. Miss Cooper retired from the Secretaryship, and Mrs. Sharpe was elected in her place.

Sweden, as usual, sends a full and good report of work done during the past month. A valuable and unique book has just been presented to the library at Stockholm, by Mr. K. Drougge. This book contains "a perfect collection of newspaper-cuttings, articles and reports from thirty-two Scandinavian papers about Mrs. Besant's visit to the first Scandinavian Convention." It is elegantly bound, and dedicated to the Scandinavian T. S. Quite a "Besant Memorial"! To give you some sort of idea of the way in which the work advances over there, I may mention that the Arion Lodge, Malnö, has—in the one year during which it has existed—reached a membership of no less than forty-eight.

The Brighton Lodge will miss our brother J. C. Staples, who has just left for New Zealand, having offered himself for T. S. work in that part of the world. He had started a "Secret Doctrine" class and was doing much good, active work. However, New Zealand will be the gainer by the Brighton Lodge's loss; though others will doubtless be found to take up the work he had begun.

The Countess Wachtmeister attended a meeting of the Paris Lodge T. S. early this month, on her way to Switzerland, and there met Señor Jose Xifre, of Madrid. She writes that the subscribers to *Le Lotus Bleu* have increased considerably, so M. Bailly tells her; and that he is meditating fresh activities, principally in the shape of tours on propaganda work in the principal southern towns.

The North of England Federation held its sixth meeting this month at York, Mr. Mead being present, and taking the chair. The attendance was very good, and included representatives from eight Lodges and three Centres. All reported steady work during the past three months, both in study and propaganda.

A plan for a correspondence circle in the south-west corner of England, which was some time ago suggested by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, has begun to take shape and form, and some twenty members in that part of the world have started the circle to carry out Mrs. Oakley's idea; one similar to that which has proved so successful in Essex. In this way the formation of a South-Western—or Southern—Federation may be made more possible in the near future.

Mrs. Besant will, I hope, be with you when this reaches you, and so you will hear at first hand of her Australasian tour. From accounts which have reached us in the Australian and New Zealand papers, that tour seems to have been almost one long triumphant progress: everywhere winning mind and heart alike, by her unrivalled eloquence, and whole-souled devotion to the cause of suffering and oppressed Humanity.

* * * * *

I have just been looking over Professor Henry Drummond's new book, "The Ascent of Man." Professor Drummond, always an extremely liberal thinker, comes—in his present work—so extraordinarily near to the teaching of the "Secret Doctrine," that it is difficult to believe he has not actually studied it. In Chap. III. on "The Arrest of the Body," speaking of the man as animal being everywhere in danger of losing ground, he says:—

"Man has expanded until the world is his body. The former body, the hundred and fifty pounds or so of organised tissue he carries about with him, is little more than a mark of identity. It is not *he* who is there, he cannot be there, or anywhere, for he is everywhere. The material part of him is reduced to a symbol."

Here Professor Drummond seems to have grasped the idea of man as a *Unity*, confined to no special organism, but, as mind, permeating the whole world. His next chapter, "The Dawn of Mind" is specially interesting to us, for we find that he no more identifies mind with the body, than, as he says himself, he would identify electricity with the metal rods with which it is linked. "Intellect," he says, "is linked with animal matter, but is not therefore animal. As we rise in the scale of Nature we encounter new orders of phenomena, matter, life, mind, each higher than that before it, each totally and for ever different, yet each using that beneath it as a pedestal for its further progress." As to the actual origin of mind, Professor Drummond agrees with Darwin—whose words he quotes—on this subject. Darwin, in "The Origin of Species," distinctly declares "I have nothing to do with the origin of the mental powers, any more than I have with that of life itself;" and with this view Professor Drummond fully agrees; adding, that the more this problem has been investigated, the more the difficulties of the whole field increase; for no serious thinker "has succeeded in lessening to his own mind the infinite distance between the mind of man and everything else in Nature." As he says, on this point the consensus of scientific opinion is extraordinary, and may be summed up in Huxley's confession:—"I know nothing, and never hope to know anything, of the steps by which the passage from molecular movement to states of consciousness is effected."

Professor Drummond is indeed a true evolutionist, for in his chapter on "The Evolution of Language" he gives a very clear pronouncement of his views as to the immediate direction which man's evolution (which he fully believes to be by no means completed) must take. I will give you the passage, which is a very fine one, as nearly in full as space will allow:—

"As there was a stage in the ascent of man at which the body was laid aside as a finished product, and made to give way to mind, there may be a stage in the evolution of mind when its material achievements—its body—shall be laid aside and give place to a higher form of mind. Telepathy has already become a word, not a word for thought-reading or muscle-reading, but a scientific word.....By men of science, adepts in mental analysis, aware of all sources of error, armed against fraud, this subject is now being made the theme of exhaustive observation. It is too soon to

pronounce. Practically we are in the dark. But there are those in this fascinating and mysterious region who tell us that the possibilities of a more intimate fellowship of man with man, and soul with soul, are not to be looked upon as settled by our present views of matter or of mind. However little we know of it, however remote we are from it, whether it even be realised or not, telepathy is theoretically the next stage in the evolution of language. As we have seen, the introduction of speech into the world was delayed, not because the possibilities of it were not in Nature, but because the instrument was not quite ready. Then the instrument came, and Man spoke.....What now delays its absolute victory of space is not that space cannot be bridged, but that it is not ready. May it not be that that which delays the power to transport and drive one's thought as thought to whatever spot one wills, is not the fact that the possibility is withheld by Nature, but that the hour is not quite come—that the instrument is not yet fully ripe?.....The movement is in the direction of what one can only call spirituality.....If evolution reveals anything, if science itself proves anything, it is that man is a spiritual being, and that the direction of his long career is towards an ever larger, richer, and more exalted life. On the final problem of man's being the voice of science is supposed to be dumb. But this gradual perfecting of instruments, and, as each arrives, the further revelation of what lies behind in Nature, this gradual refining of the mind, this increasing triumph over matter, this deeper knowledge, this efflorescence of the soul, are facts which even science must reckon with."

I could add much more, but should probably end by wanting to quote nearly half the book, so I will desist; and turn to the notice of a couple of articles by Dr. Hendsoldt in the August and October numbers of the *Arena*. I have already mentioned the first of the series, which he calls "Occult Science in Thibet," and these two complete it. The third and last article is exceedingly interesting, for Dr. Hendsoldt describes therein two [bogus? Ed.] interviews which he says he had with the Dalai Lama (at Lhasa), and who proved to be "a totally different being from what I had imagined him to be." In effect, the Dalai Lama—"a boy perhaps eight years of age; certainly not over nine"—told Dr. Hendsoldt "all that ever he did;" and astonished him not a little. "He displayed an amount of wisdom which I have never seen equalled in the most famous Oriental or Western thinkers. He had a profound knowledge of Western Science and was so thoroughly at home in every department of research that he astonished me beyond expression by his detailed knowledge of mineralogy, botany, microscopy, &c." And indeed it is, &c. : &c. : &c. : Finally, Dr. Hendsoldt promises us further details, at some future time, of "my notes and observations during eighteen months of travel" in Thibet. These ought certainly to prove curious and extensive.

The series has drawn forth a reply, published in the current number of the *Arena*, called "The Brotherhood of India," and written by some person who calls himself, "A Student of Occultism," and who states that he has devoted more than twenty years to that study. He controverts much that Dr. Hendsoldt states was taught him in India and Thibet; but finishes up by declaring that—

"The Brotherhood of India is a *bonâ fide* and definite organization. It has back of it a long history of concerted effort in behalf of humanity, fraught with both failure and success. It has a most active and intense present existence whose potent influence on behalf of the universal progress of mankind is felt in every quarter of the civilized world."

I may add that "A Student of Occultism" declares himself to be "a regularly admitted member of that mystic order....."

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

“Thoughts, like the pollen of flowers, leave one brain and fasten to another.”

Fruits of the Parliament of Religions. Dr. John Henry Barrows, the soul and organizing mind of the Chicago Parliament of Religions, has already begun to reap the harvest of his good work. Not only has he seen it influencing thousands of the most enlightened publicists throughout the world, and tending to beget a sweet spirit of religious tolerance, but the endowment of a course of lectures on “The Relation of Christianity and the other Religions,” with a fund of \$ 20,000 has been made by a Mrs. Haskell, with the proviso that this Lectureship shall bear the name of Dr. Barrows. That gentleman writes me that “it is proposed to send to India leading scholars of Europe and America and a lecture to be given there biennially. I hope to give the first course myself in 1895 or '96.” He will be most welcome, for enlightened Asiatics are always ready to listen to representatives of Christianity who approach them with courtesy and never allow their polemics to be degraded by a tone of insolent disrespect. If the Protestant Missionaries hitherto sent out to India had had the good breeding and noble kindness of Dr. Barrows, their tale of converts might have approximated to that of St. Francis Xavier.

* * *

Sinhalese Dress and Name Reform. The movement for a reform in the matter of the names adopted by the Buddhist Sinhalese, under the Portuguese and Dutch rules, including the farcical purchase of the nobiliary prefix of “Don,” which I began on first visiting the Island, was taken up with enthusiasm by H. Dharmapala (the first, I think, to set the example by dropping his “Don David” and adopting his present Aryan cognomen). Many Sinhalese followed suit, reform was advocated in our local Vernacular organ, the *Sandaresa*, and a large public meeting was held in Colombo on the 8th December, at which an influential committee was formed to enquire into the practicability of dropping their Christian aliases of Perera, Silva, Jansz, Dias, Almeida, Fernando, Caberal, Abrew, etc. etc : names of the proudest nobles and warriors of Portugal, Knights of Malta and the Temple, Crusaders and Conquistadores! Can anything more comical be imagined? The other day I visited the famous Church of St. John, in Malta, and read these very names on the monumental slabs which perpetuate the glorious achievements of the Knights whose dust they cover. And then I was forced to recall the villages upon villages of brown, half-naked Sinhalese, whose entire male population came up to my subscription-tables, and gave in their names—these high-sounding foreign Christian names—as subscribers of their few pence towards the Buddhist National Fund I was raising. The reformation of the Sinhalese dress is as necessary as that of their names. A national

costume does not exist. The ordinary male villager wears one cloth, confined by a waistbelt, sometimes supplemented with a white cotton short jacket and a pair of leather sandals. The English-educated man adds to his father's cloth and belt a European shirt, cloth coat, bowler, and shoes and socks : a medley of a most inartistic and inconvenient character. The dress of the Sinhalese women comprises the national cloth and the short house-jacket of the Dutch vrouw, but cut low in the neck and, alas ! for old women, too short below. The contrast between this tasteless costume and that of the Kandyan ladies of good family is painful ; the latter being artistic and tasteful because purely Hindu. May good fortune attend the reform movement. If Sinhalese are not ashamed of their nationality, why should they not wear the dress of their forefathers ?

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The last Analysis of the Miracle. Theology being driven to its last ditch by the progress of victorious science, the miracle is now being metamorphosed into a fact of occult science. And that is its last resting place. Dr. Dallinger gives his views on miracles and prayer in the November number of *The Young Man*. Regarding the former, the Doctor says he sees no reason why they may not be considered simply the result of the employment of the laws of Nature in a manner in which they were not known to operate by the experience of men. True, man has to discover laws in order to obey them. But it is quite conceivable that laws, unknown to the many, might be discovered and employed by a human life, intellectually nobler and spiritually higher than man's own. Thus, what we call a miracle would ensue, accomplished, however, by supreme obedience to Nature's laws, although to us entirely unknown. Just so !

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Bai Rukhmabai home again. That talented and high-minded young Hindu lady, Bai Rukhmabai, daughter of the late Dr. Atmaram Sagun, of Bombay, will have returned to Bombay with Miss F. H. Müller, F. T. S., before this number of the *Theosophist* reaches its readers. Her career has been completely successful and earned for her general esteem. It recalls and rivals that of the lamented Anandabai Joshi, F. T. S., who, poor thing ! died shortly after her return to India after gaining her M. D. degree in America. Rukhmabai has taken the Belgian full degree of M. D., after graduating at a Scotch Medical College most creditably. She was one of the first Hindu girls to call on H. P. B. in Girgaum, and her father and I were good friends. If I am not mistaken, she owes her medical education and personal support throughout her terms principally to the noble generosity of Mrs. Müller and her daughters, at whose homes in England she has been treated like a relative rather than a mere acquaintance. Undoubtedly she has a great future before her.

A correspondent, signing himself "An English *A Theist on Theist*," writes to the *Indian Messenger*, an organ of *Mrs. Besant*. the Brahmo Samaj, about Mrs. Besant as follows :—

"As to the rightness or wrongness of her interpretation of Hindu scriptures, I know absolutely nothing. I confess candidly that I know very little about Theosophy or Esoteric Hinduism or Buddhism or any other occultism—and, moreover, that I don't much want to know more. And yet there is no woman publicly known in this country of whom I think so highly as of Mrs. Besant. But it is the Mrs. Besant of the Secularist press and platform. No one who has read her best writing, or who, above all, has heard her masterly eloquence on the platform, can have failed to be touched by her devotion to Truth, or by her fiery, and yet always womanly enthusiasm for whatever is pure and noble and good. It seems to me that she has always been truly religious, even when avowedly 'atheistic' (there is not so much contradiction between the terms as one would imagine. May there not be religion in the heart even while there is 'atheism' in the head?) Mrs. Besant's autobiography is a deeply interesting book, full of fine humanity; as a narrative of a soul's progress it is most fascinating."

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Permission I don't know when I have been more amused at
asked to Rein- anything in the line of state-religionism than in the
carnate! following paragraph, from an editorial article in the
(Calcutta) *Statesman* :—

"As the Buddha of the day, it rests with the Emperor to recognise the transmigration of the soul of a Lama into the body of his successor; and one of the severest punishments he can inflict on an offending Lama is to forbid the transmigration. A Lama lately died while under such a ban, and a petition was promptly despatched to Peking pleading for the liberation of his spirit from the embargo thus placed upon it, whereupon the Emperor was moved with pity and a decree went forth to the effect that: 'We decree that, as is besought of us, search may be made to discover the child in whose body the soul of the deceased Hut'ukht'u has been re-born, and that (being found) he be allowed to resume the government of his proper Lamasery.' So difficult is it for any one accustomed to modern Western modes of thought to enter into the state of mind implied in a belief in the possession of such powers by any human being, that one is strongly tempted to regard the ascription of them to the Emperor as no more than a figurative way of expressing his authority to regulate the succession to a Lamasery. But this would probably be an erroneous conclusion; and, after all, the Chinese are very far from being the only people in the world among whom prevail customs implying the belief that the acts of the living are capable of influencing the fate of the souls of the dead. When we reflect on the exalted status which the Emperor thus occupies in the estimation of the people, we can no longer be surprised at the punctiliousness of those responsible for the maintenance of his dignity in exacting the most profound reverence from all who approach him, or regard as other than natural and proper the resentment aroused by any attempt to withhold from him the outward tokens of honour which immemorial custom has prescribed."

A more complete ignorance of the fundamental teaching of Buddhism, both as regards the laws of Karma and Re-incarnation, and of the power of Buddha or any other third party to compel or prevent the re-entry of the Individuality into corporeal activity, is impossible. Fancy the Queen pretending to say when and how Dr. Darwin or Lord Beaconsfield should be reborn!

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Some clever, and not too scrupulous, literary man *A new Baron Münchhausen* is contributing to the *Arena*, magazine, under the seeming *nom de plume* of "Dr. Hensoldt," a series of articles on the Adepts of Srinagar and Tibet and Indian occult science in general. He writes so well and tells his tales so speciously as to have deceived nearly the whole press. His latest, and most audacious feat, is a description of his personal audience with the Dalai Lama; apparently suggested by Thomas Manning's account of his Embassy to L'hassa in 1811-12 (*vide* Markham's *Narratives of the Mission of George Bogle and the Journey of Thomas Manning.* London, Trübner and Co., 1876, p. 287). For example:

HENSOLDT (1894).

"A youth indeed, I found him—a boy perhaps eight years of age, certainly not over nine—but instead of a face of idiotic meaninglessness and indifference, I encountered a look which at once filled me with astonishment and awe. It was a face of great symmetry and beauty, a face never to be forgotten on account of its singular melancholy expression, which contrasted strangely with the child-like features; but what startled me most were the eyes."

MARKHAM (1811).

"The Lama's beautiful and interesting face and manner engrossed almost all my attention. He was at that time about seven years old: had the simple and unaffected manners of a well-educated princely child. His face was, I thought, poetically and affectingly beautiful."

The preservative action upon flesh, of the dry climate of L'hassa, is known, but justice has never been done to it if it can keep a boy at the age of seven or eight years from 1811 to 1893-94! But, unfortunately, the reigning Dalai Lama is twenty-two years of age. Has Münchhausen been reborn?

* *

A re-incarnated sage? The soul of some old Brahmin seems to have been re-born at Moradabad in a boy of seven, who talks Yoga philosophy, discusses abstruse religious questions, is in manners and appearance a man of dignity of character and ripe mental training. Untaught, he reads the Ramayana and translates it with a fluency and accuracy to put Pandits to shame, gives an esoteric explanation of the teachings of Tulsidas, and astounds all visitors by his command of philosophy and metaphysics;

while the fervour of his appeals to them to know themselves "touch the very core of the heart." His name is Bishunji, and by caste, it appears, he is a non-Brahmin.

A similar boy-prodigy is being exhibited at Berlin. His face "looks old" ; when a baby he began to read all that he saw, and while being dragged about in his baby-carriage he used to read the shop signs aloud. The well-known history of Zerah Colburn, the arithmetician, will be recalled in this connection. When a very little child, playing among the shavings on the floor of his father's carpenter-shop, he would go on repeating sums in multiplication to himself and, this extraordinary congenital faculty becoming thus recognized, he was exhibited in various countries as an infant phenomenon. The only phenomenon in such questions is that an adult soul has taken a fresh body and brought over its previously acquired knowledge.

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Modern spiritualism having more lives than the *Type-writing* "harmless, necessary cat," has survived the multitudinous exposures of the past forty years. Its vitality is due to the fact that, after discounting all possible theories and proofs of fraudulent mediumship, it has a vast array of facts not to be gainsaid or explained away. In this respect our own record of psychical wonders resembles it ; and but for the applicability of the same rule to the records of Sorcery, Magic and Thaumaturgy in general in the history of the past, the so-called "superstitious bias" of mankind would have been rooted out long ago by the teachings of physical science. One of the most striking among recent proofs of the mediumistic faculty is afforded in the report of certain seances held at the private residence of Colonel Kase, a gentleman of good position in Philadelphia, at which one of the chief witnesses was Mr. Yost, the inventor of the Yost type-writer. The *New York Herald's* reporter accompanies his narrative in that paper for October 14th last past, with a portrait of the medium, one Dr. Henry Rogers, a ground-plan of the seance room, and a picture of the room with its occupants in the places they occupied throughout the experiment. The type-writer was placed on a stand behind curtains ; the medium sat outside at a short distance from it ; the spectators were placed in a horse-shoe order about 7 feet off ; Colonel Kase played the piano within a long arm-reach of the medium, and the room was dimly lighted by two shaded lamps. Under these conditions, long messages purporting to be from "Darwin," were printed automatically by the type-writer. The *Herald* reporter minutely describes all the details and was satisfied that there was no trickery whatever. His fair-minded readers must share that opinion. He saw in the gloomy corner what seemed electrical sparks leaping from the keys, at the

1895.]

rate of one spark for each four or five letters written. All present saw, when the curtain was drawn aside, the machinery working by itself and the medium not nearer to it than four feet. Such phenomena as these are most conclusive of the reality of the agency of a psychic force at genuine mediumistic seances. As for the message written and its pretended authorship, the former was platitude, the latter apparently a deception. And that is the weak point in Spiritualism. So many of these mediumistic communications are of a character which makes it hard to accept them as valid evidence of our intercourse with the great departed.

Hope—a bright, well-edited Calcutta journal—says *A Vedic revival.* that there are many signs that a real revival of public interest in Sanskrit learning has begun in Northern India. Endeavours are being made to establish a Vedic College at Lucknow, and a deputation is travelling over the country with a view to subscriptions. Thereupon, the Editor of *Hope* makes these sensible remarks :—

“The establishment of this College can only be a question of time for, there is a widespread feeling all over the country that it has become urgently necessary to revive the ancient literature and religion of the Hindus. Hence we hope that those that can spare anything will not fail to invest it in an undertaking from which their children and their children’s children will reap immense benefit. In Europe there are pious men who gladly deny themselves the luxury of sugar with their tea in order to pay the savings thus effected in aid of Church funds. Time was when, even in India, those on whom fortune smiled considered it the one great object of their life to establish religious institutions in which their deities were worshipped and the poor sumptuously fed. But alas ! how the time has changed. There are Rajahs, Maharajahs and Chiefs, but how many of them consider it as the one great object of their life to establish temples and to make ample provision for feeding the poor ? There are *pujahs* and *pujahs* in the country, but have they not become the occasions for mirth and festivity, with the serious, solemn and religious part of the work completely divested of their importance ? Now-a-days *pujahs* have become occasions for advertising oneself. What with the *nautches*, the theatricals and sumptuous dinners, even the Anglo-Indian papers are often obliged to publish the names of “kind and obliging hosts. Indeed, there are very few who care to think that the *pujah* of *pujahs* is the feeding of the poor.”

* * *

The fascination of Crime. One of the most impressive of recent examples of the tendency of crime to multiply itself through mental suggestion, is given in a tragical incident which occurred at Toledo, Ohio, in the United States, the other day, the story of which is going the rounds of the world’s press. A lad of fifteen had recently been reading the story of the White-chapel murders, and was constantly discussing their gruesome details. Going into the woods near the town he met two children—a

boy of nine and a girl of six—playing together with a skipping-rope. He took the rope from them and tied their arms together, and then, with a large knife which he had with him, cut their throats, nearly severing their heads from their bodies, after which he proceeded to mutilate them in the manner described in the story. The affair has caused a great deal of excitement in the town and neighbourhood, and feeling rose to such a pitch that it was at first feared the lad would be lynched.

Three classes of minds will apply three very different theories to the case. The materialists of the Salpêtrière clinic will ascribe it to mere abnormal brain action, the boy's moral sense and mind being naturally weak and easily influenced by his imagination. The suggestionists of the Liebault and Bunheim School will affirm that the mere suggestion of the fascinating horrors of the London murders would be powerful enough to take possession of the young murderer's brain and moral sense, sweeping away their healthy normal opposition, as a stream in flood would a weak dam. The third party are the believers in Eastern psychology, who, knowing that man is ever surrounded by occult potencies, some of them fierce and brutal and only to be kept aloof by constant cultivation of the higher nature, will explain such tragedies as the provocation of the lower elementals and the earth bound elementaries.

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An account is given in the October number of *The A new Calcutta Secress. Light of the East*, of a Hindu orthodox lady, of a highly devotional nature, who has recently developed the clairvoyant faculty. The crises are preceded by tremblings of her body, violent palpitations of the heart, and finally a swoon. In this cataleptic condition, her inner sight opens and she sees the past, present and future, and reads the secrets of life. A practical example is described. A valuable ring dropped from the hand of a sleeper and disappeared. No one was suspected and the conclusion was reached that it must have been lost outside the house. The lady, however, fell into one of her trances while at her household work, and startled all by calling out to a servant to restore the ring which she had stolen; for the honesty of the accused had never been impugned. The latter at once went to the bedroom of the sleeper on the pretext of making further search. During her absence the secess said that the thief had thrown the ring on the floor beneath the bed of the loser, and on going to the place, the family found it in the exact spot described.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST.

JANUARY 1895.

EXECUTIVE NOTICES.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

ADYAR, 1st *January* 1895.

The undersigned hereby notifies the formation of the Australasian Section T. S., with the forms prescribed in the Society's Rules. Copies of the official documents are hereunto attached. John C. Staples, Esq., is recognized as General Secretary of the Section. He will be expected to file at these Head-quarters as soon as practicable a certified copy of the Rules and By-laws for ratification, and a list of the names of the Executive Committee chosen by the Section for the ensuing year.

H. S. OLCOTT, P. T. S.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

To the President-Founder of the T. S.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

In continuance of my letter of October 25, 1894, I have to report:

That, acting under your delegated authority in the Australasian Colonies, dated April 27, 1894 and officially published in the *Theosophist* of May, I received the written votes of the undermentioned chartered Lodges of the T. S. for the forming of an Australasian Section of the T. S., and for the acceptance for one year of the services of Mr. J. C. Staples as General Secretary of such Section. That as your representative I acted on these votes and communicated with Mr. Staples, under Art. III, Clause 7, and formed the Section. The applying Branches are: Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Rockhampton, Bundaberg (in Australia), Auckland, Christchurch, Wellington, Dunedin (in New Zealand)—nine in all. There remain two other Branches, one in Brisbane, which, not having its Charter, could not vote; and one in Hobart, Tasmania, which, owing to an unexpected change in my route, lost, without fault of its own, the opportunity of formally recording its vote.

ADYAR, MADRAS,
January 1, 1895.

Fraternally yours,
ANNIE BESANT,
President's Special Commissioner
for Australasia.

Following is the text of the Executive Notice appointing Mrs. Besant:—

“ADYAR, 27th *April* 1895.

“The undersigned avails of Mrs. Annie Besant's forthcoming visit to the Australasian Colonies, to invest her with the functions of President's Commissioner, with authority to represent him in all current Society business

during her tour, and act for him and in his name in disposing of the same, as perfectly as though it were his individual act. Mrs. Besant is empowered to organise a Section or Sections; to authorise the formation of Branches; to admit persons to fellowship; to regulate disagreements and disputes within the Society; to remit at her discretion in cases of great poverty the whole or any part of any fee or other pecuniary contribution chargeable as a condition of membership; and, generally, to exercise the same powers as are constitutionally enjoyed by the undersigned in his Presidential capacity.

“Mrs. Besant will, of course, make or cause to be made to the undersigned a full report of her official actions under the above special commission and according to the Revised Rules of the Society.”

H. S. OLCOTT, P. T. S.

Article III, Clause 7, says:—

“A territorial section may be formed by the President of the Society, who shall prescribe the limits of its jurisdiction, upon the application of not less than seven Branches within that territory.”