

Higgins received and entertained them most cordially. The visitors went round the whole institution, visiting each class, and hearing the children read and talking to them. They seemed delighted with all they saw. Later on after afternoon tea, Lord and Lady Meath joined the Sangamitta girls in their games, and taught them new English ones, which the children were eager to learn. The visitors then dined with Mrs. Higgins and her girls and the party broke up for the day. Mrs. Higgins, Mr. de Abrew, Mr. Khan and Dr. English accompanied Mrs. Cooper-Oakley to her steamer to see her off that night. The visitors made very encouraging remarks in the "Visitors' Book" of the Institution, and Lord and Lady Meath made a contribution to the "Sangamitta Building Fund" before they left the institution.

Before this reaches you, most of you may have heard about that "ill-fated" steamer, the *Niemen*, which was wrecked off the coast of Ceylon on her last trip from Calcutta. She had on board our General Secretary, Bertram Keightley. He and his fellow-passengers were brought to Colombo from the scene of the wreck by the S. S. *Lady Havelock*. The General Secretary has lost all his belongings, including the most valuable of them, his manuscript notes of his studies in India, and some letters from H. P. B., which he prized most dearly. He remained in Colombo nearly a week, and sailed by the S. S. *Melbourne* on the 6th instant to Europe. During his stay here, he visited the Sangamitta Girls' School, addressed a meeting of Theosophists and the general public. Held T. S. Meetings and gave some very valuable instruction to the workers. Although "ship-wrecked," weary and exhausted, the General Secretary busied himself with T. S. work in Colombo. Much of his time, however, was taken in attending the "Inquiry" held by the Receiver of Wrecks and Agent of the *Messageries Maritimes*.

We have had some other visitors at the Sangamitta Girls' School. They were passengers from Australia going to Europe. We were very gratified to hear from them that Theosophy was making headway in the Australian Colonies.

Apropos of the wreck of the *Niemen*, may I be permitted to say that the steamer had on board the printed copies of Mrs. Higgins's Annual Report of the Sangamitta Girls' School. They have also been lost in the wreck. If secured in the salvage operations, all papers, &c., will be sent to the Head Office of the *Messageries Maritimes* at Marseilles.

A couple of days ago, the School Inspector of the Public Instruction Department, paid an official visit to the Sangamitta Girls' School, with Mr. Buultjens, our School Manager. They seemed to be quite satisfied with the work of the Institution and complimented Mrs. Higgins.

All that can be done is being done here to raise the "Sangamitta Building Fund." Mrs. Higgins will gratefully receive any contributions in aid of this Fund, which is very much needed for the immediate possession of our own grounds. The present house is quite full, and it cannot accommodate many more who are seeking admissions. Will some generous Theosophist come forward to help Mrs. Higgins out of this difficulty. Our General Secretary, Mr. Bertram Keightley, who has personally seen the situation of the building and our needs, will, I hope, be able to explain to friends in Europe the immediate necessity for securing a house and ground for the Sangamitta Girls' School.

SINHALA PUTRA.

ओं

THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XIV. NO. 7. APRIL, 1893.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.*

CHAPTER XIII.

OF the writing of "Isis Unveiled," let us see what reminiscences memory can bring out of the dark-room where her imperishable negatives are kept.

If any book could ever have been said to make an epoch, this one could. Its effects have been as important in one way as those of Darwin's first great work have been in another: both were tidal waves in modern thought, and each tended to sweep away theological crudities and replace the belief in miracle with the belief in natural law. And yet nothing could have been more commonplace and unostentatious than the beginning of "Isis." One day in the Summer of 1875, H.P.B. showed me some sheets of manuscript which she had written, and said: "I wrote this last night 'by order', but what the dence it is to be I don't know. Perhaps it is for a newspaper article, perhaps for a book, perhaps for nothing: anyhow, I did as I was ordered." And she put it away in a drawer, and nothing more was said about it for some time. But in the month of September—if my memory serves—she went to Syracuse (N. Y.), on a visit to her new friends, Professor and Mrs. Corson, of Cornell University, and the work went on. She wrote me that it was to be a book on the history and philosophy of the Eastern Schools and their relations

* I shall be under great obligations to any friend who wishes well to this historical sketch, if he (or she) will give or lend me for reference any interesting documents, or any letters written them during the years 1875, 6, 7 and 8, by either H. P. B. or myself, about phenomena, the occult laws which produce them, or events in the history of the T. S., or any newspapers or cuttings from the same relating to the same subjects. Loans of this kind will be carefully returned, and I shall be glad to refund, if desired, any expense for postage incurred by the senders. Reminiscences of occult things shown by H. P. B., if described to me by the eye-witnesses, will be specially valued. I may not live to get out a second Edition of my book, and wish to make the first as interesting and trustworthy as possible. One ought not, at the age of sixty, to trust too much to one's own memory, although mine seems not to fail me as yet. Friendly Editors will oblige very much by giving currency to this request.

H. S. O.

with those of our own times. She said she was writing about things she had never studied and making quotations from books she had never read in all her life: that, to test her accuracy, Prof. Corson had compared her quotations with classical works in the University Library, and had found her to be right. Upon her return to town, she was not very industrious in this affair, but wrote only spasmodically, and the same may be said as to the epoch of her Philadelphia residence, but a month or two after the formation of the Theosophical Society, she and I took two suites of rooms at 433 West 34th St., she on the first and I on the second floor, and thenceforward the writing of "Isis" went on without break or interruption until its completion in the year 1877. In her whole life she had not done a tithe of such literary labour, yet I never knew even a managing daily journalist who could be compared with her for dogged endurance or tireless working capacity. From morning till night she would be at her desk, and it was seldom that either of us got to bed before 2 o'clock A. M. During the day time I had my professional duties to attend to, but always, after an early dinner, we would settle down together to our big writing-table and work, as if for dear life, until bodily fatigue would compel us to stop. What an experience! The education of an ordinary life-time of reading and thinking was, for me, crowded and compressed into this period of less than two years. I did not merely serve her as an amanuensis or a proof-reader, but she made me a collaborator; she caused me to utilize—it almost seemed—everything I had ever read or thought, and stimulated my brain to think out new problems that she put me in respect to occultism and metaphysics, which my education had not led me up to, and which I only came to grasp as my intuition developed under this forcing process. She worked on no fixed plan, but ideas came streaming through her mind like a perennial spring which is ever overflowing its brim. Now she would be writing upon Brahma, anon upon Babinet's electrical "meteor-cat"; one moment she would be reverentially quoting from Porphyrios, the next from a daily newspaper or some modern pamphlet that I had just brought home; she would be adoring the perfections of the ideal Adept, but diverge for an instant to thwack Professor Tyndall or some other pet aversion of hers, with her critical cudgel. Higgledy-piggledy it came, in a ceaseless rivulet, each paragraph complete in itself and capable of being excised without harm to its predecessor or successor. Even as it stands now, and after all its numerous re-castings, an examination of the wondrous book will show this to be the case.

If she had no plan, despite all her knowledge, does not that go to prove that the work was not of her own conception; that she was but the channel through which this tide of fresh, vital essence was being poured into the stagnant pool of modern spiritual thought? As a part of my educational training she would ask me to write something about some special subject, perhaps suggesting the salient points that should be brought in, perhaps just leaving me to do the best I could with my own intuitions. When I had finished, if it did not suit her, she would usually resort to

strong language, and call me some of the pet names that are apt to provoke the homicidal impulse; but if I prepared to tear up my unlucky composition, she would snatch it from me and lay it by for subsequent use elsewhere, after a bit of trimming, and I would try again. Her own manuscript was often a sight to behold; cut and patched, re-cut and re-pasted, until if one held a page of it to the light, it would be seen to consist of, perhaps, six, or eight, or ten slips cut from other pages, pasted together, and the text joined by interlined words or sentences. She became so dexterous in this work that she used often to humorously vaunt her skill to friends who might be present. Our books of reference sometimes suffered in the process, for her pasting was frequently done on their open pages, and volumes are not wanting in the Adyar Headquarters' and London libraries which bear the marks to this day.

From the date of her first appearance in the *Daily Graphic*, in 1874, throughout her American career, she was besieged by visitors—about whom more in due season—and if among them there chanced to be any who had some special knowledge of any particular thing cognate to her field of work, she invariably drew him out, and, if possible, got him to write down his views or reminiscences for insertion in her book. Among examples of this sort are Mr. O'Sullivan's account of a magical séance in Paris, Mr. Rawson's interesting sketch of the secret initiations of the Lebanon Druses, Dr. Alexander Wilder's numerous notes and text paragraphs in the Introduction and throughout both volumes, and others which add so much to the value and interest of the work. I have known a Jewish Rabbi pass hours and whole days and evenings in her company, discussing the Kabballa, and have heard him say to her that, although he had studied the secret science of his religion for thirty years, she had taught him things he had not even dreamed of, and thrown a clear light upon passages which not even his best teachers had understood. Whence did she get this knowledge? That she had it, was unmistakable: whence did she get it? Not from her governesses in Russia; not from any source known to her family or most intimate friends; not on the steamships or railways she had been haunting in her world-rambles since her fifteenth year; not in any college or university, for she never matriculated at either; not in the huge libraries of the world. To judge from her conversation and habits before she took up this monster literary task, she had not learnt it at all, whether from one source or another; but when she needed it she had it, and in her better moments of inspiration—if the term be admissible—she astonished the most erudite by her learning quite as much as she dazzled all present by her eloquence and delighted them by her wit and humorous raillery.

One might fancy, upon seeing the numerous quotations in "Isis Unveiled" that she had written it in an alcove of the British Museum or of the Astor Library in New York. The fact is, however, that our whole working library scarcely comprised one hundred books of reference. Now and again single volumes would be brought her by Mr. Sothoran, Mr. Marble or other friends and, latterly, she borrowed a few of Mr. Bouton.

Of some books she made great use, for example, King's "Gnostics;" Jennings' "Rosicrucians;" Dunlop's "Sod" and "Spirit History of Man"; Moor's "Hindu Pantheon"; Des Mousseaux's furious attacks on Magic, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., all of which he denounced as of the Devil; Eliphaz Lévi's various works; Jacolliot's twenty-seven volumes; Max Müller's, Huxley's, Tyndall's, Herbert Spencer's works and those of many other authors of greater or less repute: yet not to exceed the hundred, I should say. Then what books *did* she consult, and what library had she access to? Paltry liars have said it was M. de Palm's MSS.; not knowing the truth nor what meaner thing they could invent: but I have shown above what a pitiful falsehood that is. Then, Mr. W. H. Burr asked Dr. Wilder in an open letter to the *Truth-seeker* whether the rumour was true that *he* had written "Isis" for H. P. B.; to which our beloved old friend would truthfully reply that it was a false rumour, and that he had done as much for H. P. B. as I have above stated, had given her much excellent advice, and had, for a consideration, prepared the very copious Index of some fifty pages, from advanced plate-proofs sent him for the purpose. That is all. And equally baseless is the tale that I wrote the book and she touched it up: it was quite the other way about. I corrected every page of her manuscript several times, and every page of the proofs; wrote many paragraphs for her, often merely embodying her ideas that she could not then (mind, this was some fifteen years before her death and anterior to almost her whole career as a writer of English literature) frame to her liking in English; helped her to find out quotations, and did other purely auxiliary work: the book is hers alone, so far as personalities on this plane of manifestation are concerned, and she must take all the praise and the blame that it deserves. She made the epoch with her book, and, in making it, made me—her pupil and auxiliary—as fit as I may be found to be to do the Theosophical work I have been at during these past seventeen years. Then, whence did H. P. B. draw the materials which compose "Isis," and which cannot be traced to accessible literary sources of quotation? *From the Astral Light*, and, by her soul-senses, from her Teachers—the "Brothers," "Adepts," "Sages," "Masters," as they have been variously called. How do I know it? By working two years with her on "Isis" and by many more years on other literary work.

To watch her at work was a rare and never-to-be-forgotten experience. We sat at opposite sides of one big table usually, and I could see her every movement. Her pen would be flying over the page, when she would suddenly stop, look out into space with the vacant eye of the clairvoyant seer, shorten her vision as though to look at something held invisibly in the air before her, and begin copying what she saw on her paper. The quotation finished, her eyes would resume their natural expression, and she would go on writing until again stopped by a similar interruption. I remember well two instances when I, also, was able to see and even handle books from whose astral duplicates she had copied quotations into her Manuscript, and which she was obliged to "materialize" for me, to refer to when reading the proofs, as I refused to pass the pages for the

"strike-off" unless my doubts as to the accuracy of her copy were satisfied. One of these was a French work on Physiology and Psychology, the other, also by a French author, upon some branch of Neurology. The first was in two volumes, bound in half calf, the other in pamphlet wrapper. It was when we were living at 302 West 47th Street—the once-famous "Lamasery", and the executive head-quarters of the Theosophical Society. I said: "I cannot pass this quotation, for I am sure it cannot read as you have it." She said: "O don't bother: it's right; let it pass." I refused, until finally she said: "Well, keep still a minute and I'll try to get it." The far-away look came into her eyes and presently she pointed to a far corner of the room, to a corner *étagère* on which were kept some curios, and in a hollow voice said "There!" and then came to herself again. "There, there; go look for it over there!" I went, and found the two volumes wanted, which, to my knowledge, had not been in the house until that very moment. I compared the text with H.P.B.'s quotation, showed her that I was right in my suspicions as to the error, made the proof correction and then, at her request, returned the two volumes to the place on the *étagère* from which I had taken them. I resumed my seat and work, and when, after awhile, I looked again in that direction, the books had disappeared! After my telling this (absolutely true) story, ignorant sceptics are free to doubt my sanity: I hope it may do them good. The same thing happened in the case of the *apport* of the other book, but this one remained, and is in our possession at the present time.

The 'copy' turned off by H. P. B. presented the most marked resemblances at different times. While the hand-writing bore one peculiar character throughout, so that one familiar with her writing would always be able to detect any given page as H. P. B.'s, yet, when examined carefully, one discovered at least three or four variations of the one style, and each of these persistent for pages together, when it would give place to some other of the caligraphic variants. That is to say, there would not often—never, as I now remember—be more than two of the styles on the same page, and even two only when the style which had been running through the work of, perhaps, a whole evening or half an evening, would suddenly give place to one of the other styles which would, in its turn, run through the rest of an evening, or the next whole evening, or the morning's 'copy'. One of these H. P. B. hand-writings was very small, but plain; one bold and free; another plain, of medium size and very legible; and one scratchy and hard to read, with its queer, foreign-shaped a's and x's and e's. There was also the greatest possible difference in the English of these various styles. Sometimes I would have to make several corrections in each line, while at others, I could pass many pages with scarcely a fault of idiom or spelling to correct. Most perfect of all were the manuscripts which were written for her while she was sleeping. The beginning of the chapter on the civilisation of Ancient Egypt (Vol. I., Chap. xiv) is an illustration. We had stopped work the evening before at about 2 A. M. as usual, both too

tired to stop for our usual smoke and chat before parting: she almost fell asleep in her chair, while I was bidding her good-night, so I hurried off to my apartment. The next morning, when I came down after my breakfast, she showed me a pile of at least thirty or forty pages of beautifully written H. P. B. manuscript which, she said, she had had written for her by—well, a Master, whose name, thank Heaven! has never yet been degraded like some others. It was perfect in every respect, and went to the printers without revision. Now it was a curious fact that each change in the H. P. B. manuscript would be preceded, either by her leaving the room for a moment or two, or by her going off into the trance or abstracted state, when her lifeless eyes would be looking beyond me into space, as it were, and returning to the normal waking state almost immediately. And there would also be a distinct change of personality, or rather personal peculiarities in gait, vocal expression, vivacity of manner, and, above all, in temper. The reader of her “Caves and Jungles of Hindustan” remembers how the whirling pythoness would rush out from time to time and return under the control, as alleged, of a different goddess? It was just like that—bar the sorcery and the vertiginous dancing—with H. P. B.: she would leave the room one person and anon return to it another. Not another as to visible change of physical body, but another as to tricks of motion, speech, and manners; with different mental brightness, different views of things, different command of English orthography, idiom and grammar, and different—very, very different command over her temper; which, at its sunniest, was almost angelic, at its worst, almost devilish. Sometimes my most stupid incapacity to frame in writing the ideas she wished me to put, would be passed over with benevolent patience, at others, for, perhaps, the slightest of errors, she would seem ready to explode with rage and annihilate me on the spot! These accesses of violence were, no doubt, at times, explicable by her state of health, and hence quite normal; but this theory would not, in the least, suffice to account for some of her tantrums. Sinnett admirably describes her in a private letter as a mystic combination of a goddess and a Tartar, and in noticing her behaviour in these different moods, says*: “She certainly had none of the superficial attributes one might have expected in a spiritual teacher; and how she could, at the same time, be philosopher enough to have given up the world for the sake of spiritual advancement, and yet be capable of going into frenzies of passion about trivial annoyances, was a profound mystery to us for a long while, etc.” Her ever-beloved aunt, Mme. N. A. F., who loved her, and whom she loved passionately to her dying day, wrote Mr. Sinnett that her strange excitability of temperament, still one of her most marked characteristics, was already manifest in her earliest youth. Even then she was liable to ungovernable fits of passion, and showed a deep-rooted disposition to rebel against every kind of authority or control.....“The slightest contradiction brought on an outburst of passion, often a fit of convulsions.” She has

* “Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky,” p. 224.

herself described in a family letter (Op. cit. p. 205) her psychical experience while writing her book:—

“When I wrote ‘Isis’ I wrote it so easily, that it was certainly no labour, but a real pleasure. Why should I be praised for it? Whenever I am *told* to write, I sit down and obey, and then I can write easily upon almost anything—metaphysics, psychology, philosophy, ancient religions, zoology, natural sciences, or what not. I never put myself the question: ‘Can I write on this subject?’... or ‘am I equal to the task?’ But I simply sit down and *write*. Why? Because *somebody who knows all* dictates to me. My *Master*, and occasionally others whom I knew on my travels years ago. Please do not imagine I have lost my senses. I have hinted to you before now about them... and I tell you candidly, that whenever I write upon a subject I know little or nothing of, I address myself to *them*, and one of them inspires me, *i. e.*, he allows me to simply copy what I write from manuscripts, and even printed matter that pass before my eyes, in the air, during which process I have never been *unconscious* one single instant.”

She once wrote her noble sister Vera about the same subject—the manner of her writing:—

“You may disbelieve me, but I tell you that in saying this I speak but the truth; I am solely occupied, not with writing ‘Isis,’ but with Isis herself. I live in a kind of permanent enchantment, a life of visions and sights with open eyes, and no trance whatever to deceive my senses! I sit and watch the fair goddess constantly. And as she displays before me the secret meaning of her long lost *secrets*, and the veil becoming with every hour thinner and more transparent, gradually falls off before my eyes, I hold my breath and can hardly trust to my senses!..... For several years, in order not to forget what I have learned elsewhere, I have been made to have permanently before my eyes all that I need to see. Thus, night and day, the images of the past are ever marshalled before my inner eye. Slowly, and gliding silently like images in an enchanted panorama, centuries after centuries appear before me..... and I am made to connect these epochs with certain historical events, and I *know* there can be no mistake. Races and nations, countries and cities, emerge during some former century, then fade out and disappear during some other one, the precise date of which I am then told by..... Hoary antiquity gives room to historical periods; myths are explained by real events and personages who have really existed; and every important, and often unimportant event, every revolution, a new leaf turned in the book of life of nations—with its incipient course and subsequent natural results—remains photographed in my mind as though impressed in indelible colours..... When I think and watch my thoughts, they appear to me as though they were like those little bits of wood of various shapes and colours, in the game known as the *casse-tête*: I pick them up one by one, and try to make them fit each other, first taking one, then putting it aside until I find its match, and finally there always comes out in the end something geometrically correct..... I *certainly refuse point-blank to attribute it to my own knowledge or memory*, for I could never arrive alone at either such premises or conclusions... I tell you seriously *I am helped*. And he who helps me is my GURU.” (Op. cit. 207).

She tells her aunt that during her Master’s absence on some other occupation,—

"He awakens in me, his substitute in knowledge...At such times it is no more I who write, but my inner Ego, my 'luminous-self,' who thinks and writes for me. Only see...you who know me. When was I ever so learned as to write such things? Whence was all this knowledge?"

Taken literally, as it reads, this explanation is hardly satisfactory; for, if the disjointed thought-bits of her psychical *casse-tête* always fitted together so as to make her puzzle-map strictly geometrical, then her literary work should be free from errors, and her materials run together into an orderly scheme of logical and literary sequence. Needless to say, the opposite is the case; and that, even as "Isis Unveiled" came off the press of Trow, after Bouton had spent above \$ 600 for the corrections and alterations that she had made in galley, page and electroplate proofs,* it was, and to this day is, without a definite literary plan. Volume I professes to be confined to questions of Science, Volume II to those of Religion, yet there are many portions in each volume that belong in the other; and Miss Kislingbury, who sketched out the Table of Contents of Vol. II on the evening when I was sketching out that of Vol. I, can testify to the difficulty we had in tracing the features of a plan for each of our respective Volumes.

Then, again, when the publisher peremptorily refused to put any more capital into the venture, we had prepared almost enough additional MS. to make a third volume, and this was ruthlessly destroyed before we left America; H. P. B. not dreaming that she should ever want to utilize it in India, and the *Theosophist*, "Secret Doctrine" and her other subsequent literary productions, not being even thought of. How often she and I mingled our regrets that all that valuable material had been so thoughtlessly wasted!

We had 'pegged away' at the book for several months and had turned out 870-odd pages of manuscript when, one evening, she put me the question whether, to oblige.....(our 'Paramaguru'), I would consent to begin all over again! I well remember the shock it gave me to think that all those weeks of hard labor, of psychical thunder-storms and head-splitting archæological conundrums, were to count—as I, in my blind-puppy ignorance, imagined—for nothing. However, as my love and reverence and gratitude to this Master, and all the Masters, for giving me the privilege of sharing in their work was without limits, I consented and at it we went again. Well for me, was it, that I did; for, having proved my steadfastness of purpose and my loyalty to H. P. B., I got ample spiritual reward. Principles were explained to me, multifarious illustrations given in the way of psychical phenomena,

* He writes me, May 17th, 1877, "the alterations have already cost \$ 280-80, and at that rate, by the time the book appears it will be handicapped with such fearful expense that each copy of the first 1000 will cost a great deal more than we shall get for it, a very discouraging state of affairs to begin with. The cost of composition of the first volume alone (with stereotyping) amounts to \$ 1,359-69, and this for one volume alone, mind you, without paper, press work or binding! Yours truly, J. W. Bouton." Not only did she make endless corrections in the types, but even after the plates were cast, she had them cut to transpose the old matter and insert new things that occurred to her or that she had come across in her reading.

I was helped to make experiments for myself, was made to know and to profit by acquaintance with various Adepts, and, generally, to fit myself—so far as my ingrained stubbornness and practical worldly self-sufficiency would permit—for the then unsuspected future of public work that has since become a matter of history. People have often thought it very strange, in fact incomprehensible that, of all those who have helped in this Theosophical movement, often at the heaviest self-sacrifice, I should have been the only one so favoured with personal experiences of and with the Mahátmas that the fact of their existence is a matter of as actual knowledge as the existence of my own relatives or intimate friends. I cannot account for it myself. I know what I know, but not why many of my colleagues do not know as much. As it stands, many people have told me that they pin their faith in the Mahátmas upon my unchanging and unimpeached personal testimony, which supplements the statements of H. P. B. Probably I was so blessed because I had to launch the ship "Theosophy" with H. P. B. for H. P. B.'s Masters, and to steer it through many maelstroms and cyclones, when nothing short of actual knowledge of the sound basis of our movement would have enabled me to stick to my post so long as two planks of the composite ship should cling together. That it was a proof of the workings of Karma, is to me undeniable; and I have always believed that, after I am dead and gone, other witnesses will come forward to testify to these things. For instance, Damodar may, by that time, be fit to come back from Tibet and resume the Indian work; or some competent teacher may make his appearance and give us the fresh nourishment we need, instead of *rechariff's* of the cold-baked meats left by H. P. B. on her table. We shall get what we deserve, never fear.

Let us next attempt to analyze the mental state of H. P. B. while writing her book, and see if any known hypothesis will give us the clue to those marked differences in personality, hand-writing and mentality above mentioned. The task is one of so delicate and complicated a nature that I doubt if such a psychical problem, save Shakespeare's, has ever been presented before; and I think that, after reading what I have to say, my fellow-students in Theosophy and Occult Science will concur in this opinion. I have elsewhere publicly declared that even the close intimacy of all those years of collaboration did not enable me to say that I really know who H. P. B. was, nor what was the exact measure of her powers. But I can say very confidently that nobody in the Society knew her so well, as she was between the years 1874 and 1885, both as a public character and a private individual. I am quite sure her family will endorse this statement if asked.

H. S. OLCOTT.

(To be Continued.)

*THE HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY: THE ESOTERIC KEY
OF EAST AND WEST.*

PART II.—THE FIRST HERMETIC PRINCIPLE.

AT the very commencement of the Smaragdine Table, stands a maxim which may well be regarded as the root of the whole Hermetic System. Various translated by different writers, and sometimes adorned with certain florid verbiage foreign to the original simplicity and directness of the Hermetic writings, the meaning may be thus set down, probably, without controversy "That which is below is as that which is above. As in the Macrocosm, so in the Microcosm." This great maxim, we may take to be one of the Esoteric keys of East and West, inasmuch as it seems to be as fully recognized as representing a clear and certain principle in the philosophy of the Himalayas, of China, and of Thibet; as it is in the Schools which trace their origin from Ancient Egypt. The interpretation, however, as we shall see, presents some differences showing how the two main lines of Occult Philosophy must have diverged at a very early period.

In seeking to compare two great systems, a common symbol is of very great value, and such symbol we find in the sacred Lotus, the Holy Flower of the Nile. There is no doubt that the Lotus originally, and primarily, symbolized the Sun. Thus, in a text at Denderah we find "The Sun, which was from the beginning, rises like a hawk from the midst of its lotus bud. When the doors of its leaves open in sapphire-coloured brilliancy, it has divided the night from the day" (Brugsch. Religion und Mythologie der alten Egypten). It would be superfluous to quote the numberless other texts to the same effect, which may be found in the pages of Brugsch, of Emmanuel de Rougè, of Pierret, Mariette, and Maspero. Even the most cursory examination of the hieroglyphics, even a novice's reading of the Book of the Dead is sufficient to establish this, and indeed the very nature of the flower makes it a most appropriate symbol. Rooted in the mud of the Nile, and stretching up its long slender stem to meet and greet the great luminary it expands on the surface, the child of water and of fire into a disk which represents the Sun disk reflected in the waters of the Holy River, which are the reflections of the Celestial Ocean,—the visible sky, as this again is the reflection of the waters of creation.

In India we find the same symbolism, for the lotus is the emblem of all the Brahmanic Gods, and all these are connected with the Sun, every one has the lotus pedestal, though this is best known through the statues of Buddha. But the Egyptian symbology goes further—the Sun's rays, striking on the moist mud of the Holy River, impart life and vital energy, the lotus flower dies, but the soil wherein it grew, re-vitalized, sends up another flower, a fresh manifestation of life, drawn forth by the action of spirit upon matter, of the solar warmth on the moist earth, therefore the lotus stood to the old Egyptians for a symbol of the resurrection. As above so below

The Sun died in the West in the evening, the Sun was re-born upon the earth in the morning, the lotus flower his symbol died, and the Sun, the god of the lotus, raised another lotus flower from the warm mud. So then must man, after dying like the setting Sun or the fading lotus flower, be raised again.

This we know was the Egyptian belief, and in the "Book of the Dead" we find it very fully exemplified, and hence the Egyptians from the very earliest ages exercised the greatest care in the preservation of their dead.

Nor was this all for the symbol thus typifying the Solar renewal of vitality, both of the Sun in the heavens and the soul of man, must needs also typify the renewal of physical life on the earth, and hence it became also a phallic symbol, typical of physical generation. This sense also was known in India, where the use of the lotus emblem in the Lingam-Yoni worship has been exhaustively treated in such books as Moor's Hindu Pantheon, Inman's Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism, and Birdwood's Industrial Arts of India.

The absence of anything in the East analogous to the Ritual of the dead is significant, and the different modes of disposal of the dead serves to throw a strong light on this difference. The body, which, in Egypt was preserved with the most scrupulous care and rendered indestructible by spices and ointments, in the East was cremated, committed to the sacred Ganges, or, as among the Parsees, to the birds of the air. Matter was evil, the descent of the soul into matter was a curse to be got rid of as soon as possible, the body a prison house, and reincarnation a misery. Matter therefore was something which it was the soul's mission to get rid of with all convenient speed. The meaning of this doctrine is too fully expounded in the Buddhist Scriptures, and in Theosophical works to need any elucidation here. For the ancient Egyptian, however, so far as we can gauge his mental attitude, the Sun to which he looked as a revelation of the supreme, entered, by his rays and his heat into matter, purging and purifying it. Matter was only evil, because of separateness and darkness, original matter was one with spirit and both perfectly good. The Sun purging and purifying brought the lotus flower from the Nile mud, thus transmuting the dark and separate into his own image. This, then, was the function of the soul of man, the emanating spark of the Divine, to transmute and purify the matter with which it was linked, *i. e.*, his body. Hence the body was not an evil thing to be destroyed as soon as done with, like a plague-infected garment, the like whereof we trust never to don again, but to be religiously preserved, emblem in any case of a belief that the soul, having done something to purge and purify will, at the same time, again set about the process, starting with a body so much the better as she has succeeded, and not only this, but a standing memorial of the amount of success achieved, as a loving parent may keep a child's first copy book.

Such to the Egyptian were the Sun's gifts and functions, shown clearly by the worship rendered by Khuen-arten at Tel-el-amarna to the Solar disk, and by the hieroglyphics showing each ray terminating in a human hand, pouring down blessing on the earth.

As certain doubts have been cast upon the antiquity of the "Book of the Dead" as a Hermetic work, and even on its authenticity, it may be useful here to mention that throughout the work we find repeated mention of "The Book" and "The Book of Sheth," and in the vignette to Chapter 94 is a representation of the deceased offering to Sheth the very Hermetic book alluded to; a careful study of the recently-discovered "Papyrus of Ani," written about the commencement of the 19th dynasty circa 1,400 B. C., and now issued in fac-simile by the Trustees of the British Museum, will give a very fair idea of the Hermetic ideas of that date, which may profitably be compared with the Qabalah and the other authorities mentioned in the first paper of this series.

Far older than this, however, is this venerable Scripture, for one of its chapters (the 64th) was found written on a plate of metal, inscribed in blue, (the colour of the sky, be it observed) in the reign of Men-kau-ra (or Mycerinus) circa B. C. 3733—3566, and on the coffins of Queen Ment-hapt and King Se-ba-kaa of the 11th dynasty.

In a continuous stream from that time to the Christian era, we can trace this great Scripture varying in deed, growing corrupt, almost indecipherable at last, but still recognizably the same. Though in the 17th dynasty (B. C. 2466), no less than ten different versions of the same doctrines are to be found, yet their common origin is apparent, and the Lotus and Sun symbology is everywhere predominant.

A favourite theory of the writers on comparative religions and the growth of religion has always been that the ultimate origin of all religion was to be found in natural myths, and was in fact merely a highly poetic method of stating certain facts about the weather. An enormous amount of learning has been expended on this theory, identifying the great gods of every Pantheon with the powers of Nature—the sun, the rain, the wind the drifting cloud and the like, and tracing in their recorded histories the story of a thunderstorm, or of the dawn of day, and the sun drying up the dew-drops or similar phenomena. All this theory the Hermetic Philosophy rejects. Nevertheless, the mass of learning alluded to is of great value in helping the Hermetist to understand correspondences. "As above, so below," and it was precisely because certain sequences of events took place, and, indeed, are for ever taking place among those intelligences who, under the command of, and as emanations from, the Divine, created the Kosmos, that the same sequences must follow, according to the great Hermetic law in the starry spaces, in the mundane weather phenomena, and other earthly events; also in the life and the body of man, and in everything which exists from the highest to the lowest, from the arch-angel to the atom. The Hermetist, therefore, expects to find the mythology of every great religion exemplified in the weather-phenomena and

in the processes of life and death and generation; were this not so, the great Hermetic law would be falsified and the whole philosophy would be wrong; but the Hermetist can no more ascribe the origin of religions to weather-myths or phallic symbols than he can ascribe the birth of the Sun to the duck-pond that reflects his rays.

As the lotus was the flower of the Sun, Osiris was the God of the Sun, as Typhon was of darkness, shadow and storm, the god of the eclipse. In the old Egyptian hieroglyphics, we have Osiris symbolized by a throne and an eye, having the hieroglyphic form of "os" and "iri" (Osiri) also the Hebrew word is a permutation of the words signifying seed and the boat, as well as the sun, and all forming the same enumeration of the famous 666 about which much nonsense has been written. Osiris was worshipped in the earliest times in Egypt, and we find his name on the hieroglyphics of the 4th dynasty (B. C. 3733—3566). But during the occupation of the Hyksos, Typhon reigned instead, but after their expulsion he was driven out, and his name obliterated from the monuments. Osiris raised to life again, became the guide of the dead, their judge, and the mediator between God and man. Even so the sun, emblem in the sky of Osiris, passes at the autumnal equinox to decreased power, cold and darkness, returning at the vernal equinox to enlighten and re-vitalize the world; even so again in the evening he passes out of sight to be re-born to the earth in the morning, and his flower, the lotus, closes in the evening, to open her white bud again to greet him in the morning. So is the alternation of sleeping and waking in man, so is the alternation of his very heart-beats. In every phenomena of the visible world, we may exclaim with the ancient Egyptian "Osiris has been slain by the great dragon Apop," and again "Osiris has risen again to life—Osiris has been raised from the dead." Whether we take it to be the conquest of good over evil, of light over darkness, of life over death, on any plane, spiritual, mental, psychic or physical, the same great mythos gives the key and exemplifies the maxim, "As above, so below."

The Hermetic Philosophy must also reject as being, not indeed an untrue, but a partial and incomplete explanation, the theory of those who would affirm that the mythical stories were merely symbolic and could have no physical reality "As above so below." Whatever is a spiritual truth must have a physical and visible presentment. And this means not that Osiris and Isis and Set and Typhon ever had human or quasi-human forms, for the very way in which their story is told, shows that what was intended was the presentment of the one great Kosmic mythos in its astral presentment, when it originated and caused earthy and material reflections of it; but that the story must, at some time or other, some definite point of space and time, have a visible and physical presentment wherein all the sequences of the mythos are correctly manifested.

The dual nature of the astral potency known as Osiris—the potency whose reflection was the physical sun—seems to have been a puzzle to

strangers. When Zenophanes, the Greek philosopher, visited Egypt (B. C. 566—524), he heard the mournful wail of the Maneros, or Gony of Seve

“ Oh, hapless Isis ! Osiris is no more.”

sung through the streets, and enquired “ How is this ? if he be a man, why should you worship him ? if a God, you need not talk of his sufferings.” Yet, herein, the old Hermetist saw clearly the synthesis, the reconciler of the spiritual and the physical, of God and man.

In a hymn to Osiris of the 18th dynasty (B. C. 1700—1400), is written “ His praise is sung as he walks the heavens, and overthrows the impure on earth. He judges the world according to his will. His name becomes hallowed, his inimitable laws are respected, evil flies away, and there is peace and plenty upon earth. Justice is then established and iniquity purged away.”

M. Maspero finds the great Osirian myths in all its details as early as the First Dynasty (B. C. 4400—4133). The clearest accounts of it are given by M. Lafébure in “ Les Yeux d' Horus et Osiris.”

At present, immemorial as is the civilisation and the philosophy of India, nothing like the antiquity of the Osirian myth can be proved to the satisfaction of scholars. We get unluckily into a realm of wild statement unsupported by tangible evidence, and met generally by blank incredulity. In Egypt, however, the chronology, though far from perfect, is in a far more satisfactory state, and its variations are within fairly well ascertained limits.

There is, however, a point which should not be passed over though it has been hardly ever noticed by Egyptologists, and that is the connection of the lotus flower with the well-known volute of Ionic architecture, the spiral curve of the stem, giving the spiral symbol, often occurs on the heiroglyphics, and in these forms there is a tendency in the flower to become degenerate and fall into a mere conventional representation of its three sepals. The same form precisely appears in ancient Greek art, the volute growing more marked and becoming doubled, the flower smaller and more conventional, till the true Ionic capital is evolved. An important piece of evidence is this, showing the connection of ancient Egypt with Greece and with Asia Minor, and throwing fresh light on the theories of Flinders Petrie deriving Egyptian civilisation originally from Europe of the date of the great lions of Myernæ. In this connection also, the curious may find some light in the history of the Swastica as given by Dr. Sikliemann in “ Troas.” Meantime we may note an important piece of symbolism in the spiral or voluted stem of the lotus, common both to the East and West, for the whole course of the soul's progress is said to be on a spiral, and the paths of the planets are spirals, so also the stem through which the lotus flower draws its nourishment coiled in a spiral volute denotes the spiral course of the vital stream, and of the first manifested life. This spiral course is indicated in Eastern occultism also.

So far as we have gone then, the greatest difference between the two schools is that whose material expression is manifested in the disposal of the dead, the religious care shown in the preservation of the body by the Egyptians, the equally religious care to destroy the body by the Orientals ; and it is quite reasonable to suppose that these indicate the natural instincts of souls at different states of development. It is unnecessary even to speculate which is the higher or more advanced ; even to-day we see that the average Eastern, and the Western to whom oriental ideas and modes of thought come naturally, looks forward to cremation as the most proper, and in every way, desirable mode of disposing of his body after death ; while the average Western, without special training of his instincts, regards cremation with something akin to horror. It is reasonable to suppose that some reality lies behind this well nigh universal feeling, and that what may after death be a most welcome relief to one, would to another be the most awful torment. Such indeed is an occult teaching to which, however, I must not do more than allude. The most ancient Egyptians believed in the resurrection of the body—and their belief is indicated in the primitive Mastabas, origin and precursor of the pyramid—but we are not therefore to assume that either they or the succeeding Hermetists believed that the very molecules which compose the body at death will again be used to clothe the same spirit in a similarly fashioned body. A grain of common-sense solves the question. Let us suppose a Master or a Seer should say to a man to-day—“ In seven years you will be in India, or in Thibet” the man queries “ In my dreams—is the astral—or in my body?” and the Seer answers “ In your body.” Would any sane man object “ But in seven years there will not be one molecule of my body remaining.” He knows and every one knows that notwithstanding this he will, in seven years' time have a body, which will clothe his spirit (assuming he is still alive) that it will be properly called *his* body—and identified as the same which he now inhabits. In this sense the old Hermetic Philosophy believed in the resurrection of the body.

J. M. BRODIE-INNES.

(To be Continued.)

REINCARNATION IN EARNEST.

I DESIRE to place before the readers of the *Theosophist* the following facts which occurred in a respectable family, well known to myself. For obvious reasons I abstain from mentioning anything further than the main facts of the case, for discussion, as any light thrown on the singular occurrence would prove both interesting and instructive to the majority of readers.

I begin by introducing Mr. B.—as a gentleman of position and undoubted veracity, well educated and, above all, a free-thinker. He has been living with his wife and children for the last three years in a neat bungalow in —, with a little garden in the compound, and a well to

one side. Mrs. B., a lady of 38, of good physique, first showed some signs of hysteria in 1881, affected evidently by coming in frequent contact with a lady-friend, who was for a long time a sufferer from the disease, but who was subsequently cured under proper medical treatment. Afterwards Mrs. B. had occasional slight convulsive attacks which lasted only a few minutes, and no further trouble was noticeable.

Time rolled on, and in August 1890, Mrs. B. gave birth to a son, who, when six months old, had an attack of convulsions, the first of its kind. The fits, however, recurred, and in course of time became frequent, but yielded readily to medical treatment.

A relative of Mr. B., who visited the family during one of these attacks, spoke in very high terms of Dr. J., who had obtained degrees in the Medical Colleges of Europe and had made nervous complaints his special study; whereupon Mr. B. was induced to place the child under his treatment. On the morning of 15th of June 1891, this doctor was sent for, and after careful examination, prescribed the medicine, and said that the child might get fever the next day, of which no notice need be taken. Sure enough, the fever appeared the following day, and the temperature went up so high that the Doctor looked anxious and alarmed, and ordered another mixture for the fever, with instructions to finish the whole during the day, which instructions were carried out faithfully. But the fever continued unabated.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 17th, the little one was found to be pulseless and gasping for breath; the Doctor was immediately sent for, who came and said that the child would collapse; and expressed at the same time his surprise that, notwithstanding the repeated administration of the certain drug he prescribed, the temperature would not fall. He said that nothing further could be done in the case and left. The family doctor was now ushered in, who expressed his opinion that the boy was over-dosed, and that the drug had done its worst, which it was now too late to mend. The poor little thing breathed his last at 10 A. M. on the 17th of June 1891 precisely, and the funeral procession marched out at 4 P. M. This sad occurrence rendered the entire household gloomy, but the blow was exceptionally severe for the mother.

Two days after, that is to say, on the 19th, Miss B., a girl of 13, saw her deceased brother in a dream, exhorting her to tell her mother not to take to heart the loss she had sustained, for he (the deceased) would re-appear before her positively one year later. In the morning the girl communicated to her eldest sister what she had seen, and the latter in her turn narrated the dream to her father. Mr. B., hearing this, was so struck, that he, partly out of love for the child, and partly out of curiosity, noted down the date and hour with other particulars of this remarkable dream, for reference in the event of its being ever realised. The subject was, however, kept secret from Mrs. B. up to the last.

A couple of months after,—in August 1891—Mrs. B. was down with fever, and was exceedingly restless till midnight. As the clock struck

twelve, a scream escaped her lips and she fell backward on the bed—her eyes rolled wildly and shot flashes of fire, as it were—while convulsive movements marked the coming fit. The fever reached its height, and in this condition, tossing about for a couple of minutes, she passed into a trance. Soon after she grew calm, and, opening her eyes gently, began talking as if in discourse with some one. The following dialogue then ensued in her natural voice, but in style and tone sufficiently loud and distinct to render the whole intelligible.

Who are you? (in excitement).

I am a spirit of the well (in subdued tone).

You are a female spirit—are you not?

Yes—I am.

Why do you annoy and harrass me like that?

Why have you left the place uncleaned, and ceased to embellish it (the embankment of the well in the compound, and the adjacent ground) with chalk? * Why don't you burn the incense as usual and present offerings on new-moon days?

Because I lost my child and am in mourning, I have stopped the chalk. Restore to me my child. Bring it now.

You will get it, but not now. Not now.

Why not? Bring it now. Immediately! (excitedly).

Why do you pass by the side of the well, during the period you are unwell? You should not do so. You must keep the spot clean and put on the chalk as usual. You must, on the new-moon day, cover the well with a net-work of flowers, burn incense and light the place with a *batti* (light).

Here she stopped and fell again into a swoon as before; the unconscious state lasted for a couple of minutes, and she recovered; opened her eyes gently again, looked composed but exhausted, and passed the rest of the night undisturbed. In the morning, improvement set in, the fever gradually abated and, under medical treatment, she was restored to health in a couple of days more.

Mr. B. felt much impressed by what he saw and heard. The symptoms were those of a delirium, but the startling exhortations of the alleged female spirit, in connection with his domestic and private matters, were based on facts which he could not ignore; and, in order to prevent any further trouble, he ordered forthwith the resumption of the usual practice of keeping the spot clean, &c., (which was really neglected all this time, owing to the sad event in the house).

When tranquillity was thus restored, the subject was gently broached to Mrs. B., to ascertain if she felt or remembered any event of that remarkable night, but she seemed to know nothing except that she felt

* The practice amongst natives of decorating the threshold of a door, or the entrance to a house, with ornamental figures drawn with quick-lime and colored powders by means of the fingers or perforated tin moulds filled with such powders.

a sense of oppression in the chest. She, however, added that, at times when such a fit came on, she saw the form of a woman, good-looking, of Hindu denomination, and clad in a crimson "sari," with an ear-ring in the lobe of one ear, and that she invariably appeared in the very same dress. After this event, private inquiries were made if any one else saw or met with any similar phenomena, when one of the servants, who was sleeping on a verandah in the direction of the well, said that shortly before the above occurrence, he felt one night some one leap on his breast, who threatened suffocation if the well in question was not kept clean, and that the figure, so far as the gloom of the place permitted, appeared to be that of a female. A similar declaration was made by another servant, who added that taking it to be a dream they refrained from saying anything on the subject.

In October 1891, Mrs. B. was again with child, and all the foregoing incidents faded away from the memory of all concerned in course of time. Time was up, but no sign yet of the new comer. Mr. B. was out on an excursion, whence he returned home on the morning of the 16th of June 1892, and was greeted by his wife as usual. Mrs. B. had not the slightest idea of the progress she had made, but at two in the afternoon, the labour pains began, and precisely at 4 in the afternoon she gave birth to a boy, the very image of his late brother.

Note.—Two considerations suggest themselves in the above case :— (a) the persistence displayed by the child monad towards re-birth in the same family at the stated period, and (b) the determination on the part of the mother to recover her offspring. There are, however, other points by the way which need elucidation. Let us examine the first point. The boy, evidently influenced by the peculiarity of the mother, was subject to nervous excitement, but the cause of his premature departure might possibly be due to injudicious treatment, as might be inferred from the doctor's own declaration. The medical gentleman, no doubt, was anxious to do his best to control the fever by desperate means, but the child failed to stand the action of the drug. Cut off from the world, as it were before its time, through accident, and possessing sufficient energy, both vital and karmic, the monad must have awaited its time in the *Bhuvan-loka*, whence it was *en rapport* with its younger sister on the mental plane.

As regards Mrs. B., I am inclined to think, that she was subject to nervous derangement from debilitating causes, which need not be here discussed, nevertheless her indisposition must be taken to be something more serious than a mere hysterical fit or a fever-delirium, though it simulated both. During the occurrence under notice, she suffered bodily as well as mentally. The physical body became entranced, or rather paralysed, for the time being, and the consciousness, freed of the physical coil, passed into the astral plane. Here, probably, she was attracted by impressions of her lost boy and, reading in the astral light the tendency of the child monad, she talked of its restoration. In explanation of her soliloquy in connection with the alleged spirit from the

well, I can only say that the phenomenon might be regarded as the effect of thought images impinged on the brain. Any particular idea, impressed on the mind during the waking state, is apt to revive under conditions favourable to its development, and the creative faculty of the mind is not slow to clothe such an idea with form, which could be perceived as a vision. But the remarkable part of the story is the punctuality with which the young actor re-appeared on the stage of existence—exactly 365 days and six hours (1892 being the leap year) after the time of his exit from life. He re-entered the premises at 4 in the afternoon, the very hour when his last remains were conveyed out to their resting place, in the previous year. It may be a coincidence for aught we know, but the singular announcement in the dream gives some color to it, which draws our attention. How such precision in reference to time could be explained, I am unable to say. To the statements of the domestics I attach no importance; they might be unreliable—mere hearsay. Nor do I believe in the spirit of the well asserting herself as such; for nymphs are not likely to appear clad in a crimson "sari" like Hindu women. Flights of fancy are at times truly marvellous.

D. W.

SRI SANKARA'CHA'RYA'S SWA'TMA'NIRU'PANAM.

OR

(THE DESCRIPTION OF ONE'S OWN A'TMA').

[I am indebted to my revered and gifted father, Nellore Pappu Ramaswamiah Garu, Pensioned Magistrate Moonshi, Clarke Narasia's House, Siddicutta, Bangalore, for the instruction which enables me to make translations of *Sri Sankaracharya's* works. B. P. N.]

1. I prostrate myself before the *Guru's* feet, which have destroyed the *Dwaita*—the doctrine of *Duality*—the insurmountable barrier for the *Mumukshus*—the seekers of salvation, and whose dust—the dust of which feet—destroys the devil-like *Agnāna*—ignorance.

2. I prostrate myself before the kind and doubt-dispelling *Guru's* feet, which enable one to realize by experience the meaning of the word *Tat-Brahm*.

3. The *Guru* began by sublime sentences to teach the *Sishya*—disciple—who is scalded by the wild-fire of *Sansāra*—earth-bound life, and who is also furnished with all the means (of escape).

4. (*A'tmā*) is self-existing. Does anybody doubt this fact? (*None*.) Even if a doubt were to arise anent this fact, then that doubting thing is yourself. (For, the doubting faculty is the *Vignāna-Svarūpa Brahm*.)

5. He who knows that "I am not" is the eternal *Brahm*. He who knows the non-existence—*Nāsti*—or absence, is also *Brahm*. He who knows that "I am *Brahm*" is by himself *Brahm*. This *Brahm* knows himself.

6. To say that "thou art *Brahm*, and, therefore, I am not *Brahm*" is a mere delusion. This ignorance is the cause of difference. And all kinds of miseries are the fountain of this difference.

7. But he who analyses and enquires into the nature of the *five koshas*—sheaths—will not be bothered by the *five* kinds of miseries. Therefore the wise man should ever enquire into the nature of the *five koshas*.

8. Of the *five koshas*—*Annamaya*, *Pránamaya*, *Manómaya*, *Vignánamaya* and *A'nandamaya*—he who skilfully merges every *kosha*, in the next preceding one, e. g., *Anandamaya* in *Vignánamaya*, *Vignánamaya* in *Manómaya*, *Manómaya* in *Pránamaya*, and *Pránamaya* in *Annamaya*, will be able to see *A'tmá*.

9. Because the body, *Annamaya kosha*, had no existence before birth, nor would it exist after death; therefore it is not *A'tmá*: but it is as lifeless and powerless as a vessel.

10. Since *Pránamaya kosha* is formed of *Váyu*—breath or air, and since it so closely clings to the body and is subject to hunger and thirst, how can it be *A'tmá*?

11. *Manómaya kosha*, which, with itself, identifies the body, and regards the house, &c., as 'mine,' and which is guided by love and hatred—this *kosha* cannot be *A'tmá*.

12. Nor is *Buddhi*, the reflection of *Chit* known as *Vignána*, *A'tmá*: which *Buddhi* disappears by itself in sleep, and pervades the whole body in the waking condition.

13. *Ahankára* which desires to enjoy the happiness experienced in sleep—how can this *Ahankára*, known by the name of *A'nandamaya kosha*, become *A'tmá*?

14. That *A'nanda* which shines through all the bodies (*Sthúla* and *Sukshma*) is *A'tmá* which exists in all beings. This *A'nanda* is the very *Sat* both in the beginning and in the end, is changeless, and is unaffected by the three periods of time—present, past, and future.

15. Nothing is perceived beyond the *five Koshas*—*Annamaya*, &c. Yet there is nothing wrong in saying that there is something which knows these *koshas*. (This something is *A'tmá*.)

16. While he recognises himself in everything, there is nothing else to be known by him.

He who is the very form of *Bodh*—intelligence or consciousness, existing at all times past, present and future—can never be absent.

17. This *A'tmá* knows the whole universe, but he is not known by it. Is the Sun who illumines the whole world, illumined (in turn by anything)?

18. "That", "this", "like that", "like this", "of this measurement" and "of that measurement"—all these are not *Brahm*. *Tat* alone is to be regarded as *Brahm*. Else, he would become subject to sensations and would not be actually seen.

19. While everything known as "this" and "that" is perishing, (*Tat*=*Brahm*) who is "not-this" is unaffected, and, existing at all times, is *tatvam*, and has no non-visibility.

20. Though *Brahm* who is described (by the *Sruti*) as possessing these characteristics—"Truth or Eternity, Wisdom or Knowledge, Infinity, and *Brahm*" (Vide *Taittiriya Upanishad*, *A'nandavalli*, Chapter II, *Anuváka* I, 1) is unknowable, yet he cannot be invisible inasmuch as he is self-shining.

21. When he is veiled by the *five koshas*, he is regarded as *Jiva* and *Iswara*. When the veil is removed, he shines in his true splendour.

22. Is it not very common to say that there is nothing whatever when the whole visible world is destroyed? The *Vedas* say that this nothingness is *Brahm*.

23. Those (that are ignorant of the true nature of the *five koshas*) cannot, by their study of the sublime sentences—such as *Tatvamasi*, &c., know *A'tmá* directly, but only by inference as an invisible thing, though all the while he (*A'tmá*) is shining everywhere in his true and visible form.

24. But he who realises the meanings of the sublime sayings by investigating the true nature of things, with the grace of the *Guru*, in no time, actually see *A'tmá*.

25. By predicating the functions of body *Indriyás*, (i. e., senses and organs), &c., in *A'tmá*, and seeing no difference between the two (i. e., such functions and *A'tmá*), the recognition of agency, &c., in self, is the exoteric meaning of the word *Tram*.

26. That which is a mere witness of body, *Egoism*, *Indriyas*, &c., and which shines being distinct from them all,—that intelligence is the esoteric meaning of the word *Tram*.

27. That force which is inculcated by the expressions of the *Upanishads*, which is the cause of the world, and which possesses the qualities like Omniscience, &c., is the exoteric meaning of the word *Tat*.

28. That force which is free from all conditions, which is outside the pale of the world, which is perfectly pure, non-dual, and eternal, and which is cognisable only by experience, is the esoteric meaning of the word *Tat*.

29. The qualities and the words possessing such qualities—in brief, adjectives, and nouns qualified by those adjectives—are called *Samánádhikarana*. The consistent relation between the meanings of words is called *Lakshya* and *Lakshyakatva*.

30. The application in only one sense of the words, which have several and different (or contrary) meanings, is called *Samánádhikarana* by the *Lákshanikas* (i. e., rhetoricians).

31. "Presence" and "Absence", "Unity" and "Duality"—there can be no contradiction between these terms. (In elucidating the all-

filling unity in diversity) the perception (rather, the assertion) of the absence of such contradiction is to be regarded as *Lakshana* (i.e., a figure of rhetoric).

32. While the true and real meaning cannot be grasped without the aid of comparison with a second thing, the interpretation of a thing without ignoring its real meaning is called *Lakshana*, (i.e., a figure of rhetoric.)

33. The forsaking of all the exoteric meaning, and the acceptance of the other, or implied or esoteric meaning, in conjunction with the external sense, is the figure called *Jahallakshana*, e. g., (there is) a village in the Ganges. Here (i.e., in elucidating the meaning of such sublime expressions as *Tatvam*, &c.,) this figure is not acceptable.

34. The acceptance of the other (or implied or esoteric) meaning without forsaking the external or exoteric sense is the figure called the *Ajahallakshana*, e.g., the redness runs. Here (i.e., in the case of such words as *Asi*, &c.), this figure also is not acceptable.

35. The forsaking of one portion of the exoteric sense and the acceptance of the other is the figure called *Jahadajahallakshana*, e. g., that very person is this Brahman; rather, that *he* is this Brahman. (In explaining the unity of *Brahm*) this figure is acceptable.

36. This expression "*He or that is this Brahman*", shows or establishes the identity between the once-seen and now-seen Brahman on the sole ground of their characteristics as Brahman in spite of the past and present collocations and other necessary conditions (such as name, parentage, age, rank, &c., &c., &c.)

37. Similarly, the expression "*Tatvamasi*", forsaking the absence or the invisibility of the meaning of the word *Tat*, and the presence or the visibility of the meaning of the word *Tvam*, and such other things, and taking *chit* as its standard or criterion, cogently explains the identity (between *Tat* and *Tvam*) by the word *Asi*.

38. The *Vedas* teaching the identity between self and the meaning thus inculcated by this one sublime sentence (i. e., *Tatvamasi*), show the presence (of *Brahm* and the absence of sorrow.)

39. It is already quite patent that the obligatory rules have found the support of the *Vedas* and of the practice of the world. How can such a support be gained by such sublime sentences as *Tatvamasi*, &c.?

40. It is not their obligatory nature that originates such support and practice, but, on the contrary, it is the knowledge of the thing desired (that is the chief source of support and practice). People do things or actions—some with the belief or hope of becoming a king; some with the hope of having a son; and with such other beliefs.

41. Though *A'tmá* is now and again most potently pointed out by the texts of the *Srutis* which aim at unity, yet without the grace of the *Guru*, none can see *A'tmá*.

42. While a man who has given up doing things for certain ends, and who has purified his mind by the prescribed observances, himself attains *Gnánam* (i. e., knowledge), then what is the use of a *Guru*? Thus you should not argue.

43. (For) without the aid of a benevolent *Guru*, the observances alone cannot secure knowledge. This fact is also borne out by the *Sruti* which says that "He who has a *Guru* will know (the truth)."

44. Is the unquestionable authority of the *Vedas* due to their immemorial existence or to their divine origin? Is it because of one's own intelligence or of some other authority that *A'tmá* cannot be perceived (without the aid and authority of the *Vedas*)?

45. That sublime sentence which is an axiomatic truth, and therefore does not require any extraneous authority to prove its truth, and which is sought as an authority by all the *Vedas* and is the standard of the *Vedas* in enabling (the student) to understand and grasp the unseen *Lokas* of *Brahma*, &c.

46. He who desires to know well the knowledge which reveals the standard of measurement is no wiser than one who desires to burn to ashes or destroy a blaze of fire with fuel.

47. The *Vedas* have no origin. They are illumined by God—the self-refulgent *A'tmá*. The learned, having seen the splendour of the *Vedas* and their brilliancy, have declared them as an authority.

48. Just as no means has been observed which serves the same purpose as the eyes in seeing the shape and form of things, so also no means is known, which serves the same purpose as the *Vedas* in revealing the occult truth and super-sensuous world.

49. Some insignificant person has said that the true and exact meaning of the *Vedas* is the *Tantras* (i.e., outward actions). The distinctions of "this" and "that" serve only the ends of discussion, and can never be regarded as real.

50. Of the two parts of the *Vedas* (viz., *Sanhíta*=*Karmakánda*, relating to rites and ceremonies; and *Upanishad* = *Gnánakánda*, relating to the divine or esoteric knowledge; in brief, Secret Doctrine) the former proves the *Dvaita*—Duality; and the latter, the *Advaita*—the Unity.

B. P. NARASIMAH, F. T. S.

(To be Continued.)

INSTRUCTIONS OF A SPIRITUAL MASTER TO HIS PUPIL.

MY boy, as the Sun of each Solar system is an integral part of the Suns which give light to this boundless Brahmanda (Universe), so every spiritual soul is a part and parcel of that supreme soul which is called the Infinite Brahma. When it dwells in the body as a Monarch of the corporeal region, made up of the five Bhuts (elements), it is called the *Jivátmá*, and the all-pervading divine light, which incessantly shines upon it is called the *Paramátmá*. The *Jivátmá* which is confined in

the body, an earthly frame of the five elements, may be justly compared to the Moon, and the Paramâtmâ, which is perfectly free and unconditioned, to the Sun. As the Moon by degrees becomes luminous in parts by receiving the rays of the Sun till it turns into a full moon, so the Jivâtmâ becomes enlightened by the light of the Paramâtmâ till it is completely illumined. On the other hand, as in the dark side of the Moon the rays of the Sun gradually recede from it till at last it becomes quite dark; so when the divine light of the Paramâtmâ gradually ceases to shine upon the Jivâtmâ, until there ensues a total cessation, the Jivâtmâ becomes transformed to pure Jiva, that is, to a simple animal. Here pause and ponder. The Moon has the capacity to attract the light of the Sun; likewise the spiritual soul of man possesses the capacity to receive the pure divine rays of the Lord who is the Light of lights. The Moon though it attracts and receives light from the Sun, yet can never become the Sun itself. In the same manner, the Jivâtmâ, through the light of the Paramâtmâ, can attain its highest state of perfection, and Mukti (freedom); but can never identify itself with Paramâtmâ. This perfection is the goal of all aspirants after Mukti.

D. N. GANGULI.

TRUE WELSH GHOST-STORIES.

No IV.

IT was well known to his friends that the Welsh (Baptist) preacher, Rev. Christmas Evans, received an exceedingly small salary—not more than \$150 per annum—yet his wants were always supplied. He was wont to receive monetary supplies from some source unknown to the people, for which the following story will account. Mrs. Collins, of Cincinnati, O., some thirty years ago related that Mr. Evans was spending a night at her father's house (Deacon Owens) at Aberystwith, Wales, and that during the evening chat the talk,—as usual among old-school Welshmen,—turned on ghosts. Her father ridiculed the incongruities of such phantasmal appearances, assuming the position that they correspond with people's pre-conceived notions of them; and that, if true, there must, in certain cases, be ghosts, not only of persons, but of clothes, tools, and things. Mr. Evans mildly suggested occasionally that he ought to hush. But the Deacon continued that they were all subjective illusions, that he had never seen a ghost, nor anybody else who ever had,—only somebody, who had known somebody else, who had heard of something or other, etc.

"There, give up now; you have said enough of what you know nothing about."

"But," queried Deacon Owens, "have you seen anything of the sort yourself?"

"I have, or I would not bid you hush."

At the sceptic's earnest solicitation (who was really eager to hear such stories, else he would not have had a drop of Welsh blood in his veins), the guest gave full particulars.

A SANCTIMONIOUS SPOOK.

When a young man, he and a younger minister, while on a preaching tour, lost their way on a high mountain moor and wandered aimlessly till night overtook them. Dismounting for fear of getting their horses into a bog, they made their way until, espying a light ahead, they drew near. The place proved to be an ancient palace, once a castle. The owner, inviting them in, added:

"We have a large company of guests here to-night, and every room will be occupied, save an apartment, which is said to be haunted. This you are welcome to, if you care to sleep there. It is well furnished, and I'll send a troop of servants up to light the fire, since none of them will go there alone."

After a sumptuous supper, Evans asked if there were any objection to his reading a chapter of the Bible and a prayer.

"Not at all: we were just through with it when you came, but would be glad to have you go over it again."

Then the young preacher felt at home. Had they adopted a Scotch method of every one present reading an entire chapter in succession it would have been daylight before getting through, and the ghost would have had no show. Mr. Evans and his companion were led to the haunted chamber, not without some misgivings from the latter, who appropriated the side of the bed nearest the wall. Evans fell into a profound slumber, born of a clean conscience and exhaustion from the tramp, but the younger could not sleep from thinking of that ghost. He peeped from under the covering once and a while, the meantime chuckling that Evans was between himself and its probable approach. Near the "witching hour," though a sheet was over his head, he saw there was a light in the room, and upon peering out, beheld an aged lady dressed in antique costume, with a candle in her hand. He chuckled no more.

"Evans—wake up! here she comes; wake up, man!"

A grunt was the only response. The lady moved to the wall near to where the watcher lay, which made him the more frantic in his nudges, till at last the sleeper was aroused.

"Well," said Evans calmly, "in the name of God, who are you and what seek you?"

The lady turned and with a sweet smile said:

"Yea, i' the name of God—that name hath no terror for me."

Then she deliberately unlocked a little door in the wall and drew from a cupboard a bottle and two goblets.

"This, brethren, is pure wine, old and good. M'thinks before proceeding both, belike, had better have a quaff."

"By God's blessing on it," said Evans, "I think I will."

"Without which I would ye not drink."

"This is a new species of ghost," thought Evans, and his partner, after smacking his lips over the best liquor that ever fell into the hands of the clergy, became so interested to know the sequel that, even were he a necromancer, he would not have caused her to disappear. After returning the wine to the cupboard she proceeded to relate that she and her husband had owned the estate and lived in this castle; that they were Puritans, and because of a difference with the community in religious opinion, had to do what Roger Williams and other dissenters were compelled later by the Puritans to do (flee for life from the face of man and take up abode in the haunts of wild beasts); that, being unable to take along all their coin and plate, they had concluded to secrete them in a vault back of that cupboard, expecting to return when independent expression of religious belief could be accompanied with bodily safety—a rare state of affairs in Christian lands all down the centuries.

"Unhallowed persecution ceased not till we, attached so to our new home in the wilderness, craved not the disquiet o' a return hither. Our heirs by descent abide still i' this house, and have not been aweaned from the true pathway their ancestors have trodden. They be now in straits, but behind here", tapping the wall, "is an abundance, forsooth, and to spare. Yea, for many long years sought I to commune with those still encumbered with the flesh, alack, to no avail. Now I entrust you, sir," designating Evans, "to make known to them my wishes, taking what portion ye see fit for yourself; and ne'er more will I trouble this place."

He promised, but declined to take any for himself. She insisted in obsolete English on his giving also that part of the message to the heirs, and inquired in what manner they wished her to withdraw. Spooks seem to have a choice in methods of retiring, the easiest of which, perhaps, is just to cease being present.

"As you came, if you please," responded the faint-hearted next to the wall.

Thereupon she opened the door, bade them a fervid farewell, hoping to meet them soon, pointed upward, and passed out. This religious courtesy was doubtless a "slip of the tongue," through force of habit, for, had the ghost not wholly forgotten incarnated human nature, she should have known that such a wish would not have had a fervent echo in the hearts of even rising young clergymen.

Subsequent scrutiny disclosed the little door and on the shelf a couple of goblets and that much gone from a bottle of wine. A stonemason, who had been called in, soon found the recess behind, containing an immense quantity of ancient coin, plated ware, and jewelry. The overjoyed host pressed a liberal share on Mr. Evans, but he firmly re-

fused. But ever and anon he received five, ten, or twenty pounds from that family, so that he never lacked for the comforts of life.

In striking contrast to the foregoing, is the case of one who sought, unbidden, concealed treasure from its post-mortem owner.

HAUNTED TREASURE.

Mr. Isaac Morgan, an uncle of the writer's, was a private in our late war. At one time, when his regiment was bivouacked, he and several comrades learned from some contrabands that there was a box buried in an adjoining forest, and that nobody had succeeded in digging it up. Hence it had been dubbed by negro credulity "haunted treasure!" Not believing in such "balderdash," the soldiers volunteered, if they were shown the way, to unearth it in spite of all the "witches and hobgoblins of 'coon' folk-lore." But they had difficulty in getting the way shown.

"Kaint git dis heah chicken ober dar, honey. Lot's er pussons tried to get it, but dey couldn't. Suffin goes 'plunk!' den yer doan know whar you be, nohow."

Not anticipating that any bugaboo or fibbertigibbet could mop the place with them, the soldiers at last succeeded in bribing the negroes one night to show them the spot. Sure enough, after digging awhile they came to a small box. Meanwhile the darkies, notwithstanding they had taken along a goddly number of rabbit-feet, retired to a respectful distance. Highly elated, the soldiers procured some fence-rails and began prying away. Their "He ho-ay" ended with a whoop of surprise as a mysterious power flung them backward. A horse could not have overtaken the negroes in their frantic flight, but the soldiers possessed true "grit," and after picking themselves up and counting noses, they went at it again. Their effort, nevertheless, was nipped in the bud, for a large ferocious dog (hypnotized, perhaps, by the *outré tombe miser*) rushed at them and caused a general stampede.

That, we will be told, was a case of "collective hallucination." And here is another one.

A GRINNING GUEST.

Twenty years ago there was an exceptionally rough, "devil-may-care" lot of men comprising a logging camp twenty-five miles north of Black River Falls, Wis., and to the credit of Wales be it said that there were only two or three of her sons in the gang. The loggers bunked together in a big log cabin. Long logs on the outside held down the slabs that constituted the roofing, nails not being used in the construction of their shanty. A camp-fire was kept burning in the centre of the room, and there was a hole in the centre of the roof for the accommodation of the smoke. One night, while engaged in reckless gambling, they saw a stranger standing near, without having heard the door open. He was a well-dressed man, of gentlemanly appearance, a rare sight those days in the pineries. None of the choppers had seen him before, nevertheless, to be sociable, they invited him to take a hand

in the game. The invitation brought no response, nor would he pay attention to any inquiries. This caused some cursing, and a bully started with clenched fists toward the stranger. The guest merely grinned but he was such an accomplished grinner that the raised arm of the pugilist dropped limp at his side, and every logger felt a fluttering about the heart. The original smile had become a hideous, menacing glare. The stranger's face transformed into a fiend's, livid with malice, great fangs growing from his teeth. About this time the loggers, thoughts reverted to religion, and after considerable fumbling around, they produced a Bible and a couple of dilapidated hymn-books. Their new variations of Watts were too much for the one of flexible features, so he rose in the air high above the discords. As his feet disappeared through the smoke hole, all the logs on the roof rolled off with a resounding crash that made the men think the judgment-day had arrived in the night-time. The wood-choppers had the conceit (so prevalent in Christian lands) of supposing that the originator of all evil, the arch-fiend, who contends with such remarkable success against the Infinite Maker of universe and man, had spent so much time with them—in this case endeavouring to scare them into being *good*.

At about the same time an adjoining camp was disturbed by nocturnal visitations. Two choppers shortly before this had been killed by falling trees. Mr. E.—, of North Bend, Wis., testifies that two nights after the death of the second one he was awakened by a noise at the door nearest their co-operative shanty. A slight push would have opened it, instead, the door-knob was rattled for a long time. Soon the horses in an adjoining stable made a terrific racket, as if endeavouring to break loose. This was at midnight, when in the large cabin all the loggers were aroused by the shrieks of one of the men, who, quivering in every fibre, was pointing towards a corner.

"Shoot it, for God's sake shoot it! There it goes—see it?—right inter the fire and back again," he shrieked.

He described a huge, unclean beast, resembling a dog, but with horns, and producing a sensation of horror by its gyrations. The other sleepers, after coming to their senses, were too late to see it, but soon discovered that the sight had turned their comrade into a raving madman.

Other psychic senses than clairvoyance will tell the nature of a spectre. If it has a misty, offensive odour, it is an evil thing:—Always beware of the "smell-bad spook". The voice of a good spirit sounds bell-like or as if wafted from an æolian harp; an astral corpse's voice seems as if echoing from a barrel. The following instance is a case in point.

MONEY OBTAINED UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

My brother wrote me the following:—

"One night last April [1890] a spook came and stood by my bedside. My hair feeling a tendency to elevate itself. Finally I asked what he

wanted. He replied in a hollow voice that seemed to come through a tube from afar:

"My name is William Conners, and I died in this house twenty-seven years ago, when I was twenty-three years old."

"Then he drifted through the wall and went to a corner of an adjoining room to show where he had died. When he returned, I made him skip. The following day I had told Arthur, and he went and asked the landlady if any one had died in the house many years ago. She replied:

"Yes, a young man by the name of William Conners died here nearly thirty years ago. His bed stood in that corner', pointing to the same place the spook had shown."

I have learned that this house (H—street, New York City) has been considered haunted by others since that time. They heard dishes rattled around during the night, and moved out on that account.

"Mamma, there is a man in that room," said one of the children, running to the landlady.

She went in, but although the room had no other exit, no one was there. Then a Catholic priest was called in to sprinkle water around. Little good his "holy water" will do, since he is unable to even see the cause of the mischief. Poor shade, he is wandering still in purgatory, although the priests have been paid for getting him out. This looks like obtaining money under false pretences, although if the faithful are thoroughly satisfied with the spiritual goods delivered no one else ought to complain.

JOHN M. PRYSE, F. T. S.

NEW YORK CITY.

(To be Concluded.)

MA'DHAVACHARI.

MA'DHAVACHARI, brother of Sayanachari, a Commentator on the Vedas, was a poor and illiterate Brahmin, residing somewhere about Benares. He desired to be very rich, and learned at the same time. He went to the Forest, determined to pray for and obtain the good-will of Lakshmi and Sarasvati, the goddesses of wealth and learning, respectively. He was striving hard, and with the greatest difficulty was keeping his body and soul together. One day, he met a Kshatriya, by the name of 'Bhuk,' who, on account of his poverty, was obliged to serve the ruler of the place as his cow-herd, and was wandering with his cattle about the forest in search of pasture. Bhuk pitied the poor and wretched condition of Madhavachari, and offered to give him every day enough of milk for him to live upon. Madhavachari objected on the ground that the king might be displeased; but consented, however, to Bhuk's proposal on his assuring him that the king had plenty of cattle, and would not mind the paltry offering. True to his promise, Bhuk gave him milk every day and became closely attached to Madhavachari who was always praying with unceasing devotion. A long time

clapsed when the two goddesses appeared in their ethereal and beautiful forms to Bhuk, who was close by Mádhaváchári, but they were invisible to the latter, and told Bhuk to advise Mádhaváchári that he could not obtain his desired object in his present life. Mádhaváchári, very much dejected, but not despairing, continued to pray for the goddesses. A long time elapsed, but with no result. At last, out of rage and despair in not being able to gain his object in spite of his fervent devotion, he tore asunder his holy thread, and became a Sanyasi. Scarce did Mádhaváchári become a Sanyasi, when the two goddesses presented themselves to him, and begged him to accept them as his attendants. Mádhaváchári readily accepted Sarasvati. But being a Sanyasi was obliged to reject Lakshmi. He, however, directed her to be with Bhuk who was his faithful adherent, and owing to whose kindness he was enabled to live and pray for the goddesses; and Mádhaváchári became the most learned man of his age. Bhuk meanwhile was pursuing his accustomed avocation. In those days, when the Emperor of Hastinapura (supposed to be the modern Delhi) died without issue, the practice was to adorn the state elephant, and give the animal a pot of water and a garland, and the person on whom the elephant should empty the water pot and put the garland, would be recognized and installed as the Emperor. The Emperor died leaving no issue, and the usual ceremony was observed. Although the forest where Bhuk was tending his cattle was very far from Hastinapura, the elephant passed several Kings and Princes without noticing any of them, traversed several countries and, at last, coming to the forest, found Bhuk sound asleep under a shady tree from the effects of the mid-day sun. A splendid retinue and cavalcade were following the elephant at a respectful distance. The elephant stopped in front of the sleeping Bhuk, and emptied the pot over his head. Bhuk was startled and got up in confusion. The elephant put the garland over Bhuk's head, lifted him up to the howdah, and carried him to Hastinapura, where he was right royally installed as the Emperor. To the surprise and astonishment of all, Bhuk governed the country wisely and well. After several years, Mádhaváchári took it into his head to go and see his former friend and benefactor Bhuk, and find how he, in his exalted condition of life, would receive him. The Emperor Bhuk gave him a most cordial reception. Their old associations reviving, they spent their time most happily. One day, the Emperor Bhuk entreated Mádhaváchári to confer the highest boon on the country by his producing the greatest literary work for all time to come. Mádhaváchári thought over the matter and resolved to write a commentary on the Vedas. Thus the commentary on the Vedas was the result of his learning and labor, and it was the combined effort of the highest learning and the greatest wealth.

K. PERRAZU, F.T.S.

MODERN INDIAN MAGIC AND MAGICIANS.

THE BODIYA BAJIKAR.

WITH reference to Professor H. Kellar's article published in the January number of the *North American Review*, regarding Levitation, I can testify to having witnessed the same, the only difference being in the posture of the body which was supported by the points of the swords. I have seen the phenomenon thrice—at Berhampur, Goberdanga and Dinajpur. The performers of these marvels belong to a caste of, probably aboriginal, hill people called Bodiya Bajikar. As to their numbers, I cannot speak; but we see them wandering in parties of four or five, including both sexes. They shelter themselves in wretched leaf huts, not much bigger than dog-kennels, and worse than the worst that a decent European dog would condescend to occupy, save in the direst straits. They come to a neighbourhood, pitch their camp, stop a few days, weeks or months, and then move on, and the same band seldom re-appears in the same place. Formerly, before these days of super-enlightenment and B. A.-ism, when nature had a chance to teach her lessons and education had not extinguished spirituality, they were fairly well remunerated, but now their living is become so precarious that they seem to have dropped hypnotism and spiritual phenomena, and betaken themselves to other ways of livelihood. At any rate, they are seldom seen. They speak a bastard Bengali in these parts, but the party I saw at Dinajpur, talked Hindustani. Personally, I am unable to explain the method of training by which their powers are developed, but am convinced that it is that known as Kumbhuk Yoga, by which the state of *Iaghimo*, or excessive lightness, is attained. *Iaghimo* is—as every student of Patanjali knows—the second one enumerated of the eight siddhis alleged to be potential in man, and may be carried to a point where the Yogi's body becomes “as light as *tula*” (a cotton-flock). I have read in our theosophical books that this excessive lightness or levity of body is a symptom of one phase of hysteria, but I doubt if our modern scientists are yet able to tell us what hysteria really is. Be that as it may, I have seen the following:—

At each of the three places above-mentioned, the performance took place in the open air, on premises selected by the patrons, not by the Bajikar: at Goberdanga it was in the compound of the local Zemindar, Babu Sarata Prosonno Mukerji; at Berhampur in the open street, and at Dinajpur in a field between the Collector's Kutchery and the railway station. In each case six swords were fixed in the ground, points upward, leaning towards a common centre, and forming a sort of cone. There were two performers, the *ustad* (mesmeriser?) and the *sakret* (subject), a boy of 14 to 16 years of age: he was naked, save as to the small *langouta*, or breech-cloth. The *ustad* made a speech extolling the wonder he was about to produce and said that the boy would actually risk his life for our amusement, and asked us to be liberal in *bakshish*. He then recited some mantrams, his right hand resting upon the boy's head, and after some minutes of this, stroked his back with some oil

upon which he had previously breathed, and which he had infused with the power of his mantrams—as I now comprehend. The boy stood erect during the process, but I do not remember that his eyes closed. The man finally lifted him in one piece, so to say, that is as stiff as a board, and laid him on the points of the swords on which he rested at a spot somewhat lower than the shoulder-blades: a seventh sword-point supported his calves, crossed over each other. The cataleptic subject was left lying on this spiky couch some ten or fifteen minutes, after which a cloth was thrown over him and the swords, and, still rigid, he was gently lifted off and laid upon the ground. The cloth was removed, oil was rubbed over his whole body, the *ustad* made long passes from head to feet, repeated mantrams, and at last the boy's suppleness of body returned; he got up, joined the *ustad* in salaams to the bystanders, and gathered their harvest of pice. The details of the three tamâshas were substantially identical and one description serves for all.

PATIRAM BANERJEE, F. T. S.

PAKUR, March 1893.

I can testify to having witnessed the same performance as mentioned by Babu Patiram Banerjee, with this difference, that the performer in this case was a female, and the body was in the *Palmâsan* posture, supported by the points of four or five swords and a stick held fast by the performer with her right hand. The swords were all taken away one after another, and the body of the female was found to keep itself up in the air, with the aid of the stick only. As the event happened some thirty years back, I do not well remember to have observed whether the stick was stuck into the ground or not, and whether there was any horizontal bar, projecting from the stick, on which the body might have rested. Even if there were any horizontal bar, so far I remember very well that the stick was a thin piece of bamboo, and it was not certainly so strong that it could support a body weighing at least one maund and a half, without being broken, or bent down at least. Doubtless the body must have been made lighter by some power of the performer, otherwise it could not have been supported by so feeble a post.

LALMOHUN GOSVAMI.

From personal experience, I fully attest what is stated above.

RAJAH SITES CHANDRA PANDAY.

JOHN BRAHMIN.

In January 1876, I went to see a native, living in Howrah, a place opposite Calcutta, and across the river Hooghly. This man was commonly called "John Brahmin", and was said to possess occult powers of a very high order. To satisfy my curiosity, I paid him a visit, wishing to test his knowledge as regarding myself. On my entering his presence, he bade me sit down, and, after a short time, said; "Mention the name of a flower." I replied, "Rose"; after the lapse of a minute or two, he fully satisfied me as to very many incidents of my past life, of which he could possibly know nothing—such as occurrences of childhood. "Now," said he, "I will give you a test as regards the future of which

you know nothing—four months from date you will take a long journey on the water for a situation." This he requested me to note down in my pocket-book as a great favour. I did so to please him, though I smiled at the idea of my going a long journey over water for a situation, being employed at the time, with no intention of leaving my post.

As time went on, other circumstances entirely crowded out "John Brahmin" from my thoughts. But exactly four months to the *very day* I was seated on the poop of the good ship "*Merchantman*" in the Bay of Bengal, bound for Natal, South Africa. While in a brown-study there I received a most forcible impression to look at my pocket-book—therein I found that "John Brahmin's" prediction was quite correct to the very day.

On mentioning the above circumstances connected with "John Brahmin" to my friend H. R. Simpson, (from India) while we were both in Natal, he said, "I know the man well, and will give you a greater proof of his power, which came under my own personal knowledge. I was in charge of a lot of "brasses" belonging to the "journals" of a steamer—these were missing. I immediately set off to "John Brahmin." He told me "I know for what you have come"; he then brought an earthen-pot about a foot and a half in diameter, filled with water. "Now look well on the water, and do not *speak*, but write down the names of the faces you recognize as they appear on the water." I did so, and to my great astonishment, I recognized all, and each face, as they distinctly appeared on the surface of the water, numbering thirty coolies and lascars, all of whom were working under me. "John Brahmin" then said, "if you look under the heap of rubbish, indicating the spot, near their huts, you will find the brasses; they have had no time to remove them."

On the strength of this, I gave the men in charge, and found all the "brasses" at the spot indicated. The men confessing their guilt were sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

On my return to India last year, I went to see "John Brahmin" again, but was informed by his son that he was dead—his son is about 19 years old.

C. W. BURTON-JONES.

VAIRAVANA'THA PILLAY.

The following experience of mine will, I think, add some value to the already-existing testimonies about magicians in India and their powers. There lived in a village known as Veeravanallore, in the Tinnevely District, to which I belong, one man who went by the name of Vairavanâtha Pillay, and as his village was within a distance of 3 or 4 miles from mine, I had, and have relations there. I was in a position to meet him often and witness his powers, which were very wonderful and attractive. Once he asked the audience what it was that they expected of him, when one of them said that he wanted milk, and another, music. The magician immediately kicked against the wall, exclaiming "Now Hanuman obey me" and instantly a stream of milk began to pour

out, and simultaneously with it, nice Hindu music with all the necessary accompaniments began to fill the hall. The former lasted for three or four seconds, while the latter for about 20 minutes.

On another occasion, this magician got a finger ring from a person, and twisting it in betel leaf, asked the owner of the ring to chew and swallow, which he did. When the thing was thus supposed to have gone down the throat, the magician looked intently upwards for a few seconds, and then put his hand in the ear of a boy and drew out the same ring. I have seen in his presence, big stones falling down and whistling through space. But the most important part of his performance was detecting thefts. He would give to each present a small bit of blank palm leaf and appear to others as if muttering some mantrams. Then one of these bits will begin to whirl round and round with tremendous force, and the person who had it will be pointed out as the thief. While I am inclined to believe that many of his phenomena were performed by Jāla, I must say that some others were done by elementals. This magician was so famous in the District that even now his memory is too vivid to be forgotten.

PI'TA'MBARA AIYER.

There is a family in the same District known as Pítāmbara Aiyer's. The ancestor of this family was so powerful a magician that the Mahārājah of Travancore, as a mark of his appreciation, gave him and his descendants a perpetual grant amounting to some hundred rupees every year. Even now they cultivate the vidyā and in 1882, performed some feats before the late T. Subba Row in Triplicane. I have seen them riding for a few feet in a palanquin without any carriers, and performing many other wonderful feats. Their merits are recognised so much, that almost all the Districts on the Southern and the Western sides of the Madras Presidency honor them occasionally with valuable presents. Once I asked my father, if these people, who were then performing the feats, would get for me half a dozen tender cocoanuts; and no sooner did I express my desire, than at once the magician began to address his elemental in a sort of vulgar style and, within a few seconds, a dozen cocoanuts rolled at my feet. A friend of mine, Mr. R. Sivarama Aiyer, B. A., told me the following occurrence:—It seems one Mr. K. R. Guruswamier, B. A., B. L., and himself were sitting at the roadside in their native place, when they saw one of these magicians passing by that way, and as they knew one another, being inhabitants of the same village, they began to talk about magic. The magician asked what the other two gentlemen wanted; and they said they wanted good scented *attar*. The magician simply rubbed his hands twice or thrice over their chests and hands, and they found good oily *attar*, giving out agreeable fragrance. They went home and had to apply soap to remove the oil. This case, I think, was actually done by the assistance of elementals.

P. R. VENKATARAMA AIYER.

HASSAN KHAN.

Many years ago, I had, in Vol. I, p. 117, and Vol. III, pp. 199-200 of *The Theosophist*, related a few instances I had personally witnessed of the truly marvellous powers of the famous Hassan Khan, a sorcerer from Hyderabad, who is well known to the readers of the journal. I then promised our beloved President-Founder to follow up my narrative by others, descriptive of other phenomena, which my acquaintance with the man and his frequent visits at my house afforded me ample opportunity of beholding. This promise, which I had entirely overlooked for years passed, I now hasten to redeem, in the conviction that the occurrences I am about to narrate will not be lacking in interest to the general reader and especially to students of Occultism.

I.

One day, when we had a few friends over at our place, Hassan Khan, who was in the habit of calling at all hours, unexpectedly made his appearance. We were all but too glad of his visit, as it presented to some of the guests who had heard a great deal about him a chance of personally testing for themselves the reality of his magic powers. In course of conversation, which grew warm on the subject of the Occult, I suggested to Hassan Khan that an exhibition of one or two instances of Occult phenomena would suffice to silence all argument, and dispel scepticism. He agreed with me, and expressed his willingness to satisfy the natural curiosity of those present.

Accordingly, Hassan Khan asked a gentleman if he had a gold watch—a valuable one, with which he was not prepared to part without a struggle! On being answered in the affirmative, the owner was requested to place the watch on the floor. Hassan Khan looked about for something heavy, and discovering the lower portion of a stone grinding-mill, such as is used by the natives of India in making flour, lying in a corner of the compound, he desired it to be brought. He then asked another of the guests to lift the stone, and carrying it to where the watch was lying, hold it raised several feet from the ground, right above the watch. This done, Hassan Khan called aloud, “Now drop the stone”; and in an instant the stone fell with a crash, and smashed the watch, glass, works and all, into a thousand fragments! It needs no words to depict the state of mind of the owner of the watch, which could have been more easily imagined than described: his consternation at what seemed to all his irreparable loss, and his feelings at Hassan Khan's utter *sans froid* during the whole course of the proceedings, were but too visible on his countenance. To still further harrow his feelings, after all this, Hassan Khan entered into general conversation; and, for more than an hour, appeared oblivious of the practical joke, as the event proved it to be, which he had played on the sceptic, who had become quite moody, and could no more join in the conversation than fly. Hassan Khan, then, as if suddenly rousing himself, turned to the watch-proprietor, saying, “Well, I forgot all about

your watch—would you be very vexed with me, if I failed to reproduce it? Let me see whether Hazrat (his attendant spirit) is handy and can put the pieces together." In a few minutes, he again called to the gentleman and said that the watch had been restored, and would be found on the side table in one of the rooms which he pointed out. Indeed, the watch was found in the place indicated, whole and entire, and in perfect working order, to the great joy and relief of the owner, to whom it was made over with many thanks for his part in the exhibition.

I am well aware that similar watch-tricks form the staple of a conjuror's performance, but I am sure that under the test condition that the watch never passed into Hassan Khan's hands—no number of Maskelynes or Houdins could rival the brilliancy of this exhibition.

Had the idea struck me earlier of redeeming my promise of years ago, I might have, in this paper, given a few more instances of my personal experience; but not to delay its despatch, so as to be in time for the April issue of this journal, I am compelled to stop here. I hope to continue my narrative in another number.

II.

The means by which the above phenomenon was produced was discussed with great vehemence, and one of the guests, a lady, who was an orthodox religionist, pronounced it to be the result of diabolical agency. To prove her point, she challenged Hassan Khan to give another exhibition; she was sure he could never succeed, as she would stop it by her prayers. Hassan Khan, on being informed, laughed most heartily. He agreed, at the request of the other guests, to produce a second phenomenon, and proposed to the lady that the test should take the form of a wager. He said that if the lady held in her hand a sum of money, say five rupees, he was prepared to make the coin disappear despite all the prayers she might utter to neutralise the power of the devils, and that, if he succeeded, the money should be his; else he was prepared to pay any forfeit. This proposal having been assented to, he desired the lady to secure the rupees in a corner of her handkerchief, which she should hold in her hand, with a firm grasp. She did so, and kept muttering prayers all the time. Hassan Khan would now and again laughingly enquire whether she was sure the money was in her hand, and request her to tighten her hold to prevent it being slipped away. It being lunch time, and the table laid in the dining room adjoining, Hassan Khan perceived some cakes in a plate, and asked for one. He took the cake and, breaking it up in his hand, told the guests that he was going to substitute it for the money in the lady's hand. He desired the lady to keep a tight hold and re-double her prayers, as the critical time was at hand, and Hazrat was about to take charge of the coin on his behalf. The lady did hold on most vigorously with both hands and prayed hard the while, when Hassan Khan touched her hand, and calling out one, two, three, asked her to undo the handkerchief. As the handkerchief was being unfolded, it was clearly perceptible that the

butter from the cake had come through the folds; and the knot with which the rupees had been fastened having been opened, it was found that the coin, which had disappeared, had indeed been replaced by the cake. This phenomenon caused no little amazement among the spectators, to the utter discomfiture of the lady on whose countenance was portrayed her bewilderment at the inefficacy of her prayer and with it the complete failure of her satanic theory.

III.

The following is another phenomenon produced the same day. Hassan Khan asked me "Have you a handkerchief that you could easily recognise?" On my answering in the affirmative, and at the same time showing my handkerchief, he said: "To make doubly sure of its identity, please write something on it, so that there may be no possibility of mistake as to your hand-writing." I thereupon wrote thereon the names of all the spectators. He next asked me to order a lighted candle to be brought. This done, he requested that I should hold the handkerchief at the end of a stick over the flame of the candle. I did so, and all present saw the handkerchief reduced to ashes. It may be observed that up to this Hassan Khan had nothing to do with the handkerchief, nor did he even touch it. The ashes of the handkerchief were subsequently mixed by Hassan Khan in a glass of water, and the mixture thrown away.

Conversation then grew general: the guests were all anxious as to the issue. After about ten minutes or so, Hassan Khan remarked aloud that Hazrat was weaving the handkerchief which would be ready shortly. Indeed, after the lapse of a few minutes more, Hassan Khan desired the hat of one of the visitors which lay on a chair to be lifted, and, behold, there was the handkerchief in the same condition and with the identical writing upon it! The incredulity and wonderment of the witnesses of the phenomenon may well be imagined at the restoration of an article that had actually been destroyed.

C. P. HOGAN, F. T. S.

(To be Continued.)

KARATOYA.

THE word *Karatoya* is a compound word. The two words—*kar* (hand) and *toya* (water), compounded into one, mean therefore 'water of the hand.' This naturally gives rise to the question: Water of whose hand? Water of Shiva's hand. In this connection a story is current to the effect that in giving away his fair three-eyed daughter, Parvati, in marriage to Shiva, the water poured in the scoop of the palm of his hand by the Lord of Mountains—Himalaya, in accordance with the marriage ceremony in vogue, oozed down and fell in drops on the earth. It welled and overflowed its bank, and, at last, grew into a river, which is supposed to be the quondam Brahmaputra. Hence it is a sacred river like the Ganges, the Jumna, the Nerbudda, the Krishna, the Cauvery, and the Godavery; with this difference that all of these rivers are too well

known, while little or nothing is known of the Karatoya. Nor is it so much visited as the others are. The only pilgrims that enable themselves to attend its annual festival are those chiefly hailing from East Bengal. In this paper I shall endeavour to throw some light on it, with a view that the outside public, specially the Hindu public, may know something more of a river, which is none the less connected with their mythology than any one of those mentioned above. It was at one time believed that the Karatoya was, by itself, a river of considerable size and sanctity, ranking in this latter respect with the Ganges, if not a step higher. In Vanden Brouck's Map of Bengal, published about 1660, it is marked as such:—By process of gradual up-silting and detrition, it has dwarfed to its present size, thus forming a component part of what is called the Attrai tributary system of the Brahmaputra, with which it was once identified. It has now become shallow, shallower than any of the adjacent rivers. But the sanctity has not been tampered with. It is one of the characteristics of the Hindu minds that whenever and wherever the question of excellence is discussed, they have given it a divine origin or so happily blended it with a thing divine that the degeneracy and distance of ages fail to extricate truth from the narratives. What are the biographies of the puissant geniuses of India? They are at best (at least the major portion of the anecdotes and incidents concerning them) but a tissue of incredible fables, which are more or less connected with divinity. It is none the less so with the physical features, rivers and mountains, of their much-beloved country. For the deliverance of human kind at large, and the royal descendants of King Sagar from the bondage of sin, Bhagirath succeeded by a course of uninterrupted *yoga* and *tapasya* to fetch mother Ganga (the Ganges) down from her celestial mansion—from the sacredest spot assigned to her on the crown of the head among the clotted hair of her spouse the Lord of the Trident,—and preceded her blowing a conch on the way to the Bay of Bengal. A similar story, as has been touched upon above, obtains of the Karatoya. Be the object of veneration what it may, these things make us pretty certain of the veneration in which it is held. And why? Because of the benefit that would accrue to us in some way or other, should we undertake to visit it. Besides, the influence of the solar system on the body at a particular place or under peculiar circumstances in a given period at a specified hour cannot be under-rated. The above is a scientific truth. It cannot be gain-said, though not easy to understand and still less to act upon. It is therefore that the populace would not, without great difficulty, be convinced of it. This is why the *Shástras* speak highly of the mediate good that lies in store for them in the next world, with which the religious-minded Hindus are more concerned than the immediate one, which lies hid, in their acts of obedience to the injunctions laid down. And this is why a dip into the sacred water of the Karatoya would bring on the bather *mukti*, and an easy passage to the *Vishnuloka*.

The Karatoya flows from north to south through the heart of the District of Bogra, in Bengal. It has a meandering course. The chief attraction of the river is centred on Mahastan on its western bank. It is a remarkable place of great antiquity. It contains ruins of ancient Hindu grandeur in the form of a great mound of earth, intermixed with old bricks. There are, besides, shrines, holy wells, and embankments, with all of which the name of Bhim, one of the five Pandavás, is associated. To the Mahomedan public Mahastan is not less interesting, as it has a mosque, which must have been built in later times, and the ruins of a Mahomedan fort. Dr. Hunter opines that "a considerable city existed near Mahastan." There is here a grand fair held every year during the cold season. Of this place, and of the route the pilgrims from Calcutta would take, the following account is given, with which I conclude this paper:—

It is said that the middle of the region, watered by the Ganges, the Mahánanda and the Karatoya on the one hand, and bounded by Kamrup on the other, is Bárendra, which was the original residence of a class of Bengal Brahmins called Bárendra, bearing as they do, the patronymics Moitra, Sanyal, Lahiri, and so forth. In it, Mahastan is the principal and most remarkable place. It is supposed that the exile Bhim passed some time here, as most of the ruins alluded to above are still known by his name. *Matsyadesh*, in which the Hercules of the Pandab Brothers had resided, was nothing more or less than the district of Bogra. After him, twelve kings of the Pal dynasty migrated here. While out visiting the sacred places, Parashuram, who is accredited or rather cursed as the exterminator of the Kshatriya caste, took a fancy to Mahastan. He settled there, and thus laid the foundation of his mighty absolute monarchy. A fakir, in the person of Sultan Hazrat Anylia, begged of him as much land as a leathern seat would cover, to pray on. It is said the area of it went on extending and extending till it grew into dimensions, which, becoming a matter of great concern to the powerful Hindu potentate, was not granted. Nor was this all. Shorn of the figurative expression—the matter stands thus:—Prayer exercised so great an influence even on the Kafir King, that he was not only mightily afraid of the unwelcome mendicant intruder, but tried his best to turn him out. The fakir, on the contrary, prospered and grew in powers. A battle became inevitable, and fight they did. The King had his army; the fakir, his number of *chelas* (followers). Parashuram, who, according to some was immortal, was defeated and killed. He had a good-natured daughter of prepossessing appearance by name Shiladebi. The Mahomedan conqueror asked her for her hand. This she refused. She killed him by plunging a dagger into his heart and put an end to her own life too, by throwing herself into the Karatoya. This story furnishes but an additional proof that beatitude is only derivable from the company of a houri, whereas the idea of chastity in a Hindu lady rises superior to all

sorts of temptation. A flight of steps still marks the spot, whence Shiladebi took her fatal jump into the river. There are, at Mahastan, ruins of an ancient Mahomedan fort, which are said to be 'those of the one built by the fakir-conqueror.' Five miles north of it is a Village called Chandi, which is supposed to be the Champak Nagar of the Padma Puran, where lived Chand Soudagar, (merchant), the prince of the Bengali merchants, who had a fleet of his own, and sailed to Ceylon at a much later period than those of the Mahâbhârat and Râmâyân, when the Hindus led a sea-faring life.

Mahastan and the Karatoya are reached from Calcutta in one day's journey by land from Sultanpore or Newabganj Station on the Northern Bengal State Railway. *Palki* and other comfortable conveyances are available. Starting from Sealdah, the Calcutta terminus of the Eastern Bengal State Railway, an intending visitor has to cross the Padma at Kushtea, and book for the station on the N. B. S. named above.

NAKUR CHANDRA BISVAS.

THE STORY OF SIKHIDWAJA.

(Continued from p. 359.)

THE King then said:—'Through my intelligence I enquired into the origin of "I" in divers ways. As this world is non-intelligent, it is not "I," neither is this body of offal, nor the organs, nor the contemplating Manas, nor Buddhi, nor the injurious A'hankâra creating Egoism.' Here Kumba-Muni interposed and asked him, if the "I" were not all these, what else was it?

To which the King thus replied:—'I am of the nature of that stainless Absolute consciousness which, having evolved everything, preserves and destroys it. I cannot find out the cause of this "I," which is of the nature of Gnâna. I have not been able to divine the means which removes A'hankâra the seed of the paining mind. My mind misgives me when I find that A'hankâra clings to me howsoever much I thrust it aside.'

Kumba-Muni said:—'Oh King, no effects can ensue without a cause. Search within to find out the cause of A'hankâra ever present before you, and tell me what occurs in your mind.'

The King replied:—'The cause of the stainful A'hankâra is Bodha (knowledge). How does Bodha get absord here within me? I droop only when Bodha arises in visible objects. How then am I to avoid these visibles?'

Kumba-Muni said:—'If you tell me the cause of knowledge, I shall then throw light upon it.'

The King said:—'Through the existence of such illusory objects as the body, &c., knowledge is induced; but if they cease to exist, then no

knowledge can arise. Then the seed of Manas, viz., Ahankâric ideation, will consequently be absorbed.'

Kumba-Muni questioned him thus:—'If the body, and other objects of sense, do really exist, then knowledge exists; but as the bodies, &c. do not really exist, what then is the basis of knowledge?'

The King, in reply, said:—'But tell me first, A'chârya, how this visible body, which palpably enjoys the effects of all karmas performed by the hands and other organs, can be non-existent?'

Kumba-Muni answered:—'As this body, arising through karmas, is not itself the Cause, therefore the effect of intelligence is itself non-existent. That intelligence is itself illusory. Hence A'hankâra and other effects which arise through the excessive delusion (of knowledge), are also non-existent. Hence also all objects which are not of the nature of the cause are illusory, like the conception of a serpent in a rope.

Then the King asked:—'There were the many creations of Brahma, who is the primeval one in the universe. How then can you say that Brahma is not the cause of the Universe?'

Kumba-Muni replied:—'Prior to (every fresh) creation Parabrahm alone shines as Sat, which is the non-dual and the quiescent. As That alone is without a second, the Supreme Brahma cannot be the Cause.'

The King asked:—'Then is not Parabrahm the cause of Brahma?'

And Kumba-Muni replied:—'Parabrahm is that which is emancipation itself, the imperishable, the immeasurable, the quiescent, the immaculate, the birthless and deathless, without pain, without distinctions, having no period, the beginningless and endless, without existence, the non-dual and the ineffable One beyond the reach of thought. How can Parabrahm which is unthinkable be the Cause? How can it be the actor or enjoyer? Therefore this universe is not in the least created by any one, nor is it self-created. The Supreme Sankalpa of that Absolute consciousness is Brahma. Nought else is but the one true Gnâna. All the created objects out of that Gnâna are said to be no other than the form of that Gnâna. All here are Brahm itself devoid of re-births. Therefore, it is neither an actor nor enjoyer. Having thus convinced yourself of the one Reality, if you destroy the Agnâna (ignorance) within your heart, then it will cease to have any resurrection. Through no other path than the destruction of these excessive Karmas can the delusion, which has become in us a certainty, vanish. If the Agnâna in us fades away gradually, then the conception of the certainty attributed to the universe will diminish and the Brahmic state will be attained. Such a mind through the all-pervading Gnâna, viz., the primeval god, Paramâtmâ, into which it is absorbed, will ever be evolving fresh creations (through its Sankalpa). That which is named Brahma through A'tmâtva is none other than the quiescent (or passive) aspect of this universe.'

Here the king said:—'All that you have taught me is quite reasonable. As prior to creation there is no creator, there is really no Universe.

Hence there really does not exist the (objective) vision of all things. Through your clear elucidation I have well understood and have become of the nature of my auspicious Self. Hence, I do not cognize all external objects as really existent. I have worshipped my (real) Self. Through the knowledge derived from the perception of many substances, I have come to perceive them to be unreal. Through this Gnána, I have become the quiescent without thought and the plenum like the A'kása'. Then Kumba-Muni, able to confer A'tmá (Self) upon the king [cause him to cognize it], said:—'The true discrimination of space, time, the spacious quarters, mental actions and the rest, is only to understand the Universe in its differentiated aspects. Though these distinctions have been existing in you from a remote past, yet they will perish [in you] in a short time. The quiescent and indestructible Brahm will alone be [as you will presently cognize].'

Instantaneously, the king attained Gnána, and shone with it. Thus was he released from the fold of dire Máyá. Then through the grace of the Muni, who was pleased to dispel the delusion from his mind, he was absorbed into the Bráhmic state. Being freed from the actions of his mind, sight and speech, he, in one moment, became the plenum in Brahmic state. After he had been for two ghatikas [48 minutes] in that state of Nidithyásana [meditation], he awakened, and the Supreme Muni said:—'Have you enjoyed to the full, free from all pains, the Elysian bliss of Brahmic seat, which is ever the beneficent, the stainless, the pure, the soft, the seat of all Nirvakalpas [non-fancies] and the fulness of all wealth. Have you been illumined with A'tmagnána? Have you been freed from all delusions? Have you known that fit to be known? Have you seen that fit to be seen?'

To these questions the King made reply:—'Oh Lord, through your grace I have been able to cognize that seat of Brahm which remains after all else is over, which confers the divine wealth of bliss, and which is the grandest and the most transcendental of all. Oh, I have been able to acquire the otherwise unattainable heavenly nectar of great bliss, and move in the company of those great souls of powerful Brahmagnána through the blessing of association with your grace. How was it not possible for me, your humble servant, to attain this immeasurable supreme nectar before?'

Kumba-Muni said:—'It is only when there is quiescence in the mind and a loathing bitterness in it towards all enjoyments, and when the powerful Indryas (organs) are turned inwards and the Agnána of the mind is destroyed, that all the noble words of the wise guru will infiltrate and spread in the mind of the disciple like the scarlet water of the forest impinging on a perfectly white cloth. Otherwise such words will drop down like the impurities of the body or the fruits of a tree. The mere doubt arising in one's mind of the existence of duality or non-duality in this world betrays Agnána; the removal constitutes Gnána. It (Gnána) alone is our highest goal. Through illumination you have attained

Moksha (emancipation.) You have levelled down your mind. May you be alone as the great Mouni * after having acquired Divine wealth and given up all the stains of the world. To which the King questioned:—'Are not the actions of Jivanmuktas (men of embodied salvation) performed through the mind? How can things go on without the actions of the mind? Please inform me on these points.'

Kumba-Muni replied:—'The mind is no other than the *Vásanas* generating many rebirths. If one knows his own self, then there is no such fear of rebirths. In those that have cognized their Self without any obstacles, the pure *Vásanas* with which they perform Karmas will not entail upon them rebirths. Such a mind is called Satwic; but a mind without Gnána is generally termed the Manas. A mind of Gnána is Satwa itself, while persons without Gnána will act in the path dictated by their minds. The stainless and wise will always follow the Satwic path. Having given up all that tends to the attainment of Swarga (Devachanic bliss and Moksha), may you become that self-light which shines equally in all. This is your real nature. Without hankering after paltry terrestrial things, and causing your mind to fluctuate thereby, may you be immovable as a rock. Those who have no (lower) mind drive away rebirths to a great distance from them. In this spacious earth, no pains will affect them. A mind becomes a prey to fear through its fluctuation. Having commingled motion and non-motion into one, and destroyed fluctuation (of mind), may you be one with Gnána.'

The King then said:—'How is this identification to be brought about? How are Motion and non-Motion to be commingled into one? And how am I to reach that state?' Kumba-Muni continued:—'Like the waters of an ocean, all the Universes are nothing but the non-dual Chinmátra (Absolute consciousness.) When this Chinmátra draws unto itself intelligence, then there is a fluctuation caused, like the wide waters moved by great waves. But the ignorant without true Nishita (self-contemplation) regard the Supreme Principle, going by the several names of Siva (the auspicious one), Chinmátra, Satya (Truth) and Brahm, as the universe itself. A slight motion in this Chitta (consciousness) generates this universe. If this visible universe of objects is truly cognized as the Gnána-bliss, then it will die. But when its real nature is not powerfully grasped, then the visibles are seen as real, as the (misconception of a) snake in a rope. Should the pure mind concentrate itself for some time (steady and pure as the moon) through (a study of) the visible Gnána Shástras, the association with the wise and an uninterrupted practice (of Meditation), then in such persons developing Gnána, a divine vision will arise, in which there will be a direct cognition (of the One Reality). Thus have I

* Mouni—lit: one who is silent. Construing thus literally some Yogis in India preserve taciturnity of speech. The author explains this word in another part of this book to mean one who is free from the longings of the world though moving in with them; hence silent to the desires of the world, and not in speech.

described to you the truths relating to the origin and destruction of the Universe. Having with true bliss brought these into practice and meditated upon them, may you, without fail, and according to your free will, attune all your actions of daily life to the attainment of the Brahmie seat. I shall now go to Swarga-loka the gem of all Lokas (worlds). This is the most opportune time for it. If I do not appear before my father Nárada upon his descent from Satyaloka into Déva (or Swar) loka, he will be mightily displeased with me. A loving disciple should never incur the displeasure of his Supreme A'chárya. Oh king, having done away with all differentiation arising through delusion, may you be in the Divine vision (of Nirvikalpa Samádhi). And with the words "I go away," the Muni disappeared on the instant. Thereafter, the king thus thought within himself—'Marvellously strange is it that this incomparable state was in myself unobserved by me—a state like unto the crystal waters of a fountain, cool, pure and quiescent. It has enabled me to attain quiescence in the Absolute Sat.' Then the king entered the Samádhi state without any pains or fluctuation, without any mobility, with a true mouna (silence) and Nirvikalpa—immoveable as a stone, tree or forest, without any desires.

Meanwhile Kumba-Muni resumed his soft tendril-like form of Chudá-lai and journeying through the A'kás, reached her chamber in the palace. There she began to rule over her subjects, and protect them as she was wont to do. Thus she passed three years. After which, she went again in the guise of Kumba-Muni to the forest where her husband was, and beheld him as immoveable as a pillar in Nirvikalpa Samádhi. Then, in order to acquaint him with his arrival, she made a leonine roar, which even did not wake him up from his trance. Though she tossed him up and down, no impression was made on him in the least, in spite of his body falling down. Then she thought thus—'It is certain the Supreme King of the form of Kumba has merged into the Seat of Brahm. Oh this is really wondrous. If, after concentrating my mind on his (subtle) body, I should find any residue of Satwa typifying the seed of intelligence in his heart, I shall join my husband and live with him happily. Otherwise, I shall have to renounce this my present female form, (and myself also) attain the Supreme Seat of Brahm, so that I may not render myself again liable to rebirths.' Having come to this sure determination, she concentrated her mind and cognized through her (spiritual) touch and eyes a residue of unsoiled Satwa in the King's heart, denoting the intelligence yet animating that body.

N. NARAYAN SWAMI IYER.

(To be Continued.)

TRACES OF H. P. B.

ON the 3rd of March 1893, S. V. Edge and I met in the train between Nalhati and Calcutta, Major-General C. Murray (retired), late 70th Bengal Infantry, now Chairman of the Monghyr Municipality, who met H. P. B. in 1854 or '55, at Punkabaree, at the foot of the Darjeeling Hills. He was then a Captain, commanding the Sebundy Sappers and Miners. She was trying to get into Tibet *viá* Nepaul "to write a book"; and to do it, she wished to cross the Rungit river. Capt. M. had it reported to him by the guard that a European lady had passed that way, so he went after and brought her back. She was very angry, but in vain. She stopped with Captain and Mrs. Murray for about a month when, finding her plan defeated, she left, and Capt. M. heard of her as far as Dinajpore. She was then apparently about 30 years of age.

The above facts were so interesting that I wrote them out in the railway carriage and got General Murray to append his certificate, as follows:—

"The above memo is correct.

(Signed) C MURRAY,
Major General."

In the presence of H. S. O. and S. V. Edge.

It will be seen that General Murray's story substantially confirms H. P. B.'s narrative of one of her attempts to enter Tibet, which Mr. Sinnett gives on Page 66 of his "Incidents in the life of Madame Blavatsky," where he approximately fixes the date of her arrival in India "at quite the end of 1853." She had come out here in company with an English gentleman, whom she had met in Germany, and a Hindu "Chela," whom she came across "at Copan, in Mexico" (Copan is really in Central America) with the design of making the attempt jointly. Owing to some disagreements, the little party broke up, and H. P. B. tried her luck by way of Nepaul. Her plan failed, chiefly she believed, through the opposition of the British Resident then in Nepaul. She then "went down to Southern India, and then on to Java and Singapore, returning thence to England."

The British resident probably did have something to do indirectly with her detention, for strict orders had been given to Captain Murray, in military command of that Frontier District, to permit no European to cross the Rungit, as they would be almost sure of being murdered by the wild tribes in that country.

I got trace of another of her Tibetan attempts from a Hindu gentleman living at Bareilly (?) while on one of my North Indian official tours. The first time H. P. B. came to that station after our arrival in India, this gentleman recognized her as the European lady, who had been his guest many years before, when she was going northward to try and enter Tibet *viá* Kashmir. They had much pleasant chat about old times. I have written to friends whom I think were present when the story was told me, and shall have their replies in due time. For

my part, I shall not be at all surprised to get from time to time the evidence to corroborate all her, hitherto unsupported, narratives of her various attempts to penetrate the "Land of Snow."

FAMILY WARNINGS.

All H. P. B.'s personal acquaintances are aware of the devoted affection she always expressed for her aunt, Mdme. N. A. F. of Odessa: an attachment far stronger than any she ever felt for either of her associates in the T. S. They will hardly be surprised, then, to read the following letter to myself from her sister, Mdme. de Jelihovsky, replying to my inquiry as to the truth of the rumour that the stone of a certain ring which H. P. B. had given Mdme. N. A. F. some years before, had mysteriously changed its colour at or just before H. P. B.'s death. Mdme. de J. writes:—

ST. PETERSBURG, 14—26th January, 1893.

"She (H. P. B.) gave my aunt a ring, which had this strange property, that it became quite black two or three weeks before my sister's last illness, and after her death came back to its original colour. Here is what my aunt wrote me about it: 'I had a warning, but at first I did not understand it. You know the ring she sent me from India? A plain, large ring with an agate; the stone is oval, flat, of a light yellowish colour, quite transparent, and with a minute sprig of moss embedded in the middle of the crystal. [It was a simple moss-agate which she bought out here. H. S. O.]. I have worn it some twelve years, and its colour never changed—it was always clear as glass. But since about a month (the date of this letter was 4-16th. May 1891) I perceived that it was darkening, and had lost its brilliancy. Finally it became black as coal, so that the sprig of moss could no more be seen. I could not imagine how a quartz stone like this could darken. I washed and cleaned and rubbed it, but to no effect. The stone remained black until Helen's death, when it gradually cleared, and after some days returned to its natural transparency.'"

I have permission to publish the foregoing extracts. While we were in New York, H. P. B. possessed and used to wear a silver Rosierucian jewel, set with garnets in the cross and the legs of the compasses, and with larger-sized, white, crystals in the arc connecting the two limbs. The jewel had belonged to an Adept, who had given it her in Tibet—I believe, as a talisman. The white crystals in question were in such a mysterious auric relation with herself, that they would change colour when she was ill, and change back again upon her recovery. I have seen them turn of a dirty brown, an emerald green, and even black. What was strangest of all was, that they would not all become discoloured at a time, but only some. Upon coming to India, she laid the jewel away in a box, and after we moved to Madras, I got her to give it over into my possession so that I might watch for changes. Some of the crystals were then bright green, and the others dirty white. I kept the jewel several years, but no changes occurring, I, fearing it might be stolen, took it with me to London in 1888, and gave it to H. P. B. at Lansdowne Road. Babula can testify to having packed it in my box. The jewel remained in H. P. B.'s possession until her death, and

was seen by members of the London Head-quarters family, who are my informants. It has now disappeared, perhaps was taken in the confusion after her decease.

Before H. P. B.'s decease, there were many mysterious warnings in the Odessa family mansion. I quote further from the aunt's letter to Mdme. de J.

"On Easter Monday (1891, and forty-one days by our Calendar before H. P. B.'s death—H. S. O.) we heard in the very middle of the dining-table, a knock so loud that every one was startled. She was alive then; but all those subsequent days we heard strange sounds, as of the breaking of glass and snappings and blows in the furniture, night and day. When I received Countess Wachtmeister's letter that things were going worse, she (Helen) was no more, but we were not aware of her death. I was busy reading it in the drawing-room to my sister (Mdme. Witte) who, after listening to my reading, said "I am sure she will recover." At the same moment there was a crash; we jumped to our feet in affright and ran to look what had happened, for the noise, which came from one corner of the room, was as if the wall had crumbled into pieces. Then we thought, perhaps, the dining-table with all the glasses and porcelain on it were smashed. Not at all: all was in order and unharmed. After I received Vera's letter and your telegram, all noises ceased."

Before the family messages had reached Odessa, however, and two days after H. P. B.'s death, the aged sisters, Mdme N. A. F. and Mdme. Witte, were in their large drawing-room as usual in the evenings, trying to read but really thinking intently about their distant dear Niece. Suddenly, Mdme. Witte, gazing fixedly into the same dark and distant corner of the room, whispered: "I see her! There she is!" She described the wraith as clad in white, and with great white flowers on her head, exactly as she was laid out in her coffin. This was her farewell to earth.

H. S. O.

THE HINDU THEORY OF VIBRATIONS, AS THE PRODUCERS OF SOUNDS, COLORS AND FORMS *

I OWE the readers of the *Theosophist* an apology for the long interval allowed to pass before the completion of the subject in question. Owing to various causes I could not complete the article earlier. In the meanwhile, Brothers S. E. Gopala Charlu and R. Ananthakrishna Sastri having lectured at the last Convention on "Mantras, their Nature and Uses" and "The Philosophy of Maheswara Sutras," respectively; subjects cognate to the one in question, my work is shortened by them.

The tenets of the Aryan philosophy in regard to the manifestation

* An article dealing with this subject appeared on page 88 of Vol. XII of the *Theosophist*.

or production of Sounds, Colors and Forms may be briefly enumerated as follows:—

- (1). Matter is the aggregation of consciousness.
- (2). The ideal or archetypal world evolves itself into the world of forms on the astral and gross planes, both in the universe and man.
- (3). *Paramapáda* (ultimate state) evolves *manas*; *manas*, light; light, sound* and sound manifests as *áikás'a*, *áikás'a* as *váyu*, *váyu* as *tejas* as *apas* and *apas* as *prithivi*, the senses corresponding to the last four *tatwas* being touch, color or form, taste and smell.
- (4). Sound manifests on four planes: (a) *pará* (ultimate), *pásyanti* (seeing), *madhyama* (intermediate) and *raikharí* (objective), which correspond to the four planes of matter and of consciousness.
- (5). Vibration, motion, action, *fohat*, *daiviprakriti* (light of the Logos), ideation, breath, *prána* (life), *swára*, *vák*, sound, thought, will, radiation, mind, energy and force are ideas expressive of the various manifestations of the great Breath, Cosmic Ideation or Motion.
- (6). The twenty-five *tatwas* (principles), which constitute man and the universe are the modifications of *swára*, the One Life.
- (7). *Pránava* is the fountain of all sounds.
- (8). The planes of *málaprakriti* and *máhat* are formless, and those of *ahamkára* (individual consciousness), *tanmátrás* (subtle elements) and *mahábhutás* (gross elements) are of forms.
- (9). Form is evolved from sound, sound from light, light from *manas*, and *manas* from *paramátmá*, or ultimate consciousness.
- (10). The seven *ávaranas* (planes) of the cosmos, as also the corresponding principles in man, are correlated to each other.
- (11). Paramasiva (the ultimate Deity) is white, while the seven rays that emanated from him are the seven colors.
- (12). Man develops in himself the powers of Brahma (formation), Vishnu (preservation) and Rudra (destruction or re-construction) as he conquers matter and assimilates himself with spirit.
- (13). Man cannot evolve any form which does not ideally exist in the noumenal world.
- (14). He can project forms, images or bodies consciously or unconsciously only under the laws of nature.
- (15). The forms evolved from the higher *manas* are more harmonious than those from the lower *manas*, or *káma*.
- (16). Forms projected on the higher astral plane may be by will alone, aided or not by mantras (sounds), while on the lower aid must be sought from sounds, images, characters, numbers, figures, etc., the rationale being that the will gives the form, the mantra the color, and the material things the matter.

* These ideas are conveyed in the following Yoga aphorism:—“*Anáhatasya sábdasya tasya sábdasya yordhvanih. Dhvaniranthargatájotih. Jyotirantaragatam manah. Tanmanovilajamyáti tadvishnohparamampadam. Hatapradípika, (4th Pada, v. 100).*”

(17). The correspondence of the *tatwas* with *swára*, figure, color, sound, *bija* (character or letter), taste, force, tendency, property, power, action, and cosmic principle (as indicated in the table of *tatwas* given in the second portion of this essay) as also with minerals, vegetables, animals, numbers, and times has to be studied with the light of the Vedas, A'gamas, and Tantras, which treat of the invocation and projection of the forms of the *Devatás* under the guidance of a Guru (teacher). The Deity is a great magician working in accordance with his own laws in the manifestation of the world of forms. If we identify ourselves with him and carry out his laws, we are enabled to acquire *kriyásakti* (creative powers), which may be exercised for the perfection of man, for which they are intended.

(18). Thoughts and words are things. An object in nature and the vibration which produced it are inseparable and identical.

(19). The cognizer, whether through sound, color, form, touch, taste and smell, the cognition and the object cognized are identical.

(20). The manifestation of the unmanifested Logos or Soul is by vibration, designated *natana* (dancing), hence the Deity is styled *Natarájá* (the dancing lord), or *Chidambara* (conscious *ákasa*, the field of vibration).

(21). Non-vibration is absolute and vibration is conditioned existence.

(22). “Then there is the *Gíta*.* All these are instinct with a life of their own which changes the vibrations. Vibration is the key to it all. The different states are only differences of vibration, and we do not recognize the astral or other planes, because we are out of tune with their vibrations. This is why we now and then dimly feel that others are peering at us, or as if a host of people rushed by us with great things on hand, not seeing us, and we not seeing them. It was an instant of synchronous vibration.”

According to *Rámalingam Pillay*, a *Yogi* of Southern India, there are ten degrees of creative powers possessed by Adepts of various grades, and these are stated in one of his works, and he adds that there are such *siddhis* (powers) infinite in number.

From the above it may be inferred that the powers of the human soul when developed are infinite and innumerable. He also says, in the work referred to, that there are three classes of *siddhis*, *viz.*, *Karma*, *Yoga*, and *Gnána*.

Karma-Siddhi.—They are the eight *siddhis* spoken of in *Siddha* and *Yoga Sástras*. Adepts who acquire these powers can live for the period of *Sadsiva*. They can revive a dead person.

Yoga-Siddhi.—An Adept of this class has sixty-four powers. The life principle so predominates in him that he could live as long as Brahma, the Creator. He could resuscitate the body of a human being that has

* “Letters that have Helped Me”, by Jasper Niemand, pp. 62-63.

been dead from twelve to one hundred and eight years, should it be not decomposed.

Gnána-Siddhi.—An Adept of this class controls 6,880,000,000 powers in nature. He conquers time. His body is spiritualized.

From the above it may be inferred that the three classes of Adepts spoken of above are not beings on the ordinary human plane; but those who have advanced to the grades of Dhyán Chohan or Dhyán Buddha consciously going through the process of physical death imperceptibly, as demonstrated in the "Elixir of Life" in "Five Years of Theosophy."

There is another class of siddhis called Indrajála, Mahendrajála, and Yakshini, which may be acquired by obtaining mastery over elementals, &c. They are treated of in Saktágamas and Atharvana Veda. Illusive forms or phenomena of fire, air and water, vegetable and mineral objects and animals are exhibited by the transforming powers of the elementals, the secret properties of drugs, the vibrations of mantras and other sounds, contemplation of images, figures and characters.

The elementals and higher powers are of three planes—gross, sukshma, and causal. Dána Pisáchas, (treasure elementals), Vana Devatás (forest nymphs), Gunga Dévatás (water elementals), &c., are of the first class, which are evoked by the lowest order of magicians. Kinnaras (manikins), Kimpurushas (diminutive men), &c., are of the subtle plane. Dvadásádityas, Yekádasa Rudras, Asvini Devatás, &c., are of the causal plane. Gáyatri, Savitri, Saraswati, Venugopál, Párvati, Lakshmi, &c., are a higher order of celestial powers. All the above powers, when evoked in the manner prescribed in the S'ástras, appear to the devotee in their particular forms and accomplish the acts which they are able to. Evil gods are invoked for evil purposes, and good ones for good purposes. The means of conquering or controlling the said powers are by Charyá, Kriya, Yoga and Gnána, already explained in Brother Gopala Charlu's article on "Mantras, their Nature and Uses." The thirty-three crores of gods of the Hindu Pantheon being the rays of the Deity, the Central Sun, pass from their ideal state in Mahákárana (ultimate cause), which is undifferentiated to the causal, subtle and gross plane of manifestation. The gross plane is peopled by mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, and the higher planes referred to by the corresponding higher principles of these kingdoms. Hence the four planes are correlated with each other, which accounts for man being able to evoke the higher powers.

It is said in *Kaivalyanavanítham*, referred to already in former issues of the *Theosophist*, that all the forms in the objective world exist as ideas or seeds in Múlaprakriti, the veil of Parabrahmam; they swell in the waters of Mahat (Universal Mind), germinate on the plane of Ahankára, evolve into subtle atoms of elements on the plane of Tanmátras, and become gross atoms of the tatvas on the plane of Mahábhútas. Ahankára corresponds to Manas and the four

lower Mahábhútas, *viz.*, tejas, vâyu, apas, and prithivi, correspond to Káma, Prána, the Astral body, and the Sthúla S'aríra.*

It has already been stated that the four planes of sound correspond to the four planes of consciousness and matter.

C. KOTAYYA, F. T. S.

Reviews.

OUR MAGAZINES.

Lucifer.—"On the Watch-Tower" opens the February number with some interesting, crisp and even amusing paragraphs, by Herbert Burrows. On certain points they are most salutary, as in the remarks anent the Spiritualism of Mr. Stead, where it is said:—

If Occult and Spiritual forces are to be devoted to answering questions about printing presses and Kodak plates, then the material commercialism of this age will become a most hideous Frankenstein monster, for its powers will be so enormously increased that its grip will throttle the best faculties of humanity.

The article by H. Kellar on "High Caste Indian Magic" which appeared in the *North American Review*, is ably discussed. The writer, however, seems disposed to place more reliance on the *boná fides* of Mr. Kellar, than many in India, who have known him only as a professional juggler. The tendency of recent discoveries of Modern Science is carefully pointed out. The "Watch-Tower" notes, always interesting, are particularly significant in the present case.

"Notes on the Gospel according to John" are most instructive reading for students of Biblical Mysticism, and, as the writer states, "formed the basis of discussion at the meetings of the Blavatsky Lodge (London) in October 1889."

"Friedrich Froebel, the Mystic, and his Educational Theories," points to a practical issue in the use of Theosophic ideas for the education of children equally as for the direction of more mature faculty in man. Our Crèche Committee and those who have the grave responsibilities of infant-education on their hands, will find something to the purpose in this article.

G. R. S. Mead concludes the publication of his useful lecture on "The Vestures of the Soul." Dr. Franz Hartmann contributes an able digest of the teachings of "Master Eckhart, the German Mystic of the 14th Century," in an article entitled "The Foundation of Christian Mysticism," which goes to the root of Christianity and, concerning 'the Soul and its powers,' develops only pure Theosophy. "Scraps from a Hindu Note-book" by Bro. K. P. Mukherji, treats of the Hindu Religion and is as interesting and instructive as all former "scraps" from the same book. Dr. Henry Pratt concludes his article on "Linguistic following Doctrinal change." The author goes far away from his subject, and fails to sustain the line of argument indicated in his opening pages. Several pages of graphic and highly interesting matter about the Zunis of New Mexico are taken from the columns of *The Illustrated Buffalo Express* and the *San Diego Union*, to which they were contributed by Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, himself a Zuni by adoption and a

"Priest of the Bow." Rai B. K. Laheri writes upon "Buddhism and Hinduism" pointing the conclusion that to the Hindûs, as to most others, 'comparisons are odious,' and that if good is to be effected from the association of these two great religious systems, it will only be by the demonstration of an underlying unity of concept in both.

"The Musical Scale and Man: an Analogy," by Geo. de Cairos Rego, is an exceedingly able analysis of the Theosophic idea of "the Septenary in Nature" as applied to the musical gamut, and will repay careful study.

"Gleams from the Dawn Land" throw an interesting light on the contrast of Christianity with Buddhism, "the faith of the opium-smoking Chinese, with that of the opium-making English," based upon a paper on the Opium Question, by Surgeon-General Sir William Moore, K.C.I.E.

The Path.—The February issue opens with some extracts from "What the Masters have said," and voices an exhortation as valuable to Theosophists of 1893 as to those of a decade since, when the words were spoken. "The Spheres of Inanimate objects—a criticism criticised," tends to establish the conclusions of the author in favour of the reality of psychometry and thought-transference, and affords a further valuable elucidation of some points previously touched upon.

"Three Letters to a Child—the making of the Earth," is in continuation of former instructions upon cosmogony, conveying first ideas upon this vast subject in simple language. The "very wise men" who tell of the earth having "tipped up a little" in consequence of the accumulation of ice at the poles, might, however, have shown how such a "tipping-up" could be that way produced.

"A Reminiscence" by "One of the Staff" deals with a trifling question, the origin of the Theosophical Society's seal. The writer says: "The origin of our seal is one of the things yet to be cleared up, and which will be at the proper time." Here is "much cry and little wool," and it is difficult to see what is the point of the article. In the first paragraph it is made to appear that the statement of Col. Olcott in his "Old Diary Leaves" does not concur with facts. The statement made by Col. Olcott (see Dec. 1892 *Theosophist*) is as follows:—

"The appropriate seal of the Society was partly designed after a very mystical one that a friend of H. P. B's had composed for her, and it was beautifully engraved for us by Mr. Tudor Horton."

The President's statement that the seal from which ours was taken was composed by a friend of H. P. B's, is not quoted nor alluded to in the *Path* article. The present writer (W. R. O.) is in a position to say that, at least in 1889, H. P. B. did not know the names or values of the Astrological and Hebraic symbols on the die, then in his hands, and in writing the same symbols she formed them quite differently, which led to some conversation on the Russian and English Calendars, and the formation of the letters of the alphabet. The author concludes: "But, however, the facts may come out, it remains a fact that the T. S. stands or falls by H. P. Blavatsky." The T. S. will stand or fall, as every other system must finally do, by the truth or falsity of its doctrine, the purity or otherwise of its ethics, and by the devotion of its advocates to what of truth, beauty, and utility may be found therein. "Planetary Influences" by G. E. W. is an able article on Astrology, but dealing more with methods of computing times of planetary "directions," than with the effects or influences thence experienced. "Jared" is an exceedingly beautiful story of "an Angel that came from Paradise" to

save humanity, finding only in suffering that power of sympathy which alone could effect the end in view.

"The Earth-Chain of Globes" deals with the now familiar fact of the interpenetration of the various planes or states of matter in the Universe, which is applied by Bro. Wm. Q. Judge in common with other writers on this subject, to a solution of the Septenary "Earth-Chain."

"Faces of friends" introduces the readers of the *Path* to Bro. E. B. Rambo of San Francisco, an engraved portrait being supplemented by a brief biographical sketch of our esteemed fellow-worker in the cause of Theosophy. "The formation of Crystals" by Sarah Corbett, F. R. S., briefly shows the development of the facet from radial lines of force, acting from the point to the line and from that to the superficies, as shown by Froebel, the German Mineralogist.

Theosophical Siftings.—No. 16 of Vol. V, contains "Some Anomalies in the Biblical Views of the Constitution of Man" by Sapere Aude, and "Reincarnations in Tibet" from the *Theosophist*. The former article is a useful contribution by a well-known Kabalist who treats the subject from a philological standpoint, and develops many analogies between the Hebraic and later Western concepts of the constitution of Man. Nos. 17-18 of the same volume form a single issue, which contains "Studies in Buddhism," from the pages of the *Theosophist*, by A. P. Sinnett.

Le Lotus Bleu.—No. 11 opens with the usual "Tribune Théosophique," which is a *Prasnottara*, a *Vahan*, and a *Forum* combined. The questions are very clearly and thoroughly answered. The translation of "Letters that have Helped Me" is continued. "Brotherhood," by Philadelphie, is a charming little monograph. Dr. Pascal continues his graphic series of articles upon "Man," dealing in this instance with the Kâma-Rûpa. "The Key to Theosophy" is continued. "Studies of Theosophical Dietetic" by Dr. Bonnejoy, is resumed from the July number of the previous year, and advocates vegetarianism on hygienic grounds.

Pauses.—Vol. II, No. 7, contains much interesting reading, among others "Personality and Individuality," translated from *Le Lotus Bleu* by Bro. S. Raghavendrao, "The Curse of Separateness" by J. W. Brodie-Innes, and "Death as viewed by Theosophy" by Alexander Fullerton. "Notes and News" contains an interesting summary of recent events in the Indian Section T. S.

The Vâhan.—Vol. II, No. 7, answers a question upon the absence of "nearly perfect beings" on this earth, which the querent opines should not be the case if reincarnation be true; and it is asked, (with perfect sincerity, we presume), "where are such men as St. Paul now?" A person so easily satisfied must indeed have a limited view of the world he is in to ask a question so utterly disproportionate. The Esoteric meaning of the "vicarious blood atonement" is variously treated of; the querent J. T. C. having successfully performed the "confidence trick" by asking, "Since Jesus was an Initiate who taught the multitude only in parables and allegories....., what is the Esoteric meaning of the doctrine of 'vicarious blood atonement?'" None of those who undertake to reply, save J. W. B.-I., having considered whether Jesus ever taught such a doctrine in any way whatever. The difference between the Prâna of organic and inorganic structures, and the difference between self-consciousness, and consciousness, are questions which lead to well-directed and useful answers. A question on the occult and orthodox views of the "miracle," treated of by H. P. B. in *Key to Theosophy*, receives varied and careful answers, mainly guarding the use of the expression

"Scientific Theosophy." Why Theosophists are "Pantheists and not Agnostics" assumes an identity of Theosophy and Pantheism wholly unjustifiable, this misuse of terms being very rightly indicated in the answer by H. P. B. A frank enquirer would like to know a good recipe for making Pantheists, by which latter expression we are again required to understand "Theosophists." We note a judicious spice of irony in the concluding words of the reply, which says: "Before the Theosophist can put Theosophical ideas clearly and plainly, they must be clear and plain to himself, *verb sap.*"

Sophia, (*Theosophic Review*).—Under this name, and in a form which bespeaks rapid evolution, the Spanish monthly known as *Estudios Teosoficos*, has reincarnated. The name is written in Greek characters, the cover is adorned with a scene from the Nile, embracing a colonnade and pyramids, and a temple from which steps lead down to the water. A sphinx guards the approach to the sacred place. Palm-trees and lotuses add their influence to the representation, and the whole is tinged with the rays of the setting sun. On the back of the cover there is a very pretty tri-coloured print of the T. S. seal, ensconced in lotus-flowers, and set off against a background of white rays. The printing and paper are both excellent. The text extends over twenty-four large pages and comprises articles on "The Seven Principles of Man," "Reincarnation and Karma," "The Post-mortem States," "Nirvana," and "Theosophy and Occultism."

"The Ten Virtues and Seven Perfections," quoted from the *Voice of the Silence*, and H. P. B.'s "An Enchanted Life" completes, with a review of the Theosophic movement, a most attractive magazine. Our Spanish Brothers deserve great praise for their devotion and enterprise.

The Irish Theosophist.—No. 5, Vol. I, continues its teaching of "Theosophy in plain language." Several original and instructive articles fill the all-too-brief pages of this plucky little advocate of Theosophy. "The House of Tears" is a charming allegory by Mrs. M. F. Wight.

The Theosophic Thinker.—This is the second *Weekly* Theosophical journal published under the auspices of the T. S. in India. "One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge" is the motto from Narada, which heads the columns of our latest representative. The journal consists of 4 pages of well-printed matter, and contains articles and correspondence on Theosophical subjects. The journal should prove of interest to the general reader, and as a vehicle for the exchange of Theosophical thought and for news of our movement, will no doubt be welcome to all our Members in India. The journal is edited by T. A. Swaminatha Aiyer, F.R.S., Bellary; and the subscription is Rs. 2 per year in advance.

Transactions of the Scottish Lodge T. S.—Part V contains "Lodge Notes; Atomic Weights and their Period Laws; The Occult Law of Septenaries," in all 16 pages of highly interesting and yet more suggestive reading. The practice of putting these valuable transactions into print for the use of others, whom only distance divides from the Scottish Lodge, is very commendable and might be followed with advantage by all our advanced centres in England, and if the same were done in India also, the mutual benefit from the interchange of thought thus made possible, would be very great.

The tendency of the present publication is to illustrate a parallelism, moving to identity, between the Occult and Scientific views of Nature and her methods, and the Occult power of numbers, forms the ground for such an argument. The subject is well treated.

Theosophical Forum.—No. 43 deals with four questions, the first relating to moral obligations to one-self as against consent to the selfish comfort of those related to us, the answer being of course in favour of the higher and greater good. The means whereby personal appetites, or the lower *vāsanas*, are transmitted from one incarnation to other, receives answer that "when you go to Devachan you leave behind such of your belongings as are incongruous with that region, but on your return to earth re-assume them and use them till they are worked off." Very little is said of *Kāma-rūpa*, and nothing at all of its theoretical death long before the Ego re-incarnates. The teaching of "Karma in connection with re-incarnation" will never be justified till the vehicle which transmits *personal vāsanas* is determined, and admitted into the Theosophic conception of the human constitution. Another interesting question, very ably answered by the Editor, is in relation to the dynamic power exercised by the "astral body" on material objects. "The veil of Parabrahm" receives a meagre and inadequate treatment in answer to the last question.

Department of Branch Work.—No. 30 of the American Section issues in this department treats of "Theosophy as a Religion," a paper read before the Aryan T. S. by Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, who deals with her subject in a thoroughly competent manner.

Adhyātma Mâlâ.—The fourth number of *Adhyātma Mâlâ* begins with an article analogous to the "Watch-tower" articles of *Lucifer*. Some of the paragraphs under that heading being translated almost word for word from the same journal. In this article a favourable notice is taken of Pandit Bhavanishanker's visit to our local Branch and the benefits likely to accrue from such visits are neatly pointed out. Notice is then taken of the recent experiments in hypnotism of Col. Rochas and Dr. Luys, and the dangers of such reckless experiments pointed out. The article on Dharma continues. In the story of the "Seven Principles of Man" commenced in the last number and continued in this, the writer has sustained the spirit of a novel. The translation of Subba Row's book on *Bhagavatgītā* continues. The translation of "What is Theosophy" again continues in the refined style peculiar to the translator.

LIFE OF HARIDAS SADHU.*

Readers of the earlier volumes of the *Theosophist* will be glad to find in this small Bengali work, all the information collected about Haridas—known as Runjit Singh's Sadhu, who was buried under ground for 40 days in order that his Yoga powers might be tested. It appears the Sadhu was travelling along Amritsar and Jessulmere, and afterwards went to Lahore, where he went to Ranjit Singh. "There," according to Dr. MacGregor, "he engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, and without either food or drink. Runjit naturally disbelieved the man's assertions, and was determined to put them to the test. For this purpose the Fakir was shut up in a wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the middle of the ground; there was a folding door to this box, which was secured by a lock and key." "Strict watch was kept up for forty days and nights." He was afterwards seen at Adinagar, we are told. The last few chapters are taken up by such questions as "Was Haridas a Cheat?" and some remarks

* By Rangalal Mukerji. Printed at the Bangabasi Press. 34/1, Cooloolah Street, Calcutta. Price Rs. 2.

on the art of prolonging life, Karma, Hatha Yoga, &c. The book is neatly got up and handy, and contains two pictures of the Sádhu.

S. E. G.

JOURNAL OF THE BUDDHIST TEXT SOCIETY.*

This Journal, which combines in itself the qualities of a journal, and a monthly publication of Buddhist Texts, is destined to serve the same purpose for India as the publications of the Pali Text Society of London, with Dr. Rhys-Davids as Editor, do to the West. Babu Sarat Chandra Das, the Editor of the one before us, is known to most of our readers as the best Tibetan scholar now living in this country: and he is assisted by several learned contributors. The present number begins with a most valuable article on "Indian Pandits in Tibet," which gives an account of the lives of Santi Rakshita, Kamala Lila, and the famous Atisa, all of whom worked for the spread of Buddhism in Tibet, during the eighth and the tenth centuries A. C., and this is followed by another on the "Lamaic Hierarchy of Tibet." A translation from Tibetan of "Bodhi Patha Pridipa" of Atisa also known as Dipankara Srijnana, next appears, and all these three are from the pen of the Editor. Pandit Harimohan Vidyabhooshan's excellent Sanskrit translation of Buddha Gosha's Visuddhi Marga, with the original Magadhi Text, appears in a most opportune time when Hindu Pandits have no idea of Buddhism, except what they have read in Sanskrit writings in reference to it, and even that mostly for purposes of a polemic against it. The remaining portion of the Journal is occupied by the Tibetan Text of "Bodhi Patha Pradipa," a Metrical translation of Muktalata by Mr. Romesh Chunder Dutt, and the Sanskrit Text of the same, obtained by the Editor from the Grand Lama's Library. There is also an Appendix containing an account of the Bon religion of Tibet, which was followed before the introduction of Buddhism into that country: and also some folk-tales.

The present number is an exceedingly interesting one, and we earnestly express the hope, that the succeeding numbers will be up to the same mark.

S. E. G.

THE MUCTHY VIGNAM. †

This is a small work in Tamil and its title is a compound of the words Mucthy (salvation), and Viguam (impediments). It deals with the several causes that stand as obstruction in the way of attaining Móksha and the author points out how, by not living the proper life according to the ordinances of the Dharmasastras, man begets diseases of all sorts and upsets the harmony of existence, and how by performing the prescribed ceremonies as enjoined in Karma Vibhagasastras, diseases can be cured and prevented. He also touches upon the highly magnetic properties of herbs and plants which though classified "inanimate" go to make up a pure mind in a pure body of the animate man. This is the theory of the Hindu ancient writings on medicine and the cure of diseases, and the book is a valuable help to all those who want to have an insight into the connection of Mantric ceremonial with the curing of disease.

P. R. V.

* Calcutta. Printed at the Baptist Mission Press. Annual Subscription, Rupees five.

† By N. R. Subbarayalu Naidoo, and published in the "Victor" Press, Madras, India.

BLUE AND SUN LIGHTS.

The Adyar library is indebted to Mr. John J. Houston for a perfect copy of the late General John A. J. Pleasonton's famous work upon "Blue and Sun Lights." This work created a very great excitement in the scientific world on its appearance in the year 1877. It was commented upon in appreciative terms by Mme. Blavatsky in "Isis Unveiled." It was the precursor of a series of works upon the mysterious properties of the several rays of the spectrum, which may be said to mark an epoch in Chemistry as well as in Therapeutics. By the simple use of alternate panes of blue and colourless glass in his grapery, Genl. Pleasonton raised a succession of extraordinarily prolific crops of grapes. Also by similar means he effected a great many marvellous cures of sciatica and other nervous troubles.

The next work of the series was that of our old colleague, the late Seth Pancoast, M. D., of Philadelphia, one of the first Vice-presidents of the Society. It was entitled, "The Blue and Red Rays." The third, so far as my memory now serves, was the work of Dr. Babbitt of New York upon "The Principles of Light and Colour," and was followed by others of the same kind. Dr. Babbitt exploited the idea commercially, and some of his chromopathic appliances are to be found in the hands of our friends throughout India. I am perfectly convinced that the mysterious blue, red, yellow and green "electricities" of Count Mattei are nothing in the world but distilled water which has been exposed severally to these different rays of the spectrum. As to their therapeutic efficacy, I am in a position to testify from personal observation both at Count Mattei's home in Italy and at other places; and I am fully persuaded that there is much more to be discovered in this same field of research.

H. S. O.

Correspondence.

THEOSOPHY IN WESTERN LANDS.

[From our London Correspondent.]

LONDON, February 1893.

A new and admirable development of Theosophical activities here is the 'Head-quarters Discussion Class,' inaugurated by Mr. Ablett a few weeks ago, with the object of training Members to—but I will quote the opening sentences of the little leaflet just issued by the Hon. Secy., our brother Thos. Green, which run as follows:—"A class has been formed with the following object: 'The object of this class is to train its Members in shaping, framing, and expressing clearly and concisely their opinions concerning the Esoteric Philosophy, with the view of propagating the same,' and then the paper goes on to tell us of the first most successful meeting of the class, "when a lesson in Elocution was given by Mr. J. Ablett for an hour," to no less than eighteen Members. A capital beginning, and much interest was roused. The class meets every Friday evening, but the elocution lesson is only given once a month.

The Blavatsky Lodge Saturday evening Meetings continue in full force; the study of the Bhagavadgítá is now finished, and "The Constitution of Man" is next to be discussed. This will probably last the Lodge for several years! You will all be sorry to hear that our Hon. Secy., Miss Cooper, has been seriously out of health for some time past, and is ordered complete

rest. This she is fortunately able to take, and we hope that the result may be a speedy restoration to health. The "Lotus" Club for working-men was opened last Monday evening—20th instant—with a great flourish of trumpets. Mr. Moore's most sanguine expectations were more than realised (as they well deserved to be); for not only had forty-five Members given in their names before the Club opened, but twenty-five more have since joined. A capital entertainment was given on the opening night, many kind friends offered their services, and the result was all that could be desired, every song being furiously encored. The Countess Wachtmeister opened the Club, and made a peculiarly happy little speech, telling the men that she, too, worked for her living—"I am a working-woman," she said; and said truly. Her audience, though evidently much impressed and delighted, were, however, slightly puzzled, having already decided in their own minds that "Countess" spelt "Duchess;" and Mr. Moore was appealed to afterwards, I believe, for an explanation of the mystery! Seats were provided for 190 people, but 250 managed somehow to squeeze in. A contingent of the Bow Club girls came, which added a final touch of harmony and good-will, "East joining hands with West" (*north-west* is, I believe, the correct postal direction!) in fraternal merriment and enjoyment. Altogether, the thing is—so far—a huge success, thanks to Mr. Moore. The walls of the big room taken by the Club have been most beautifully painted by Mr. Machell, and a couple of brother artists who kindly volunteered their services; so you see nothing has been omitted which could possibly attract and refine. Mr. Machell's extreme kindness on these occasions is already well known; and his efforts are most certainly immensely appreciated in this particular instance.

Our brother, Mr. J. C. Staples has been staying at Harrogate lately, and doing a considerable amount of propagandist work there; lecturing, receiving visitors, &c., &c. He reports most favourably of the energy and enterprising spirit shewn by the Members of the Lodge. His own words to me, in fact, were:—"I found there a group of courageous thinkers, some of whom have not shrunk from carrying out in daily life the principles which they have arrived at by the exercise of reason. They are earnest workers in the Theosophic Cause." The interest shewn by outsiders, too, is very keen, Mr. Staples says.

Mrs. Besant starts for home on the 25th inst., and right glad shall we all be to welcome her back again. The amount of work she seems to have accomplished during these last three months, is really gigantic, when we remember not only the immense distances covered, but the equally immense energy involved in the delivery of so many lectures, following rapidly on each other's heels.

The Crèche and Girls' Club, which the Manchester Lodges hoped to establish in one of the poorest Districts of the City, is now no longer a "possibility," but an actual fact; so at least I am told.

Foreign Lodges and Centres report well. Sweden, as ever, is specially active, fresh centres springing up in all directions.

* * * * *

The correspondence in the *Daily Chronicle*, concerning which I wrote you in my last, after dragging on till the end of the month, came to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, owing to being crowded out by the opening of Parliament. But still we ask:—"Is Christianity played out?" Indeed the whole issue resolved itself, very early in the correspondence, into:—"What

is Christianity?" a question which clearly had to be determined before any attempt could be made to reply to the original one. In spite, however, of the voluminous correspondence evoked, we remain—like Mahomet's coffin—suspended in mid-air, so far as any sort of satisfactory reply to either query, is concerned. Parsons of every denomination all over the country have taken up the subject and preached thereon, each advocating his own particular "ism" as the only possible solution—not to say salvation. But "still we are not happy;" for, if there is one thing more than another that has been elicited by this very suggestive discussion, it is the fact that there seems to be absolutely no sort of agreement as to what Christianity really is.

Apropos of this particular war of words, Prof. Edwin Johnson author of "The Rise of Christendom," has come to the fore again with a renewed attack upon the *bonâ fides* of the origin of the Christian Church. You may recollect my writing you some account of his book about a year ago; he is now engaged in writing a series of articles in the *Weekly Bulletin*, called "£ 6,750,000 per annum. How to save it?" Needless to say, so far as they have gone, these articles are sufficiently startling.

In spite of authoritative and bitterly adverse dicta on the part of Dr. Ernest Hart, the *Daily Graphic* a few days ago had the temerity to publish a long and profusely-illustrated account of Dr. Luys' experiments; an account purporting to have been sent them by "a correspondent, who is apparently a firm believer in the *bonâ fides* of the demonstrations, which are being given at the Charité." Oddly enough the *British Medical Journal* of the same date contained another instalment of Dr. Hart's articles, condemning the said experiments, root and branch. Doctors, in this case, evidently by no means agree.

The very remarkable account of "High Caste Indian Magic" given in the January issue of the *North American Review* will be another thorn in the side of Messrs. Hart, Maskelyne, Weatherly, *et hoc genus omne*. Prof. H. Kellar, who writes the article, opens with the striking statement:—

"Fifteen years spent in India and the far East have convinced me that the high caste fakirs, or magicians, of Northern India have probably discovered natural laws of which we in the West are ignorant. That they succeed in overcoming forces of nature, which to us seem insurmountable, my observation satisfies me beyond doubt."

Prof. Kellar, being himself a "high caste" Western conjuror, is surely entitled to an attentive hearing from his *confrères*; but the contents of his article are of such a nature as to strike a dismayed terror into the minds of the representatives of the noble art of *prestidigitation* over here. The ground is slipping steadily from under their feet, and sooner or later the Western magician must bow before the superior art and knowledge of his Eastern brother. Prof. Kellar maintains that the "low caste fakirs to be met with almost anywhere in Indian cities" are a totally distinct class from the high caste magicians, seldom seen by strangers, and who but rarely emerge from their seclusion. He has, however, been fortunate enough to have seen something of these fakirs, whom he describes as:—

"Very dignified men, of patriarchal appearance, with ascetic faces and long grey beards. All the skilful ones I have seen were quite advanced in years, and were said to have spent their lives in study and seclusion. It seems plausible indeed to believe their story, that it is only after a life-time of contemplation and

study that they are admitted into the higher circles of the esoteric brotherhood whose seat is in the Monasteries of Tibet and in the mountain recesses of Northern Hindustan. They are quiet, suave and secretive, and appear to attach an almost religious significance to the manifestations of their power. There is nothing inherently improbable in the theory that they are initiated into a knowledge, whose secrets have been successfully preserved for centuries."

Prof. Kellar, elsewhere, in his article speaks, too, of our gleaning "from the exploits of Thomas of Greildonne and the wizards of the North glimpses of what may be the reflected potency of the Tibetan esoterics"! At the conclusion of his article, which is full of the most interesting accounts of feats of real magic, which he witnessed—feats familiar enough probably to all of you—and which he professes himself as quite unable to explain, he adds his testimony to the reality of suspended animation and voluntary interments, having himself seen a most successfully performed example of the former. The *Daily News* considered Prof. Kellar's article of sufficient importance to give its readers a long leader thereon, in which his accounts are amusingly said to make "the eyes of amazement to open wide, and cause the hair to stand erect on the head of imagination." But the writer puts his finger on the heart of one at least of the mysteries when he says:—"This naturally suggests hypnotism as the explanation—all was done by glamour. '*C'est là le Miracle*.'" Quite so; but no serious attempt has yet been made to unravel this particular mystery—the "Miracle" of glamour. Science surely is within measurable distance of the day when it will be, as Herbert Burrows puts it, "courageous enough to apply its own law of unity to the universe". This reflection is forced upon one's mind by Professor Dewar's recent lecture on "Liquid Air," at the Royal Institution, last month. The *Times*' report of the lecture, after giving an account of some most remarkable experiments made by Prof. Dewar, tells us that:—

"It is matter *in articulo mortis* upon which the audience were privileged to look on Friday Evening. At the temperatures they saw, chemical forces are in complete abeyance, and oxygen becomes as inert as nitrogen. A few degrees lower and the last traces will disappear of that molecular motion which we call heat, the most mobile gas will be frozen into rigidity, and the properties by which we recognise matter will vanish. In a world at the temperature of that little bulb on the lecture-table bergs of silvery potassium might float for ever untarnished upon seas of liquid oxygen. A little lower—only a little, though it is much to achieve—the rarest form of matter with which we have any acquaintance will, in turn, surrender that mysterious energy which for the present, baffles our ablest experimenters, at 270 degrees, or thereabouts, below Zero centigrade, hydrogen itself will give up the ghost, and matter as we conceive it will be dead."

Significant words, there only a few steps further, and a flood of light may, if they so will it, burst upon the astonished gaze of our bewildered and much perplexed scientists. Query, will they take those steps? Prof. Dewar has shown, by the way, in the course of his experiments, the colour of liquid air "is to the beautiful blue of oxygen as the watery sky common in this country is to the azure we see through breaking clouds after a storm."

We are slowly but surely beginning to find out that there is nothing new under the sun in a sense not always gratifying to our Western conceit. It has always been one of the boasts of Christianity that the world owes to it the institution of hospitals for the sick. But recent excavations at Epidaurus have revealed the fact that it not only possessed a well-frequented shrine of

the god of healing, but also, as one account puts it, "What we may fairly term a religious hospital, an institution that Christian apologists have generally claimed as one of the distinctive fruits of the new religion." This is only simple justice, but in the face of facts less could not very well have been said.

Mr. Stead's Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews* still forms the basis of much newspaper discussion and comment. He now admits that the automatic hand-writing experiments, given in the Christmas number as absolutely genuine, were his own personal experiences; in fact Mr. Stead seems to me to be rapidly qualifying for the part of a high class Spiritualistic Medium! The *Christian Commonwealth* recently gave the whole side of a sheet to a lengthy interview with him, and certainly in the light of his own utterance, this conclusion seems not unwarranted. These things are in the air; the public want facts, and the more material the facts the better are they pleased. Still, Theosophy is occasionally allowed a look-in, e.g. in a recent account—in the *Morning Leader*—of Signor Zanon's marvellous thought-communication performances at Niagara Hall, we are informed that "Theosophy has already taught us that we are on the eve of entering into the possession of a sixth sense"; this, apparently, as a matter of course.

Zanon—evidently, I should say, a stage-name—is a native of Mienskin, in Russian Poland, and is represented as of "pale and nervous appearance." His performances seem to be sufficiently remarkable, if he proves, as the *Morning Leader* says he does, that "thought-communication can take place without the aid of any of the five physical senses." Indeed the paragraphist gives it as his opinion that Zanon's "advent at Niagara Hall has in it the possibility of reviving the old fight between physicists and metaphysicians as to 'brain-communion'; being evidently unaware that the fight has been raging fiercely for some time past.

A. L. C.

CEYLON LETTER.

March 1893.

Last month the Annual Convention of the Society and those interested in the educational movement of Ceylon was held, conducted under the auspices of the Theosophical Society. It was presided over by the Venerable High Priest Sumangala, and the proceedings of the function terminated after two days' sessions with a public meeting, when Addresses were given by the Venerable Buddhist Prelate and Dr. English. The success of the Convention was entirely due to the exertions of our indefatigable co-worker, Brother Buultjens.

The objectionable "Quarter Mile Clause" of the Educational Department is a serious obstacle to our work, and the "Heathen" missionaries are happy over the idea. The "Clause," as it stands, needs much amendment and local legislature and memorials to His Excellency the Governor have not had the desired effect. The attention of our Members in the British Parliament is respectfully invited to the question, which is of vital importance to the Buddhists, who form the large majority of the population of Ceylon.

In this small corner of the earth, there is a tiny, but active body of Theosophists, and it is most lamentable to note how these poor men and women and their work are treated by the 'powers that be.' They raise a hue and

cry' against Theosophists and call Theosophy "tom-foolery," and we are glad to remark that our enemies are most graciously advertising us and our Society. We care very little for their crooked ideas!

Readers of the *Theosophist* will be glad to learn that there are now twenty-six boarders, and over one hundred day scholars of the Sangamitta Girls' School, and the place is quite full. After the next term, there will be several new admissions and Mrs. Higgins will find no room to accommodate them. The Sinhalese are slowly, but surely opening their eyes to the manifold blessings of women's education, more especially when their faith is not hampered by any other "ism," and the Sangamitta Girls' School is deservedly getting popular among the inhabitants of Ceylon, and the work of Mrs. Higgins and her co-workers is much appreciated.

We are making every effort locally to raise the Sangamitta Building Fund. Every Sunday (the only day that could be devoted to collection tours). Mrs. Higgins and a couple of her co-workers go out "begging" in the outskirts of the city in aid of the Fund. While our good brother Dr. English and two others almost daily go out in the evenings with "earthen pots" distributing them to houses and begging the house-holders "to put by" something for the "till" or pot in aid of the Fund. This is pretty hard work indeed, after spending five or six hours daily in school-work, and yet how cheerfully do our workers labor in the vineyard of Theosophy. I appeal most earnestly to all Theosophists to send some help in aid of the Sangamitta Building Fund. It is imperative that the School should have its own grounds. The Society should have a building for "our girls." The work of the school is one that deserves universal approval, inasmuch as it is trying to lay the foundation of progress in Ceylon under the auspices of the T. S. and all Theosophists should take a pleasure in helping the movement.

In a couple of days more, some friends from Australia are coming to pay the Sangamitta Girls' School a visit. Advance news has reached us that Mrs. Cooper Oakley has safely arrived in Melbourne.

SINHALA PUTRA.

GURUS OF THE SRINGERI MATH.

No.	NAMES OF THE GURUS.	FIGURES AS GIVEN BY PITHA'MBARAJI.		THE SAME ACCORDING TO THE BRITISH CALENDAR.	
		Up to	Total period of ascendancy.	From	To
1	Sri Sankarāchārya	107 of Vikrama Samvat.	32	A. D.	A. D.
2	Prithvidhavāchārya	37 of Sali-vahana.	37	50	115
3	Viswarūpa Bhāratīswāmi I	112	75	116	190
4	Chitrūpa do I	164	52	191	242
5	Gangādharma do I	234	70	243	312
6	Chitghana do	289	55	313	367

No.	NAMES OF THE GURUS.	FIGURES AS GIVEN BY PITHA'MBARAJI.		THE SAME ACCORDING TO THE BRITISH CALENDAR.	
		Up to	Total period of ascendancy.	From	To
7	Bodhajna Bhāratīswāmi I	335 of Sali-vahana.	46	A. D. 368	A. D. 413
8	Janānottama do I	380	45	414	458
9	Sivānanda do	420	40	459	498
10	Jānottama do	457	37	499	535
11	Nirsimha do I	498	41	536	576
12	I'swara do I	528	30	577	606
13	Nirsimha do II	550	22	607	628
14	Vidyā Sankara do	578	28	629	656
15	Krishna do	598	20	657	676
16	Sankara do I	620	22	677	698
17	Chandrasekhara do	644	24	699	722
18	Chitānanda do	667	23	723	745
19	Brahmānanda do	695	28	746	772
20	Chitrūpa do II	720	25	774	798
21	Purushottama do I	755	35	774	838
22	Madhusūdana do	793	38	834	871
23	Jagannātha do	821	28	872	899
24	Viswānanda do	853	32	900	931
25	Vimalānanda do	888	35	932	966
26	Vidyāranya do I	928	40	967	1006
27	Viswarūpa do II	948	20	1007	1026
28	Bodhajna do II	974	26	1027	1052
29	Janānottama do II	1004	30	1058	1082
30	Iswara do II	1054	50	1088	1132
31	Bharatathirtha do II	1089	35	1133	1167
32	Vidyāthirthaswāmi	1127	38	1168	1205
33	Vidyāranya do II	1169	42	1206	1247
34	Nirsimha do III	1197	28	1248	1275
35	Chandrasekhara do II	1225	28	1276	1308
36	Madhusūdana do	1255	30	1304	1333

No.	NAMES OF THE GURUS.	FIGURES AS GIVEN BY PITHA'MBARAJI.		THE SAME ACCORDING TO THE BRITISH CALENDAR.		
		Up to	Total period of ascendancy.	From	To	
37	Vishnu Bháratíswámi ...	1290	of Sali- vahana.	35	A. D. 1324	A. D. 1368
38	Gangáthara do II ...	1324	"	34	1369	1402
39	Nirsimha do IV ...	1355	"	31	1403	1433
40	Sankara do II ...	1358	"	33	1434	1466
41	Purushottama do II ...	1432	"	44	1467	1510
42	Rámachandra do ...	1466	"	34	1511	1544
43	Nirsimha do V ...	1509	"	43	1545	1587
44	Vidyáranya Bháratí ...	1542	"	33	1588	1620
45	Nirsimha do I ...	1561	"	19	1621	1639
46	Sankara do I ...	1585	"	24	1640	1663
47	Nirsimha do II ...	1601	"	16	1664	1679
48	Sankara do II ...	1629	"	28	1680	1707
49	Nirsimha do III ...	1653	"	24	1708	1731
50	Sankara do III ...	1685	"	35	1732	1766
51	Nirsimha do IV ...	1691	"	6	1767	1772
52	Sankara do IV ...	1729	"	38	1773	1810
53	Nirsimha do V ...	1742	"	13	1811	1823
54	Sankara do V ...	1776	"	34	1824	1857
55	Nirsimha do VI ...	1782	"	6	1858	1863
56	Sri Sankara Bháratíswámi ...					

The above list of Gurus of the Sringeri Math differs in several particulars from the one already published. It is given by Pitháambaraji of Bombay in the Introduction to his elaborate Commentaries on *Panchadasi*. It is very complete, and is said to have been obtained from the Sringeri Math. It is desirable that some F. T. S. residing near Sringeri, or visiting there, should ascertain if a correct list is now obtainable in the Math. This would put the matter beyond doubt I think.

A. SIVA ROW.

ओं THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XIV. NO. 8. MAY, 1893.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.*

CHAPTER XIV.

WHILE I may well despair of proving the exact degree in which the complex personality, H. P. B., may be said to have written "Isis Unveiled," yet I think it clear and beyond dispute that she digested and assimilated all the material, making it her own and fitting it into her book like bits of stone into a mosaic. As Prof. Wilder recently wrote me, "Few books are absolutely original. That these volumes were in her peculiar style is as plain as can well be. People only demand that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's principle be applied: 'When I eat chicken, I do not become chicken; the chicken becomes me!'"

Nothing would be easier than to shirk the whole inquiry, and chime in with those who simply declare H. P. B. to have been, so to say, divinely inspired, and guiltless of errors, contradictions, exaggerations or limitations; but I cannot do this, having so well known her, and the truth only will serve me. If I have to stand between the two fires of her pitiless calumniators and her incautious devotees, I cannot help it: posterity will judge between us all. I love her memory too well to lie or juggle for her. As for shrinking from the closest inquiry into her occult and mental gifts, it is not to be thought of. I, certainly, am not going to shut my eyes to facts, and thus abandon her and her work to

* I shall be under great obligations to any friend who wishes well to this historical sketch, if he (or she) will give or lend me for reference any interesting documents, or any letters written them during the years 1875, 6, 7 and 8, by either H. P. B. or myself, about phenomena, the occult laws which produce them, or events in the history of the T. S., or any newspapers or cuttings from the same relating to the same subjects. Loans of this kind will be carefully returned, and I shall be glad to refund, if desired, any expense for postage incurred by the senders. Reminiscences of occult things shown by H. P. B., if described to me by the eye-witnesses, will be specially valued. I may not live to get out a second Edition of my book, and wish to make the first as interesting and trustworthy as possible. One ought not, at the age of sixty, to trust too much to one's own memory, although mine seems not to fail me as yet. Friendly Editors will oblige very much by giving currency to this request.
H. S. O.