

THE THEOSOPHIST

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MESMERISM, SPIRITUALISM, AND OTHER SECRET SCIENCES.

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THE THEOSOPHIST.

BOMBAY, JULY 1st, 1880.

The Editors disclaim responsibility for opinions expressed by contributors in their articles. Great latitude is allowed to correspondents, and they alone are accountable for what they write. Rejected MSS. are not returned.

THE OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER ISSUES OF THIS JOURNAL having been reprinted, new subscribers who wish to have their year begin with the October number, will now be charged annas eight additional to cover the extra cost of the republication. Those who order their subscriptions to date from the December, or any later issue, pay Rs. 6 only.

WE ARE GLAD TO ANNOUNCE THE FORMATION AT BENARES of a new Arya Samāj with nearly fifty members, as the first fruits of Swāmiji Dayānand's labors at that sacred place. The officers are : *President*, Pandit Amar Nath ; *Vice-President*, Dr. Harishchandra Serma ; *Secretary*, Moonshi Bakhtour Singh ; *Assistant-Secretary*, Shew Gobind Singh ; *Treasurer*, Gangadin ; *Librarian*, Narayan Singh. Mr. Gangadin and other gentlemen of Benares have also organized an English Debating Club with the design of improving the members in the English language. We heartily wish both success.

A SOCIETY, CALLED THE ARYA HITASHINI SABHA, HAS been formed at Shājahānpur with the laudable object of intellectual, social and moral improvement. It is under the management of Lala Bahadur Lal, late Honorary Magistrate, and has Babu Sital Das Bandgopadhyai as Secretary. The reading of good publications; the "reformation" of injurious social customs and helping creatures in want; and the attainment of "the end to which the soul is tending, by following the true course of Nature or laws of God;" and the listening to lectures and participation in debates—are covered by the Sabha's programme. Secrecy is to be observed as to the investigations in psychological matters—a most sensible rule.

IN THE COURSE OF AN ELABORATE ESSAY ON "THE Greek Oracles," Mr. F. W. H. Myers gives some very interesting information as to the beliefs entertained by the ancients on what we should now call the spirit-control. Porphyry tells how the "demon" (spirit) sometimes speaks through the mouth of the "recipient" (medium) who is entranced: sometimes presents himself in an immaterial or even material form. The trance-state is mixed with "exhausting agitation or struggle." Right choice of time and circumstances for inducing the trance-state, and obtaining oracular replies, is, according to Porphyry, most important, for a Pythian priestess (medium) compelled to prophesy (speak in trance) while under control of an alien spirit, died; and under unfavorable conditions, "the spirit would warn the auditors that he could not give information, or even that he would certainly tell falsehoods on that particular occasion." "On descending into our atmosphere the spirits become subject to the laws and influences that rule mankind...and then a confusion occurs; therefore, in such cases, the prudent inquirer should defer his researches, a rule with which inexperienced investigators fail to comply."

Given a favorable day, and a "guiltless intermediary" (a true medium), some confined space would then be selected so that the influence should not be too widely diffused? This place was sometimes made dark, and the spirit was invoked with "yells and singing." During this singing the medium "falls into an abnormal slumber which extinguishes for the time his own identity, and allows the spirit to speak through his lips," or, in the exact words of Porphyry, "to contrive a voice for himself through a mortal instrument,—*Spiritual Notes*,"

THE THEORY OF CYCLES.

It is now some time since this theory which was first propounded in the oldest religion of the world, Vedicism, then taught by various Greek philosophers, and afterwards defended by the Theosophists of the Middle Ages, but which came to be flatly denied by the *wise men* of the West, like everything else, in this world of negation, has been gradually coming into prominence again. This, once contrary to the rule, it is the men of science themselves who take up. Statistics of events of the most varied nature are fast being collected and collated with the seriousness demanded by important scientific questions. Statistics of wars and of the periods (or cycles) of the appearance of great men—at least those as have been recognised as such by their contemporaries and irrespective of later opinions; statistics of the periods of development and progress at large commercial centres; of the rise and fall of arts and sciences; of cataclysms, such as earthquakes, epidemics; periods of extraordinary cold and heat; cycles of revolutions, and of the rise and fall of empires, &c.; all these are subjected in turn to the analysis of the minutest mathematical calculations. Finally, even the occult significance of numbers in names of persons and names of cities, in events, and like matters, receives unwonted attention. If, on the one hand, a great portion of the educated public is running into atheism and scepticism, on the other hand, we find an evident current of mysticism forcing its way into science. It is the sign of an irrepresible need in humanity to assure itself that there is a Power Paramount over matter; an occult and mysterious law which governs the world, and which we should rather study and closely watch, trying to adapt ourselves to it, than blindly deny, and break our heads against the rock of destiny. More than one thoughtful mind, while studying the fortunes and reverses of nations and great empires, has been deeply struck by one identical feature in their history, namely, the inevitable recurrence of similar historical events reaching in turn every one of them, and after the same lapse of time. This analogy is found between the events to be substantially the same on the whole, though there may be more or less difference as to the outward form of details. Thus, the belief of the ancients in their astrologers, soothsayers and prophets might have been warranted by the verification of many of their most important predictions without these prognostications of future events, implying of necessity anything very miraculous in themselves. The soothsayers and augurs having occupied in days of the old civilizations the very same position now occupied by our historians, astronomers and meteorologists, there was nothing more wonderful in the fact of the former predicting the downfall of an empire or the loss of a battle, than in the latter predicting the return of a comet, a change of temperature, or perhaps, the final conquest of Afghanistan. The necessity for both these classes being acute, observers apart, there was the study of certain sciences to be pursued *then* as well as they are *now*. The science of to-day will have become an "ancient" science a thousand years hence. Free and open, scientific study now is to all, whereas it was then confined but to the few. Yet, whether ancient or modern, both may be called exact sciences; for, if the astronomer of to-day draws his observations from mathematical calculations, the astrologer of old also based his prognostication upon no less acute and mathematically correct observations of the ever-recurring cycles. And, because the secret of this science is now being lost, does that give any warrant to say that it never existed, or that to believe in it, one must be ready to swallow "magic," "miracles" and the like stuff? "If, in view of the eminence to which modern science has reached, the claim to prophesy future events must be regarded as either a child's play or a deliberate deception," says a writer in the *Noroy's Vremya*, the best daily paper of literature and politics of St. Petersburg, "then we can point at science which, in its turn, has now taken up and placed on record the question, in its relation to past events, whether there is or is not in the constant repetition of

events a certain periodicity; in other words, whether these events recur after a fixed and determined period of years with every nation; and if a periodicity there be, whether this periodicity is due to blind chance or depends on the same natural laws, on which are more or less dependent many of the phenomena of human life." Undoubtedly the latter. And the writer has the best mathematical proof of it in the timely appearance of such works as that of Dr. E. Zasse, under review, and of a few others. Several learned works treating upon this mystical subject have appeared of late, and of some of these works and calculations we will now treat; the more readily as they are in most cases from the pens of men of eminent learning. Having already in the June number of the THEOSOPHIST noticed an article by Dr. Blohvitze *On the significance of the number Seven*, with every nation and people—a learned paper which appeared lately in the German journal *Die Gegenwart*—we will now summarize the opinions of the press in general, on a more suggestive work by a well-known German scientist, E. Zasse, with certain reflections of our own. It has just appeared in the *Prussian Journal of Statistics*, and powerfully corroborates the ancient theory of Cycles. These periods which bring around ever-recurring events, begin from the infinitesimal small—say of ten years—rotation and reach to cycles which require 250, 500, 700 and 1000 years, to effect their revolutions around themselves, and within one another. All are contained within the *Máhá-Yug*, the "Great Age" or Cycle of the Manu calculation, which itself revolves between two eternities—the "Pralayas" or *Nights of Brahma*. As, in the objective world of matter, or the system of effects, the minor constellations and planets gravitate each and all around the sun, so in the world of the subjective, or the system of causes, these innumerable cycles all gravitate between that which the finite intellect of the ordinary mortal regards as eternity, and the still finite, but more profound, intuition of the sage and philosopher views as but an eternity within THE ETERNITY. "As above, so it is below," runs the old Hermetic maxim. As an experiment in this direction, Dr. Zasse selected the statistical investigations of all the wars, the occurrence of which has been recorded in history, as a subject which lends itself more easily to scientific verification than any other. To illustrate his subject in the simplest and most easily comprehensible way, Dr. Zasse represents the periods of war and the periods of peace in the shape of small and large wave-lines running over the area of the old world. The idea is not a new one, for, the image was used for similar illustrations by more than one ancient and mediæval mystic, whether in words or picture—by Henry Kunrath, for example. But it serves well its purpose and gives us the facts we now want. Before he treats, however, of the cycles of wars, the author brings in the record of the rise and fall of the world's great empires, and shows the degree of activity they have played in the Universal History. He points out the fact that if we divide the map of the Old World into five parts—into Eastern, Central, and Western Asia, Eastern and Western Europe, and Egypt—then we will easily perceive, that every 250 years, an enormous wave passes over these areas bringing into each in its turn the events it has brought to the one next preceding. This wave we may call "the historical wave" of the 250 years' cycle. The reader will please follow this mystical number of years.

The first of these waves began in China, 2,000 years B. C.—the "golden age" of this Empire, the age of philosophy, of discoveries and reforms. "In 1750 B. C. the Mongolians of Central Asia establish a powerful empire. In 1500, Egypt rises from its temporary degradation and carries its sway over many parts of Europe and Asia; and about 1250, the historical wave reaches and crosses over to Eastern Europe, filling it with the spirit of the Argonautic expedition, and dies out in 1000 B. C. at the siege of Troy."

A second historical wave appears about that time in Central Asia, "The Scythians leave her steppes, and

inundate towards the year 750 B. C. the adjoining countries, directing themselves towards the South and West; about the year 500 in Western Asia begins an epoch of splendour for ancient Persia; and the wave moves on to the east of Europe, where, about 250 B. C. Greece reaches her highest state of culture and civilization—and further on to the West, where, at the birth of Christ, the Roman Empire finds itself at its apogee of power and greatness."

Again, at this period we find the rising of a third historical wave at the far East. After prolonged revolutions, about this time, China forms once more a powerful empire, and its arts, sciences and commerce flourish again. Then 250 years later, we find the Huns appearing from the depths of Central Asia; in the year 500 A. D. a new and powerful Persian kingdom is formed; in 750—in Eastern Europe—the Byzantine empire; and, in the year 1,000—on its western side—springs up the second Roman Power, the Empire of the Papacy, which soon reaches an extraordinary development of wealth and brilliancy.

At the same time, the *fourth* wave approaches from the Orient. China is again flourishing; in 1250, the Mongolian wave from Central Asia has overflowed and covered an enormous area of land, including with it Russia. About 1500, in Western Asia the Ottoman Empire rises in all its might and conquers the Balkan peninsula; but at the same time, in Eastern Europe, Russia throws off the Tartar yoke, and about 1750, during the reign of Empress Catherine, rises to an unexpected grandeur and covers itself with glory. The wave ceaselessly moves further on to the West, and beginning with the middle of the past century, Europe is living over an epoch of revolutions and reforms, and, according to the author, "if it is permissible to prophesize, then, about the year 2,000, Western Europe will have lived one of those periods of culture and progress so rare in history." The Russian press taking the cue believes, that "towards those days the Eastern Question will be finally settled, the national dissensions of the European peoples will come to an end, and the dawn of the new millenium will witness the abolishment of armies and an alliance between all the European empires." The signs of regeneration are also fast multiplying in Japan and China, as if pointing to the approach of a new historical wave at the extreme East.

If, from the cycle of two-and-a-half century duration we descend to those which leave their impress every century, and, grouping together the events of ancient history, will mark the development and rise of empires, then we will assure ourselves that, beginning from the year 700 B. C. the centennial wave pushes forward, bringing into prominence the following nations—each in its turn—the Assyrians, the Medes, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Macedonians, the Carthaginians, the Romans and the Germanians.

The striking periodicity of the wars in Europe is also noticed by Dr. E. Zasse. Beginning with 1700 A. D., every ten years have been signalized by either a war or a revolution. The periods of the strengthening and weakening of the warlike excitement of the European nations represent a wave strikingly regular in its periodicity, flowing incessantly, as if propelled onward by some invisible fixed law. This same mysterious law seems at the same time to make these events coincide with astronomical wave or cycle, which, at every new revolution, is accompanied by the very marked appearance of spots in the sun. The periods when the European powers have shown the most destructive energy are marked by a cycle of 50 years' duration. It would be too long and tedious to enumerate them from the beginning of History. We may, therefore, limit our study to the cycle beginning with the year 1712, when *all* the European nations were fighting at the same time—the Northern, and the Turkish wars, and the war for the throne of Spain. About 1761, the "Seven Years' War"; in 1810 the wars of Napoleon I. Towards 1861, the wave has a little deflected from its regular course, but, as if to compensate for it, or, propelled, perhaps, with unusual forces, the years directly preceding, as well as those which followed it, left in history, the re-

corals of the most fierce and bloody war—the Crimean war—in the former period, and the American Rebellion in the latter one. The periodicity in the wars between Russia and Turkey appears peculiarly striking and represents a very characteristic wave. At first the intervals between the cycles returning upon themselves, are of thirty years' duration—1710, 1740, 1770; then these intervals diminish, and we have a cycle of twenty years—1790, 1810, 1829-30; then the intervals widen again—1853 and 1878. But, if we take note of the whole duration of the in-flowing tide of the warlike cycle, then we will have at the centre of it—from 1768 to 1812—three wars of seven years' duration each, and at both ends, wars of two years.

Finally, the author comes to the conclusion that in view of facts, it becomes thoroughly impossible to deny the presence of a regular periodicity in the excitement of both mental and physical forces in the nations of the world. He proves that in the history of all the peoples and empires of the Old World, the cycles marking the millenniums, the centennials, as well as the minor ones of 50 and 10 years' duration, are the most important, inasmuch as neither of them has never yet failed to bring in its rear some more or less marked event in the history of the nation swept over by these historical waves.

The history of India is one which, of all histories, is the most vague and least satisfactory. Yet, were its consecutive great events noted down, and its annals well searched, the law of cycles would be found to have asserted itself here as plainly as in every other country in respect of its wars, famines, political exigencies and other matters.

In France, a meteorologist of Paris went to the trouble of compiling the statistics of the coldest seasons, and discovered at the same time, that those years which had the figure 9 in them, had been marked by the severest winters. His figures run thus: In 859 A. D. the northern part of the Adriatic sea was frozen and was covered for three months with ice. In 1179 in the most moderate zones, the earth was covered with several feet of snow. In 1209, in France the depth of snow and the bitter cold caused such a scarcity of fodder that most of the cattle perished in that country. In 1249, the Baltic sea, between Russia, Norway and Sweden remained frozen for many months and communication was held by sleighs. In 1339, there was such a terrific winter in England, that vast numbers of people died of starvation and exposure. In 1409, the river Danube was frozen from its sources to its mouth in the Black Sea. In 1469, all the vineyards and orchards perished in consequence of the frost. In 1609, in France, Switzerland and Upper Italy, people had to thaw their bread and provisions before they could use them. In 1639, the harbour of Marseilles was covered with ice to a great distance. In 1659 all the rivers in Italy were frozen. In 1699 the winter in France and Italy proved the severest and longest of all. The prices for articles of food were so much raised that half of the population died of starvation. In 1709 the winter was no less terrible. The ground was frozen in France, Italy and Switzerland to the depth of several feet, and the sea, south as well as north, was covered with one compact and thick crust of ice, many feet deep, and for a considerable space of miles, in the usually open sea. Masses of wild beasts, driven out by the cold from their dens in the forests, sought refuge in villages and even cities; and the birds fell dead to the ground by hundreds. In 1729, 1749 and 1769 (cycles of 20 years' duration) all the rivers and streams were ice-bound all over France for many weeks, and all the fruit trees perished. In 1789, France was again visited by a very severe winter. In Paris, the thermometer stood at 19 degrees of frost. But the severest of all winters proved that of 1829. For fifty-four consecutive days, all the roads in France were covered with snow several feet deep, and all the rivers were frozen. Famine and misery reached their climax in the country in that year. In 1839, there was again in France a most terrific and trying cold season. And now the winter of 1879 has asserted its statistical rights and proved true to the fatal influence of the figure 9. The meteorologists of

other countries are invited to follow suit and make their investigations likewise, for the subject is certainly one of the most fascinating as well as instructive kind.

Enough has been shown, however, to prove that neither the ideas of Pythagoras on the mysterious influence of numbers, nor the theories of ancient world-religions and philosophies are as shallow and meaningless as some too forward free-thinkers would have had the world to believe.

A GLIMPSE OF TANTRIK OCCULTISM.*

BY BARADA KANTA, MAJUMDAR.

There is a point beyond which experimental science cannot go; and that is the point which divides the empire of what is called matter from the empire of force. Certainly the physicist is acquainted with the nature and laws of certain forces, or more correctly, certain modifications of some mysterious force, but beyond this every thing is in darkness. To the modern scientist the land of mystery is sealed with seven seals. His instruments and machines, his scalpel and retort serve him ill to solve the grand problem of existence. Is there no hope then? Are there no means by which the occultism of nature may be revealed to man? Aryan philosophy says there are. But the ways are different. The external senses are but the vehicles for communicating to the mind impressions of those objects which these senses can take cognizance of. But these Aryans are not adapted to receive impressions of the ultra-gaseous or force state of matter. Sight, smell, hearing, touch and taste are essentially those attributes of the mind which under certain conditions receive physical impressions from things without and transmit those impressions to an observant faculty within. And yet a proof of the existence of these attributes of the mind is best had in the dream state, when not only is mental vision brought in requisition, but smell, taste, touch and hearing, all have their fair play *independently of the external senses*. When we confess to ourselves the existence of matter and force which are not cognizable by the senses, we can, perhaps, safely look upon the mind as the only agent that can perceive such subtle phenomena; for in one state at least, I mean dream, we know of its independent powers to see, hear, &c. This clairvoyance of the mind was known to the ancients many thousand years ago. During their trance state (samādhi) the Yogis by means of inner vision could see the mysterious agencies of nature underlying the universe.

In verse 61, Chapter XVIII, of the Bhagabatgita, Sri Krishna says to Arjun, sitting in the hearts of the created objects, "Oh Arjun, God turns the machinery by his Mâyá." But nowhere in that learned philosophy is any mention made of what this machinery of Mâyá is, and how it is worked. Purnánanda Gaswámi, an eminent Tantrik Yogi, who lived more than two hundred years ago, has left a book in Sanskrit, the name of which is *Shat Chakrabhed*, in which he treats of the occult nerves and forces in the human body. Mention of these nerves and forces, however, is to be found in the *Brahmánda Purána*, (Uttar-gita, Chapter II, verses from 11 to 18), but credit is due to the Tantrik author for having described them at length. It is to be regretted that the author has used figurative language throughout the work which renders it valueless, except to such as have the key to the allegories.

* The fondness of the Asiatic mind for allegory and parable is well illustrated in this paper on Tantrik Occultism. To a Western man who cannot read the meaning between the lines, it will very likely seem void of sense. Thus the *Atharva Veda* appeared to Max Müller only 'theological twaddle,' whereas its text is full of profound philosophy and proves that its author or authors were intimately acquainted with the hidden energies of nature. The significant feature of the present essay is that the Tantrik Yogi from whose work the extracts are translated, knew the great and mysterious law that there are within the human body a series of centres of force-evolution, the location of which becomes known to the ascetic in the course of his physical self-development, as well as the means which must be resorted to to bring the activities at these centres under the control of the will. To employ the Oriental figurative method, these points are so many out-works to be captured in succession before the very citadel can be taken.—H. S. O.

The six revolving wheels of force, mentioned in the sequel, are connected with one another and are further connected with the grand machinery of Mâyá pervading the Universe. It is not to be supposed that there is in reality any wheel or lotus in the human body; the author means only to point out the active centres of certain forces.

"*Shat Chakrabhed*,

"Outside the spine, to the left is the Ira nerve, resplendent like the moon, and to the right is the Pingalá nerve, resplendent like the sun. Between these nerves, that is, within the canal of the spine, is the Sushumná nerve, effulgent like the sun, moon and fire, and possessing the three attributes of Swatwa, Rajas and Tamas. Assuming the shape of a full-blown Datura metel towards the Muládhár Padma (radical substratum of the psychological forces) it extends to the crown; and within the aperture of this nerve is a nerve called Bajrá extending from the *puendum virile* to the crown. The interior of this latter nerve is perpetually blazing.

"Within this blaze of the Bajrá nerve is a nerve called Chitrini, girdled by the Pranava (that is, the three powers explicated by it) and fine as the spider's web. This nerve permeates the six lotuses (the trijunction points or cells where the Ira and the Pingalá nerve meet with the Sushumná nerve) on the Sushumná nerve. Within the Chitrini is a nerve called Brahma nerve, which extends from the mouth of the great positive force (Mahádeva) in the first cell to the crown.

"There is a very delightful place (the fissure of Sylvius ?) where the mouth of the Brahma nerve emits nectar. This place is the junction of the frontal lobe with the temporal lobe of the cerebral hemispheres and is the mouth of the Sushumná nerve."

The author now proceeds to describe the seven systems of psychological forces pervading the body through the cerebro-spinal cord. There are seven points where the spinal accessory nerves, Ira and Pingalá, meet with the Sushumná nerve. Each of these points is called a lotus. I will in the sequel call them cells.

"*The first cell, called Adhár Padma*,

"This cell is situated on the Sushumná nerve below the *puendum virile* and above the fundament. It is bright as gold and has four petals of the color of Bignonia Indica, symbolized by the four letters *ba, sa, sa and sha*. It is situated topsy-turvy.

"Within this cell is the quadrangular mundane discus surrounded by eight spears, soft and yellow as the lightning. Within this discus is deposited the procreative *semen virile*.

"This *semen virile* is decorated with four hands and is mounted on the elephant of India. In its lap is the creator-boy, having four hands and holding the four Vedas in his mouth.

"Within the quadrangular discus above referred to is a goddess (passion, I believe) named Dákiní with swinging four hands and blood-red eyes. She is glorious like twelve suns rising at the same time; but visible only to the pure-minded yogi.

"Within the pericarp of the Bajrá nerve, bright as the lightning is the philoprogenitive triangular discus of Tripurá Devi. Within this discus is the air of Kandarpa (cupid), which is capable of passing freely through all the members of the body. It is the sovereign lord of animals, is blown like the *Bánduli* flower and glorious like hundreds of millions of suns.

"Within it is the phallus of a Siva, facing west, his body soft like melted gold, embodiment of wisdom and communion, red like a new twig, and soft as the beams of the moon. It lives in the sacred city (Kasi), is full of felicity and is round like a whirlpool.

"Fine as the string of the stalk of lotus plays above this phallus the charmer of the Universe (Kulakundalini) extending to the nectar-flowing fissure of the Brahma nerve. Like the lightning playing in new clouds and the spiral turn of a shell, she rests over the phallus in three and a half circles as does the sleeping serpent over the head of Siva.

"This Kulakundalini, residing in the Muládhár Padma, hums like the bee inebriated with the nectar of flowers, and by distributing the inspiration and respiration of animals keeps them alive.

"Within this Kulakundalini, subtler than the subtlest, and resplendent as the lightning is Sri Parameswari (that is, Prakriti or mundane source), whose brightness manifests the Universe like a caldron."

"*The second cell, called Svádhishtán Padma*,

"On the Sushumná nerve is another cell at the root of the *puendum virile*, which is red like vermilion and bright as lightning. It has six petals symbolized by the six letters *ba, bha, ma, ya, ra and la*.

"Within this lotus is the white discus of Baruna (Neptune), in which is the seed, * वं, argent like the autumnal moon, having crescent on its forehead and mounted on म.*

* The Sanskrit word is वंज. वं means Baruna; but I don't know what this म means.

"In the lap of this $\frac{3}{4}$ seed, blue like the cloud, young, and wearing red cloth is Hari (positive force) having Sributsa and Kous-tava-mani on his breast, and holding the four Vedas in his four hands with Lakshmi (negative force).

"Within the said discus is a goddess, Rákini, her color is like the blue lotus, holding many arms in her hands ready to attack, wearing many ornaments and apparel, and his mind inebriated.

"He who can realize the discus of Baruna in his mind becomes in a moment freed from individual consciousness and emerging from the darkness of folly shines like the sun."

(To be continued.)

Rajshahi in Bengal, April 1880.

A SPECTRE GUIDE.

BY V. P. ZELIHOVSKY.*

At the end of November, 1879, occurred in our town of Tiflis (Russian Caucasus) an event so extraordinary and incomprehensible, as to persuade more than one hitherto sceptical person that there must be some truth in the belief of the spiritualists. It is in the police and criminal records now, and can be verified at any day. I was a witness to it myself, and the chief personages of the tragedy live but a few steps from my own family residence in the Nicolaefskaya Street, which adjoins the Ovtchalsk Street, where stands the house of the Kaazmin family. The event is thus summed up in the police records:—

"The discovery of the crime is due to the apparition of the murdered man himself, in full daylight and before a number of witnesses."

In the *Molokan* quarter, on the outskirts of Tiflis, between the garden of Moushtaid and the railroad, lives a widow, whose only son, Alexander, a lad of about eighteen, left free after his father's death to do as he pleased in the house and with himself, soon fell into bad company and took uncontrollably to drink. The mother was in despair; she preached and begged and threatened, but all in vain. Alexander Kaazmin went on, and with every day matters became worse with him.

Once, before sunset, he left the house after quarrelling with his mother. She had insisted upon his remaining at home, for she well knew he would return drunk. Though he had deceived her more than once, and usually broke his promises, yet this time as he had solemnly pledged his word to come home earlier, the mother, having put the youngest girls to bed, sat at her work to await the return of her prodigal son.

Thus she sat quietly sewing, eagerly catching every sound, in the hope of hearing the creak of the opening gate and the familiar footsteps; but she listened in vain. Hours passed on and midnight struck at last. The silence was profound around her, and no sound was heard but the chirp of the cricket behind the fire-place, and the monotonous ticking of the clock...Of late, her Sashka† had been more than once absent on drunken sprees for days together, but the poor widow had never awaited him with such an anxiety as on that memorable night, and never longed so despairingly to see him back. Several times she had gone outside the gate to watch for his return. The night was frosty and as light as day, the November moon being at the full.

Two o'clock...then three in the morning!...The sad mother went once more into the street, and seeing no one, with a heavy sigh concluded to wait no longer and after shutting and firmly bolting the gate, went to her bedroom. But hardly had she crossed the threshold, when the iron latch of the gate was lifted, and the familiar footsteps of her son sounded heavily upon the frozen ground. She heard them across the yard, then pass under the windows toward the hall, but no one entered. Thinking that in her anxiety she had inadvertently fastened the hall door with the hook, she returned to open it for him.

Neither in the hall, nor in the yard was there any one; but the watch-dog, which had growled at first, was now howling and moaning piteously, and the gate which she had bolted stood wide open.....

The heart of the mother was struck with terror. She ran out into the street again, looking to the right and left,—but not a soul was there to be seen at that late hour. With a heavy presentiment of something evil, she returned to her work, for she could sleep no more. There she sat—according to her own simple narrative—thinking how two years before, just before her husband's death, that same gate, do what they might, would *not* keep shut. It was useless to bolt it, however firmly, for as soon as shut, it would be flung open, as though some invisible hand had unbolted it. And this went on until the master's death. After they had buried him, the gate opened no longer.....

While brooding over the past, and overcome by her sad thoughts, the widow suddenly fell asleep over the table. It was but for a moment, for she suddenly awoke, trembling from head to foot and covered with the cold sweat-terror; in vision she had seen her only son, calling her pitifully to his help, and she *knew* that he himself could come no more. She could hardly wait for daybreak, and at early dawn sallied forth to search for her boy in all the neighbouring taverns and gin-shops. But Alexander Kaazmin could not be found nor had any one seen him on the night before. The old woman had thus visited many drinking places, and was already returning home a few minutes before noon, tired out, and in both mental and physical agony.

Everywhere the quest was fruitless, and the load grew heavier on her heart at every disappointment. The passers-by looked wonderingly into her grief-stricken face, and some who knew would have stopped to ask the cause of her trouble and offer their help. But she saw no one, heard no one; one image alone occupied her thoughts, and her eyes wandered from face to face only to see if it were his, whom she sought, but finding it was not, looked no longer. The direful sense of impending disaster grew stronger every moment, and though she ceased not to look in every direction, despair possessed her soul more and more. Now she found herself in a crowd which had been gathered by some temporary obstruction of the footway, but she kept on, and the people, as though moved by the subtle influence of her sorrow, parted to the right and left for her that she might pass through. She had reached a street-corner and was about to cross when at the opposite side the figure of a young man whose back was towards her, arrested her attention. The mother's quick glance recognized it instantly as her Alexander's, and with a cry of joy she darted forward to catch hold of him. The man turned at the sound of her voice...yes, it was he, but how pallid! His face was bloodless as that of a corpse, and there was no life in the eyes that looked into her own, but a far-away look and an expression of pain that sent a thrill through her every fibre. "Sashka?" she screamed, "Sashka?" Some would have held her, thinking her ill, but she broke from them and ran to the place where she had seen him last. He was gone, she knew not whither, but she hurried away in the direction in which he had been proceeding—the pale, despairing face seeming to bid her follow. Again, but this time far away down the street she saw him, and pressed forward, determined this time not to lose sight of him. He had no hat on, and the November sun shone on his light hair so as to make it to her indulgent fancy, almost like a mass of golden thread. Once he seemed about to stop until she should come up, but he only raised his arm and beckoned to her, at the same moment turning the corner of a street which led towards her own quarter. Fear lent speed to her weary feet, and she ran as though she were a young girl again instead of a matron full of years. She reached the corner, turned it, but he was not in sight, though she could see farther than he could possibly have gone in the few seconds that had elapsed. She could not repress the groan that burst from her lips. And yet up to this moment, strangely

* Written for the THEOSOPHIST, by a near relative of ours, as the truthful narrative of an occurrence which set the whole town and the police of Tiflis aghast.

† Diminutive for Alexander.

enough, the idea had not occurred to her that she had not been seeing her own living son in flesh and blood. Truth to say, what with her night-long vigil, her anxiety, and the excitement of the day's adventures, she was in no mood to reflect. But now a superstitious horror came over her all at once. The death-like face, the vacant eye, the dumb appeal for her to follow, the disappearance and re-appearance, and now the final vanishing of the substantial figure into thin air, rushed to her consciousness in one crushing thought that her guide was but the spectre of her son. For a moment she tottered and everything swam before her eyes, she felt that she was about to swoon; but some new strength seemed suddenly given her, and she darted forward down the street.

She had ransacked, as she thought, every place of dissipation where Alexander would be likely to have passed his night of riot. Seeing the apparition no more she was perplexed which way to turn; but, just when her confusion of mind was greatest, an inner voice seemed to tell her to inquire in an inn situated close to her own house. It was not precisely a gin-shop, but a kind of eating-house and beer-drinking saloon combined, which her son was not in the habit of visiting. As it was Sunday the inn was full and customers plentiful at the bar. To the mother's questions, they all manifested sympathy for her, and answered kindly, but no one had seen her son.

Then Mrs. Kaazmin prepared to leave the place. The saloon door opened into a yard, in which an exterior wooden staircase led to the upper part of a building, a kind of loft where hay was stored. The poor mother, now convinced of her son's death, came out into the yard, followed by all the visitors of the beer-house and even by the proprietor of the place himself—an Armenian, all loudly expressing their sympathy for her despair and trying to give her hopes. Suddenly as she turned to leave, her eye caught sight of the staircase of the hay-loft, and on the platform at the bottom, whom did she see but her son, Alexander, standing right before the middle one of three doors, the one of the staircase leading to the hay-loft. This at any rate could be no ghost, for there he was as solid and substantial as any of the men about her! In a gush of joy she exclaimed—"Sashka!...Thank God!...What are you doing there?...Here am I worrying myself to death in search of you, and you...there! Sleeping over the wine-fumes, no doubt?...Come here, you good-for-nothing vagabond!...What are you beckoning me for? But suddenly, her face became deadly pale, and she staggered. The remembrance had flashed upon her that now *in full sunlight, and at noon*, her son was repeating the same gesture of mute entreaty he had used in her vision of him, the night before, and his life had the very same awful look she had noticed in the street just now.

Then, a wild terror seized hold of the woman. To use the words of her own testimony in the police-court—she felt that something dragged her irresistibly there, towards her son; and, forgetting her fatigue and everything else, she rushed towards the staircase, and shouting to him to wait for her and not to go away again—for she now was convinced that she saw her *living* son—she flew up the steps taking two at a time. The witnesses to her conversation with *empty space*, and her strange actions testified, at the coroner's inquest and also in court, that they had verily believed her for one moment utterly insane.

Though her Alexander had again disappeared, and did not wait for his mother on the platform, she nevertheless *felt*, as she says, *the same mysterious force dragging her* across the yard, and compelling her to select out of the three doors before her the right one. Upon entering the hay-loft, the mother began loudly calling her son, but there was no answer. He was not there....

"I cannot describe, what then possessed me," she testified. "I neither felt astonished at the new disappearance, nor did I think of any thing, or desire for aught. I only *felt*, though I neither saw nor found him anywhere, that my son was *there*, near me!...There was a large bundle of hay lying on the floor...And I heard as if it were a voice whispering within me: search it, search it,...turn it

over!...and I rushed to do so. I immediately found a pair of legs encased in boots, which I recognized; and before uncovering the rest of the body, I remember well... I pushed and shook the legs, as one does to awake a sleeping man, repeating loudly, 'Come, get up! you have had enough sleep there! Come out!' And then, seeing that he heeded me not, I uncovered his head and face...It was only then, that I saw he was indeed cold and dead!... But even then I did not feel surprised. I neither shouted nor screamed, but only turned round to call upon the witnesses, to see *what* I had discovered....."

The amazed bystanders had, of course, followed her immediately into the hay-loft and had witnessed the strange scene. But, as soon as the legs had been found, some quick-witted men among them took upon themselves to secure the landlord. Livid and struck with superstitious terror, the *doakhantchik* (inn-keeper), as soon as he had seen *whither* the mother was rushing to look for her son, Alexander, *who had appeared to her alone*—waited neither for police nor coroner, but falling upon his knees confessed before all the people that young Kaazmin had been killed.

The inquest now showed that neither the *doakhantchik* nor his two accomplices were murderers by premeditation, but only intended to gratify their baser instincts at his expense. Having plied the boy with drinks till he had become insensible, they wanted to have some "fun," they said, and dragging him to the hay-loft, piled upon him heaps of hay and pillows to stifle his cries. But they had miscalculated, it seems, the strength of the liquor and were very much astonished upon finding at the end of the "trick" that the victim had become quite stiff and lay before them—a corpse! Young Kaazmin had died of either apoplexy or suffocation*. Then, the playful brutes decided in their piety that such was the Will of God... and having covered the body with hay, waited for the following night to come to dispose of it in some ditch. They felt sure, they said, that the young man being known for a drunkard, his death would be attributed to apoplexy resulting from drink, and buried without any further enquiry.

So had the murderers decided, but not so the miserable Alexander Kaazmin, or his *perisprit* as the French spiritists would say. The wraith of the dead man had itself led the search for his sinful body.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ARYAN LITERATURE.

BY RAO BAHADUR GOPALRAO HURREE DESHMUKH,

Vice-President of the Theosophical Society.

The sacred literature of the Aryas is divided by the Brahmans who follow the right-hand way of worship (दक्षिणमार्ग) into three classes called श्रुत from shruti or Vedas, आर्ष from Rishics or literature composed by Rishics, and स्मृत from स्मृष or literature written by men.

The Tantric Brahmans, who follow वाममार्ग the left-hand way of worship, take a different view. They divide the sacred literature into two classes निगम or Vedic and आगम or Tantric. They maintain that Tantras are like श्रुति being mostly revealed by Shiv, the favourite deity of the Yogis. Kulucka Bhut in his commentary on the laws of Manu, says—

वैदकीतान्त्रिकश्चैवद्विविधाश्रुतकीर्तता ॥

श्रुत literature includes the whole range of the Vedic books, such as संहिता, ब्राह्मण, आरण्यक, उपनिषद्, परिशिष्ट and सूत्र which collectively are called शाखा. There are different Shakhas, founded on different Vedas and different readings of the Vedas.

उपवेद—Auxiliary sciences to four Vedas are called "Up-vedas." These are आयुर्वेद, शिल्पवेद, गार्धर्व, and धनुर्वेद *i. e.* medicine, mechanics, music and military art.

* The Coroner's inquest brought out this fact.

धुति is figuratively considered a person having six organs, described in the following verses—

छंदःपादोनुवेदस्यहस्तीकल्पोपपद्यते ॥
ज्योतिषामयनन्वक्षुःनिरुत्रश्रीत्रमुच्यते ॥
ज्ञासग्राणनुवेदस्यमुखं व्याकरणं स्मृतं ॥
तरमात्सागमधीत्येवब्रह्मलोकैमहीयते ॥

These verses say that—

His legs	are	Prosody	छंदः.
His hands	are	Ritual	कल्प or सुत्र.
His eyes	are	Astronomy	ज्योतिष.
His ears	are	Vocabulary	निरुक्त & निघंट.
His nose	is	Rules of Pronunciation	ज्ञासा.
His mouth	is	Grammar	व्याकरण.

Whoever reads the Vedas with the help of these organs goes to the Heaven of Brahma.

धुति has minor organs उपग or six Darshans or six systems of philosophy, called साख्य, न्याय, योग, वैशेषिक, मीमांस and वेदान्त.

Hence the complete study of the Vedas is called सांगोपांगवदोषवेदाध्ययन or swadhyaaya स्वाध्याय.

Vedas are recited according to a peculiar musical system in eight ways, called विकृति which are described as follows:

जटामालाज्ञासारेसाध्वजोदंडोरभोधनः ॥
अष्टौ विकृतयः प्रोक्ताक्रमपूर्वामनीर्षिभिः ॥

These originate in पद or separated words and क्रम or separated words twice repeated. There are five क्रम, called क्रम, अभिक्रम, उत्क्रम, संक्रम and व्युत्क्रम.

Now the second branch of the Aryan literature is आर्ष. It includes स्मृति or treatises on law and customs, and पुराण or religious legendary stories. These together are called धर्मशास्त्र.

A large number of these books and a variety of their character have induced Brahmans to divide them under three classes according to their own views. These classes are called सात्त्विक राजस & तामस or divine, human and diabolical. This principle is sometimes applied to shruti also. अभिचारकर्म is set down as तामस though supported by Vedas.

स्मृति are divided into वृध्ध and लघु, large and small.

पुराण are also divided into महापुराण and उपपुराण.

There are other branches of the literature which go by the following names.

1. नीतिशास्त्र—Ethics.
2. भक्तिशास्त्र—Doctrine of devotion and faith as laid down by शांडिल्य and नारद.
3. अलंकारशास्त्र—Rhetoric, including काव्य, सुभाषित, नाटक &c.
4. पाकशास्त्र—Culinary art.
5. कामशास्त्र—Treatise on relations between man and woman as laid down by वात्सायन and भरत.
6. मंत्रशास्त्र—Magic as laid down by Shiv.
7. अर्थशास्त्र—Political Economy.

Now the third class of the literature पौरुष consists of books, written by the learned men in Kuli age, within fifteen hundred years or from the time the Rishies ceased to exist or from the time the Sanskrit died as a spoken language. These works are collectively called निबंध and are variously styled as—

अके, कमलाकर, कल्प, कौमुदि, गणपति तत्व, दर्पण, पारंजात, भयूख, मंजरी, रत्न, रहस्य, राज, विवेक, शंखर, सेतु, संग्रह, हेमाद्रि &c.

These works always depend for their authority on books of ऋषि, who preceded these learned men. The Rishies depend on धुति for authority and धुति is allowed to be authority by itself, never referring to any other authority. Hence it is called शब्दं त्वतः प्रमाणं.

Bombay, 5th May 1880.

SOME THINGS THAT ARYANS KNEW.

BY THE LATE BRAHMACHARI BAWA.

Gravitation.

Long before their discovery by the European astronomers, the theory of gravitation, and the fact that the earth revolves round the sun, and not the sun round the earth, was known to the Aryans, for in the fifth Varag of the fourth Adhyaya of the third Ashtak of the Sanhita in the Rig Veda there is this Shruti :—

प्रजान् निम्रोदाधार पृथिवीमुतगामित्रः कृटीरनिमिषाभिचटे.

It means that

प्रजान्निम्रोदाधार—all objects are supported by their nourishing friend, the sun.

पृथिवीमुतगामित्रः कृटीर—the friend (the sun) attracts towards it the earth.

अनामिषाभिचटे—not for a single moment is the earth freed from its attraction.

Now in this Shruti from the Vedas we find the earth to be the object attracted (आकर्ष्य) and the sun the attractor (आकर्षक). And as the attractor will never revolve round the thing it attracts, it becomes clearly proved that the Aryans knew that it was the earth which revolved round the sun and not the sun round the earth.

Rain.

The origin and formation of rain was not unknown to the Aryans, for there is the following Shruti about it in the eleventh Anuvak of the fourth Adhyaya of the second Ashtak of the Sanhita of the Apstamb Sakha in the Yajur Veda :—

अग्निर्वाश्तोवृष्टिमुदीरयति मरुतः सृष्टीरयति यदास्रलुवा असावा दिव्यान्प-
ड्भिमभिः पर्यावर्तते यथैषिति.

It means that

अग्निर्वाश्तोवृष्टिमुदीरयति—heat (agni) is the cause of the rain.
मरुतः सृष्टीरयति—Marut or wind is the disperser and distributor of rain in the Shruti.

यदास्रलुवा—but the principal cause of rain is

असान्नादित्यान्यड्भिमभिः पर्यावर्तते—the sun's heat (rasmi) which turns water into the steamy vapour and carries it upwards towards the sky.

अथवैषिति—and it rains (when the vapour cooled comes down again in the shape of water).

There is also the following Samarti which gives the same reason for the formation and fall of rain.

अग्नीशास्ताहृतिः सम्यगादित्यमुपतिष्ठते ॥
अदित्याज्जायते वृष्टिर्वृष्टेरन्नततः प्रजाः ॥

In many other places in the Vedas there are full and descriptive accounts of the causes of rain. It would be needless to enumerate them here. In short one should know that there is nothing which cannot be found in the Vedas. Only the learned and the attentive will ever come to know what treasures lie buried within them.

Eclipse.

It was Attraya Rushi who first discovered the cause of the eclipse of the celestial bodies, for there is the following Shruti in the fourth Ashtak of the Sanhita of the Asvalayan Sakha in the Rig Veda.

यन्नेस्यस्य भर्तुस्तमसाधि ध्यदासुगः
अत्रयस्तमन्वविद्वन्धा ः न्ये अज्ञकृनुवन

It means that

यन्नेस्यस्य—the luminous body (सुर (sur) means a body which like the sun shines of its own light).

स्वर्भानुरतमसाधिध्यासुगः—by the intervention of the darkness (तम) of the non-luminous body (called asur or savar-bhanu.*

* Asur, because it is not a sur or a luminous body; and Savar-bhanu (1) because it cannot shine without the light of the bhannu or luminous body, and (2) because it intervenes between our eyes and the luminous body.

आविध्यत—*is prevented from being seen.*

अत्रयः तं अनु आवेदन्—*Attraya Rushi knew this.*

नया ३ न्ये अशक्नुवन्—*it was not known to any one before him.*

Rotundity of the Earth.

The Aryans knew that the earth was round, as will be seen from the following forty-third shloke of the twenty-third Adhyaya of the third Skandha of the Shrimad or Vishnu Bhagvat.

प्रेक्षयित्वा भुवोगोलं पत्न्येयावास्वसंस्थया ॥
बद्धशर्यमहायोगीस्वाप्र मायन्यवर्तत

Here now भुवोगोलं means that the earth is round.

Vyas has also said something about it in the Wudyoga Parab in the Bharat.

In the same way in the Siddhantshironani of the Jyotish Shaster it is said that भूमेः अर्गण्ड वृतः—*the earth is round.*

But the Aryans also knew that the earth was not exactly round as will be seen from the roots of the antique words *Brahmand* and *Bhumandal*. The word *Brahmand* literary means "a large egg," and *Bhumandal* means "the sphere of the earth," "the spherical earth."

Heavenly Bodies.

They knew the other heavenly bodies to be also spherical, for they called the lunar orb चंद्रमंडल, and the sun the सूर्यमंडल.

That the heavenly bodies were inhabited was not unknown to them, as will be seen from the words चंद्रलोक, सूर्यलोक.

There are a great many proofs of their knowledge of the different planets which compose the Solar System. The days of the week were named after the different planets. The first day of the week is called after the sun, because the sun is the centre of our Solar System and because he is the first cause of the system of measuring time. The second is called after the moon; for in the system of reckoning time the moon on account of its proximity to the earth is found to be of greater importance than the other more distant planets. Its daily motions and phases are more conspicuous than those of the other planets.

The Aryans were great explorers of the countries on the face of the earth, and knew the science of measuring heights (distances, &c.), because in the twenty-fifth shloke of the tenth Adhyaya of Bhagvat Gita it is said that

स्यावर्णाहिमालयः the first among mountains is the Himalaya.

From the following shloke of the Jyotish Shaster, the reader can judge how well the ancients knew about the force of the gravitation of the earth,

आकृष्ट शक्तिं क्षमहीतयाग स्वस्थंगुरुस्वामिमुखंस्वशक्त्या ॥
आकृष्यतेतपततीवभाति समेसभंतरक्षपतस्वयंसि ॥

It means that the earth has within it its attractive power whereby things in the sky are attracted towards it, and that is why bodies seem (to us) to fall downwards. In fact they do not fall. They are drawn by the attraction of gravitation. In the infinite extent of space where should bodies reside or stand? There only where they are drawn by the force of attraction.

REV. A. L. HATCH, CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER, OF 59 Liberty Street, New York, furnishes the following statement to the *New York World*:

"You know he [Mr. Edison] is a medium, and his great invention of the quadruplex telegraph instrument was revealed to him in a trance state. He sat one day, and passing into that condition seized some paper lying before him, and wrote until he had filled several sheets with closely-written notes. Then waking up, and rubbing his eyes, he said he thought he had been asleep, until his attention was called to the paper, which he had not read through before he broke out with his usual expletives, and said he had got the idea he had been struggling for so long."

PHILOSOPHY IN SANSKRIT NAMES AND WORDS.

BY RAO BAHADUR DADOBA PANDURANG.

There may be but few languages in the world, if any, which abound in such a large number of synonyms as the Sanskrit. This is a fact of which every student of that language becomes fully aware at the very threshold of his studies, which threaten, as he progresses on, the imposition of no small task on his memory; and if he happen to be a wavering and fickle-minded student, the very phalanx of these synonyms is quite enough to deter him from the prosecution of his further studies in that noble language. For who will have patience enough to study a language which contains no less than 135 names or words meaning the sun, 104 meaning the moon, 87 meaning the earth, 55 meaning water, 74 meaning fire, 45 meaning the horse, 30 meaning a male elephant, 5 meaning a female elephant, 33 meaning the cow; 43 names of Vishnu, (not to speak of his thousand names or attributes mentioned in the Vishnu Sahasranāma) 169 names of Shiva, (independent of his thousand names mentioned in the Shiva Purāna), 80 names of Indra, and so forth.

Now any person of common intelligence would at once perceive from such a large number of words apparently conveying in each case, and to all intents and purposes, precisely the same idea, that if analysed, a large number of them could not be otherwise than mere epithets or attributes, disclosing at the same time, many qualities, virtues, or other incidental circumstances, inseparably associated with those ideas or objects. To illustrate this, I shall first begin with the name of God—the Supreme Being; then those of the divinities, or chief gods and goddesses of the Aryan mythology, and at last those of other common objects which fall under the cognizance of our senses.

Vyāhriti.

I and my learned friend, Rao Bahadur Gopalrao Hari Deshmukh, have already explained at some length the monosyllabic *Om* as expressive of the name of the Supreme Being, used at the commencement of every holy prayer of the Brahmans (*vide* Theosophist Nos. 5, 8). I shall now begin here with the holy Vyāhriti, which immediately follows the Pranava or Onkāra in the recitation of the Vedic mantras and prayers by the Brahmana priests. It points more to the idea of the *locus* or space co-incident with the Supreme Spirit, rather than to the circum-incumbent spirit himself. Both being co-eval and co-existent, the two ideas can never be so separated as to form a distinct duality. Hence, the Vyāhriti is the necessary concomitant of the Pranava. Bhūr Bhuvar Swar is the vocal form of the Vyāhriti, and the necessary appendix to the Onkāra. It consists of three syllables—Bhur, Bhuvar, Swar, which point respectively to the three regions of the whole universe, viz., the lower, the middle, and the upper; the three forming the triple universe, one within the other, and each extending its influence all around, though in different degrees. These three regions are occupied by the Great Spirit, Brahma, under its now Paurānika and adorable name Vāsudeva or Vishnu.

The names of Vishnu.

Vishnu.—This name is derived from the root *Viś* to pervade with the affix *nu*, meaning all-pervading—the all-pervading spirit. In the course of time as the exigency of the human mind required a more tangible form of contemplation and worship, the mere abstract idea of the all-pervading spirit was personified into the tangible form of a benign and omnipotent god with four hands, each holding in it a symbol denotative of his power and attributes. In one hand he holds his *shankha* or conch, by the blowing of which he is supposed to announce to the whole world that he is the creator and preserver of all. In the other he holds his *chakra* or wheel or discus, symbolic of the revolution of time, and the cycles of all

the sublunary events; or the various dispensations of Providence. In the third hand he holds his *gada* or mace or club, giving thereby the whole world to understand that he is the chastiser of the wicked and the evil-doers; and that by its blows he is able to put down all the arrogance and pride of the world. In the fourth hand he at last exhibits his *Padma* or lotus flower; not only to appease and tranquilize the mind of his worshippers, and the virtuous, but to rejoice and gladden their hearts by his assurance that he will keep them as fresh and delightful as the flower itself which he holds in his hand. This is the true and philosophic meaning involved in the original conception of the form of Vishnu with his four hands holding four symbols, as represented in the Hindu pantheon.

I shall now represent another form of Vishnu recommended to all the Vaishnavas in their Dhyāna Pūja of that deity. It is epitomized in one shloka which is in the mouth of every Vaishnava. It is as follows:—

ज्ञाताकारं भुजगशयनं वसनाभंसुरेशं ॥
विधाधारं गगन सदृशं मेघवर्णक्षेत्रगं ॥
लक्ष्मीकान्तकमल नयनं योगिभिर्ध्यानगम्यं ॥
वंदे विष्णुभयभयहरं सर्वलोकैकनाथं ॥

Translation of the above.

"I salute Vishnu who is of peaceful form; who lies down on that great serpent; whose navel is lotus; who is the Lord of the gods; who supports the universe; who resembles the sky; whose colour is that of the cloud; whose body is beautiful; who is the favorite of Lakshmi; whose eyes resemble the lotus; who is apprehensible in meditation by the Yogis; who is the remover of the feast attending the present state of existence; and who is the only Lord of all the worlds."

Vishnu, the Supreme Spirit, is here represented as peaceful or tranquil, without motions or perturbations. The great serpent is here understood to be the Ananta—a name which etymologically means infinity—the great Spirit dwelling in infinity. Lotus is symbolical of the creative power of the Great Spirit; and that power inheres in him. The Lord of the gods, and the supporter of the universe, are attributes too plain to require any explanation. Lakshmi is the goddess of beauty and prosperity—the splendour of the whole universe, and the original conception of Vishnu as the favorite or husband of that goddess could mean no more than the fact that all the beauty and splendour of the universe proceed from him and are his. The other attributes, in fact all the attributes which are ascribed to Vishnu, are more applicable to him as the representative of the Saguna, (invested with attributes and property,) rather than of the Nirguna, (without attributes) Brahma. And, though the explanation offered herein may rightly be considered as forced and far-fetched when applied to Brahma—Universal Spirit represented by Vishnu,—yet the original conception of the forms and personages which are usually ascribed to him and other divinities of the Hindu pantheon, can hardly be considered as altogether devoid of any deep and philosophical meaning, for their very preposterousness is hardly consistent and in harmony with the well-known wisdom and philosophic mind of the old Aryans, which gave birth to such original ideas.

But let it not for a moment be understood from my great inclination, as it might be thought, to philosophise such poetical ideas, that I am in any way blind to the great harm done by them to the development of right and correct understanding in the subsequent generations of the Hindus. Nay, on the contrary, I fully believe that such representations of the gods and goddesses of the Hindu mythology have furthered and encouraged the present idle and, in some respects, gross system of Hindu idolatry and superstitions.

Bombay, 9th June, 1880.

(To be continued.)

THE WORD OF HONOUR.

A Study from the Cultus of the Dead.

BY NICOLAS LYESKOF.*

If the following narrative does not appear in the memoirs of the renowned, "St. Petersburg Decameron,"† it is only because circumstances prevented me from taking advantage of the amiable invitation of the gentleman, in whose house the narratives, subsequently printed under this heading, were first made public. But now, when "the cultus of the dead" is followed by so many, I do not see why I should not also offer my mite to the "Decameron."

My narrative—brief and truthful, as the feelings of friendship which bound me years ago to the ghost—differs from some of those given in the "Decameron" only in this, that I put no mask, but give the true names of the still living personages, members of our literary circle, who, whether directly or indirectly, found themselves connected with an event, which remained as strange and mysterious for me now, as it was when it took place.

In view of the very reasonable diffidence shown in the so-called "supernatural" phenomena, it appears to me of the utmost importance that the narrator of all such stories should never conceal himself. Thus, both the public and the critics would have a hold on a defendant whom they could always have the means of judging with all the severity of a critical exigency.

The event, I am about to speak of, concerns personally but myself and a late friend, once a great favourite in our literary circles—Arthur Benny; he it was of whom Tolbin (another departed writer) used to say, that he had found out for a certainty, that he was a disguised young English lady. In the prologue of the story there was, besides that, another personage as well known, the writer D. V. Averkief, who, I am sure, will forgive me for mentioning his name in connection with this story.

It was in St. Petersburg during the memorable winter when the political exile, V. J. Kelsief, having returned secretly to Moscow, Arthur Benny was charged of having sheltered and concealed him from the police.

Benny and I worked at that time on the journal "The Northern Bee," (*Svernyaya Ptich'ga*). We were both young and great friends, visiting each other every day, and trying to be always together. Once, as I had to change my lodgings, to get nearer to our office, I found very easily rooms to suit me. As to Benny he had the greatest difficulty of securing a place suitable to his taste and habits. He had a mania for the largest rooms he could find, and such lodgings are very seldom procurable for bachelors. Having passed several days in vain search, one evening, just as I was at my dinner, he rushed into my rooms with a cry of triumph, explaining that he had found an elegant suit of three rooms, had secured them, and already dispatched his servant with his household goods and library. He wanted me to follow him immediately on the premises and help him to unpack his books, adding that our friend, D. V. Averkief, was there already. The latter inducement made me follow him as soon as my dinner was over. It must have been, therefore, about six p.m.

* Author of the "On the Borderland of the World;" of "Laughter and Sorrow," etc. The latter novel, in the shape of an autobiography of a Russian nobleman, is a merciless satire directed against the terrorizing system of the Government during the reign of Emperor Nicolas, and also against abuses perpetrated in our present days. The hero, an unsuspecting character, is persecuted during his whole life with the friendship of a designing and ambitious young officer of the gendarmierie of the St. Petersburg secret police. Finding no opportunities to distinguish himself and thus obtain promotion, this "friend" ensnares the hero, leaves in his room forbidden books of a revolutionary character, passes him off for a political conspirator, arrests him and gets rewarded. The nobleman finally succumbs—the victim of a judiciary mistake in 1870. During the mutiny and persecution against the Jews in that year in Odessa, he, just as he arrived by the train from Moscow, is mistaken by the police for one of the chief mutineers, seized by the orders of the General-Governor Kotzelnie and publicly flogged by the Cossacks. He dies of the shock, and the story ends there. M. N. Lyeskof is a well-known writer, and a contributor to various periodicals.

† The author alludes to a series of authenticated "ghost-stories" which appeared under this title in the St. Petersburg daily paper *Novoye Vremya*.

The elegant suit of rooms were near the Stone Bridge. When we entered it, Averkief was already there, waiting for Benny. The apartment consisted, as he had told me, of three very large rooms, nearly all dark at that time, the hall alone, where too the servant was busy unpacking, being lighted, as well as the farthest room, in which, stretched upon a sofa, Averkief was reading at the light of one candle. Disorder was reigning everywhere as is usual in such cases, especially in the middle room in which heaped in confusion stood portable shelves, book-cases and library ladders, and books and manuscripts were scattered everywhere. As soon as we had arrived, Benny gave orders for tea, and himself began busying himself with the arrangement of his books, while Averkief, after exchanging a few words, returned once more to his reading. At first, I tried to help Benny in arranging his library, but got very soon tired, and threw myself into a large arm-chair. The servant after bringing the tea, retired into the hall, from whence we heard issuing in a few moments a tremendous snoring which nobody thought of interrupting. M. Averkief kept on reading while I sat silently musing. Benny alone, was diligently sorting his volumes. As collectors of books will often do, before placing a work upon the shelf, he would sometimes open and peruse it unconsciously to himself, read loudly a passage or two, think over it, and then read again, without caring whether any one listened to him or not. Such was his constant habit. Thus after a verse or two from the Bible in English, he would pick up a volume of Goëte or Heine, and read from them in German, jumping from it to the poet he most favoured, Longfellow. Having discussed the merits and demerits of the Patriarch Jacob; meditated upon the inconceivable hallucination of Joshua, the son of Nun, in relation to the sun, and dusted Goëte and Heine, Benny finally gave himself up entirely to the recitation of the favorite poem of his favorite Longfellow—the poet who handles with such delicacy and at the same time firmness of touch all the unsolved problems of life. . . .

I cannot well recall now, how we began a conversation very unusual to both of us. We discussed about the universality of the belief in a future life and its possibility, now so variedly conceived and explained by the presentiment of mortals. Such a subject is, as all know, one of extraordinary elasticity and attraction, especially when it is taken in hand by persons who require no *a priori* deductions and conclusions. And Benny and I were just such men: none of us felt ashamed of his faith in that his “real self will escape decay and run away from death,” and at the same time we never allowed ourselves to be carried away with the painful and hitherto, ever useless efforts of “solving the unsolvable.”

As I well remember the conversation led us to speak of Miss Catherine Crowe's work “The Night Side of Nature,” in which, the authoress collated with evident conscientiousness such a number of authenticated events and stories, where to all appearance, intelligent forces make themselves felt to men, thus manifesting their existence, sometimes their desires, and showing their predisposition towards the living.

In those days, I had not read the book myself, and therefore, listened to Benny—who had a wonderful memory, added to a remarkable gift of elocution—with great pleasure. It would seem that we had been talking in our half dark corner, very long; for at the time of a remark, which brought our conversation abruptly to a close, it was very late. It so happened that Benny in answer to a doubt expressed by myself as to the possibility of the objective manifestations of spiritual incorporeal beings to man, confessed in his turn that he had also similar doubts. But that, so many had testified to and believed in it, that it became hard to deny the fact against the face of such an evidence.

“Events are told of friends,” he went on, “who intently bent upon the same question and, to test it personally, had exchanged pledge of honours to verify it. He who would be the first to leave life in this body—if there be any other life worthy of the name—was to direct all his efforts

at the first moment of the return of consciousness to come back and thus testify to the fact to those who had survived him.” And, he added, “as we are now three in the room, and that it is more than likely that one of us will become a corpse earlier than the two others who will thus remain witnesses to this conversation, I offer you a covenant, gentlemen. Let us swear mutually on our honour, that he, among us, who will die the first, will use every endeavour possible, under the conditions of that life of which we are ignorant, to send a message of the event to the other two. Do you accept? As I start the idea, I am the first to pledge my word to you for it most solemnly.”

“In what shape, do you mean to return, Benny? You must not frighten us too much,” I remarked laughing. “Oh, no, why should I!” he answered with a merry laugh, “I will do it thus: I.”

But, at this moment, D. V. Averkief nervously shouted from his sofa: “Do you mean to keep on long with this nonsense! You have unstrung all my nerves, and bothered me quite long enough with it, I believe?”

We tried to turn the whole into a joke, but Averkief, protesting with a great determination, declared that if we did not change our subject, he would immediately go home, the more so as it was getting very late.

As it was far after midnight, the unwelcome subject was dropped: and, very soon we both took leave of Benny and left the house together. As far as I remember, Averkief and I parted near the Bridge, without one word more said of it. But he must well remember this little circumstance, as, at our next meeting he reproved Benny and myself for such conversation. He was at the time very nervous and unwell, and we both tried to excuse ourselves. And here ends the first act of the drama. The interval between this and the following was very, very long, and pregnant with events for Benny. The poor young man had more than his share of suffering for his noble-minded nature and love to humanity; he suffered want and privations, had to struggle hard and even found himself in prison, until exiled from Russia, he found himself finally among the ranks of the Garibaldians.

His exile, conjointly with another drama which shattered his life, forced him to isolate himself from anything that reminded him of it. When Benny was sent out of the country with an armed escort, I was at Kief, visiting friends; I had bidden him good bye, and parted from him in his prison, two months before his departure, and since then he had lost all sight of him. I had heard upon one occasion that he was upon the *Saturday Review* staff; and that interesting articles, written by him about Russia, were at one time expected, from this quarter; but hardly had anything of the kind appeared. This connection was, however, discontinued and all remembrance of him was lost even in our literary circles.

As far as I can collect my remembrances, neither our conversation, on that night, nor his “word of honour” to send to me a message from the “world of the unknown” ever recurred to me again. The event was entirely obliterated from my memory. And, when it returned to me again, it was with such a freshness and reality that to this day, I have my doubts, whether my memory was not assisted in this case by one, who had just received that hour, another appellation in another world.

What I am about to relate, may seem very trifling, and I am ready to submit to criticism with all humility; I would ask but one thing of the public though, namely, to understand that the little I do say, is—positive truth, as neither seriously, nor jokingly would I permit myself to invent stories, taking for my hero, a deceased friend known to many, and that too, without any object or purpose.

The interval between the two acts had been in my case also memorable; I, too, had been—to use an expression of Oblomof—“handled by life” and it had left me but little time for mysticism; all of which did not prevent the following.

I was living then, at St. Petersburg, at the corner of Tauridian Garden, house No. 62. My library windows, on the third floor, were situated towards that garden, which had

not lost then as it has now, its solitary beauty and freshness. Instead of an orchestra playing there, as in our days, *Nachtigal-polka*, real, silvery-toned, strong-voiced northern nightingales sing there at nights—and to them I used to listen with delight in my idle hours.

On one of such evenings, after having in turn sat at the window, and walked about the room, I finally settled at my writing-table and worked till midnight. In those days I was disagreeably occupied with fighting out a lawsuit with the journal *Zaria*, which had confiscated during the term of two years, the whole time of the trial, my novel, the "Soboreaney," and thus, instead of rest I forced upon myself a far more inconvenient work. * * *

If I mention this at all, it is not to remind the public of personal matters which can interest but myself, but with the determined object of showing that there was nothing then, in my mental state, which could have predisposed me either to mystical *eccecie* or hallucinations; but quite the contrary. I was utterly plunged into the prose and mire of daily life, with which I had to struggle, thinking of no one far away, but deeply engrossed in stemming the opposing torrent and militating against the charges of those very near me at that time.

It is in such a state that I, tired out mentally and physically, went to bed at about one o'clock, a.m., after pulling down the heavy draperies of the windows and putting out my student's lamp. The solitary street was quite still and everything quiet, the night was fresh and through the opened window the songs of the nightingales reached me as usual. I went to sleep immediately—sleeping for a long while dreamless, heavy sleep, until I suddenly found myself in the middle of a battle-field. I had never seen battles, but what I now witnessed was in a most extraordinary way, real and life-like. What struck me the most, was a smoky darkness, and running along it, a stream of red-bluish flashes of fire, mingling somewhere afar, with a blue and golden horizon, which had nothing of the Russian sky in it, and somebody falling. . . . One or many men—I could not say, but some one, whom I well knew, had been struck down. . . . I awoke with a start, and found myself sitting on my bed, and . . . now heard distinctly terrific bombardment, while in my mind, without any apparent cause for it, arose as real as life the image of Arthur Benny and a voice inside me pronounced with the uttermost distinctness, his pledge—"the word of honour"—to warn me of his death. Why, and how, it has thus happened. . . . I know not and at that time, I understood it less even than I do now. Isn't it perfectly immaterial whether I have to attribute it to a coincidence, an association of ideas, or the hallucination of a tired-out brain, once that it did so happen? I am ready to accept the explanation either way.

As it was nearly daylight then, I arose, and getting dressed, went down into the garden, having again forgotten all about my "nocturnal vision." I worked for an hour at my writing desk, and then left my rooms to go to Bazoumof's Publishing Office. At the first corner of the street, I met P. S. Cussot,* who was driving in a *drogki*, and who upon perceiving me, made a sign to stop.

"Did you hear the news," he asked me, shaking hands.

At this very instant *I felt that I did know the news* and mechanically, before realizing even what I did, I answered—Arthur Benny is dead!

Yes; the news is just received: he was wounded at Mentane, and died from hemorrhage. But how could you know? who told you?

I scarcely remember my answer to the enquiry; but what I strongly realized was my own astonishment at knowing the news without being told of it by any one. And to the present day it is as great a puzzle to me

as ever; how could I have known of my friend's death? Yes; it must be a coincidence, an association of ideas, the hallucination of an overworked brain,—anything you like,—I am open to any of these theories, though I do not understand them clearly.

For some time I was greatly impressed by the event, and I unbosomed myself to several friends, among others to A. N. Aksakof; and then, I again forgot all about it and never remembered till last year when we got a sudden fancy of "turning over" from one side to the other our dead ones. And now, shall it make us any livelier?

Carlsbad, June 16, 1879.

A STUDY IN VEGETARIANISM:

BEING AN EXPERIMENT MADE BY DR. EUGENE BILFINGER,
OF HALLE, GERMANY, UPON HIMSELF.

Translated from the German by M. L. Holbrook, M.D.

It is only very recently that we have had discussions upon the subject of vegetarianism. Medical men have usually taken sides against it. For this reason it may perhaps be interesting to a large number of persons, if I, who have experimented upon myself for a considerable length of time with this method of living, should give the results at which I have arrived. Formerly, I naturally shared with all other physicians the universal prejudice against a fleshless diet, believing that it had an effect to weaken the physical and intellectual powers and the capacity to endure; and that it robbed life of most of its gustatory enjoyments.

By way of preface I may state that a long personal acquaintance with a young vegetarian of cheerful disposition, in whose case I found none of the evil results I had looked for, gradually brought me to a position where I was able to lay aside my prejudices; and, furthermore, a desire was awakened to investigate the effects of this proscribed method of living in a scientific manner, by experiments made upon myself. And, being in a condition of perfect health, I hoped to be able to make a careful objective study.

In the first place, in spite of my unconquerable prejudice against the medical literature of the laity, I read the writings on vegetarianism of Halm, Baltzer, Von Seefeld, and others. To my great surprise, I found these works to be of the highest interest. They opened my mind to perceive a multitude of causes of disease, concerning which a physician's knowledge is sadly deficient, for they showed me that improper eating and drinking were among the principal causes of disease and death in society. An old French proverb says, that "One-half of Paris dies from dining, the other half from supping."

As to what is best in the way of eating and drinking physicians, as a rule, are quite as ignorant as non-medical men; and, indeed, their opinions upon these points are based upon what has been customary among the people from time immemorial. This is perfectly natural, since science, when it treads upon the domain of dietetics, has no certain foundation under its feet, and even up to the present time, only the chemical, and, therefore, one-sided and untenable view has been given. Virchow was honest enough to confess this, since, in his lecture on food and diet, he says: "A strictly scientific system of diet has been hitherto impossible; and it is, in fact, astonishing, that after so many thousands of years, neither experience nor science, as one would think, is able to bring this, first of all questions in which the interests of humanity are concerned, to a proper solution." Also, Prof. Voit, a special investigator in this department, in his most recent publication, declares that "What, and how much, a man, under all the varying circumstances of his life, requires for his sustenance, should we, first of all, truly know; and yet is our knowledge herein, alas! very meagre, and not at all commensurate with the importance of the subject."

* A Russian author.

According to this statement it is not difficult to understand how the present theories of diet have been influenced by custom, and why a flesh diet has been glorified as the self-evident and indispensable means of nourishment. Sang indeed, Prof. Bock in his time, in the *Garten Laube*, that flesh food increases the poetic fancy, and so he recommended to the Silesians to eat roast beef instead of potatoes. And so Prof. Moleschott, a no less powerful champion of a flesh diet, says in his lectures: "To every meal belongs meat."

On the other hand, writers on vegetarianism have shown me by proofs drawn from the book of nature that the eating of meat is merely an acquired habit, and it needs but little consideration to discover that it may be wholly dispensed with, or that it is a food wasteful of the strength and vigor. And it is not to be denied, certainly, that about 300,000,000 Buddhists in India, China, and Japan, live almost exclusively without animal food, and are not on that account any the less strong and robust, and these reach for the most part a very advanced age. So is it indeed also a fact that the rural population of nearly every civilized country, from the earliest times, though perhaps not from choice, have been more or less vegetarians. Nevertheless, they have been the most healthy people; as, for example, the higher class of Italian laborers, who perform the most arduous duties. And who will deny that the possibility of obtaining our nourishment from sources which shall make the shedding of blood unnecessary would be gratifying to the humane and moral sense? So is it also well known that in all ages various persons—philosophers and poets, among the ancients, Pythagoras, Plato, and Plutarch; and in more recent times, Shelley, Leibnitz, Newton, and others, have, from esthetic considerations, for a considerable portion of their lives at least, eschewed animal food, nevertheless they have been the most beautiful examples of the intellectual life of our time.

In spite of these facts, which, at all events, are well worth considering, I was somewhat doubtful as to whether a fleshless diet would be suitable for us who, for generations, have been accustomed to the use of animal food; and as to whether, on account of climatic conditions, we could employ it without injury. In order to arrive at an independent opinion on this subject, I hold that an extended practical investigation by actual experiment in this manner of living, is indispensable. Alas! that so many, both professionals and non-professionals, speak and write against vegetarianism according to received prejudices, without having made any such experiment. A person accustomed to meat, who occasionally makes a dinner of pan-cakes and salad, cannot appreciate the value of vegetarianism, and is not, therefore, justified in speaking to its prejudice. In this way only a distorted judgment can originate; just as one school of medicine forms an opinion adverse to another school, upon what is merely hearsay evidence. The vegetarian experiment demands, indeed, from men of culture in modern times, some self-sacrifice, and the moral courage necessary to liberate themselves from the popular opinions of the day, for the sake of truth. Nor must they be afraid of ridicule. For myself, the experiment had few difficulties, since I had already made the foundations of modern hygienic science my own. So had I accustomed myself beforehand to think of beer, wine, coffee, and similar means of excitement as things seldom to be indulged in. I thought that smoking was to be avoided, as an unnecessary filling of the lungs with soot; and that pure fresh air was to be considered most important, as a means of nourishment by day and by night, together with much more that was essential.

The experiment now became to me an easy one, for, in addition, I had for a long time previously been accustomed to eat Graham bread, one of the principal articles of a vegetarian dietary. Thus prepared, I ventured to make the experiment scientifically, and resolved that for the period of one year, beginning January 1, 1876 I would abstain wholly from animal food in every form,

Since I was vigorous, well-nourished, somewhat inclined indeed to corpulency, and temperate withal, I hoped to be able to venture a good deal. My food consisted now of uncooked milk and bread, of soups of all kinds without meat, but with butter only, wheat, corn, rice, and the like; of the many varieties of vegetables, as of fruits of every kind. To my great astonishment, a vegetarian table offered, without roast beef or steak, a more than abundant variety. This is shown indeed by the large cook-books of Von Theodore Hahn, Von Ottilie Elmeyer, and others, which contain over 1,200 recipes for the preparation of purely vegetable dishes. Since I entered upon this manner of living, neither after eight, nor after fourteen, nor after forty days, in spite of the most extreme hard work, protracted walks, and the practice of my profession, have I at any time become weary or felt fatigue; but, on the contrary, have felt fresher, more enduring, and more capable of hard work. So I lost the fears I had in the beginning as to whether or not I should obtain a sufficiency of albumen. Indeed, the longer I went on, the less did I fear this, and I therefore soon discontinued the use of eggs, since it gradually came about that the more simple the food, the better I liked it. But in spite of this change I could not perceive the least diminution of my powers of endurance. Indeed once, for four weeks during the heat of summer, half out of curiosity, I made trial of the cold food of the Swiss herd-maidens of the Alps, and during this time partook of no cooked food; and thus, at the same time, made a partial investigation of the question of abstinence from salt. Genuine Graham bread, as it is well known, contains the addition of no salt. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that during this time I was most lively, cheerful, and happy, and felt myself to be in all respects at my best, and so was able to make in my own person a scientific experiment which completely disproves the popular dogma that man cannot exist without salt. Whoever does not, by discarding the skins and bran, remove from fruits and grains the mineral matter which nature has put there, requires the addition of no salt to his food. This little episode is given only as an example of the way in which vegetarianism in many respects rectifies science, and besides teaches each one how to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential requirements, and leads to the most simple and natural way of living.

As for the rest, I persevered in my experimental trial conscientiously, and during those 365 days, for only three times, in the first quarter of the year, did I, from social considerations, make some slight departures from my general way of living. At this period, at a general festival, I made some concession for the sake of society.

With the exception of the first eight days, during which time I missed the customary stimulation of flesh food, I enjoyed my repasts exceedingly. Hunger was a most excellent sauce, and I had indeed, as the experiment progressed, a constantly improving sense of taste and smell. I rejoiced in the best sleep, and there was a constant, undisturbed condition of good health. Corporeally, I decreased somewhat in weight; I weighed five kilogrammes less after the first six months. For mountain climbing and pedestrian tours my capacity to endure was greatly increased, and to these active exercises, rather than to my fleshless diet, was my loss in weight to be attributed. For during my year of experiment I was physically more active, and also more moderate in my eating and drinking than formerly. I soon observed that by this unstimulating manner of living the demand for spirituous liquors and similar means of excitement decreased, and likewise that I was completely satisfied on a much smaller quantity of food than before on a mixed diet. This latter observation was to me worthy of notice, since it disproved the formerly cherished opinion that vegetarians had to swallow an enormous quantity of food in order to be properly nourished. Nothing can be more erroneous than this idea, and it originates from another

mistaken opinion, namely, that vegetarians are mere vegetable and grass eaters and worshippers. Rightly regarded, however, the vegetarian takes vegetables and salads only as additions to his food, the nutritious grains and fruits forming the basis of his diet.

Just as unfounded is another objection which has been raised against vegetable food on the side of science; that is, that vegetables are more difficult of digestion than the flesh of animals, and that, therefore, a smaller portion of it is digested. Perhaps many plants used for food are more difficult of digestion, especially to weakened digestive organs; as, for example, beans and peas cooked in the ordinary way; properly prepared, however, even these become easy of digestion, as is proved by the leguminous preparations of Hartenstein, well known as consisting of finely-grounded beans, peas, and lentils. They have great celebrity, are easily digested, and strengthening foods for invalids. On the other hand, nature does not offer to man his food in a concentrated form. A food containing nothing but pure nourishment would be like an atmosphere of pure oxygen, and would not contribute to man's welfare. A flesh diet is somewhat analogous to an atmosphere of pure oxygen, and wears out the body too rapidly. Vegetable food is, on the contrary, unexciting; it has neither a chemical nor a stimulating effect upon the organs, and offers to the vegetarian the not-to-be-despised advantage, that he has not, as the flesh-eater—for example, the Englishman with his enormous quantity of pills, aperient waters, and such like—to battle against habitual constipation.

During the latter part of my experimental year, I had a season of excessively hard labor, including much watching at night. In spite of my abstinence from meat and wine, my strength did not desert me; indeed I bore the severe trial cheerfully and with unbroken spirit.

To my discredit—the learned doctors will say; and I acknowledge it—in the course of my experiment, having been convinced of the advantages of the vegetarian manner of living upon the side of dietetics, and also upon the side of esthetics, economy, and morality, out of a Saul I had become a Paul. I have since that time had no reason to change my views. My opinion agrees fully with that of Hufeland, who, in his "Art of Prolonging Life," says: "Man in the selection of his food always leans more towards the vegetable kingdom. Animal food is always more exciting and heating; on the contrary, vegetables make a cool and mild blood. We also find that not the flesh-eaters, but those who live upon vegetables, fruit, grains, and milk, attain the greatest age." Also Niemeyer, of Leipzig, who a few years ago spoke of vegetarians as being wonderfully healthy, in his most recent work, which contains the kernel of the vegetarian theory, greets the friends of a natural manner of living (vegetarians), as a courageous minority, and as pioneers of a worthy reform in society. Indeed, he pictures the children of vegetarians as models of a natural nourishment, and allows to the adults the evidence of physical elasticity and endurance. From the fullest conviction, therefore, I give it as my deliberate opinion that vegetarianism is a justifiable reaction against Liebig's albuminous theories of diet, upon which the modern doctrine of meat-eating is built; and that it opposes and has a tendency to correct the pernicious theory everywhere prevalent, that meat and wine are the most strengthening articles of diet; and that on this account alone it deserves consideration and respect from science. Moreover, on account of its influence in the domain of national economy, is vegetarianism worthy of the attention of all who have the physical and moral welfare of the people at heart. To all the friends of man, therefore, is it to be personally recommended, and on every suitable opportunity a knowledge of vegetarianism should be imparted. Propagation of these ideas among our people is indeed of very recent date. Each one must begin with himself, for each has his own special difficulty. Vegetarianism is, however, in its whole nature so true, that in later centuries there will certainly be a conflict in its favor.—(*Phren. Jour.*)

SOUNDINGS IN THE OCEAN OF ARYAN LITERATURE.

BHRIHAT SAMHITA.

BY K. VENKATA NARASAYA, OF BELLARY.

Under the title "Soundings in the Ocean of Aryan Literature," Mr. Nilakantha Chatre, B. A., publishes very useful and interesting information from the celebrated work of Varāhamihira, called Bhrihat Samhita. It is the earnest desire of every one who wishes to get some insight into the ancient history of our country to see every month something from the pen of our learned friend.

In his article appearing at page 205 of the THEOSOPHIST, he presumes Bhrihat Samhita to have been written in the sixth century A. C. and gives two reasons. The first is that the elaborate commentary of Pandit Utpala bears date 888 of the era of Śālivāhana, and the second is that Varāhamihira, the author of the Samhita, quotes from the work of Aryabhata who, he says, was born in 470 A. C. To support him in his calculations, he gives extracts from the works of Utpala and Aryabhata. The first extract shows that Utpala wrote his commentary in the year 880 of "the Era." Mr. Nilakantha supposes that the year is of the era of Śālivāhana. I do not think that the authority, quoted by him, supports him in such a supposition. The very name Utpala shows that he was a Gonda and not a Dravida, and, if so, he very probably resided beyond the Vindhya mountains. If such be the case, it is fair to presume that the era given by him is that of Vikramāditya. Whatever may be the era given by Utpala, it is quite plain that the date of his commentary helps us very little in fixing the time of the Samhita. All that it can show is that the work in question was not posterior to the year 880 (whether it be of the era of Vikrama or Śālivāhana).

The second reason, given by our friend, viz., that Varāhamihira quotes from Aryabhata is one which cannot be easily got over. It is quite clear from the second extract that Aryabhata was born in the year 3,623 of Kali, corresponding to A.C. 521 and not to A.C. 470. In the "sloka" extracted, Aryabhata says that sixty times sixty years plus twenty-three had elapsed from the beginning of the Kaliyug up to the date of his birth. So, it is quite evident that he was born in A.C. 521. Here I must confess that I am at a loss to know how Mr. Nilakantha, or Dr. Bhanu Dajee got the figures 470. Laying aside the discrepancy of 51 years, we may safely assert that Aryabhata flourished at the close of the 5th or beginning of the sixth century. If it be true as alleged by Mr. Nilakantha that Varāhamihira quotes from Aryabhata, we must accept that Varāhamihira flourished after Aryabhata. We have, however, a reliable authority from which it appears that the contrary is the fact. There is a work called Jyotirvidābharamam, written by Kālidāsa (the well-known Sanskrit poet) and dated the year 3,068 of Kali. In the appendix to this work, the author says that he, and eight others, viz., Dhanwantari, Kshapanaka, Amara Simha, Sanku, Betalabhata, Ghata Kharjara, Varāhamihira, and Vararuchi were the nine gems of the court of Vikramāditya, that of them, Sanku and others were Pandits, some of them were poets, and Varāhamihira and others were astronomers; and that after writing the three poems, Raghuvansa, Kumāra Sambhava, and Meghaduta, and a treatise on Smritis, he wrote Jyotirvidābharamam in the year 3,068 of Kali. If this is to be relied on, it carries the time of Varāhamihira back to the beginning of the Christian era. Then there arises very naturally a question which of the two calculations is correct. In point of authority both appear equally supported. If both are true, it is quite clear that there lived at two different times two persons by the name of Varāhamihira, and that one of them was a Pandit in Vikram's court, and the other was the author of Bhrihat Samhita. Having no copy of this work with me, I beg that Mr. Nilakantha will in a future issue of the THEO-

SOPHIST furnish us with extracts from the Samhita, showing the portions in which Aryabhata's work is quoted, together with such remarks as bear on the subject.

MYSTERIOUS STONE-THROWING AT PLUMSTEAD.

The residents on the western side of Maxey-road, Plumstead, at the upper end, have during the last few days been alarmed by a singular bombardment of their houses. Stones of large size have been showered upon them by some unknown hand at the rear of the premises, destroying the windows to such an extent that in one house every pane of glass is broken. The inhabitants of Burrage-road, whose gardens meet those of the Maxey-road houses, have naturally been scandalised and vexed at the imputation. Nothing could be seen to justify a selection of the offending quarter, and the aid of twenty police-constables in plain clothes was obtained, and they were hidden about the gardens and houses, but failed to discover the offender, and although the stone-throwing continued from about six till ten o'clock every evening, its origin was still a puzzle. Indeed, for a day or two, the bombardment continued all through the day, and at intervals of five minutes smash went a pane of glass or the remains of one, and another large stone found its way into the parlour, bedroom, or kitchen. No. 200 Maxey-road has been an especial mark for attacks, and suggests the interior of a house after a siege. It has been recently whitened at the back, to which may be attributed its being made a mark of assault by the assailants. The bed-room window is barricaded with boards and carpets, not to save it, for every pane of glass has gone, but for the protection of the inmates, one or two of whom have been injured. The same destruction is to be seen in all the other rear rooms: even the projecting scullery, whose window faces the south, has come in for its share of the assault, proving that the catapult or engine used must stand somewhere in that direction. Great stones lay about such as no human hand could have thrown for any great distance, some weighing nearly a pound. According to latest information the stone-throwing continues, but at more uncertain periods. A clue to the offender has been obtained, and there is every reason to believe the offending inhabitants of Burrage-road will be fully exonerated from any participation in the mischievous attack.—*Daily Chronicle*.

THE MIND IS MATERIAL.

The following difficulties, propounded by one of our correspondents, are offered for consideration and solution by those who have studied or thought upon the subject.

"In the THEOSOPHIST for April, was an article headed 'The mind is material,' which was based on the reasons that its faculties are thinking, judging, knowing, &c., and they are affected by the affection of the material body. This philosophy is perfectly true, but what I want to know now is this—when the body is destroyed, the mind is also destroyed and the immaterial soul is left to itself without having the powers that were attached to the mind. This state of the soul is no better than nothing, because the qualities above enumerated are the only means by which it could feel, know, think, &c. How does it then suffer the consequences of good or bad actions it has done during the lifetime and what becomes of it, and what is it?"

There is another question. The ghosts are nothing but departed souls; it has been proved in your journal elsewhere that they perform acts just like living beings; they utter articulate sounds, express fear and all kinds of faculties that the mind possesses; how do they possess these faculties if the mind is destroyed with the body?"

I am sure that the mind is material, because it is affected by bodily sicknesses and diseases. Besides in the state of sound sleep, it feels nothing excepting when dreaming, and hence it is deducible that the soul is also material and that after death there remains nothing."

THE SPIRITUAL COMMANDMENTS.

We commend to our readers a little book, published under the auspices of the Samadarshi Sabha, Lahore, under the above title. The principles and rules of conduct are clearly and carefully announced, and a thoughtful reading of them will prove a powerful auxiliary to efforts for righteousness. We give them below and are sure that they will be read by all with interest and profit.

I.—Thou shalt search for *Truth* in every department of being—test, prove, and try if what thou deemest is *Truth* and accept it as the *Word of God*.

II.—Thou shalt continue the search for *Truth* all thy life, and never cease to test, prove and try all that thou deemest to be truth.

III.—Thou shalt search by every attainable means, for the laws that underlie all life and being; thou shalt strive to comprehend these laws, live in harmony with them, and make them the laws of thine own life, thy rule and guide in all thine actions.

IV.—Thou shalt not follow the example of any man or set of men, nor obey any teaching or accept of any theory as thy rule of life, that is not in strict accordance with thy highest sense of right.

V.—Thou shalt remember that a *wrong* done to the least of thy fellow-creatures is a wrong done to all; and thou shalt never commit a wrong wilfully and consciously to any of thy fellow-men, nor connive at wrong done by others without striving to prevent or protesting against it.

VI.—Thou shalt acknowledge all men's *rights* to do, think or speak, to be exactly equal to thine own; and all right whatsoever that thou dost demand, thou shalt ever accord to others.

VII.—Thou shalt not hold thyself bound to *love* or associate with those that are distasteful or repulsive to thee, but thou shalt be held bound to treat such objects of dislike with gentleness, courtesy and justice; and never suffer thy antipathies to make thee ungentle or unjust to any living creature.

VIII.—Thou shalt ever regard the rights, interests, and welfare of the many as superior to those of the one or the few, and in cases where thy welfare or that of thy friend is to be balanced against that of society, thou shalt sacrifice thyself or friend to the welfare of the many.

IX.—Thou shalt be obedient to the *laws* of the land in which thou dost reside, in all things which do not conflict with thy highest sense of right.

X.—Thy first and last duty upon earth, and all through thy life, shall be to seek for the principles of *right*, and to live them out to the utmost of thy power and whatever creed, precept or example conflicts with those principles, thou shalt shun and reject, ever remembering that the laws of right are—in morals, *Justice*; in science, *Harmony*; in religion, *The Fatherhood of God, The Brotherhood of Man, the immortality of the human soul, and compensation and retribution for the good or evil done on earth.*

TEN RULES OF RIGHT.

I.—*Temperance* in all things, whether physical, mental, affectional or religious.

II.—*Justice* to all creatures that be—justice being the exercise of precisely the same rules of life, conduct, thought or speech that we would desire to receive from others.

III.—*Gentleness* in speech and act—never needlessly wounding the feelings of others by harsh words or deeds; never hurting or destroying aught that breathes, save for the purposes of sustenance or self-defence.

IV.—*Truth* in every word or thought, spoken or acted, but reservation of harsh or unpleasing truths where they would needlessly wound the feelings of others.

V.—*Charity*—charity in thought striving to excuse the failings of others; charity in speech, veiling the failings of others; charity in deeds, wherever, whenever, and to whomsoever the opportunity offers.

VI.—*Alms-giving*—visiting the sick and comforting the afflicted in every shape that our means admit of, and the necessities of our fellow-creatures demand.

VII.—*Self-sacrifice*, wherever the interests of others are to be benefited by our endurance.

VIII.—*Temperate* yet firm defence of our views of right, and protest against wrong, whether in ourselves or others.

IX.—*Industry* in following our calling we may be engaged in, or in devoting some portion of our time, when otherwise not obliged to do so, to the service and benefit of others.

X.—*Love*—above and beyond all, seeking to cultivate in our own families, kindred, friends, and amongst all mankind generally the spirit of that true and tender love which can think, speak or act no wrong to any creature living; remembering always, that where love is, all the other principles of right are fulfilled beneath its influence and embodied in its monitions.

THE PRARTHANA SAMAJ vs. CHRISTIANITY.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PRARTHANA SAMAJ.

Some time back, after the *Kirtan* in the Prarthana Samaj had come off, it will be remembered that some tame sheep from the fold of Jesus wrote to the *Duanodaya* taking exception to Tukaram, his doctrines, &c., &c. To this the *Sabodh Patrikâ* replied in a sensible manner and at the same time incidentally remarked that the Holy Bible contained many contradictions. The remark galled the Revd. Editor of the *Duanodaya*, who challenged the *Patrikâ* to point out any contradictions in the Bible. It seems that the Revd. Editor has not read the Bible very carefully, or else he would have found therein enough to satisfy his curiosity. For ready reference I shall place before him the following :

Genesis ch. 1.

25. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, &c.

26. And God said, Let us make man, &c.

27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

In the first chapter, beasts are said to have been created before man; in the second, after man. The first chapter says "male and female created he them"; the second says that woman was created out of Adam's rib. In other words the first chapter seems to say that man and woman were created together; the second that woman was created after man. See Genesis, chapter V., v. 2. "Male and female created he them, and blessed them and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created.

And the time that David was made king in Hebron over the house of Judah was *seven years and six months*. II. Samuel, c. 2, v. 11.

And, again, the *anger of the Lord* was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, &c. II. Sam. c. 24, v. 1.

In the first it is God who moves David; in the second, it is Satan. Which is true?

And Joab gave up the sum of the number of the people unto the king; and there were in Israel eight hundred thousand valiant men that drew the sword; and the men of Judah were five hundred thousand men. II. Sam. c. 24, v. 9.

So God came to David and told him, and said unto him, Shall *seven* years of famine come unto thee in thy land? &c. II. Sam. c. 24, v. 13.

Genesis ch. 11.

18. And the Lord said; It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make him an help meet for him.

19. And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, &c.

And the days that David reigned over Israel, were forty years; *seven* years reigned he in Hebron. I. Kings, c. 2, v. 11.

And *Satan* stood up against Israel and provoked David to number Israel. I. Chron. c. 21, v. 1.

And Joab gave the sum of the number of the people unto David. And all they of Israel were a thousand and an hundred thousand men that drew the sword; and Judah was four hundred threescore and ten thousand men that drew the sword. I. Chron. c. 21, v. 5.

So God came to David, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, choose thee either *three* years' famine, &c. I. Chron. c. 21, v. 11, 12.

So David brought the threshing floor and the oxen for *fifty* shekels of *silver*. II. Sam. c. 24, v. 24.

So David gave to Ornan for the place *six hundred* shekels of *gold* by weight. I. Chron. c. 21, v. 25.

I shall not break the Revd. Editor's heart by citing more contradictions. I shall only assure him (if he does not read the Bible himself) that there are many more and even the few cited are sufficient to convict the Holy Bible of perjury.

The Christians laugh at Tukaram's ascent to Heaven in body, and believe in the same feat when achieved by Elijah.

I had thought that *Æsop's Fables* and similar books were the only works in which animals speak. But even in this respect the Bible is not to be outdone. It makes Balaam's ass talk. The idea of the God of the Old Testament can only be appreciated by those who have read the Old Testament, and yet the missionaries express pious astonishment at the perversity of the educated natives in rejecting this God. Surely the missionaries are either blind or will not see. Or is it that the powerful light of the Divine Revelation dazzles their vision and makes them blind to the follies and absurdities narrated in the Holy Bible.

Bombay, 23rd May 1880.

BRAHMOISM vs. HINDUISM.

By a gentleman holding an important office in connection with the Sadharan Brahma Samaj.

I am sorry to find that in your issue of April last, "No Humbug" has tried to humbug the public by his misrepresentations through the columns of a journal like yours, whose object is the investigation of truth. Allow me, therefore, to undeceive your readers by the following facts.

The widow, alluded to by your correspondent, is *not*, and was *not* when she voluntarily left the protection of her brother, a girl of immature age, so as to be in need of a "custodian." She was desirous of bettering her prospects in life and of being freed from the thralldom of widowhood and all its concomitant miseries well known to those who are acquainted with the customs of the Hindu society, and the tyrannies of the orthodox members of that society to which the Hindu widows are usually subjected throughout their wretched lives. The house of her brother was virtually a jail to her, and her brother a jail-keeper—her position was hardly better than that of a slave in America before the great American war. She was immured into this jail by the monster "custom" and not by any lawful authority, hence she had every right to free herself from it, and this she did, and no more. She voluntarily left the house of her brother and went to a Brahmo of whom she asked shelter temporarily in his house. As the widow was in a most helpless state and had done nothing wrong morally or legally in leaving the house of her brother, the Brahmo gentleman, alluded to by your correspondent, could not conscientiously refuse to give her the help she craved for, simply because his Hindu brethren were opposed to give her freedom in regard to her choice of re-marriage. There is not the slightest evidence, that the Brahmo gentleman who gave shelter to the poor widow "enticed away" or become "an accomplice" in the widow's act of leaving her brother's house. But even if this were the case, he could not be held guilty by the tribunal of an impartial public, for, in that case, he could only be actuated by a noble motive of rescuing a human being from the thralldom of evil custom and practical slavery—not even the enemies of these Brahmos dare insinuate anything against his morality.

Now, I leave it to you and to your impartial readers to judge whether the act of the Brahmo, concerned in the above case, was culpable, or whether the illogical conclusion drawn therefrom, that the whole body of the Brah-

mos have adopted an "aggressive policy" or an "offending attitude" towards their Hindu brethren is justified by facts.

Yours sincerely,
"JUSTICE."

Lahore, 25th May 1880.

P. S.—The *Brahmo Public Opinion* of the 6th instant, announces that the widow referred to has been married to a bachelor Brahmo gentleman, aged 27, her age being 21.

AGNI-HOTRA PHILOSOPHY.

BY MR. CHANDAN GOPAL.

Having gone over your esteemed journal up to the latest number, I have come across most interesting articles devoted to different branches of philosophy, sciences and many other useful subjects, but, I am sorry to say, that I found none on the philosophy of *Agni-hotra*, and therefore, earnestly hope that the present subject will find a place in your world-renowned journal.

The problem, I am to discuss, is intended to prove the moral philosophy of *Agni-hotra* which is based upon nature. Without the perfect knowledge of both of these and a due performance of the former, man is unable to know the Supreme Being. The absence of this knowledge keeps a man immersed in worldly afflictions and prevents him from obtaining the highest position or salvation परमपद or मोक्ष for which every one should try with all his heart and soul.

Observing the rules of moral philosophy, a man must, to the best of his abilities, do good to others as well as to himself. But what does doing good mean? Never to lose sight of justice in all our actions. The chief of these are:—*First*, to preserve our health—the instrument of all actions—in good order, and to take steps to help others too for the same. *Secondly* to believe always in the Infinite Divine Power who embraces every thing within and without the limits of human senses.

But before I go on to solve the problem put forth, I must not omit to mention a fact which bears upon the subject in hand. What is death of an animate, or destruction of an inanimate, object? It is nothing more than the decomposition or analyzation, sooner or later as the case may be, of the five elements, and hence of its particles (परमाणु) which form the basis of the Universe. At the same time the characteristic qualities of the elements must also be stated to be as follows:—Of the fire to decompose particles of any substance, of the air to elevate them to different regions above the earth, of the water to compose the particles to form a solid body, of the earth to keep them in contact with itself, and the evacuation (आकाश) being the space wherein the other four play their part.

Now the demonstration and proof.—The climate has the greatest effect upon health in general, so we must try to make it healthy. When the sacrificial-mixture (हविः), composed of different substances forming three great classes, viz., first, the curatives or remedies against several diseases, secondly, tonic containing chiefly sugar, corn and butter, and thirdly, aromatics such as musk, &c., is thrown into the fire, little by little, so as to be thoroughly burnt, the particles of its essence, through the agency of the fire, go up into the air which elevates them to the regions of clouds (मेघमंडल) or more properly speaking, to the region where the clouds are condensed and changed into water. Though unable to explain all the innumerable benefits accruing from these particles to the whole world, I mention a few of them. In the beginning of the process, these particles, till they remain, though for a short time, in the lower regions of the atmosphere, exclude the unhealthy particles of air from the place where the sacrifice is performed, after which ascending higher through the aforesaid agencies they remove their defect through the chemical operations performed between them by nature. The animals inhaling this purified air get refreshed and healthy. Reaching the region of rain these particles

purify the vapours forming clouds, and thereby make the water of rain pure and healthy. The purified air and water having great effect upon the mineral kingdom, too, improve it a great deal. The air, earth, and water, the basis of the vegetable kingdom, being thus purified, make it healthy. The first part of our problem having been proved, we must now turn to the second, viz., to try at the time to know the Divine Being. How can this knowledge be obtained? For this purpose *Vedic mantras* are repeated during the performance, which also teach us the philosophy lying hidden under the mysterious veil of *Agni-hotra* sacrifice.

Owing to my limited capacity, I cannot possibly be expected to exhaust so grand a subject, but our advanced readers possessing high intellects who wish to know it more minutely and to satisfy themselves, will please draw fuller information from the *Yagur Veda*, in which several complete chapters are devoted to the same philosophy, the study of which has now been rendered much easier than ever through the favour of our revered leader Pundit Dayānand Saraswati Swāmi whom we should pay our warmest thanks for the trouble he has taken to expound the Vedas for the benefit of mankind.

It may fairly be concluded from the above-mentioned facts that the performance of *Agni-hotra* is not based on any prejudice or sectarianism, because the difference of language can have no effect on the philosophy and sciences throughout the different parts of the world. *Agni-hotra* may thus be expected to gain popularity among those who appreciate nothing but what is based on justice, especially among the Aryas, who rightly hold the Vedas as impersonal and divine, and whose ancestors never pronounced without a feeling of reverence and honor, the holy name of *Agni-hotra*, the philosophy of which is so beautifully expounded by the *Rishis* and sages of by-gone ages.

Lucknow, the 25th May 1880.

THE HINDU OR ARYA QUESTION.

BY K. P. B.

Many abler and worthier hands have touched upon the point, interesting as it is, with better results. But since an ardent heart finds no satisfaction till its fulness is given vent to, many of our impartial readers have the sufferance of going once more over these lines on the same question. Of worth or merit claim they none, but only wish sympathy to the Indian commonalty and call attention of our more enlightened brethren to a rectification of the internal evils of the people.

In these days of patriot frenzy—frenzy I would call it, since among all a really patriotic soul is yet but scarce—when every Indian youth regards it a bounden duty to do his mite in the great work of national regeneration, a serious controversy most naturally undertakes to determine what must be the appropriate appellation for the country and its people. Thanks, no doubt, to the THEOSOPHIST and the Society, whose joint efforts could make so much of the Hindu idiocracy. But would, that these very many professions were not mere hollow sounds, that this patriot agitation emanated really from the bottom of the Hindu heart, from the inmost privy of the Indian soul? Many, no doubt, will frown and ask—are these laboring reformers of India then no sincere patriots,—so many dissemblers only, mere pretenders to the cause? But, alas! sorry that we are to answer in the affirmative. There are now on the Indian soil, we grant, many, who project chimeras in their minds, and fancy achievement of wonders at once; but who among all ever thinks of giving to their purposes, deeds, a reality?

The readers of the THEOSOPHIST must have noticed in the April number of the journal that more than one native patriot have expressed desires to change the current name of the people for one more agreeable to them. "A very earnest Friend" complains that the term "Native" is used to designate the Indians from foreigners, and suggests that

the word *Bhāratīans* be substituted instead. His patriotic soul cannot brook this nickname he supposes put on him by the conquering, or rather ruling classes. But then, our Editor himself contradicts him with great vehemence; and the same we quote here for our own views. "The complaint," says he, "does not seem entirely well-grounded. In every country the original inhabitants are called *Natives*, to contrast them with all who are not born on the soil. In America, the freest country in the world, and where there is absolute equality before the law, we are proud to call ourselves *Natives*, when we wish to indicate that we are not immigrants, and some years ago, a great political party calling itself the *Native Americans* sprang into existence, at a time of excitement caused by the bare suspicion that foreigners were plotting to undermine our liberties. We do not see how the case of the Indians can be made an exception to a custom which seems to us unavoidable.....For our part, we would feel very proud to be able to boast of such a country as this, and such an ancestry, even at the cost of being called '*Native*,' with a fine flavor of scorn."

Another Aryan brother, B. P. Sankhar, asks whether it is not advisable to begin our work of regeneration with changing the name "*Hindu*"—"a term," he explains, "that means a liar, a slave, a black, an infidel, in short a man possessed of every evil to be found in the world." We know not what lexicon, but his own (though most opportune) interpretation, could furnish such a sense for the word. Indeed, there is no such Sanskrit word as Hindu. We never come across it in any of our religious books. Neither Panini nor the latest grammarians determine its etymology; nor is it recognised anywhere in the great code of Manu. "You seek it in vain," says a distinguished graduate of Calcutta, "in the Puranas; nor do you get a clue to its etymology till you come in contact with foreign languages." The fact is that the word is really Persian, though essentially Sanskrit. "The science of language distinctly points out that the letter *h* in Persian is analogous to *s* in Sanskrit." Whoever has seen the pages of Professor Müller or Count Grimm, attests the veracity of the assertion. Hence do we get at the real derivation of the word. When our first Aryan ancestors, if we are to give credit to history, dwelt on the banks of the *Sindhu* (or the Indus), the brother Persians who did as yet bear the same name, designated these emigrants Hindus in their language, which is according to the law analogous to the Sanskrit *Sindhūis*, that is, those that lived along the course of the *Sindhu* river. Whether there was any degree of hatred or abhorrence mixed with this their designation, cannot now be known. If the Persians ever took it to mean "dark or black," as is shown in the last THEOSOPHIST, that is but a poetic interpretation of a more modern date. That the Greeks gave the name, is likewise groundless; since nowhere do we find in the whole Greek philology any such word as *Hind* or *Hindó* meaning as Sankharjee does, nor are the older Grecians ever recognized to have even known the word. So, perhaps, it is the present degradation of the people, or rather the condition in which they are thought to be by some of the vain Europeans that led the honored contributor to a consideration such as is expressed by him.

Neither does the term "*Arya*" denote as Sankharjee thinks. This word, if we are to accept the rendering given by Max Müller, meant "a cultivator"—a word which shows that when the term came into use, our ancestors had abandoned their nomadic modes of life and taken to the nobler occupation of ploughing. In process of time, it attained the noblest meaning which it is possible for a term to acquire; for it soon came to mean nothing less than the best Hindu distinguished for devotion, learning and piety. Alas! however, for human inconstancy the word is ultimately applied to all Hindus alike,—good, bad and indifferent,—as distinguished from the *Mlechhas* or *Yavans* of the heterodox persuasions,

However, from the above it is plain that we are at one with our brother in regarding *Hindu* but a foreign designation, which from the Persians soon began to be used for the Indians by all the other nations west of the Indus. In time, when these Western people chanced afterwards to obtain sovereignty over this country, they would not call us otherwise than by the name familiar to them, but never perhaps using it as a nickname; since, in that case, it is impossible, that it should have escaped the attention of such a kind and tolerant prince as Akbar the Great, who would even bear slanders on his name rather than treat the subject Indians with any sort of unkindness. The Aryas became gradually accustomed to the term; degraded as they became, they took the rulers' word without hesitation and soon after got over their own old name. Hence, it was universally adopted in India, save by some retired recluses; and, owing to the degeneracy of the *Arjya-dharma*, the modern religion of the people was also styled *Hinduism*, meaning the religion of the modern *Hindus*.

As shown above, the words imply nothing evil in themselves. Moreover, had the word truly meant as our brother supposes, it is impossible that a whole nation,—and one as the Indian, having for its members not only a few ignorant, but many learned and deep-thinking men, and existing not a day or year, but for ages and centuries,—would be so blinded or repressed as never at least to have perceived the universal error.

But what matters further argumentation? It is perhaps high time for us to conclude, and so a few words in the end. Notwithstanding the great importance attached to the subject, we think it might be as well dealt with with far less prominence. Did ever Socrates or Valmiki—sages whose equals, perhaps, shall never be born—care whether he was called a Greek or an Indian, or by any other name whatsoever. Are not the Americans misnamed the Yankees, and the British the Whites? Merits, not titles, are judged. Children and the rustics may be solicitous that they be not misnamed; but the wise care not a trifle for such things. So, far from arguing with so much diligence whether we be called *Natives* or *Indians*, *Hindus* or *Aryas*, we think it would be greatly more useful and advantageous to devote that amount of our attention to the real well-being of our countrymen, to the consideration of what proper steps should be taken to redress very many piteous grievances of our brethren, and to the careful investigation of wherein lie the original causes of many, almost natural, defects of the people. That would be a work really more desirable and even more weighty than volumes of such titulary discourses. There is one who has dropped fiery words for the reformation of India, even finding fault with the Aryan caste-system and other manners and habits of the people, in the last THEOSOPHIST. To these matters we hope to advert in our next, and the discussion of these may be considered to do a more desirable service. The regeneration of a nation is a task not to be achieved by mere bazaar gossip or fantastic schemes. We would, therefore, even join our brother to pray: "O, true sons of this once exalted Aryavarta! the time has come, or is rather fast approaching, when we should show our spirits, act with vigour, and try our best towards the re-exaltation of our beloved mother-country! Arise from your long sleep, O, ye lovers of your once famous seat of learning and religion, look around you and see in what a hapless state your country lies! Arise, ye nobler brethren! devote your heart to the great cause! Tire not, and without weariness or disgust betake yourselves to arouse and enlighten even the most uncouth souls,—the low, illiterate hearts, that have parts which would act well with your aid. Spare no pains to unite all in one harmonious accord as into a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, using with one voice the unison in praise of our ancient glorious *Aryavarta*, *Hindustan*, or *Indiā*. *Om tat sat.*"

OUR DELEGATES IN CEYLON.

It is a circumstance wholly unexpected that we have to depend upon secondary sources for an account of the movements of the Theosophical party in Ceylon. The fact is, however, that every delegate's time, and especially that of Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, is so occupied that they cannot find the smallest leisure to write for this magazine. Since the landing at Galle, on the 17th of May, when they were caught up by the inhabitants and made into popular heroes, they have been surrounded by crowds, and made the centre of exciting events. Colonel Olcott has delivered on the average at least one oration a day; to say nothing of lectures and expositions to select companies of hearers, and debates with Christian and other opponents of Theosophy. At every locality visited, the committees of reception have comprised the leading men of the community, their mission has been blessed by the priests, and the most pious and revered ladies have come in their richest attire to show their respect for Madame Blavatsky.

The best authorities say that since the word Christianity was first pronounced in Ceylon, there has never been anything like the excitement among the Buddhist people. Their gratitude to Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott for daring to stand up for their faith as against the Christians who have systematically derided it, is boundless. Branches of the Theosophical Society had, at latest advices, been formed at Galle, Panadura, Colombo and Kandy. Money has been contributed to their respective treasuries to carry out the plans submitted by our President. It is fully evident already that results of immense importance must follow the delegation's visit to the beautiful Island of Ceylon. The name of our Society has become a household word from one end of it to the other. Some say that the effects of the visit will last for generations. That the Christian party are alive to these facts is shown in the unscrupulous attacks of their secular press, the tone of the Lord Bishop's own organ, *The Diocesan Calendar*, and the unwonted activity of the Native Catechists and Bible-exhorters, and European missionaries and settled clergymen. The Theosophists now form the staple text for their preaching, and while our party were at Kandy, five preachers were busy, exhorting the Sinhalese not to hear them, but to listen to the Gospel! In that ancient city Colonel Olcott spoke first at the Dalada Maligawa Temple, where the Tooth-Relic of Buddha is enshrined. The crowd was so dense as to pack all the corridors and courts and prevent the orator from being heard. An adjournment was accordingly had to the open Esplanade in front of the temple; and the speaker, with his interpreter, the delegates from the Bombay Theosophical Society, and the chief priests of the Kandyan temples, took their places upon a broad buttressed wall. The scene is described as having been most impressive.

In the absence of original material we take from the *Pioneer* of June 16 and 25, the narratives given by its special correspondent, which will be read with deep interest.

"The visit of the delegation of Theosophists to Ceylon has stirred the native society of the island to its depths. The local officers declare that they never saw such gatherings in the southern district before. The visitors were expected here on the 11th, on which day 4,000 people gathered at the landing-pier, the boats in the harbour were decorated with flags, a native committee boarded the P. and O. steamer as soon as she dropped anchor, and great preparations were made to give the delegates a popular welcome. But the public were disappointed, the Theosophists having decided to come by a British India boat so as to visit their members at Karwar, Mangalore, and Cochin. This change of programme was duly telegraphed, but, owing to a break in the sea cable, the despatch was never forwarded. However, advices were telegraphed from Bombay on the 11th; and on the 17th, when the *Ethiopia* was signalled, a new crowd of nearly 6,000 was in waiting. A committee of twenty-five of the first native gentlemen of Galle had charge of all the arrangements; the Theoso-

phists were taken ashore in a large boat, escorted by a fleet of the queer Cingalese canoes rigged out with flags and streamers; a carpet was laid on the landing-stage, and as the visitors stepped ashore, a roar of voices welcomed them. Placed in carriages, they were escorted to the handsome bungalow, specially fitted up for their occupancy, by a multitude that filled the road from side to side, and extended front to rear as far as one could see. On reaching the house they were met on the verandah by the High Priests Sumanatissa and Piyaratana, and a dozen or more subordinate priests, who chanted verses of salutation from the Pali sacred books. From that time to this their quarters have been besieged, and their time has been taken up in receiving visits, debating with priests, visiting temples, eating dinners, tiffins, and breakfasts of ceremony, and accepting invitations to pass from town to town throughout the southern district.

"Colonel Olcott has already spoken twice in public—last evening at the Fort Barracks, the largest room in Galle; and this afternoon in the compound of a gentleman's house, where fully 3,000 Buddhists listened to him. On the former occasion the chair was occupied by Priest Megittuwatte, the most renowned orator and controversialist in all Ceylon. The entire English colony was present last evening, and besides the barrack-room being crowded, there was a volunteer audience outside the building numbering many hundred. The lecturer's topic was "Theosophy and Buddhism," and his argument was to the effect that the universal yearning of humanity for some knowledge of divine things was satisfied pre-eminently in the system which Buddha bequeathed to the world. This faith, which is already possessed by 470 millions—fully a third of the earth's population—was destined to attack thousands, if not millions, more from the great body of thinking men whom the statisticians classified as Christians, but who had lost all faith in their nominal creed. Within the past ten years, he said, and especially within the past two years, there has been a marked interest throughout the English-speaking countries to know what Buddha's doctrine really is. To satisfy this need a society of intelligent, zealous Buddhists should be organized; tracts and other publications should be disseminated broadcast; and if it could be brought about, learned Buddhist missionaries should be sent to Europe and America. The object of the present visit was to organize just such a society as a branch of the Theosophical Society, which is the representation of the principle of universal religious tolerance, and included in its fellowship Parsis, Hindus, Jains, Jews, and almost every other class of sectary. He was happy to say that this suggestion had received the entire approbation of the greatest Buddhist priests and the most respected laymen, whose presence at this time showed the state of their feelings. Megittuwatte fully corroborated Colonel Olcott's statements, and bespoke the good-will of every true Buddhist for the Theosophical Society, of which he himself had been a fellow for the last two years. His remarks were in Cinghalese, and were delivered with perfect fluency and impressive eloquence. The audience at to-day's lecture was a sight to be remembered. The Theosophists, with the High Priest Sumanatissa who had the chair, and Megittuwatte, occupied a high balcony at the easterly side of a great grassy quadrangle, enclosed by the principal and lesser buildings of a private residence, and affording sitting-room for at least 3,000 people. It was all occupied, and crowds also swarmed on the steep sides of adjacent hills that overlooked the compound. This time the Colonel's address was interpreted in Cinghalese, sentence by sentence, as extemporaneously delivered. The Theosophical delegation comprises the following persons:—Colonel H. S. Olcott, President; Madame H. P. Blavatsky, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Edward Wimbridge, Vice-President of the parent society; and Messrs. Damodar Mavalankar, Panachand Anandji, and Parshotam Narayanji (Hindus), and Sorabji J. Padshah and Ferozshah Dhumjibhai Shroff (Parsis), a special committee to represent the Bombay Theosophical Society.

“On returning to their quarters from to-day's lecture, the delegation were honoured with a call from the Siamese Ambassador and *suite*, who are in Galle for one day *en route* to England.

“To-morrow evening a meeting is to be held to take the names of those who wish to join the Galle sub-section of the Ceylon Theosophical Society; Tuesday evening the initiations will take place; and on Wednesday the delegation takes up its itinerary to Dodanduwa, Kalatura, and Panadure, at each of which places bungalows, committees, and the audiences await them; and thence on to Colombo, the capital city, where, according to all accounts, there will be great goings-on.

“Nature clothes herself in Ceylon in her loveliest garb. The verdure is something splendid. Wherever the eye turns it sees an exuberant tropical vegetation with such variety of hue and such noble forms as one fancies cannot be found elsewhere. The paddy-fields are all a bright green; the clustering cocoanuts hang from a million trees; the monster jack-fruit, the betel-palm with its silver-ringed, smooth green trunks, the golden plaintain, the mango, pine-apple, bread-fruit, and bamboo are the choicest of their kinds; a grassy carpet borders every road and lane, and a multitude of flowers and coloured-leaf plants afford a bouquet of rich colours. Our table is loaded with fruit of a size and flavour unknown to us before coming here, and served up in garlanded platters, that make the board look like a garden bed in the early summer time. Ah, you who are parched by the furnace-heat of the plains of India take a month's holiday and come to Ceylon if you would form some idea of an Eden. And as for the people—Bishop Heber may say what he will about every prospect pleasing and only man being vile; but I, for my part, declare that a more hospitable, kind, and gentle people no one need care to encounter. As for their “vileness,” statistics in the Queen Advocate's reports show that there is less crime among the natives of Ceylon than among any equal body of people in any Christian country that I can call to mind. In a population of about 2½ millions there were 1,106 convictions for offences of any kind, great and small, in a whole year, and of these there were but 375 assaults against the person. What would Bow Street say to that? Of the whole number of convictions more than one-fourth (274) were for cattle-stealing. The table shows a total absence of whole groups of crimes that prevail among us; while of offences directly traceful to the use of liquor, the proportion is but 7 per cent, as against about 93 per cent, in London, or any other large Christian city.”

The *Pioneer* of June 25, says:—“The first stage of the Theosophical tour through the Island of Spices has been completed, and the party are quartered in the large bungalow called “Redcliffe,” the former residence of Sir C. G. MacCarthy, Colonial Secretary. Their movements since leaving Galle have been attended with the greatest possible *eclat*, the people gathering in crowds at every halting-place providing them with quarters, committees of the most respectable men waiting upon them, the Buddhist priests welcoming them at their *viharas*, and reading addresses to them in Pali. At Piya-galle and Kalatura great processions were organized, with banners and music, and triumphal cars, drawn by flower-garlanded bullocks, in which the Theosophists were made to ride. In fact, the delegation are utterly confounded by all these popular demonstrations. They came expecting to pay their way like ordinary mortals, stop at the hotels, move about quietly, and after organizing the projected branch Society at Colombo, return to Bombay. But from the moment when they left their steamer in Galle harbour for the jetty, escorted by a flotilla of canoes, their fate was sealed, and they became public characters.

“Colonel Olcott's oratorical powers and physical endurance have been as severely tested as though he had been canvassing for a seat in Parliament, and discussions on religion, philosophy, and theology have kept Madame Blavatsky's hands equally full. The Buddhist women seem to regard her as a deity dropped from the clouds, and

despite her energetic remonstrances, will insist upon making *pooja* to her. Much of this reverence is due to the circulation of a Cingalese pamphlet made up of translated extracts from her book descriptive of the phenomena she witnessed among the Lamaic adepts of Tibet and Mongolia, and more to the spread of reports of certain wonderful things of the same sort she did at Galle, Panadure, Dodanduwa, and other places on her way here, as well as since the arrival of the party at Colombo.

“The eagerness manifested to join the Theosophical Society has caused an enlargement of the original plan. A branch Society was formed at Galle; members were admitted at various towns along the road; a separate branch is forming at Panadure; the Colombo branch will be organized on Tuesday next, and the indications point to Kandy following suit. The new membership already embraces the highest and most energetic class of Buddhists, irrespective of sect, and—always a prime consideration in any campaign—the best able to supply the sinews of war. These several branches will, of course, be ultimately brought into one general league, or Buddhist section, of the parent Theosophical Society, and we may reasonably look for a thorough exposition of Gautama's doctrine. As in all other churches, corruptions and abuses have crept into the Buddhistic. The Cingalese priesthood is divided into two great sects—the Amarapoora and the Siamese, each deriving its authority from the place whose name it bears. The real differences between them are trifling, and yet, as between our Christian sects, there is a good deal of petty rancour. Still the leaders of both sects perceive the advantages of the alliance offered by the Theosophists, and so vie with each other in tenders of co-operation. Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, have, in the plainest words, announced that their Society will not meddle in any of the internal questions of a theological or doctrinal nature, nor permit it to be made the organ for forcing these family differences upon the public attention. Nor will they propagate the idolatrous perversions of primitive Buddhism fastened upon the church in Ceylon by successive Tamil dynasties. The corner-stone of Sakya Muni's philosophy was the doctrine of Merit, its cap-stone that of Nirvana. These the Western world wishes expounded, and there is reason for every admirer of Gautama to look with a friendly eye upon the present movement.

“The Theosophists left Galle for their tour northward on the 26th instant, in carriages supplied by a committee at Dodanduwa. Colonel Olcott was obliged to speak twice on that day—at Ambalangoda and Dodanduwa. The party slept at the latter place, and the next morning moved forward in two mail-coaches, sent on by the fishermen of Galle, whose application to offer this courtesy was communicated, I believe, in my last letter. Four speeches were squeezed out of the Colonel on that day—two of them to tremendous crowds. One of these was gathered in and about the temple at Piya-galle, and, as is remarked above, there was a procession. One incident of the day created no little fun. Just after leaving Piya-galle the leading coach was stopped by a man who came running out of a house carrying a reflector-lamp in his hand. The party thought something serious must have happened—a bridge been carried away, or something of the sort. But the lamp-bearer only turned the blaze of the light upon the occupants of the coach, pointed out Madame Blavatsky and the Colonel to a few admiring friends, said he only wanted to have a look at them, told the coach to proceed, and asked whether the Parsees were in the next coach. Is it not Goëthe who tells in his memoirs about the visit he received from a young fellow one day, who sent in his card, entered the room, refused Goëthe's invitation to be seated, surveyed him carefully from a distance, walked around his chair and took a back view and, then without a word laid a gold piece upon Goëthe's writing-table, and walked to the door. Upon being called back and asked the cause of his strange behaviour, and especially for leaving the money, he said that he had been most anxious to see the great

man, had now been gratified, and thought it no more than fair to compensate him for the brief interruption of his work—for which he begged pardon. The story is a good one anyhow, and this one will almost serve as a pendant. The next day and night and Saturday morning were passed at Kalatura, where an address was delivered to some 2,000 people in a coconut-grove, and another at the adjoining village of Wehura, where resides the priest, Subhuti, whose erudition has been made known in Europe by Mr. Childers in his Pali dictionary. The party lunched at the house of Mr. Arnathalam, the Justice of Kalatura, a Cambridge graduate and a gentleman of high breeding and culture. The unfinished railway (Colombo and Galle Railway) is here reached, and the Theosophists were conveyed by train to Panadura, where the station and platform were found tastefully decorated with coconuts, flowers, and foliage, and both sides of the main street and the approach to the bungalow set apart for their use lined with strips of palm-leaves suspended from continuous cords. Their host at this town was the venerable and wealthy Mudeliar Andris Perera, a stately old man with a large family of stalwart sons and daughters. He had not allowed any committee to assist, but had supplied everything—decoration, house, furniture, food, and servants—at his personal cost. As the guests neared the bungalow, they saw a triumphal arch erected at the gate of the compound, and their host approaching them in the full uniform of his rank of Mudeliar. A large shell comb—the comb is worn by all Cingalese gentlemen—was in his iron-gray hair; his dress comprised a blue frock-coat with gold frogs and jewelled buttons; the national skirt, or *dhoti*, worn as a simple wrapping without folds and confined at the waist by a gold-clasped belt; a satin waist-coat with two rows of large emeralds for buttons; and a magnificent sword with solid gold scabbard and hilt, both studded with gems, suspended from a solid gold baldric elaborately carved. He was attended by two stave-bearers in uniform, and followed by his family and a host of acquaintances. As he marched along in the full sunlight, he certainly presented a very gorgeous appearance. His sword and baldric alone are computed to be worth at least £2,500."

After the above was put in type, the following letter was received from one of our delegates in Ceylon to a friend here. As it contains many details of great interest, we give it room here.

RADCLIFFE HOUSE,
Colombo, June 15, 1880.

I have been almost afraid to put pen to paper, feeling how inadequately I should convey to you any idea of our doings here. We have, indeed, been paying the penalty of greatness. Followed, wherever we go, by enthusiastic thousands, not a moment to ourselves, our bungalow at all times surrounded by a crowd, which the utmost endeavours of two policemen can hardly prevent from making forcible entry. Our whole available time is taken up in receiving calls. We have just returned from Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon. It is a lovely place, its environs still lovelier—it is 6,000 feet above the sea level, and the climate magnificent. Words altogether fail me to do justice to the beauty of the scenery, exquisite both in form and color. We were permitted to see that sacred relic, the tooth of Buddha, which is very rarely shown, this being, I believe, the first time since the visit of the Prince of Wales, five or six years ago. The scene was a most striking one—the courtyard of the temple filled with an eager crowd of devotees drawn to the spot by a double attraction—the sacred tooth and the Theosophists. The ante-room and the staircase leading to the chamber where the relic is kept, were filled by a crowd of Kandian chiefs and other gentlemen—the chiefs being conspicuous by reason of their extraordinary costume—a costume which I am sure no words of mine can do justice to. I will simply say that it consists of velvet hat of tremendous size and of

bright color, heavily embroidered with gold, a short jacket of the same material, the sleeves of which are padded, so as to make the shoulders apparently rise half way up the head. A white satin vest, embroidered with gold and silver, is worn under this, and the lower man is swathed in about fifteen petticoats secured at the waist by an embroidered and jewelled girdle—the *ensemble* being simply immense. The relic, when not on exhibition, is kept in a series of pagodas of gold and precious stones, each one fitting into the other, I don't know how many there are, but the first one is about three or four inches high, and the last one about two feet. One of the most interesting things we have seen since we came to Ceylon was the ceremony of ordination to the priesthood. We were invited while in Kandy to one such ceremony by Suman-gala, the High Priest of Adam's Peak, and at the appointed time of 8 P.M., proceeded to the temple, a building of some 250 years old, the gift of one of the Kandian kings. It is a rectangular oblong structure, the roof supported on two rooms of square monolithic columns with carved and painted capitals; at one end is a niche in which is placed a large image of Buddha in the sitting posture, in front of this sat two rows of priests, the chief priest being in the centre of the front rank, all seated with their backs to the image. On either side of the hall were seated other rows of priests within the lines of columns leaving the aisles free. In one of these aisles, against walls were placed mats and cushions for our accommodation, and to which we were duly ushered on entering. Shortly after our arrival the proceedings commenced. A side door opened and the neophyte, dressed in the costume (previously described) of a Kandian chief, entered, attended by two sponsors, who introduced him to the chief priest before whom he knelt and bowed his head to the ground—this latter with considerable difficulty owing to the fifteen petticoats; he then repeated some lines in Pali and retired to the centre of the hall where his sponsors despoiled him of his finery, and clad him with the priestly robe, he was then led back to the priest, repeated more lines, retired, walking backwards, returned, and said a few more lines; this with sundry genuflexions, bowings, &c., completed the ceremony. I must not forget to mention the fan held by the High Priest during the ceremony; it was about two feet in diameter with a perfect club of carved ivory by way of handle; I suppose the thing must have weighed ten pounds at least.

THE COLOMBO THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY WAS ORGANIZED and inaugurated by Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky on the 16th ultimo, and the following officers were elected for the current year:—

President: Andrew Parera; *Vice-Presidents*: Simon Silva and Sena Derage Tepanis Perera; *Pandit of the Society*: Pandit Don Andris de Silva Batuwantudawe; *Secretary*: John James Thiedman; *Treasurer*: Simon Perera Dharna Gunnawardhana; *Councillors*: John Robert de Silva; William D. Abrew; Charles Stephen Pereira; H. Amaris Fernando; C. Mathew Fernando.

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