

THE THEOSOPHIST

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY, ART, LITERATURE AND OCCULTISM: EMBRACING MESMERISM, SPIRITUALISM, AND OTHER SECRET SCIENCES.

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THE THEOSOPHIST.

BOMBAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1879.

The editors disclaim responsibility for opinions expressed in the articles by contributors. Great latitude is allowed correspondents, and they alone are accountable for their personal views.

Though large editions of the first and second numbers of this journal were printed, the supply of copies is nearly exhausted. It would be prudent, therefore, for persons who may be contemplating subscription to remit their money and thus secure the enrollment of their names at once, provided that they care to have a complete file of our first volume. Delays are dangerous where the demand of any desired thing is likely to exceed the supply.

Our revered brother, the Swami Dayāmund Saraswati, continues in this number his autobiographical narrative, which the whole Indian press has declared the most interesting portion of our journal. We hope the lesson of his self-sacrificing quest after divine knowledge—that true wisdom which teaches man the nature of his inner Self, its source and destiny—will not be thrown away upon the youth of his country. Happy, indeed, would we feel if we could see the bright young men who are flocking into his Arya Samajes, emulating his conduct as well as reverencing his person. No Western reader need be at a loss to understand the interest that attends every movement in his preaching pilgrimage throughout India. And, object as our pandits may to his constructions of Vedic texts, not even the most orthodox can fail in respect for one who joins to a profound knowledge of Sanskrit literature an absolute purity of motive and of life, and a fervid sense of duty never surpassed by reformers. For Theosophists of every nationality the account of his adventures among adepts of the secret (and sacred) science will have a peculiar charm.

Dr. Pandurang Gopal, G.G.M.C., a well-known surgeon-oculist and botanist, of Bombay, gives in the present number of our journal the first of a proposed series of articles upon the Indian Materia Medica. As little, or, indeed, we may say less, is known by Western science of this highly important subject than of other questions relating to the motherland of our race. With them all researches practically begin with the period of Greek learning; if we except the very recent data which the Egyptologists and Assyriologists have supplied from their excavations. Though common sense would teach them that men fell sick and were cured before the times of the Aselepiadae, the Pythagoreans, or the Galenites, the absence of translations from the Sanskrit, has compelled modern medical writers to say, with the learned author of the article on "Medicine," in Appleton's *New American Cyclopaedia*: "In what consisted the medicine of the Egyptians, the Hindus, &c., is a matter of conjecture only." To remove this necessity for blind guess-work, and show modern science what the Aryas knew of the infirmities to which mankind are liable, is the aim of our contributor and fellow Theosophist, Dr. Pandurang.

From many correspondents we have received letters expressing deep regret that the majority of Hindus outside the Civil Service are prevented from reading the THEOSOPHIST because of its being published in English. The only remedy that occurs to us is the issue of an edition of the journal in one of the vernacular languages. But this is to undertake the management of two publications instead of one, a greater task than most societies would care for. Still, as the success of our present venture is now an assured fact, if it can be shown us that a vernacular paper would support itself, we might consent, for the sake of India and of our brothers, the Hindus. We invite a general expression of opinion upon the subject. *And the only convincing shape that such an expression can assume, is*

for our friends to say how many copies of the vernacular edition they and their friends will subscribe for, at Rs. 6 each, per annum, cash in advance; writing the names and addresses plainly, and stating in what language they will be satisfied to have it. If we find that 300 persons will subscribe on these terms, and, after notifying them that their offers are accepted should receive the subscription money of that number, we will then at once issue such an edition of the THEOSOPHIST, commencing with the first number, taking the risks of publication upon ourselves. But we could not consent to allow present subscribers to the English edition to transfer their names to the vernacular edition's list, should such an edition be undertaken. They and we are mutually bound by our present contract: if they wish a vernacular THEOSOPHIST, they must subscribe for it. We are subsidized by no government, prince, or patron, and therefore must see to it that for every rupee of expenditure there are 16 annas of assets forthcoming.

A recent number of the London *Spiritualist* contains one of the most important articles—from the standpoint of physical science ever printed on the subject of the mediumistic phenomena. It is a detailed report, by Mr. W. H. Harrison, of an experiment with a self-registering apparatus to verify the weight of a medium while a "materialised spirit," so called, or, more properly, visible psychic form, is being seen, felt, and conversed with by the observers present. *Perfect test conditions are supplied by the machinery*; and this experiment has at once suggested that the substance of the psychic form is taken from the bulk of medium, the automatic register showing that his weight is reduced the moment the form steps off the floor of the suspended box in which he sits, and recovers itself the moment it steps back again. Mr. Harrison's report is illustrated with a number of large and small drawings which—if the resources of Bombay do not prove utterly inadequate—we hope to reproduce, together with the report itself, in the January number of our journal. This experiment is but the beginning of a series which cannot fail to prove, in the most striking and irrefutable manner, the truth of the Aryan hypothesis of psychology. It would be premature to enter into the reflections naturally suggested by this subject before laying the report before our readers, so we refrain. But we may say, at least, that the idea instantly occurred to us that the experimenters had omitted one most important detail—the weighing of the psychic form itself while the automatic balance was recording the altered weight of the medium. Nothing is easier. It needs only to place an ordinary American 'platform-scale' at a short distance from the suspended cabinet, and have the psychic form stand upon it long enough to be weighed by one of the Committee, who could adjust the counterpoise, and read the markings, by the light of an ordinary phosphorus-lamp. If it should be found that the weight of the form tallied with the sum abstracted from the weight of the medium, here would be presumptive physical proof that the former was exuded from the latter. And then—but perhaps our friends, the Spiritualists, will prefer to fill out the sentence for themselves:

A WELL PLACED PIETY.—The *Charivari*, deploring the growing infidelity of the day, gives as an instance of mediæval piety the following letter, from the collection of autographs of Baron Girardot, which was recently advertised to be sold at auction. The mother of Cardinal Richelieu writes to a young married lady:—

"For years I was ferrely praying God to send to my son a mistress like you; one that has all the desired qualities. I now find that God Almighty was pleased to accept my humble prayer, since you have allowed my dear son to be your humble servant."

Charming picture, forsooth, of mother, son, priest, church, and God!

CHRISTMAS THEN AND CHRISTMAS NOW.

We are reaching the time of the year when the whole Christian world is preparing to celebrate the most noted of its solemnities—the birth of the Founder of their religion. When this paper reaches its Western subscribers there will be festivity and rejoicing in every house. In North Western Europe and in America the holly and ivy will decorate each home, and the churches be decked with evergreens; a custom derived from the ancient practices of the pagan Druids "that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens, and remain un-nipped by frost till a milder season." In Roman Catholic countries large crowds flock during the whole evening and night of 'Christmas-eve' to the churches, to salute waxen images of the divine Infant, and his Virgin mother, in her garb of "Queen of Heaven." To an analytical mind, this bawbery of rich gold and lace, pearl-broidered satin and velvet, and the bejewelled cradle do seem rather paradoxical. When one thinks of the poor, worm-eaten, dirty manger of the Jewish country-inn, in which, if we must credit the Gospel, the future "Redeemer" was placed at his birth for lack of a better shelter, we cannot help suspecting that before the dazzled eyes of the unsophisticated devotee the Bethlehem stable vanishes altogether. To put it in the mildest terms, this gaudy display tallies ill with the democratic feelings and the truly divine contempt for riches of the "Son of Man," who had "not where to lay his head." It makes it all the harder for the average Christian to regard the explicit statement that—"it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven" as anything more than a rhetorical threat. The Roman Church acted wisely in severely forbidding her parishioners to either read or interpret the Gospels for themselves, and leaving the Book, as long as it was possible, to proclaim its truths in Latin—"the voice of one crying in the wilderness." In that, she but followed the wisdom of the ages—the wisdom of the old Aryans, which is also "justified of her children;" for, as neither the modern Hindu devotee understands a word of the Sanskrit, nor the modern Parsi one syllable of the Zend, so for the average Roman Catholic the Latin is no better than Hieroglyphics. The result is that all the three—Brahmanical High Priest, Zoroastrian Mobed, and Roman Catholic Pontiff, are allowed unlimited opportunities for evolving new religious dogmas out of the depths of their own fancy, for the benefit of their respective churches.

To usher in this great day the bells are set merrily ringing at midnight, throughout England and the Continent. In France and Italy, after the celebration of the mass in churches magnificently decorated, "it is usual, for the revellers to partake of a collation (*reveillon*) that they may be better able to sustain the fatigues of the night," saith a book treating upon Popish church ceremonials. This night of Christian fasting reminds one of the *Sivaratree* of the followers of the god Siva,—the great day of gloom and fasting, in the 11th month of the Hindu year. Only, with the latter, the night's long vigil is preceded and followed by a strict and rigid fasting. No *reveillons* or compromises for them. True, they are but wicked "heathens," and therefore their way to salvation must be tenfold harder.

Though now universally observed by Christian nations as the anniversary of the birth of Jesus, the 25th of December was not originally so accepted. The most movable of the Christian feast days, during the early centuries, Christmas was often confounded with the Epiphany, and celebrated in the months of April and May. As there never was any authentic record, or proof of its identification, whether in secular or ecclesiastical history, the selection of that day long remained optional; and it was only during the 4th century that, urged by Cyril of Jerusalem, the Pope (Julius I.) ordered the bishops to make an investigation and come finally to some agreement as to the *presumable* date of the nativity of Christ. Their choice fell upon the 25th day of December,—and a most unfortunate choice it has since proved! It was Dupuis, followed by Volney, who aimed the first shots at this natal anniversary. They proved that for incalculable periods before our era, upon very clear astrono-

mical data, nearly all the ancient peoples had celebrated the births of their sun-gods on that very day. "Dupuis shows that the celestial sign of the VIRGIN AND CHILD was in existence several thousand years before Christ"—remarks Higgins in his *Anacalypsis*. As Dupuis, Volney, and Higgins have all been passed over to posterity as infidels, and enemies of Christianity, it may be as well to quote in this relation, the confessions of the Christian Bishop of Ratisbone, "the most learned man that the middle ages produced"—the Dominican, Albertus Magnus. "The sign of the celestial Virgin rises above the horizon at the moment in which we fix the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ," he says, in the *Recherches historiques sur l'Alsace, par Langeron prêtre*. So Adonis, Bacchus, Osiris, Apollo, etc., were all born on the 25th of December. Christmas comes just at the time of the winter solstice; the days then are shortest, and *Darkness* is more upon the face of the earth than ever. All the sun-gods were believed to be annually born at that epoch; for from this time its Light dispels more and more darkness with each succeeding day, and the power of the *Sun* begins to increase.

However it may be, the Christmas festivities that were held by the Christians for nearly fifteen centuries, were of a particularly pagan character. Nay, we are afraid that even the present ceremonies of the church can hardly escape the reproach of being almost literally copied from the mysteries of Egypt and Greece, held in honour of Osiris and Horus, Apollo and Bacchus. Both Isis and Ceres were called "Holy Virgins," and a DIVINE BABE may be found in every "heathen" religion. We will now draw two pictures of the Merrie Christmas; one portraying the "good old times," and the other the present state of Christian worship. From the first days of its establishment as Christmas the day was regarded in the double light of a holy commemoration and a most cheerful festivity: it was equally given up to devotion and insane merriment. "Among the revels of the Christmas season were the so-called feasts of fools and of asses, grotesque saturnalia, which were termed 'December liberties,' in which every thing serious was burlesqued, the order of society reversed, and its decencies ridiculed"—says one compiler of old chronicles. "During the Middle Ages, it was celebrated by the gay fantastic spectacle of dramatic mysteries, performed by personages in grotesque masks and singular costumes. The show usually represented an infant in a cradle, surrounded by the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, by bull's heads, cherubs, Eastern Magi, (the Mobeds of old) and manifold ornaments." The custom of singing canticles at Christmas, called Carols, was to recall the songs of the shepherds at the Nativity. "The bishops and the clergy often joined with the populace in carolling, and the songs were enlivened by dances, and by the music of tambours, guitars, violins and organs..." We may add that down to the present times, during the days preceding Christmas such mysteries are being enacted, with marionettes and dolls, in Southern Russia, Poland, and Galicia; and known as the *Kalidouki*. In Italy, Calabrian minstrels descend from their mountains to Naples and Rome, and crowd the shrines of the Virgin-Mother, cheering her with their wild music.

In England, the revels used to begin on Christmas eve, and continue often till Candlemas (Feb. 2), every day being a holiday till Twelfth-night (Jan. 6). In the houses of great nobles a "lord of misrule," or "abbot of unreason" was appointed, whose duty it was to play the part of a buffoon. "The larder was filled with capons, hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, pork, pies, puddings, nuts, plums, sugar and honey"..... "A glowing fire, made of great logs, the principal of which was termed the "Yule log," or Christmas block, which might be burnt till Candlemas eve, kept out the cold; and the abundance was shared by the lord's tenants "amid music, conjuring, riddles, hot-cockles, fool-plough, snap-dragon, jokes, laughter, repartees, forfeits and dances."

In our modern times, the bishops and the clergy join no more with the populace in open carolling and dancing; and feasts of "fools and of asses" are enacted more in sa-

cred privacy than under the eyes of the dangerous, argus-eyed reporter. Yet the eating and drinking festivities are preserved throughout the Christian world; and, more sudden deaths are doubtless caused by gluttony and intemperance during the Christmas and Easter holidays, than at any other time of the year. Yet, Christian worship becomes every year more and more a false pretence. The heartlessness of this lip-service has been denounced innumerable times, but never, we think, with a more affecting touch of realism than in a charming dream-tale, which appeared in the *New York Herald* about last Christmas. An aged man, presiding at a public meeting, said he would avail himself of the opportunity to relate a vision he had witnessed on the previous night. "He thought he was standing in the pulpit of the most gorgeous and magnificent cathedral he had ever seen. Before him was the priest or pastor of the church, and beside him stood an angel with a tablet and pencil in hand, whose mission it was to make record of every act of worship or prayer that transpired in his presence and ascended as an acceptable offering to the throne of God. Every pew was filled with richly-attired worshippers of either sex. The most sublime music that ever fell on his enraptured ear filled the air with melody. All the beautiful ritualistic church services, including a surpassingly eloquent sermon from the gifted minister, had in turn transpired, and yet the recording angel made no entry in his tablet! The congregation were at length dismissed by the pastor with a lengthy and beautifully-worded prayer, followed by a benediction, and yet the angel made no sign!"

"Attended still by the angel, the speaker left the door of the church in rear of the richly-attired congregation. A poor, tattered castaway stood in the gutter beside the curbstone, with her pale, furnished hand extended, silently pleading for alms. As the richly-attired worshippers from the church passed by, they shrank from the poor Magdalen, the ladies withdrawing aside their silken, jewel-bedecked robes, lest they should be polluted by her touch."

"Just then an intoxicated sailor came reeling down the sidewalk on the other side. When he got opposite the poor forsaken girl he staggered across the street to where she stood, and, taking a few pennies from his pocket, he thrust them into her hand, accompanied with the adjuration, 'Here, you poor forsaken cuss, take this!' A celestial radiance now lighted up the face of the recording angel, who instantly entered the sailor's act of sympathy and charity in his tablet, and departed with it as a sweet sacrifice to God."

A concretion, one might say, of the Biblical story of the judgment upon the woman taken in adultery. Be it so; yet it portrays with a master hand the state of our Christian society.

According to tradition, on Christmas-eve, the oxen may always be found on their knees, as though in prayer and devotion; and, "there was a famous hawthorn in the churchyard of Glastonbury Abbey, which always budded on the 24th, and blossomed on the 25th of December;" which, considering that the day was chosen by the Fathers of the church at random, and that the calendar has been changed from the old to the new style, shows a remarkable perspicacity in both the animal and the vegetable! There is also a tradition of the church, preserved to us by Olaus archbishop of Upsal, that, at the festival of Christmas, "the men living in the cold Northern parts, are suddenly and strangely metamorphosed into wolves; and that, a huge multitude of them meet together at an appointed place and rage so fiercely against mankind, that it suffers more from their attacks than ever they do from the natural wolves." Metaphorically viewed, this would seem to be more than ever the case with men, and particularly with Christian nations, now. There seems no need to wait for Christmas-eve to see whole nations changed into "wild beasts"—especially in time of war.

BEING POOR.—An American wag says—There is no disgrace in being poor. The thing is to keep it quiet, and not let your neighbors know anything about it.

THE POPULAR IDEA OF SOUL-SURVIVAL.

At what epoch the dawning intellect of man first accepted the idea of future life, none can tell. But we know that, from the very first, its roots struck so deeply, so entwined about human instincts, that the belief has endured through all generations, and is imbedded in the consciousness of every nation and tribe, civilized, semi-civilized or savage. The greatest minds have speculated upon it; and the rudest savages, though having no name for the Deity, have yet believed in the existence of spirits and worshiped them. If, in Christian Russia, Wallachia, Bulgaria and Greece, the Oriental Church enjoins that upon All-Saints day offerings of rice and drink shall be placed upon the graves; and in "heathen" India, the same propitiatory gifts of rice are made to the departed; so, likewise, the poor savage of New Caledonia makes his sacrifice of food to the skulls of his beloved dead.

According to Herbert Spencer, the worship of souls and relics is to be attributed to "the primitive idea that any property characterizing an aggregate, inheres in all parts of it.....The soul, present in the body of the dead man preserved entire, is also present in the preserved parts of his body. Hence, the faith in relics." This definition, though in logic equally applicable to the gold-enshrined and jewelled relic of the cultured Roman Catholic devotee, and to the dusty, time-worn skull of the fetish worshiper, might yet be excepted to by the former, since he would say that he does not believe the soul to be present in either the whole cadaver, skeleton, or part, nor does he, strictly speaking, worship it. He but honours the relic as something which, having belonged to one whom he deems saintly, has by the contact acquired a sort of miraculous virtue. Mr. Spencer's definition, therefore, does not seem to cover the whole ground. So also Professor Max Müller, in his *Science of Religion*, after having shown to us by citing numerous instances, that the human mind had, from the beginning, a "vague hope of a future life" explains no more than Herbert Spencer whence or how came originally such a hope. But merely points to an inherent faculty in *uncultivated* nations of changing the forces of nature into gods and demons. He closes his lecture upon the Turanian legends and the universality of this belief in ghosts and spirits, by simply remarking that the worship of the spirits of the departed is the most widely spread form of *superstition* all over the world.

Thus, whichever way we turn for a philosophical solution of the mystery; whether we expect an answer from theology which is itself bound to believe in miracles, and teach supernaturalism; or ask it from the now dominant schools of modern thought—the greatest opponents of the miraculous in nature; or, again, turn for an explanation to that philosophy of extreme positivism which, from the days of Epicurus down to the modern school of James Mill, adopting for its device the glaring sciolism " *nihil in intellectu, quod non ante fuerit in sensu,*" makes intellect subservient to matter—we receive a satisfactory reply from none!

If this article were intended merely for a simple collation of facts, authenticated by travellers on the spot, and concerning but "superstitions" born in the mind of the primitive man, and now lingering only among the savage tribes of humanity, then the combined works of such philosophers as Herbert Spencer, might solve our difficulties. We might remain content with his explanation that in the absence of hypothesis "foreign to thought in its earliest stage...primitive ideas, arising out of various experiences, derived from the inorganic world"—such as the actions of wind, the echo, and man's own shadow—proving to the uneducated mind that there was "an invisible form of existence which manifests power" were all sufficient to have created a like "inevitable belief" (see Spencer's *Genesis of Superstition*.) But we are now concerned with something nearer to us, and higher than the primitive man of the stone age; the man who, totally ingored "those conceptions of physical causation which have arisen only as experiences, and have been slowly organi-

zed during civilization." We are now dealing with the beliefs of twenty millions of modern Spiritualists; our own fellow men, living in the full blaze of the enlightened 19th century. These men ignore none of the discoveries of modern science; nay many among them, are themselves ranked high among the highest of such scientific discoverers. Notwithstanding all this, are they any the less addicted to the same "form of superstition," if superstition it be, than the primitive man? At least their interpretations of the physical phenomena, whenever accompanied by those coincidences which carry to their minds the conviction of an intelligence behind the physical Force—are often precisely the same as those which presented themselves to the apprehension of the man of the early and undeveloped ages.

What is a shadow? asks Herbert Spencer. By a child and a savage "a shadow is thought of as an entity." Bastian says of the Benin negroes, that "they regard men's shadows as their souls"...thinking "that they...watch all their actions, and bear witness against them." According to Crantz, among the Greenlanders a man's shadow "is one of his two souls—the one which goes away from his body at night." By the Feejeeans, the shadow is called "the dark spirit, as distinguished from another which each man possesses." And the celebrated author of the "Principles of Psychology" explains that "the community of meaning, hereafter to be noted more fully, which various unallied languages betray between shade and spirit, show us the same thing."

What all this shows us the most clearly however, is that, wrong and contradicting as the conclusions may be, yet the premises on which they are based are no fictions. A thing must be, before the human mind can think or conceive of it. The very capacity to imagine the existence of something usually invisible and intangible, is itself evidence that it must have manifested itself at some time. Sketching in his usual artistic way the gradual development of the soul-idea, and pointing out at the same time how "*mythology* not only pervades the sphere of religion...but, infects more or less the whole realm of thought," Professor Müller in his turn tells us that, when men wished for the first time to express "a distinction between the body, and something else within him distinct from the body... the name that suggested itself was *breath*, chosen to express at first the principle of life as distinguished from the decaying body, afterwards the incorporeal...immortal part of man—his soul, his mind, his self...when a person dies we, too, say that he has given up the ghost, and ghost, too, meant originally spirit, and spirit meant breath." As instances of this, narratives by various missionaries and travellers are quoted. Questioned by Father F. de Bobadilla, soon after the Spanish conquest, as to their ideas concerning death, the Indians of Nicaragua told him that "when men die, there comes forth from their mouth something which resembles a person and is called *Julio* (in Aztec *yuli* 'to live'—explains M. Müller.) This being is like a person, but does not die and the corpse remains here..." In one of his numerous works, Andrew Jackson Davis, whom considered the greatest American clairvoyant and known as the "Poughkeepsie Seer," gives us what is a perfect illustration of the belief of the Nicaragua Indians. This book (*Death and the After Life*) contains an engraved frontispiece, representing the death-bed of an old woman. It is called the "Formation of the Spiritual Body." Out of the head of the defunct, there issues a luminous appearance—her own rejuvenated form.*

* "Suppose a person is dying" says the Poughkeepsie Seer: The clairvoyant sees right over the head what may be called a magnetic halo—an ethereal emanation, in appearance golden, and throbbing as though conscious.....The person has ceased to breathe, the pulse is still, and the emanation is elongated and fashioned in the outline of the human form! Beneath it, is connected the brain.....owing to the brain's momentum, I have seen a dying person, even at the last feeble pulse-beat, rouse impulsively and rise up in bed to converse...but the next instant he was gone—his brain being the last to yield up the life-principles. The golden emanationis connected with the brain by a very fine life-thread. When it ascends, there appears something white and shining like a human head; next, a faint outline of the face divine; then the fair neck and beautiful shoulders; then, in rapid succession come all parts of the new body, down to the feet—a bright shining image a

Among some Hindus the spirit is supposed to remain for ten days seated on the eaves of the house where it parted from the body. That it may bathe and drink, two plantain leaf-cups are placed on the eaves, one full of milk and the other of water. "On the first day the dead is supposed to get his head; on the second day his ears, eyes, and nose; on the third, his hands, breast, and neck; on the fourth, his middle parts; on the fifth, his legs and feet; on the sixth, his vitals; on the seventh, his bones, marrow, veins and arteries; on the eighth, his nails, hair, and teeth; on the ninth, all the remaining limbs, organs, and manly strength; and, on the tenth, hunger and thirst for the renewed body." (*The Pâtine Prabhu*, by Krishnanâth Raghunâthji; in the Government Bombay Gazetteer, 1879.)

Mr. Davis's theory is accepted by all the Spiritualists, and, it is on this model that the clairvoyants now describe the separation of the "incorruptible from the corruptible." But here, Spiritualists and the Aztecs branch off into two paths; for, while the former maintain that the soul is in every case immortal and preserves its individuality throughout eternity, the Aztecs say that "when the deceased has lived well, the julio goes up on high with our gods; but when he has lived ill, the julio perishes with the body, and there is an end of it."

Some persons might perchance find the "primitive" Aztecs more consistent in their logic than our modern Spiritualists. The Laponians and Finns also maintain that while the body decays, a *new* one is given to the dead which the Shaman can alone see.

"Though breath, or spirit, or ghost" says further on Professor Müller "are the most common names...we yet speak of the *shades* of the departed, which meant originally their shadows.....Those who first introduced this expression—and we find it in the most distant parts of the world—evidently took the shadow as the nearest approach to what they wished to express; something that should be incorporeal, yet closely connected with the body. The Greek *eidolon*, too, is not much more than the shadow.....but the curious part is this.....that people who speak of the life or soul as the shadow of the body, have brought themselves to believe that a dead body casts no shadow, because the shadow has departed from it; that it becomes, in fact, a kind of Peter Schlemihl." ("The Science of Religion").

Do the Amazulu and other tribes of South Africa only thus believe? By no means; it is a popular idea among Slavonian Christians. A corpse which is noticed to cast a shadow in the sun is deemed a sinful soul rejected by heaven itself. It is doomed henceforth to expiate its sins as an earth-bound spirit, till the Day of the Resurrection.

Both Lander and Catlin describe the savage Mandans as placing the skulls of their dead in a circle. Each wife knows the skull of her former husband or child, and there seldom passes a day that she does not visit it, with a dish of the best cooked food.....There is scarcely an hour in a pleasant day but more or less of these women may be seen sitting or lying by the skulls of their children or husbands—talking to them in the most endearing language that they can use (as they were wont to do in former days) "and *seemingly getting an answer back*." (Quoted by Herbert Spencer in *Fetish-worship*.)

What these poor, savage Mandan mothers and wives do, is performed daily by millions of civilized Spiritualists, and but the more proves the universality of the conviction that our dead hear and can answer us. From a theosophical, magnetic,—hence in a certain sense a scientific—standpoint, the former have, moreover, far better reasons to offer than the latter. The skull of the departed person so interrogated, has surely closer magnetical affinities and relations to the defunct, than a table through the tipplings of which the dead ones answer the living; a table, in most cases, which the spirit while embodied had never seen nor touched. But the Spiritualists are not the only ones to vie with the Mandans. In every part of Russia, whether mourning

over the yet fresh corpse, or accompanying it to the burying ground, or during the six weeks following the death, the peasant women as well as those of the rich mercantile classes, go on the grave to shout, or in Biblical phraseology to "lift up their voices." Once there they wait in rhythm, addressing the defunct by name, asking of him questions, pausing as if for an answer.

Not only the ancient and idolatrous Egyptian and Peruvian had the curious notion that the ghost or soul of the dead man was either present in the mummy, or that the corpse was itself conscious, but there is a similar belief now among the orthodox Christians of the Greek and the Roman churches. We reproach the Egyptians with placing their embalmed dead at the table; and the heathen Peruvians with having carried around the fields the dried-up corpse of a parent, that it might see and judge of the state of the crops. But what of the Christian Mexican of to-day, who under the guidance of his priest, dresses up his corpses in finery; be decks them with flowers, and in case of the defunct happening to be a female—even paints its cheeks with rouge. Then seating the body in a chair placed on a large table, from which the ghastly carrion presides, as it were, over the mourners seated around the table, who eat and drink the whole night, and play various games of cards and dice, consult the defunct as to their chances. On the other hand, in Russia, it is a universal custom to crown the deceased person's brow with a long slip of gilt and ornamented paper, called *Ventchik* (the crown), upon which a prayer is printed in gaudy letters. This prayer is a kind of a letter of introduction with which the parish priest furnishes the corpse to his patron Saint, recommending the defunct to the Saint's protection.* The Roman Catholic Basques write letters to their deceased friends and relatives, addressing them to either Paradise, Purgatory or—Hell, according to the instructions given by the Father confessor of the late addresses—and, placing them in the coffins of the newly departed, ask the latter to safely deliver them in the other world, promising as a fee to the messenger, more or less masses for the repose of his soul.

At a recent *séance*, held by a well known medium in America,—(see *Banner of Light*, Boston, June 14th, 1879.)

"Mercedes, late Queen of Spain, announced herself, and came forth in full bridal array—a magnificent profusion of lace and jewels, and spoke in several different tongues with a linguist present. Her sister, the Princess Christina, came also just after in much plainer costume, and with a timid school-girl air."

Thus, we see that not only can the dead people deliver letters, but, even returning from their celestial homes, bring back with them their "lace and jewels." As the ancient pagan Greek peopled his Olympian heaven with feasting and flirting deities; and the American red Indian has his happy hunting-grounds where the spirits of brave chiefs bestride their ghostly steeds, and chase their phantom game; and the Hindu his many superior lokas, where their numerous gods live in golden palaces, surrounded with all manner of sensual delights; and the Christian his New Jerusalem with streets of "pure gold, as it were transparent glass," and the foundations of the wall of the city "garnished...with precious stones;" where bodiless chirping cherubs and the elect, with golden harps, sing praises to Jehovah; so the modern Spiritualist has his "Summer Land Zone within the milky way,"† though somewhat higher than the celestial territories of other people.‡ There, amid cities and villages abounding in palaces, museums, villas, colleges and temples, an eternity is passed. The young are nurtured and taught, the undeveloped of the earth matured, the old rejuvenated, and every individual taste and desire gratified; spirits flirt, get married, and have families of children. §

* It runs in this wise: "St. Nicholas, (or St. Mary So-and-so) holy patron of—(follow defunct's full name and title) receive the soul of God's servant, and intercede for remission of his (or her) sins."

† See "Stellar key to the Summer Land" by Andrew Jackson Davis.

‡ In the same author's work—"The Spiritual Congress," Galen says following the clairvoyant seer: "Between the Spirit Home and the earth, there are, strewn along the intervening distance.....more than four hundred thousand planets, and fifteen thousand solar bodies of lesser magnitude."

§ The latest intelligence from America is that of the marriage of a spirit

little smaller than the physical body, but a perfect prototype...in all except its disfigurements. The fine life-thread continues attached to the old brain. The next thing is the withdrawal of the electric principle. When this thread snaps, the spiritual body is free (!) and prepared to accompany its guardians to the Summer Land."

Verily, verily we can exclaim with Paul, "O death where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory!" Belief in the survival of the ancestors is the oldest and most time-honoured of all beliefs.

Travellers tell us that all the Mongolian, Tartar, Finnish, and Tungusic tribes, besides the spirits of nature, deify also their ancestral spirits. The Chinese historians, treating of the Turanians, the Huns and the *Tukui*—the forefathers of the modern Turks, show them as worshipping "the spirits of the sky, of the earth and the spirits of the departed." Medhurst enumerates the various classes of the Chinese spirits thus: The principal are the celestial spirits (*tien shin*); the terrestrial (*i-ki*); and the ancestral or wandering spirits (*jin kwei*). Among these, the spirits of the late Emperors, great philosophers, and sages, are revered the most. They are the public property of the whole nation, and are a part of the state religion, "while each family has, besides this its own *manes*, which are treated with great regard; incense is burned before their relics, and many superstitious rites performed."

But if all nations equally believe in, and many worship, their dead, their views as to the desirability of a direct intercourse with these late citizens differ widely. In fact, among the educated, only the modern Spiritualists seek to communicate constantly with them. We will take a few instances from the most widely separated peoples. The Hindus, as a rule, hold that no pure spirit, of a man who died reconciled to his fate, will ever come back bodily to trouble mortals. They maintain that it is only the *bhutas*—the souls of those who depart this life unsatisfied and having their terrestrial desires unquenched, in short, bad, sinful men and women—who become "earth-bound." Unable to ascend at once to Moksha, they have to linger upon earth until either their next transmigration or complete annihilation, and thus take every opportunity to obsess people, especially weak women. So undesirable is to them the return or apparition of such ghosts, that they use every means to prevent it. Even in the case of the most holy feeling, the mother's love for her infant—they adopt measures to prevent her return to it. There is a belief among some of them that whenever a woman dies in child-birth, she will return to see and watch over her child. Therefore, on their way back from the ghaut, after the burning of the body,—the mourners thickly strew mustard seeds all along the road leading from the funeral pile to the defunct's home. For some unconceivable reasons they think that the ghost will feel obliged to pick up, on its way back, every one of these seeds. And, as the labor is slow and tedious, the poor mother can never reach her home before the cock crows, when she is obliged—in accordance with the ghostly laws—to vanish, till the following night, dropping back all her harvest. Among the Tchuvashes, a tribe inhabiting Russian domains, (Castren's "Finnische Mythologie," p. 122) a son whenever offering sacrifice to the spirit of his father, uses the following exorcism: "We honour thee with a feast; look, here is bread for thee, and various kinds of food; thou hast all thou canst desire: but do not trouble us, do not come back near us." Among the Lapps and Finns, those departed spirits which make their presence visible and tangible are supposed to be very mischievous and "the most mischievous are the spirits of the priests." Everything is done to keep them away from the living. The agreement we find between this blind popular instinct and the wise conclusions of some of the greatest philosophers, and even modern specialists, is very remarkable. "Respect the spirits and—keep them at a distance"—said Confucius, six centuries B.C. Nine centuries later, Porphyry, the famous anti-theurgist, writing

daughter of Colonel Eaton, of Leavenworth, Kansas, a prominent member of the National Democratic Committee. This daughter, who died at the age of three weeks, grew in some twenty-odd years in the Summer-Land, to be a fine young lady and now is wedded to the spirit son of Franklin Pierce, late President of the U. S. The wedding, witnessed by a famous clairvoyant of New-York, was gorgeous. The "spirit bride" was "arrayed in a dress of mild green." A wedding supper was spread by the spirit's order, with lights and bouquets, and plates placed for the happy couple. The guests assembled, and the wedded ghosts fully 'materialized' themselves and sat at table with them.

(New-York Times, June 29th, 1879.)

upon the nature of various spirits, expressed his opinion upon the spirits of the departed by saying; that *he knew of no evil* which these pestilent demons would not be ready to do. And, in our own century, a kabalist, the greatest magnetizer living, Baron Dupotet, in his "Magie Devoilee," warns the spiritists not to trouble the rest of the dead. For "the evoked shadow can *fasten itself* upon, follow, and for ever afterwards influence you; and we can appease it but through a pact which will bind us to it—till death!"

But all this is a matter of individual opinion; what we are concerned with now is merely to learn how the basic fact of belief in soul-survival could have so engrafted itself upon every succeeding age,—despite the extravagances woven into it—if it be but a shadowy and unreal intellectual conception originating with "primitive man." Of all modern men of science, although he does his best in the body of the work to present the belief alluded to as a mere "superstition"—the only satisfactory answer is given by Prof. Max Müller, in his "Introduction to the Science of Religion." And by his solution we have to abide for want of a better one. He can only do it, however, by overstepping the boundaries of comparative philology, and boldly invading the domain of pure metaphysics; by following, in short, a path forbidden by exact science. At one blow he cuts the Gordian knot which Herbert Spencer and his school have tied under the chariot of the "Unknowable." He shows us that: "there is a philosophical discipline which examines into the conditions of sensuous or intuitional knowledge," and "another philosophical discipline which examines into the conditions of rational or conceptual knowledge;" and then defines for us a third faculty... "The faculty of apprehending the Infinite, not only in religion but in all things; a power independent of sense and reason, a power in a certain sense contradicted by sense and reason, but yet a very real power, which has held its own from the beginning of the world, neither sense nor reason being able to overcome it, while it alone, is able to overcome both reason and sense."

The faculty of *Intuition*—that which lies entirely beyond the scope of our modern biologists, could hardly be better defined. And yet, when closing his lecture upon the superstitious rites of the Chinese, and their temples devoted to the worship of the departed ancestors, our great philologist remarks: "All this takes place by slow degrees; it begins with placing a flower on the tomb; it ends—with worshipping the Spirits....."

"LIEUTENANT COLONEL ST. ANTONY."

In 1808 Juan VI, then Prince-Regent of Portugal, fearing Napoleon I, made his escape to Brazil; and in 1815, was crowned monarch of the United Kingdom of Portugal, Brazil, and Algarve. Recalled to his country by the Cortes of Portugal, he sailed back to Lisbon in 1821. And now, a very interesting document, containing neither more nor less than the appointment of long-dead St. Antony to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Portuguese army, by this Prince, is just published in the Lisbon paper "*Revista Militar*." The following is a verbatim translation from the Portuguese of this unique proclamation: "Don Juan, by the will of God, Prince-Regent of Portugal and both Algarve, of the two seas on both sides of Africa, Ruler of Guinea, and master of navigation and commerce in Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India, etc., etc., etc. By the present we declare to all whom it may concern that, in consideration of our special devotion to the very glorious St. Antony, who, moreover is constantly addressed in all their needs and in full faith by the inhabitants of this capital, and likewise for the reason that the belligerent powers of our armies are evidently under the protection and enjoying the blessing of God, and that thus the peace of Portugal is ensured; a propitious result which, we are firmly persuaded, is solely due to the powerful intercession of the said Saint,—we have resolved: to confer upon him the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and an adequate salary, which will be received by him in the shape of our royal decorations and orders (for-

ma dus minhas reaes ordens), through the office of Field-marshal Xaviers Cabra da Cunha, who, in his capacity of General-Adjutant, is now temporarily holding the office of Commander-in-Chief of our armies. So be it. The said salary to be entered in the official books, and to be paid regularly at each term. In assurance of the authenticity of the present we herewith sign it with our name, and stamp it with the large seal bearing our arms. Given in the city of Rio-di Janeiro, August 31st, A.D. 1814."

We may add that this is not the first time that deceased saints have been appointed to high military positions. Saint Yago, in his capacity of Captain-General, received for years his salary from the Spanish Treasury, it being turned over by him (?) to the Church bearing his name.

ANCIENT OPINIONS UPON PSYCHIC BODIES.

By C. C. Massey, Esq., President of the British Branch, Theosophical Society.

It must be confessed that modern Spiritualism falls very short of the ideas formerly suggested by the sublime designation which it has assumed. Chiefly intent upon recognising and putting forward the phenomenal proofs of a future existence, it concerns itself little with speculations on the distinction between matter and spirit, and rather prides itself on having demolished Materialism without the aid of metaphysics. Perhaps a Platonist might say that the recognition of a future existence is consistent with a very practical and even dogmatic materialism, but it is rather to be feared that such a materialism as this would not greatly disturb the spiritual or intellectual repose of our modern phenomenalists.* Given the consciousness with its sensibilities safely housed in the psychic body which demonstratively survives the physical carcase, and we are like men saved from shipwreck, who are for the moment thankful and content, not giving thought whether they are landed on a hospitable shore, or on a barren rock, or on an island of cannibals. It is not of course intended that this "hand to mouth" immortality is sufficient for the many thoughtful minds whose activity gives life and progress to the movement, but that it affords the relief which most people feel when in an age of doubt they make the discovery that they are undoubtedly to live again. To the question "how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" modern Spiritualism, with its empirical methods, is not adequate to reply. Yet long before Paul suggested it, it had attracted the attention of the most celebrated schools of philosophy, whose speculations on the subject, however little they may seem to be verified, ought not to be without interest to us, who, after all, are still in the infancy of a spiritualist revival.

It would not be necessary to premise, but for the frequency with which the phrase occurs, that "the spiritual body" is a contradiction in terms. The office of body is to relate spirit to an objective world. By Platonic writers it is usually termed *okhema*—'vehicle.' It is the medium of action, and also of sensibility. In this philosophy the conception of Soul was not simply, as with us, the immaterial subject of consciousness. How warily the interpreter has to tread here, every one knows who has dipped, even superficially, into the controversies among Platonists themselves. All admit the distinction between the rational and the irrational part or principle, the latter including, first, the sensibility, and secondly, the Plastic, or that power which in obedience to its sympathies enables the soul to attach itself to, and to organise into a suitable body those substances of the universe to which it is most congruous. It is more difficult to determine whether Plato or his principal followers, recognised in the rational soul or *nous* a distinct and separable entity,—that which is sometimes

discriminated as "the Spirit." Dr. Henry More, no mean authority, repudiates this interpretation. "There can be nothing more monstrous," he says, "than to make two souls in man, the one sensitive, the other rational, really distinct from one another, and to give the name of Astral spirit to the former; when there is in man no Astral spirit beside the Plastic of the soul itself, which is always inseparable from that which is rational. Nor upon any other account can it be called astral, but as it is liable to that corporeal temperament which proceeds from the stars, or rather from any material causes in general, as not being yet sufficiently united with the divine body—that vehicle of divine virtue or power." So he maintains that the Kabalistic three souls—*Nephesh*, *Ruach*, *Neschamah*, originate in a misunderstanding of the true Platonic doctrine, which is that of a three-fold "vital congruity." These correspond to the three degrees of bodily existence, or to the three "vehicles," the terrestrial, the aerial, and the ethereal. The latter is the *angocides*—the luciform vehicle of the purified soul whose irrational part has been brought under complete subjection to the rational. The aerial is that in which the great majority of mankind find themselves at the dissolution of the terrestrial body, and in which the incomplete process of purification has to be undergone during long ages of preparation for the soul's return to its primitive, ethereal state. For it must be remembered that the pre-existence of souls is a distinguishing tenet of this philosophy as of the Kabala. The soul has "sunk into matter." From its highest original state the revolt of its irrational nature has awakened and developed successively its "vital congruities" with the regions below, passing, by means of its "Plastic," first into the aerial and afterwards into the terrestrial condition. Each of these regions teems also with an appropriate population which never passes, like the human soul, from one to the other—"gods," "demons," and animals.* As to duration "the shortest of all is that of the terrestrial vehicle. In the aerial, the soul may inhabit, as they define, many ages, and in the ethereal, for ever." Speaking of the second body, Henry More says "the soul's astral vehicle is of that tenuity that itself can as easily pass the smallest pores of the body as the light does glass, or the lightning the scabbard of a sword without tearing or scorching of it." And again "I shall make bold to assert that the soul may live in an aerial vehicle as well as in the ethereal, and that there are very few that arrive to that high happiness as to acquire a celestial vehicle immediately upon their quitting the terrestrial one; that heavenly chariot necessarily carrying us in triumph to the greatest happiness the soul of man is capable of, which would arrive to all men indifferently, good or bad, if the parting with this earthly body would suddenly mount us into the heavenly. When by a just Nemesis the souls of men that are not heroically virtuous will find themselves restrained within the compass of this caliginous air, as both Reason itself suggests, and the Platonists have unanimously determined." Thus also the most thorough-going, and probably the most deeply versed in the doctrines of the master among modern Platonists, Thomas Taylor (Introduction, *Platdo*). "After this our divine philosopher informs that the pure soul will after death return to pure and eternal natures; but that the impure soul, in consequence of being imbued with terrene affections, will be drawn down to a kindred nature, and be invested with a gross vehicle capable of being seen by the corporeal eye.† For while a propensity to body remains in the soul, it causes her to attract a certain vehicle to herself, either of an aerial nature, or composed from the spirit and vapours of her terrestrial body, or which is recently collected from surrounding air; for according to the arcana of the Platonic philosophy, between an ethereal body, which is simple and immaterial and is the eternal comate

* "I am afraid," says Thomas Taylor in his Introduction to the *Platdo*, "there are scarcely any at the present day who knew that it is one thing for the soul to be separated from the body, and another for the body to be separated from the soul, and that the former is by no means a necessary consequence of the latter."

* The allusion here is to those beings of the several kingdoms of the elements which we, Theosophists, following after the Kabalists, have called the "Elementals." They never become men.—*Ed. Theos.*

† This is the Hindu theory of nearly every one of the Aryan philosophies.—*Ed.*

vehicle of the soul, and a terrene body, which is material and composite, and of short duration, there is an aerial body, which is material indeed, but simple and of a more extended duration; and in this body the unpurified soul dwells for a long time after its exit from hence, till this pneumatic vehicle being dissolved, it is again invested with a composite body; while on the contrary the purified soul immediately ascends into the celestial regions with its ethereal vehicle alone." Always it is the disposition of the soul that determines the quality of its body. "However the soul be in itself affected" says Porphyry, (translated by Cudworth) "so does it always find a body suitable and agreeable to its present disposition, and therefore to the purged soul does naturally accrue a body that comes next to immateriality, that is, an ethereal one." And the same author, "The soul is never quite naked of all body, but hath always some body or other joined with it, suitable and agreeable to its present disposition (either a purer or impurer one). But that at its first quitting this gross earthly body, the spirituous body which accompanieth it (as its vehicle) must needs go away fouled and incassated with the vapours and steams thereof, till the soul afterwards by degrees purging itself, this becometh at length a dry splendour, which hath no misty obscurity nor casteth any shadow." Here it will be seen, we lose sight of the specific difference of the two future vehicles—the ethereal is regarded as a sublimation of the aerial. This, however, is opposed to the general consensus of Plato's commentators. Sometimes the ethereal body, or *augoeides*, is appropriated to the rational soul, or spirit, which must then be considered as a distinct entity, separable from the lower soul. Philoponus, a Christian writer, says "that the Rational Soul, as to its energie, is separable from all body, but the irrational part or life thereof is separable only from this gross body, and not from all body whatsoever, but hath after death a spirituous or airy body, in which it acteth—this I say is a true opinion which shall afterwards be proved by us. . . . The irrational life of the soul hath not all its being in this gross earthly body, but remaineth after the soul's departure out of it, having for its vehicle and subject the spirituous body, which itself is also compounded out of the four elements, but receiveth its denomination from the predominant part, to wit, Air, as this gross body of ours is called earthy from what is most predominant therein." Cudworth, *Intell. Syst.* From the same source we extract the following. "Wherefore these ancients say that impure souls after their departure out of this body wander here up and down for a certain space in their spirituous vaporous and airy body, appearing about sepulchres and haunting their former habitation. For which cause there is great reason that we should take care of living well, as also of abstaining from a fouler and grosser diet; these Ancients telling us likewise that this spirituous body of ours being fouled and incassated by evil diet, is apt to render the soul in this life also more obnoxious to the disturbances of passions. They further add that there is something of the Plantal or Plastic life, also exercised by the soul, in those spirituous or airy bodies after death; they being nourished too, though not after the same manner, as those gross earthly bodies of ours are here, but by vapours, and that not by parts or organs, but throughout the whole of them, (as sponges) they imbibing every where those vapours. For which cause they who are wise will in this life also take care of using a thinner and dryer diet, that so that spirituous body (which we have also at this present time within our proper body) may not be clogged and incassated, but attenuated. Over and above which, those Ancients made use of cathartics, or purgations to the same end and purpose also. For as this earthly body is washed by water so is that spirituous body cleansed by cathartic vapours—some of these vapours being nutritive, others purgative. Moreover, these Ancients further declared concerning this spirituous body that it was not organized, but did the whole of it in every part throughout exercise all functions of sense, the soul hearing, seeing and perceiving all sensibles by it every where. For which cause Aristotle himself affirmeth in his *Metaphysics* that there is properly but one Sense and

one Sensory. He by this one sensory meaneth the spirit, or subtle airy body, in which the sensitive power doth all of it through the whole immediately apprehend all variety of sensibles. And if it be demanded to how it comes to pass that this spirit becomes organized in sepulchres, and most commonly of human form, but sometimes in the forms of other animals, to this those Ancients replied that their appearing so frequently in human form proceeded from their being incassated with evil diet, and then, as it were, stamped upon with the form of this exterior ambient body in which they are, as crystal is formed and coloured like to those things which it is fastened in, or reflects the image of them. And that their having sometimes other different forms proceedeth from the phantastic power of the soul itself, which can at pleasure transform the spirituous body into any shape. For being airy, when it is condensed and fixed, it becometh visible, and again invisible and vanishing out of sight when it is expanded and rarified." Proem in *Arist. de Animá*. And Cudworth says "Though spirits or ghosts had certain supple bodies which they could so far condense as to make them sometimes visible to men, yet is it reasonable enough to think that they could not constipate or fix them into such a firmness, grossness and solidity as that of flesh and bone is to continue therein, or at least not without such difficulty and pain as would hinder them from attempting the same. Notwithstanding which it is not denied that they may possibly sometimes make use of other solid bodies, moving and acting them, as in that famous story of Phlegons when the body vanished not as other ghosts use to do, but was left a dead carcase behind."

In all these speculations the *Anima Mundi* plays a conspicuous part. It is the source and principle of all animal souls, including the irrational soul of man. But in man, who would otherwise be merely analogous to other terrestrial animals—this soul participates in a higher principle, which tends to raise and convert it to itself. To comprehend the nature of this union or hypostasis it would be necessary to have mastered the whole of Plato's philosophy as comprised in the *Parmenides* and the *Timæus*; and he would dogmatise rashly who without this arduous preparation should claim Plato as the champion of an unconditional immortality. Certainly in the *Phædo* the dialogue popularly supposed to contain all Plato's teaching on the subject—the immortality allotted to the impure soul is of a very questionable character, and we should rather infer from the account there given that the human personality, at all events, is lost by successive immersions into "matter." The following passage from Plutarch, (quoted by Madame Blavatsky, "*Isis Unveiled*" Vol. 2, p. 284) will at least demonstrate the antiquity of notions which have recently been mistaken for fanciful novelties. "Every soul hath some portion of *nous*, reason, a man cannot be a man without it; but as much of each soul as is mixed with flesh and appetite is changed, and through pain and pleasure becomes irrational. Every soul doth not mix herself after one sort; some plunge themselves into the body, and so in this life their whole frame is corrupted by appetite and passion; others are mixed as to some part, but the purer part still remains without the body. It is not drawn down into the body, but it swims above, and touches the extremest part of the man's head; it is like a cord to hold up and direct the subsiding part of the soul, as long as it proves obedient and is not overcome by the appetites of the flesh. The part that is plunged into the body is called soul. But the incorruptible part is called the *nous*, and the vulgar think it is within them, as they likewise imagine the image reflected from a glass to be in that glass. But the more intelligent, who know it to be without, call it a *Dæmon*." And in the same learned work ("*Isis Unveiled*") we have two Christian authorities, Irenæus and Origen, cited for like distinction between spirit and soul in such a manner as to show that the former must necessarily be regarded as separable from the latter. In the distinction itself there is of course no novelty for the most moderately well-informed. It is insisted upon in many modern works, among which may be mentioned Heard's "*Trichotomy of Man*" and Green's,

Spiritual Philosophy; the latter being an exposition of Coleridge's opinion on this and cognate subjects. But the difficulty of regarding the two principles as separable in fact as well as in logic arises from the sense, if it is not the illusion of personal identity. That we are partible, and that one part only is immortal, the non-metaphysical mind rejects with the indignation which is always encountered by a proposition that is at once distasteful and unintelligible. Yet perhaps it is not a greater difficulty (if, indeed, it is not the very same) than that hard saying which troubled Nicodemus, and which yet has been the key note of the mystical religious consciousness ever since. This, however, is too extensive and deep a question to be treated in this article, which has for its object chiefly to call attention to the distinctions introduced by ancient thought into the conception of body as the instrument or "vehicle" of soul. That there is a correspondence between the spiritual condition of man and the medium of his objective activity every spiritualist will admit to be probable, and it may well be that some light is thrown on future states by the possibility or the manner of spirit communication with this one.

INDIAN JUGGLING.

A copy of the following certificate, found among the papers of the late Venayek Gungadher Shastree, Esq., the eminent Indian Astronomer has been kindly placed at our disposal by his son, Mr. B. V. Shastree, after due comparison with the original by Rao Bahadur S. P. Paudit:—

CERTIFICATE.

Baroda, 20th February 1841.

This is to certify that a *Jadugar* (juggler) by name Lalla Bhadang, an inhabitant of Kuppudwun, in Guzerat, has been at this place during the last week, and that he exhibited the most extraordinary feats, or, I should rather say, he wrought miracles, in the presence of a large concourse of curious spectators, among whom I was one. He produced certain things, flowers, koonkoo, betelnuts, sugarcandy, a cocoanut, a scorpion, a piece of bone, &c. though we could not discover, nor conceive any possibility of his having previously concealed them with him. He converted certain things into certain others merely by once holding them in his fist, in spite of the most vigilant attention we paid, in the hope of being able to discover the mystery. However, he could not produce or exhibit any such article as (apparently not at hand) had not, he pretended, been previously sanctioned by his Patron Goddess, called Becharajee. We so far put him to test that he was stript of his clothes and left almost naked, when, to our great surprise, he pinched out some betelnuts from my body, and drew out a few pieces of sugarcandy apparently from the cloth of my jacket. He took out my gold chain and instantly struck my thigh with it, when it disappeared. In a minute he made it reappear in a pillow two feet behind him. Our gold seals and rings apparently vanished, no sooner were they put into his hand, and were reproduced merely by pinching over the flame of a lamp, or at the point of a trident, which he always bears for his sceptre. In fact, none of us could perceive the least sleight, or dexterity, of hand, if it might be possible for him to exercise it, during any of these very wonderful, I may say, supernatural exhibitions.

(Signed.) NANU NARAYAN.

Not far from the town of Torneo (Uleaborg, Finland), the mountain called *Aarasar*, becomes every year, on St. John's day, a place of rendezvous for many tourists. During that whole night the sun never sets at all, and hundreds gather to witness the magnificent spectacle. This year, according to the Uleaborg gazettes, there were about 300 people, among them three Englishmen, two Frenchmen, several Russians, Germans, Danes and Swedes; the rest, Finns. The sun shone with marvellous brightness the whole night. An hotel is being built on the mount for the convenience of future travellers.

A CHAPTER ON JAINISM.

By Babu Ram Das Sen, Ordinary Member of the Oriental Academy of Florence.

The Jain religion never spread beyond the limits of India. Being thus much less widely known, it has never stood high, like Buddhism in the estimation of foreigners. Even in India itself, after flashing like a meteor across the religious sky for a short time, it long since grew comparatively dim. As a matter of course, it has failed to command any considerable degree of notice from beyond.

Arhata was the founder of the Jain religion, and was a king of the Benkata hills in the South Carnatic. Early retiring from the world, he went about exhorting the people to follow the example of Rishabha Deva, whose character he held up as a model to imitate.

The Degambar and Switambara sects of the Jains diverged and came into notice long afterwards.

Rishabha Deva is mentioned in the fifth book of Sri Mata bhāgavata. He is, according to the Hindus, a part-incarnation of Vishnu. The Jains acknowledge him as the first Arhata, and he is styled Arhata, because, following in the wake of Resava, he attempted to effect a religious reformation. According to the Puranas, Rishabha was father of Bharata, and flourished in very early times. The Jains do not deny the existence of God; but they hold the Arhata themselves to be that God. It is said in Vitarā gastati, a Jain work, that "there is only one Creator of the world, and no other, who is eternal and omnipresent; and besides him, everything else here is a source of evil, and unsubstantial even as a dream. O Arhana! There is nothing in this world, which thou hast not created." The attributes of the Jain God are different from those of the Vaidantic God. With them God is omniscient, conqueror of anger, envy, and of every evil passion; revered in the three worlds and the speaker of truth; Arhata only is the true God.*

In their opinion virtue is the only avenue to salvation. Virtue absolves man from the bonds of action, and thereby restores him to his original purity of nature.

Salvation is in its very nature ever up-lifting. The Jains have it thus: There is a limit beyond which even the sun, moon, and the planets cannot rise; and, when they reach their point of climax, they come down again. But the souls that have once attained to perfection, never come down again. The very tendency of the soul is ever to rise high. It grovels below, only because of its mortal tenement that holds it in; or, because it is weighted down with its clayey environment. As soon as this mortal coil is shuffled off, it resumes its original nature. Infinite is space. Infinite so is the progress of the soul; or infinite is the improvement the soul is capable of. A pumpkin, for instance, though in itself light enough, would, if enveloped in clay, or weighed heavily otherwise, sink to the bottom of the sea; but, if it could disburthen itself there, it would steadily work its way up to the surface again. Even so is the nature of the soul.

The Jain moralists say:—

Wisdom is an attribute of man. Wisdom only can lead to salvation, or enable man to sail safely over the solemn main of life. Wisdom only can dispel the gloom of false knowledge, like mists after sun-rise. Wisdom only can absolve man from the consequences of action. Wisdom is Supreme; and no action can equal wisdom. Wisdom is joy. Wisdom is *summum bonum*. Wisdom is Brahma himself.

Further on, in the ethical part of the Jain religion, it is said:—

"A man should dwell only where virtue, truth, purity and good name are prized, and where one may obtain the light of true wisdom.

Man should not dwell where the sovereign is a boy, a woman, or an ignorant; or, where there are two kings. A man should go nowhere without an object in view.

A man should not travel alone; nor sleep alone in a

* सर्वज्ञो जितरागादी दोषस्त्रै लोका पुजितः ॥
यथा स्थितार्थवादी च देवोऽर्हन् परमेष्ठिनः ॥

house or on an elevated place; nor enter any man's house suddenly.

A good man should not wear torn or dirty clothes; nor put on his body a red flower, except it be a red lily.

A wise man should never deceive gods or old men; and neither should be a prosecutor or a witness.

When you come back from a walk, you should take a little rest, then put off your clothes, and wash your hands and feet.

A grinding mill, a cutting instrument, a cooking utensil, a water jar, and a water pot, are the five things that bring men to sin; which, again, in its turn, causes them to deviate from the paths of virtue. For these are the sources of envy. Take what care you will, they are sure to give rise to envy.

The ancients prescribed several virtues to enable man to escape from this sin. Hence men should always practise virtuous actions.

Kindness, charity, perfect control over the passions, worshipping the gods, reverence to the Guru, forgiveness, truth, purity, devotion, and honesty:—these are the virtues that every house-holder should possess.

Virtue is too extensive. Its most prominent feature, however, is doing good to mankind.

There are two kinds of virtue—that which atones for our sins; and that which secures or brings about salvation. The first-mentioned virtue embodies the redemption of the fallen, benevolence, humility, perfect control over the passions, and mildness. These virtues destroy sin.

Priests, gurus, guests, and distressed persons, when they come to our house, should first be welcomed, and then fed to the best of our means.

We should relieve and soothe as much as we can the sick, the hungry, the thirsty, and the frightened.

Being so fortunate as to have been born men, we should always be engaged in something useful either to ourselves or to others."

There is very little difference between the Hindu and the Jain systems of morality. This is owing to the Hindus and Jains living together and in the same country, and to the fact that most of the ethics of the Jains were derived from the Aryan code of morality.

THE SOCIETY'S BULLETIN.

Two persons of influence connected with the Viceregal Government have recently joined the Society. The tide turns, evidently.

Our Fellows will be glad, our adversaries sorry, to learn that our journal has, within sixty days after its first appearance, *two-and-a-half times as many subscribers as it began with*. Not one day has passed, since October 1st, without some names having been added to our list. This unexpected good fortune must be taken as proof of the wide interest felt by the Indian reading public in this attempt to recall the golden memories of ancient Aryan achievement. But most precious of all to us, have been the letters of blessing and encouragement that we have received from natives living in all parts of this Peninsula. We have marked upon a map of India, in colored chalk, the localities of our subscribers, and find that our paper already goes, each month, to nearly every important city, from the Himáláyás to Comorin. If we should continue to receive contributions from such erudite Indians as those whose articles grace our present issue, the THEOSOPHIST will certainly have a brilliant and useful career.

The General Council thanks the Fellows who have presented books to the Library, and has ordered each volume to be inscribed with the donor's name. A particular request is made that Fellows will send to the Librarian all useful books, magazines and journals that have been read by them and are not especially wanted for reference. Works upon any branch of Occult Science will have a peculiar value, as it is the desire of the General

Council to make our Library, in time, one of the richest in the world in this respect. Acknowledgement is also due to Professor Sakharām Arjun and Dr. Pandurang Gopal for magazines loaned to the Library.

ARYA PRAKÁSH.

[Continued from the October Number.]

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DAYÁNUND SARASWATI, SWÁMI.

Written by him expressly for the THEOSOPHIST.

After passing a certain time in solitude, on the Rusheekesh, a Brahmachári and two mountain ascetics joined me, and we all three went to Tidee. The place was full of ascetics and *Raj* (Royal) Pandits—so called on account of their great learning. One of them invited me to come and have dinner with him at his house. At the appointed hour he sent a man to conduct me safely to his place, and both the Brahmachári and myself followed the messenger. But what was our dismay upon entering the house, to first see a Brahmin preparing and cutting meat, and then, proceeding further into the interior apartments, to find a large company of pandits seated with a pyramid of flesh, rumpsteaks, and dressed up heads of animals before them! The master of the house cordially invited me in; but, with a few brief words—begging them to proceed with their good work and not to disturb themselves on my account, I left the house and returned to my own quarters. A few minutes later, the beef-eating pandit was at my side, praying me to return, and trying to excuse himself by saying that it was on *my account* that the sumptuous viands had been prepared! I then firmly declared to him that it was all useless. They were carnivorous, flesh-eating men, and myself a strict vegetarian, who felt sickened at the very sight of meat. If he would insist upon providing me with food, he might do so by sending me a few provisions of grain and vegetables which my Brahmachári would prepare for me. This he promised to do, and then, very much confused, retired.

Staying at Tidee for some time, I inquired of the same Pandit about some books and learned treatises I wanted to get for my instruction; what books and manuscripts could be procured at that place, and where. He mentioned some works on Sanskrit grammar, classics, lexicographies, books on astrology, and the *Tantrás*—or ritualistics. Finding that the latter were the only ones unknown to me, I asked him to procure the same for me. Thereupon the learned man brought to me several works upon this subject. But no sooner had I opened them, than my eye fell upon such an amount of incredible obscenities, mistranslations, misinterpretations of text and absurdity, that I felt perfectly horrified. In this Ritual I found that incest was permitted with mothers, daughters, and sisters (of the Shoemaker's caste), as well as among the *Pariahs* or the outcastes,—and worship was performed in a perfectly nude state (1).....Spirituous liquors, fish, and all kind of animal food, and *Moodra* (2) (exhibition of indecent images).....were allowed, from Brahmin down to *Máng*.

(1) For reasons which will be appreciated we prefer giving the text in Hindi:—

तब उन्होंने छोटे बड़े ग्रन्थ मुझको दिये, मैंने देखते बहुत भ्रष्टाचारकी बातें उनमें देखी कि माता, कन्या, भागिनी, चमारी, चांडाली, आदीसँ संगम करना, नग्न करके पूजना, मद्य, मांस, मच्छी, मुद्दा, अर्थात् ब्राह्मणसलेके चांडालपर्यंत एकत्र भोजन करना, और उक्त स्त्रियोंसे मैथुन करना, इन पाँच मकारोंसे मुक्तका होना, आदि लंख उनमें देखके चिन्तकी खेद हुआ कि जिनने ये ग्रन्थ बनाये हैं वे कैसे नग्न बुद्धि थे।—*Ed.*

(2) The word *Moodra* has been variously understood and interpreted. It means the signet of a royal as well as of a religious personage; a ring seal with initials engraved upon it. But it is also understood in another sense—the prestine and esoteric.

Dhoochuri, Chookuri, Khechuri, Churachuri, and Ayoohuri—these five were the *Moodras* practised by the Aryans to qualify themselves for Yog. They are the initiative stages to the difficult system of *Raj-Yog*, and the preliminaries of *Dhutipoti*, the early discipline of *HAT-Yog*. The *Moodra* is a quite distinct and independent course of Yoga training, the completion of

And it was explicitly stated that all those five things of which the name commences with the nasal (1), *m*, as for instance, *Madya* (intoxicating liquor); *Meen* (fish); *Māons* (flesh); *Moodra*.....; and *Maitheen*..... were so many means for reaching *Muktee* (salvation): By actually reading the whole contents of the *Tantrās* I fully assured myself of the craft and viciousness of the authors of this disgusting literature which is regarded as RELIGIOUS: I left the place and went to Shreenagar....

Taking up my quarters at a temple, on Kedār Ghāt, I used these *Tantrās* as weapons against the local pandits, whenever there was an opportunity for discussion. While there, I became acquainted with a Śādhoo, named Gangā Giri, who by day never left his mountain where he resided in a jungle. Our acquaintance resulted in friendship as I soon learned how entirely worthy he was of respect. While together, we discussed *Yoga* and other sacred subjects, and through close questioning and answering became fully and mutually satisfied that we were fit for each other. So attractive was his society for me, that I stayed over two months with him. It was only at the expiration of this time, and when autumn was setting in, that I, with my companions, the Brahmachāri and the two ascetics, left Kedār Ghāt for other places. We visited Rudra Prayūg and other cities, until we reached the shrine of Agasta Mune.....Further to the North, there is a mountain peak known as the Shivpooree (town of Shiva) where I spent the four months of the cold season; when, finally parting from the Brahmachāri and the two ascetics, I proceeded back to Kedār, this time alone and unimpeded in my intentions, and reached *Gupta Kāshee*(2) (the secret Benāres).....

I stayed but few days there, and went thence to the *Triyugoe* (3) Nārīyan shrine, visiting on my way Gowree Koonid tank, and the cave of Bheemgoopha. Returning in a few days to Kedār, my favorite place of residence, I there finally rested, a number of ascetic Brahmin worshippers—called Pāndās, and the devotees of the Temple of Kedār, of the Jangam sect,—keeping me company until my previous companions, the Brahmachāri with his two ascetics, returned. I closely watched their ceremonies and doings, and observed all that was going on with a determined object of learning all that was to be known about these sects. But once that my object was fulfilled, I felt a strong desire to visit the surrounding mountains, with their eternal ice and glaciers, in quest of those true ascetics I have heard of, but as yet had never met—the *Mahātmās*(4). I was determined—come what might—

which helps the candidate to attain *Anima*, *Laghima* and *Garima* (For the meaning of these *Siddhis*, see article on *Yog-Yūga* in the Nov. number of THEOSOPHIST). The sense of this holy word once perverted, the ignorant Brahmins debased it to imply the pictorial representation of the emblems of their deities, and to signify the marks of those sexual emblems daubed upon their bodies with *Opichand* made of the whitish clay of rivers held sacred. The Vaishnavas do so the mark and the word less than the *Shāivās*; but the *Shaktās* by applying it to the obscene gestures and the indecent exposures of their filthy Ritual, have entirely degraded its Aryan meaning. —Ed.

(1) The following are the five nasals in Sanskrit; —

(1) ङ (nga), (2) य (ya), (3) ण (ṇa), (4) न (na), (5) म (ma).

(2) *Gupta Kāshoo*—(*Gupta*, secret, hidden; *Kāshoo*, the ancient name of Benares—is a holy place enshrouded in mystery. It is about 50 miles from Bhadrināth. Outwardly there is seen only a temple with columns; but a firm belief prevails among pilgrims to the effect that this shrine only serves as a landmark to indicate the locality of the sacred hidden Benares—a whole city, in fact, underground. This holy place, they believe, will be revealed at the proper time, to the world. The *Mahātmās* alone can now reach it, and some inhabit it. A learned Swāmi friend, and a native of Bhadrināth, highly respected at Bombay, has just told us that there is a prophecy that in 25 years from this time Benares will begin to decline in every other respect as it has long done in holiness, and, owing to the wickedness of men, will finally fall. Then, the mystery of *Gupta Kāshoo* will be disclosed and the truth begin to dawn upon men. Swāmi P—, solemnly avers that, having often visited this very shrine, he has several times observed, with his own eyes, as it were, shadowy forms disappearing at the entrance—as though half visible men, or the wraiths of men were entering.—Ed.

(3) Three yugs, or the Three Epochs.

(4) The *Mahātmās*, or literally great souls, from two words—*Mahā*, great, and *ātma*, soul—are those mysterious adepts whom the popular fancy views as "magicians," and of whom every child knows in India, but who are met with so rarely, especially in this age of degeneration. With the exception of some Swāmis and ascetics of a perfectly holy life, there are few who know positively that they do exist, and are no myths created by superstitious fancy. It will be given, perhaps, to Swāmi Dayānand, the great and holy man, to disabuse the skeptical minds of his degenerating countrymen; especially of this young decorated generation, the *Jennesse Doct* of India, the J.L.B. and M.A. aristocracy—who, fed upon Western materialism, and in-

to ascertain whether some of them did or did not live there as rumoured. But the tremendous difficulties of this mountainous journey and the excessive cold forced me, unhappily, to first make inquiries among the hill-tribes and learn what they knew of such men. Everywhere I encountered either a profound ignorance upon the subject or a ridiculous superstition. Having wandered in vain for about twenty days, disheartened, I retraced my steps, as lonely as before, my companions who had at first accompanied me, having left me two days after we had started through dread of the great cold. I then ascended the Tunganāth Peak.(1) There, I found a temple full of idols and officiating priests, and hastened to descend the peak on the same day. Before me were two paths, one leading West and the other South-west. I chose at random that which led towards the jungle, and ascended it. Soon after, the path led me into a dense jungle, with rugged rocks and dried up, waterless brook. The path stopped abruptly there. Seeing myself thus arrested, I had to make my choice to either climb up still higher, or descend. Reflecting what a height there was to the summit, the tremendous difficulties of climbing that rough and steep hill, and that the night would come before I could ascend it, I concluded that to reach the summit that night was an impossibility. With much difficulty, however, catching at the grass and the bushes, I succeeded in attaining the higher bank of the Nāla (the dry brook), and standing on a rock, surveyed the environs. I saw nothing but tormented hillocks, high land, and a dense pathless jungle covering the whole, where no man could pass. Meanwhile the sun was rapidly descending towards the horizon. Darkness would soon set in, and then—without water or any means for kindling a fire, what would be my position in the dreary solitude of that jungle!

By dint of tremendous exertion, though, and after an acute suffering from thorns, which tore my clothes to shreds, wounded my whole body, and lamed my feet, I managed to cross the jungle, and at last reached the foot of the hill and found myself on the high-way. All was darkness around and over me, and I had to pick my way at random, trying only to keep to the road. Finally I reached a cluster of huts, and learning from the people that that road led to Okhee Math, I directed my steps towards that place, and passed the night there. In the morning, feeling sufficiently rested I returned to the *Gupta Kāshee* (the Secret Benares), from whence I had started on my Northward journey. But that journey attracted me, and soon again I repaired to Okhee Math, under the pretext of examining that hermitage and observing the way of living of its inmates. There I had time to examine at leisure, the ado of that famous and rich monastery, so full of pious pretences and a show of asceticism. The high priest (or Chief Hermit), called *Mahant*, tried hard to induce me to remain and live there with him, becoming his disciple. He even held before me the prospect, which he thought quite dazzling, of inheriting some day his lares of rupees, his splendour and power, and finally succeeding him in his

aspired by the cold negation of the ago, despite the traditions, as well as the religion of their forefathers, calling all that was held sacred by the latter, a "rotten superstition." Alas! they hardly remark themselves that from idolatry they have fallen into *fetichism*. They have but changed their idols for poorer ones, and remain the same.

(1) At Bhadrināth (Northern India), on the right bank of the Bishenganga, where the celebrated temple of Vishnu, with hot mineral springs in it, annually attracts numerous pilgrims, there is a strange tradition among the inhabitants. They believe that holy *Mahātmās* (anchorites) have lived the inaccessible mountain peaks, in caves of the greatest beauty for several thousand years. Their residence is approachable only through a cavern perpetually choked with snow, which forbids the approach of the curious and the skeptical. The Bhadrināth peaks in this neighbourhood are above 22,000 feet high.—

Since the above was written one of our most respected and learned Fellows has informed us that his *Guru* (Preceptor) told him that while stopping at the temple of Nārīyan, on the Himālayās, where he had passed some months, he saw therein a copper plate bearing date, with an inscription, said to have been made by Shankarāchārya that that temple was the extreme limit where one should go in ascending the Himālayās. The *Guru* also said that farther up the heights, and beyond apparently unsurmountable walls of snow and ice, he several times saw men of a most venerable appearance, such as the Aryan Bishis are represented, wearing hair so long as to hang below their waist. There is reason to know that he saw correctly, and that the current belief is not without foundation that the place is inhabited by adepts and no one who is not an adept will ever succeed in getting an entrance. (Ed.)

Mahantship, or supreme rank. I frankly answered him that had I ever craved any such riches or glory, I would not have secretly left the house of my father, which was not less sumptuous or attractive than his monastery, with all its riches.—“The object, which induced me to do away with all these worldly blessings” I added, “I find you neither strive for, nor possess the knowledge of.” He then enquired what was that object for which I so strived. “That object,” I answered “is the secret knowledge, the *Vidya*, or true erudition of a *genuine* *Yog*; the *Mooktee*, which is reached only by the purity of one’s soul, and *certain attainments* unattainable without it. Meanwhile, the performance of all the duties of man towards his fellow-men, and the elevation of humanity thereby.”

The *Mahant* remarked that it was very good, and asked me to remain with him for some time at least. But I kept silent and returned no reply: I had not yet found what I sought. Rising on the following morning very early, I left this rich dwelling and went to Joshee Math. There, in the company of Dakshane, or Mahārāshtra Shāstres and Sunyāsīs, the true ascetics of the 4th Order—I rested for a while.

(To be continued.)

HINDU IDEAS ABOUT COMMUNION WITH THE DEAD.

By Rao Bahadur Janardhan Sakharām Gadgil, LL.B.,
F. T. S.

Now that a medium of regular communication, in the shape of the *Theosophist*, has been established between the East and the West, for exchanging ideas on matters of philosophy and occultism, it may be useful to state in general terms what Hindu philosophy and psychology have to say about Spiritualism. This is the more important inasmuch as Europe and America are at the present day startled and bewildered by those remarkable manifestations of so-called spirits, which have rivetted the attention of the learned, and are said to have drawn away more than twenty millions of people there from the materialistic tendencies of the present age.

Viewed from the standpoint of Hindu philosophy, nay, that of any philosophy worthy of the name, the spiritualistic movement in America and Europe is to be hailed as a demonstrative condemnation of that gross materialism, subversive of all religion and true science, which preaches that nothing of man survives the corporeal dissolution called death. Amongst Hindus, this was the belief and the creed of the Chārvāks, whom our philosophers have regarded, on that account, as so despicable that no writer of distinction among Hindus considers it worth his while to take the trouble of noticing their creed or refuting it. These Chārvāks are put down as *pāmas*, that is, creatures who are so deficient in philosophical capacity that they are not fit to be argued with, and must be left to themselves till by experience or even meditation they get the capacity of perceiving that something survives the bodily dissolution. The spiritualists of America and Europe have this truth phenomenally demonstrated to them and so far Eastern philosophy welcomes the movement. But beyond this it can not go; for it finds little reason to congratulate the spiritualists upon the new ideas and aspirations they put forth. That death is the mere separation of the corporeal frame from the *Jiva*, or soul that animates it, is a truth admitted in all schools of Oriental philosophy. The *Bhagwatgita* says that the *Jiva*, which is a part and parcel of myself, that is, Brahm, leaves the corporeal body at the time of death, and it draws in and takes with it, the mind and the senses; just as the breeze of air that touches and leaves a flower bears off its perfume. So far Oriental philosophy and Western Spiritualism are at one. But it appears that Western spiritualists are drifting into the belief that every human soul, after its severance from the corporeal body which it animated on this earth, remains for ever without another corporeal body; that all human souls can, and some do make themselves manifest to living human beings, either

through the bodies of mediums or by assuming temporarily objective forms themselves; that this state of existence is better than the earthly one; and that in that incorporeal existence they will develop and attain to the degree of final perfection. Now, Hindu philosophy and religion teach differently on every one of these points. Though they admit that some human souls may continue for a long time without another corporeal body, after their severance from the human bodies which they animated, still this is the lot of comparatively a few,—of those only who, during their existence on this earth, led a life of sensual appetites, and who died prematurely with the intensity of those carnal desires unabated and surviving their separation from their gross bodies. It is such souls only that are considered to stick to the earth, and become what are called *Pishachas*,* or what the Western spiritualists miscall ‘spirits’! But even these are not considered to continue in this state of existence for ever, nor is this state considered as in any way desirable. With regard to the majority of human souls, it is held that according to their holy or unholy deeds and desires in this life, they go either to higher and better worlds, ending with *Brahma loka*, by the *archirādī mārga*, or to the nether worlds, by the *yama mārga*.† The former are considered to be temporary elevations to better existences, the latter to worse existences than on this world in human shape. But the stage of existence known as *Pishacha yoni*, is regarded in the Hindu system of philosophy and religion as the most horrible and pitiful that the human soul can enter. The reason of it is that it is the state that comes over the human soul as the result of the baser desires having preponderance at the time of separation from the corporeal body; it is the state in which the capacities for the enjoyment of sensual pleasures are in a developed state, but the soul lacks the means of physical enjoyment, viz, a corporeal body; it is the state in which the soul can never make progress and develop into better existence. It is considered that, in this state the soul being deprived of the means of enjoyment through its own physical body, is perpetually tormented by hunger, appetite and other bodily desires, and can have only vicarious enjoyment by entering into the living physical bodies of others, or by absorbing the subtlest essences of libations and oblations offered for their own sake. Not all *Pishachas* can enter the living human body of another, and none can enter the body of a holy man, that is, an ascetic or adept in occultism.

Very few spirits are considered to possess the power of making themselves manifest by assuming physical appearances for even a short time. These are regarded as having greater strength than the others, and it is believed that these get this power over those who in the stage of their corporeal existence on earth, were given up to the worship of, and association with demons (*Pishachas*), or to the contemplation and practice of *mantras* that control them, or who were the victims of some overbearing passion. But this state of being is deemed the most miserable and awful that any one could have entered upon, and it is only the comparatively good souls that after long suffering and purification are able to extricate themselves.

The whole series of prescribed Hindu funeral ceremonies, from the 1st to the 11th day after a man’s death, is nothing more than the mode inculcated by that religion to prevent the human soul from becoming a *Pishacha*. The

* *Pishachas*: this word can hardly be rendered accurately in English, though the author of “*Isis Unveiled*” gives a good equivalent in the term “*Elementaries*.” They are gross, depraved human souls which, after the death of the body are earth-bound as the result of their utter lack of spirituality and the predominance of their baser natures. These are the only disembodied human beings with whom the living can, according to Hindu belief, commune; and, needless to say, the idea of this intercourse is abhorrent. Men of mere intellectual endowments, who lack spiritual intuitions may become *Pishachas* equally with the vicious. In short “*Pishacha*” is a returning soul, a demon.

† Hindus mostly believe that the purification and progression of the human soul after death are effected by its return to this earth from the several other worlds whither it goes, and its reincarnation, or transmigration; each new reincarnation is governed by its deeds in the previous birth, those souls which have been good reappearing under higher reincarnations, those which were bad under lower ones. But the true *Yogi* so purifies his inner self as to go at death immediately to *Brahma loka*, whence he never returns, but where he remains until the next *Pralaya*, or dissolution of the visible universe, completes his emancipation from all earthly taint, and transfers him into *Moksha*, or the eternal bliss.

ceremonies performed and oblations offered by the relatives of the deceased, are considered efficacious for this purpose, and hence Hindu religion enjoins it as the most affectionate duty of a son or other relative to save his departed ones from this direful fate. In the Shastras, the king, as the heir of the heirless, is enjoined by the sacred books to perform or get performed these sacred rites for those that have no relative's to perform them in their behalf; for it is considered of paramount importance that the post-mortem condition of *Pishacha Yoni* should be avoided by all possible means. Even after this calamity overtakes a human soul, and it begins to manifest itself as a Pishach, there are ceremonies enjoined, called *Pishacha mochanî*, intended to emancipate it from this state and put it in the way of assuming a corporeal body according to its deserts. Even the transmigration of a human soul into a lower existence, such as that of a beast, reptile, insect, &c. is considered preferable to the state of *Pishacha-Yoni*; for, in the first place, there is in that state a corporeal body for enjoyment, and secondly, it is comparatively a very short existence, at the end of which the soul has the possibility of rising up to a better state of existence. The human form of existence is regarded as the highest goal to be aspired to in this series of transmigrations, for in that alone, the soul has the capability of knowing the ultimate secret of its nature, and thereby attaining the highest beatitude. Existence in worlds even better than the earth, is deprecated, for, although the capacities and powers of outward enjoyment in those worlds are greater than on earth, yet no other world, besides the earth, the Brahma loka excepted, is considered to give to a soul such development as it is capable of receiving when clothed in the human body,—a development which enables him to acquire knowledge of our own essence, and thereby attain final emancipation.

It will be seen from the above that the Hindus are not spiritualists in the sense that they foster mediumship or hold willing communion with their dead. The obsessed person the Hindus regard as unfortunate, and if by an unhappy chance, the house is visited by a dead relative, the occurrence is considered a disaster, and the returning one a subject for pity and prayers. But the Yoga philosophy, with the Yogi's evolution of his psychical powers, is a very different thing. By it he can separate his *kâmarûpa* or astral soul from his physical body, can enter and temporarily direct another man's body, can become omniscient, can commune with the high spirits of other worlds, and can attain to powers which to ordinary persons appear miraculous, but which to a philosopher and true scientist, prove only the intimate connection of the microcosm and the macrocosm, and the incomparable power of the human soul over the material universe.

[Continued from the November Number.]

THE VEDA, THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF RELIGION.

By Rao Bahadur Shankar Pandurang Pandit, M.A.

The bare, innocent, naked, unsophisticated Truth is there, viz. that the idea of many gods is the most natural to human thinking and that the idea of one Supreme God is the result of much thinking, speculating and generalizing. Thus we have the genesis of the many gods out of the great phenomena of nature, such of them, that is to say, as strike the imagination of simple but speculative minds. Indra the god of rain, storm, and light, that sends showers of refreshing and fructilizing rain to the earth, strikes with his thunderbolt—the lightning accompanied by thunder—the supposed demon that withholds the rain and prevents the light of the heavens from reaching the earth. Varuna was conceived as the great power that enveloped the earth with the blind pall of night, punished the wicked and rewarded the just, without their being aware of who it was that punished or rewarded them. Agni was a necessary creation to account for all the phenomena connected with light and

heat—the light and heat that extends from earth below to heaven above. The sun, that fruitful source of much religion in all ages and countries, did not fail to be viewed from many varied poetical standpoints. The sun became Savitâ, i.e. the daily progenitor of the world, as he made the world daily rise into visible existence from the death of darkness in which it lay enveloped during the previous night. The sun became Pûshâ, the nourisher, because it was through his light that nourishing food was grown. The sun as befriending all life by his life-inspiring light and preventing the world from being always plunged in darkness, came to be considered as the universal 'Friend'—*Mitra* who became finally personified, deified and exalted in hymns under that name. The sun could not fail to be spoken of as the 'great traveller' that goes swiftly round the earth as none else could go; as the "Heavenly Bird of excellent wings" flying through heavenly space with indescribable rapidity—and thus to be hymned as *Saparna Garutmân*. The morning dawn, so refreshing and brilliant, so fair and beautiful, and ever young, daily shining forth into manifestation and yet daily vanishing away without tarrying long, was necessarily personified, and was deified into *Ushas*. All these and similar beings seemed to awake daily in the early morning (*Usharbudhas*) and to rise into daily existence from the womb of that vast unlimited space, that infinity of brilliant heavenly space, which could not but be personified, deified and hymned by them as *Aditi*. It required no great stretch of imagination to speak of the principal gods, who seemed to be born in the morning in the far east in the womb of heaven's unlimited brilliant space *Aditi*, as *Adityas* or sons of *Aditi*.

But speculation did not fail to be regulated by reason, and reason led to gradual generalization. The Vedic seers began to perceive that their seniors had after all been speaking of one and the same "One Being" under different names. 'Not knowing I ask here those that know, for the sake of knowing, I that am ignorant: He that upholds these six worlds in their respective places, there is, is there not, something in the nature of that Unborn One, that is one!'.* * * 'They call [him] *Indra*, *Mitra*, *Varma* [and] *Agni*. Also he [is the same as] the 'Heavenly Bird of excellent wings. The sages name the 'One Being in various ways. They call [him] *Agni*, *Yama*, [and] *Mâtarisva*.* says one of the rishis, Dirghatamas, certainly one of the oldest Vedic poets. Another, speculating on the creation of the universe, the gods, and other beings, says of the time before the creation: 'There was then no nonentity nor entity, there was no world, nor the heaven that is aloft. What enveloped [the world]? Where and for whose benefit [was it]? Where was water, the deep abyss? There was then no death, nor immortality, no distinction of night and day. That one breathed quietly, through its own power. For besides that there was nothing else. In the beginning there was darkness enveloped in darkness. All this was undistinguishable nothing. That one which had been enveloped everywhere in undistinguishable nothingness was developed through the force of fervor. Desire arose in it in the beginning, which was the first germ of the mind. Sages searching with their intellect have found that to be the connection between the entity and the non-entity. The ray of these [non-entity, desire and germ], was it across, below, or above? There then arose those that could impregnate, and there arose those that were mighty objects. There was selfsupporting principle below and power above. Who knows truly, who can here declare, whence, whence this creation arose? The gods are posterior to the creation of the universe. This being so, who knows whence this universe sprang? Whence this uni-

* अचिकित्वान् चिकिनुषधिदत्र कथीन् पृच्छामि विज्ञाने न विद्वान् ।

वि यस्तस्तम्भ षड्भिमा रजःस्यजस्तु ख्ये किमपि सिवदेकम् ।

इन्द्रं मित्रं वरुणम् अग्निम् आहुर् अथो दिव्यः स सुपर्णो गरुत्मान् ।

एकं सद् धिया बहुधा वदन्त्यग्निं यमं मातरिश्वानम् आहुः ।

'verse arose, whether it has been created or whether it has not been created at all,—He who is its Ruler in this highest heaven. He alone knows; and if he does not, then no one knows.*

The highest flight of speculation, the most laborious discovery or even the boldest assertion of allowable dogmatism of modern days have not, we think, gone much beyond this philosophy of religion of the Vedic Rishi.

This is about creation. The other attributes of the Deity, viz. Wisdom, Infinity, Mercy, Immutability, Immortality, Justice, Universal care, the quality of being the shelter of the helpless, the poor, the oppressed—these and all others which go to form the God of all nations not only find a prominent place in the Veda, but we have therein a reliable history as to how man—the Aryan man at least—originally came to conceive of them, how he developed them and how he matured them to a point beyond which no religion or philosophy has progressed to the present day—and all this, be it remembered, unaided, unassisted, uninspired by direct divine revelation—at least so far as the Vedic poets and authors themselves are concerned.†

Other religious systems—granting them an origin independent of the venerable Veda—do indeed teach the same attributes of the Divinity, but they do not any of them allow us to see *through* them, to see *beyond* them, to see *behind* them. Christianity, for instance, finds it necessary to stand upon revelation for the basis of what it teaches, though we have no hesitation whatever in saying that though it teaches many good things it teaches nothing that the Veda had not taught before.

Revelation is an unsatisfactory method of accounting for your possession. The acquisition requires a more natural, more intelligible, and more acceptable explanation. This explanation is furnished in abundance by the Veda, and it is chiefly for this reason that we call the Veda the origin and history of all religion.

But not only have we in the Veda what we may call the virtues of religion, and the history of their origin and development, but also the vices thereof and the history of their origin and development. Like all things human, religion—which we regard in its development as human and value it to that extent only that it is human—has had its mistakes and evil consequences. It has also done—or more correctly something else has done in its name—great harm since it began to get any votaries together under its standard. Religion has had its mythology, its miracles. It has paralysed the free exercise of the best part of man, reason; it has taught us to believe that God is partial to certain men and inimical to certain others; it has taught us to believe in imaginary horrors of worlds unseen, and to kill those people who do not believe in what we believe. These and other blemishes which attach to religion are in the Veda, and as in the case of the virtues of religion we have a clear and well-connected history of the rise and development of the blemishes also.

* नासदात्तो नो सदासीचदानां नासीद्रजो नो व्योमा परी यन् ।
 क्रिमावरीवः कुह कस्य शर्मन्नभः क्रिमासीद्ब्रह्मं गभीरम् ॥ १ ॥
 न मृत्युरासीदमृतं न तर्हि न रात्र्या अन्ह आसीत् प्रकेतः ।
 आनिदवातं स्वधया तदेकं तस्माद्ब्रह्मन्न परः किं चनास ॥ २ ॥
 तम आसीत् तमसा गुडमभ्रेप्रकेतं सलिलं सर्वमा इदम् ।
 तुच्छेनाभ्यविहितं यदासीत् तपसस तन्महिनाजायतं कम् ॥ ३ ॥
 कामस्तदभ्रे समधर्तताध मनसो रतः प्रथमं यदासीत् ।
 सतो बन्धुमसति निरविन्दन् त्वादि प्रतीया कत्रयो मनीषा ॥ ४ ॥
 तिरश्चीनो विततो रश्मिरेषामधः सिवदासीदुपरि सिवदासीन् ।
 रेतोधा आसन् महिमान आसन् स्वधा अवस्तान् प्रयतिः परस्तान् ॥ ५ ॥
 को अद्वा वेद क इह प्र वोचन् कुत आजाता कुत इयं विमृष्टिः ।
 अर्वाग् देवा अस्य विसर्जनेनाथा को वेद यत आबभूव ॥ ६ ॥
 इयं विमृष्टिर्यत आगभूव यदि वा दधे यदि वा न ।
 यो अस्याध्यक्षः परमे व्योमन् सो अद्वा वेद यदि वा न वेद ॥ ७ ॥

Rigveda X. 129.

† Swami Dayanand Saraswati—the newest Reformer—likewise rejects direct divine revelation as an impossibility but claims *inspiration* for his primitive four Rishes (Ed.)

It is in this view again of the Veda that we regard it as the origin of religion. And looked at from this point of view,—the point of view, that is to say, from which you see in it all the true principles of universal religion and the chief blemishes thereof, and also see through those principles and blemishes to their earliest germ and follow them through all the phases undergone by them until you come to a stage which induce people to say that the good principles were revealed by God and the blemishes were imparted by God's enemy, the Devil—looked at from this standpoint, the whole of the Veda is the most valuable book in the world. It is the oldest contemporary history, the oldest biography of man, the oldest song that man ever sang to a higher Power or Powers. When we remember this we cease to reject the hymns as crude and uncultivated and take the Upanishads, or to take the hymns and reject the Bráhmaṇas. To the biographer the infancy, the childhood, the school days, the youth as well as the old age of his subject are all equally important. Look at the Veda as a historical record to be read and interpreted historically, and it is a treasure of perfect gems, unequalled in lustre or size. Look at it from the point of view which is generally adopted by theologians of whatever sect who wish to find in it either nothing but divine knowledge or nothing but human ravings, and it at once becomes a perfect chaos. To the historian, the scientific scholar, the student of human institutions, the followers of universal religion and above all to the Theosophist the Veda will always continue to be the most important book.

SOUNDINGS IN THE OCEAN OF ARYAN LITERATURE.

By Nilkant K. Chhatre, B.A., I.C.E.

The way in which knowledge of Physical Science is imparted to us is apt to mislead. The principles are laid down, but our text-books are silent as to the original discoverers and exponents; so that, getting our education from European instructors, with the help of European text-books, and having no concurrent teaching as to ancient Indian history, arts, sciences or literature, we are as ignorant of our national antecedents as though we were at school in Ireland or Germany, or even Iceland or Russia. No wonder, then, that the fires of a true patriotism—that which makes one love and revere his native land and his ancestors, are being quenched. We are becoming more European, and less Aryan every day. Let us avail then, of the present opportunity, to sound the sea of Aryan literature and bring up whatever important thing we can. The idea of a siphon, for example, is obtained by us through the medium of the English tongue. No historical sketch is attached to important treatises on these sciences. This most naturally breeds in us a false idea that the subject we read of must be a European discovery. Although Sanskrit literature abounds in references to various conclusions of these sciences, still there is no work yet found which is devoted to any special subject. The progress of Europe and the backwardness of Hindustán in the cultivation of Physical Sciences strengthen this prejudice, until we come to believe that nothing was done in this direction in Áryāvarta even in its golden days. This is saddening: true, but we cannot deny it; the fact is there. Patience, however, in our search through the profound depths of Aryan literature, rewards the inquirer every now and then with facts which at least for a moment enable one to realise to some extent what must have been the good old times of Áryāvarta. Up, then, brothers; let us search, and we will surely find. Let us begin with the siphon.

1. The *Kukkuta Nádi*: what is this? It is no other than the siphon. The name when translated comes to mean "a cock tube," and is analogous to "the U shaped tube."

Bháskaráchárya, the celebrated Hindu astronomer, who lived eight centuries ago, says*:—"If a metallic tube

* तादादिमयस्याङ्कुशरूपनलस्याम्बुपूर्णस्य ॥ ५ ॥
 एकं कुण्डजलान्तर्द्वितीयमधेतवधोमुखं च बहिः ।

bent in the form of an *ankusa* * be filled with water, and if one end of it be put out of, and the other into a pot full of water, and if we let go both the ends, the water will flow out in a continuous stream. This is" says the author of the Siddhānta Shiromani, "well known to the artizans by the name of a cock-tube or *kukkuta nālī* †; and wonders are wrought by means of this."

Ganot speaks thus:—"The siphon is filled with some liquid and the two ends being closed, the shorter leg is dipped in the liquid * * It will then run out through the siphon as long as the shorter end dips in the liquid."

(Ganot's "Physics": *The Siphon*.)

Now, while the Aryan knowledge of the siphon can not be hypothecated upon an Indian work only eight centuries old, yet this passage makes it clear enough that this hydraulic instrument was used in this country long before Ganot's "Physics" was written, and hence the lads in our schools are not obliged to believe the siphon a European invention merely because Ganot describes it. And that point being settled, the remoter question of Aryan priority over the Greek and Egyptian philosophers, may be safely postponed for another occasion. The magnificent ruins of our ancient hydraulic works ought to satisfy us that engineers capable of constructing them must have known their science thoroughly.

In the works called Śukranīti and Brihatsaṅhitā, much interesting information is given. We will place it before our readers in the next issue.

Poona, November, 1879.

ŚANKARACHARAYA, PHILOSOPHER AND MYSTIC.(1)

By Kāshinath Trimbak Telang, M.A., LL.B.

I might well plead the multitudinous engagements of a busy professional and literary life, as an excuse for not complying with the request to briefly notice in the THEOSOPHIST the incidents of Sankaracharaya's illustrious career. But I am, first and last, a Hindu, and my sympathies and humble coöperation are pledged in advance to every legitimate attempt to elucidate the history of India or better the intellectual or physical condition of my countrymen. From the earliest time the study of philosophy and metaphysics has been prized and encouraged in this country, and high above all other names in its history are written those of our people who have aimed to help men to clearer thinking upon the subjects embraced in those categories, whether by their writings, discourses or example. The life which forms my present theme is the life of one of the greatest men who have appeared in India. Whether we consider his natural abilities, his unselfish devotion to the cause of religion, or the influence he has exerted upon his countrymen, this splendid ascetic stands *facile princeps*.

So enchanting, in fact, are all his surroundings, that it is no wonder that the admiration of an astonished people should have enshrouded him into an incarnation of the Deity. Our ignoble human nature seems ever so conscious of its own weakness and imperfection, as to be prone

* Ankuśa—is a goad for driving elephants with, and in form it resembles the English letter "p."

† युगपन्मुक्तं चेन् कं नलेन कुण्डाद्बहिः पतति ॥ ५४ ॥

भास्कराचार्यकृतसिद्धान्तांशोर्माणः यन्त्राध्यायः

ताम्बादिधानुमपस्याङ्कुशात्परस्य वकीकृतस्य नलस्य जलपूर्णस्यैकममं जलभाण्डेऽन्यदमं बाहरधोमुखं चैकहेलया यदि विमुच्यते तदा भाण्डजलं सकलमपि नलेन बहिःक्षरति । तद्यथा छिन्नकमलस्य कमलिनीनलस्य जलभूद्भाण्डे क्षिप्तस्य जलपूर्णस्यैकममं भाण्डाद्बाहरधोमुखं द्रुतं यदि ध्रियते तदा भाण्डजलं सकलमपि नलेन बहियोति । इदं कुण्डनाडीयन्त्रामाति शिल्पिनी हरमेखलिनाच प्रसिद्धं । अनेन बहवधमत्काराः सिद्धयन्ति ।

भास्कराचार्यकृतवास्तुनाभाष्यं यन्त्राध्यायः

(1) At the request of Col. Olcott I have permitted the following paper to be published with materials collected by me for a paper read to the Students' Literary and Scientific Society, in 1871. I had intended to rewrite the life of Sankaracharaya, with some additions and alterations, but as present pressing engagements do not leave me sufficient leisure for such an effort, I have thought it advisable to consent to my original Essay being utilized by Col. Olcott according to his own discretion.—K. T. T.

to deify whomsoever exemplifies its higher aspirations; as though the keeping of him on the human plane made other men seem meaner and more little by contrast.

Sankaracharaya's biographers apotheosised their hero, as Alexander's and Cicero's and those of Apollonius, Jesus and Mahomet did theirs. They made his advent presaged by a heavenly vision—of Mahadeva, to his father, Sivaguru—and his career attended by miracles which no theory of interior, or psychical, development can cover. A lenient posterity may well pass over these pious embellishments as the fruit of an exuberant partiality, for after all these have been stripped away, the true grandeur of the pundit, philosopher, and mystic is only the more plainly revealed to us.

We are, unfortunately, without the necessary data to enable us to precisely fix the epoch in which this great teacher flourished. Some ascribe it to the second century before, others would bring him down to the tenth after, Christ. Most modern scholars agree in locating him in the eighth century of the Christian era; and, since we have for this opinion the concurrent authority of Wilson, Colebrooke, Rammohan Roy, Yajnesvar Shastri, and Professor Jayanarayan Tarkapanchanam, the Bengali editor of Anandagiri's *Sankara Vijaya*, and it is less important, after all, to know when he taught than what he taught and did, we may as well accept that decision without debate. No more certainly can his birth-place be determined. As seven cities competed for the honor of having produced a Homer, so five biographers ascribe his nativity to as many different localities. Sringeri is commonly believed to have been the favored town (1); but a passage from the Sivarahnaja, quoted in the Kavicharitra, would indicate a town in the Kerala district, named Sasalagrama (2); Anandagiri's Life of Sankara names Chidambarapura (3); Madhev puts forward Kālati (4); and lastly, Yajnesvai Shastri, in his Aryavidya Sudhakara, tells us that Sankara first saw the light at Kalpi (5).

Taking no notice of the portents and wonders said to have occurred in the animal and vegetable kingdoms at his birth—such as the fraternizing together of beasts ordinarily hostile to each other, the uncommon pellucidity of the streams, the preternatural shedding of fragrance by trees and plants, nor of the joy of the Upanishads or the glad paeans of the whole celestial host, we find our hero displaying a most wonderful precocity. In his first year he acquired the Sanskrit alphabet and his own language; at two, learned to read; at three, studied the Kavyas and Puranas—and understood many portions of them by intuition (6). Anandagiri, less circumstantial, merely states that Sankara became conversant with Prakrit Magadha and Sanskrit languages even in *saisava*, infancy.

Having studied the Itihasa, the Puranas, the Mahabharat, the Smritis, and the Shastras, Sankara, in his seventh year, returned from his preceptor to his own home. Madhav narrates that the mother of his hero being, one day, overpowered by the debility resulting from the austerities she had practised before his birth to propitiate the gods and make them grant her prayer for a son, as well as by the torrid heat of the sun, fainted; whereupon Sankara, finding her in the swoon, not only brought her back to consciousness but drew the river up, as well, a circumstance which of course spread his fame as a thaumaturgist far and wide! The king of Kerala vainly offering him presents of gold and elephants, through his own minister, came himself to pay reverence, and disclosing his longing for a son like himself, was made happy by the sage, who taught the king privately the rites to be performed in such cases. I must not lose the opportunity to point, in passing, to the two things implied in this biographical scrap, viz., that (7) it was believed that the birth of progeny may be brought about by the recitation of mantrams and the performance of ceremonial rites, and

(1) See Pandit K. V. Ramaswami's sketches, p. 4 and the Map at the end of the book. (2) Kavicharita, p. 3, line 17. (3) Ph. 9 and 19. It may be added here that I have grave doubts as to the Sankara Vijaya, published at Calcutta, really a work of Anandagiri, the pupil of Sankara. (4) Madhavacharaya, II. 3. (5) P. 226. (6) Madhav IV. 1-3.

(7) Madhav V. I. Compare Anandagiri p. 11.

(1) that the secret is never publicly taught, but privately conveyed from adept to disciple. I shall not dwell upon these facts but leave them to be disposed of as they will by our new friends, the Theosophists, for whom the mystical side of nature offers most enticements.

About this same time the great sage Agastya, visiting him with other sages, prophesied to his mother that he would die at the age of thirty-two: Feeling that this world is all a passing show, this boy of eight years determined to embrace the life of a holy Samnyāsi, but his mother objected, her motherly pride doubtless craving a son to her son who should inherit his own greatness of soul and mind. The lad's determination was not to be shaken, however, and the maternal consent was obtained, as the biographers tell us by the working of a prodigy⁽²⁾. Bathing in the river, one day, his foot was caught by an alligator. He wailed so loud that his mother ran to the spot, and being told that the alligator would not leave go his hold until she had agreed to her son's becoming an ascetic, felt coerced into giving her consent. Sankaracharya thereupon came out of the river, and confiding her to the care of relatives and friends, and telling her he would come back to her whenever she should need his presence, he went away and took up the career for which he had so strong a natural bent.

As if drawn by some irresistible magnetic attraction towards a certain spot, Sankara travelled for several days, through forests, over hills, by towns, and across rivers, yet all the while unconscious of all, and oblivious to the men and beasts that went by him on his way, he arrived at the cave in a hill on the banks of the Nerbudda, where Govind Yati had fixed his hermitage. After the usual preliminaries the sage accepted the lad as a pupil and taught him the Brahma out of the four great sentences.—Knowledge is Brahma; This soul is Brahma; Thou art that; and I am Brahma⁽³⁾. It is related by Madhav that, immediately after he had entered upon this discipleship, Sankara performed,—one day, when his guru was immersed in contemplation, or, as we should say *dhārana*,—the prodigy of quelling a furious tempest of rain accompanied by awful thunder and lightning, by pronouncing certain mystic verses. Hearing, upon returning to consciousness of external things, what his illustrious pupil had done Govind Natha was overjoyed, as this very event had been foretold to him by Vyasa at a sacrifice celebrated, long before, by the sage Atri. Bestowing his benediction upon Sankara, he bade him go to Holy Benares and receive there the blessing of the Deity.

'On thy glorious work,
Then enter, and begin to save mankind' (4).

Thus admonished, Sankara proceeded to Benares where, after a residence for some time, he is said to have received his first pupil, Sanandana—the same who afterwards became celebrated as his greatest favorite under the title of Padmapada. I confess to a doubt of the accuracy of this date, though I quote the circumstance from Madhav's book, for it does seem impossible that Sankara should have begun to get pupils at such a very tender age as, upon Madhav's own showing, he must have reached at the time. However, be this as it may, Padmapada was duly enrolled as a disciple at Benares, and there most of the others also joined him.

In his twelfth year Sankara removed to Badari, on the banks of the Gauges, where he composed his masterpiece, the commentary on the Brahma Sutras. Here also, he wrote the commentary on the Upanishads, on the Bhagavadgita, on the Urisimhatāpanīya (so called by Madhav), and on the Saṁatsujatiya, besides other works. He then taught his great commentary to his numerous pupils, but always reserving his greatest powers of instruction for

Padmapada. This excited envy in the breasts of the other pupils, to dispel which Sankara, once standing on one shore of the river which flowed by his residence, called to Padmapada to come over to him directly from the opposite bank. The latter obeyed, and dauntlessly walked over on the surface of the waters, which sent up a lotus at each step he took. It was on this occasion that the name Padmapada was given him by Sankara, as he warmly embraced him in recognition of his enthusiastic devotion.

While teaching his pupils the youthful teacher did not fail of adversaries among the learned men who held tenets different to his own, but he always came off victor. He drew, says Madhav, from the arsenal of a vast Vedic learning, the weapons with which to combat his powerful assailants. We are treated to the description of an eight days' debate between himself and Vyasa, who appeared under the guise of an aged Brahmin but whose identity was intuitively recognized at least by Padmapada. The biographer tells us that the spirit, in his assumed guise of the living Brahmin, propounded a thousand objections to Sankara's great Bhashya on the Brahma Sutras, which were all triumphantly answered, and in the end, gave the latter an extension of sixteen years of life over and above the set term of sixteen that he was to have lived, and after bidding him undertake a refutation of all the other philosophic systems in vogue, blessed him and then disappeared.

After this, Sankara set out for Prayāga in search of Bhatta Kumarila, whom he wished to ask to write vartikas on his Bhashya, but found that he was upon the point of self-cremation in disgust with the world. Vainly entreating him to reconsider his determination, Sankara nevertheless was permitted to explain his commentaries, which Kumarila praised unstintingly; and after the latter had accomplished his act of self-immolation, proceeded on to Mahishmati, the city where, as Kumarila had informed him, he would find Mandana Misra who would undertake the work Sankara had requested him to perform. Arrived at the place, he was directed to the sage's house by parrots miraculously endowed with human speech and able to discuss most recondite questions of philosophy! He found the house but found it closed, so that to obtain entrance he had to raise himself up into the air and alight, a *deus ex machina*, in Mandana's hall. An animated and, at first, even acrimonious discussion ensued between the host and his unexpected and unwelcome guest, the two finally deciding to make the wife of Mandana Misra umpire between them. But she, having other matters to attend to, gave each a garland, stipulating that he should be deemed vanquished whose garland withered. I will not attempt in such time and space as I now command, to even epitomise this wonderful debate, but refer the reader to Madhav (VIII. 34) for particulars, adding that they will richly repay study. Sankara won, and in winning, under the terms of the debate, claimed his antagonist as a disciple and required him to abandon the domestic life and become an ascetic. He consented, and the wife—who was an incarnation of Sarasvati, as we are told—started for the other world. But before she had quite departed she was prevailed upon by Sankara to tarry while he should hold debate with her also. Then commenced the second discussion, but the ready answers of the former to all questions put to him foiled Sarasvati, as she may now be called, until she struck into a path to which Sankara was a total stranger. *She asked him a question on the science of love.* He was, of course, unable to answer it at once, being a Samnyasi and a celibate all his life; so he craved a respite of one month, which being granted, he left Mahishmati. The sequel will be told in my next paper.

In spite of the "arbitrary scepticism" of the large majority of the medical profession, the most satisfactory results are daily obtained in the hospitals by the external application of metals. Symptoms of the most curious nature develop under their influence, and give rise to interesting discussions in medical circles.

(1) Madhav V. 69.

(2) Madhav V. 87. None of Madhav's details are to be found in Anandogiri, where we have but two lines on this subject altogether, p. 17.

(3) The originals are प्रज्ञानं ब्रह्म ॥ अयमात्मब्रह्म ॥ तत्त्वमसि ॥ अहंब्रह्मास्मि ॥

(4) Madhav V. 53-61.

[Translated for the THEOSOPHIST.]

THE PHANTOM DOG.*

An authentic story by a Russian officer.

During the last war in Turkey, a small but very mixed company were assembled, on a Christmas eve, in the apartments occupied by Colonel V...in one of the best hotels of Bucharest. Among others, there were present the correspondents of the *New-York Herald*, *London Times*, the *Golos*, and the *Berjevoi Vjedomosti*; Colonel N.; a captain; and the President of the Society of the Red-Cross, the well known P—f. The only lady was the wife of Colonel V..., our host, who was busy at the large round table around which we were all seated, pouring out tea.

We had all become very merry and congenial. All felt in the best of humours, and each vied with the other in telling interesting stories. Alone poor Mac-Gahan and Lytton, the correspondents, respectively, of the American and English papers, did not seem to share in the general hilarity; a circumstance which attracted attention to them.

"What's the matter with you, Lytton?" asked Colonel V.

"Nothing," answered the correspondent, thoughtfully, "I was thinking about home, and trying to see what they were doing now."

"One may speculate with perfect security"—remarked Mac-Gahan, "and say that the whole family is now assembled around the fire-place, drinking cider, speaking about far-away friends in India, or talking of ghosts..."

"You don't mean to say that in England they believe till now in ghosts?" enquired Mme. V.

"The majority do not," replied Lytton "but there are a good many who do, and a multitude who claim to have seen ghosts themselves. There are also such as have not themselves seen yet who believe all the same..."

We were all struck with Captain L's uneasy look and pallor, as he abruptly left the table.

"You may say what you like and laugh at such notions," he remarked. "As for myself, I cannot deny the existence of 'ghosts,'—as you call them. I, myself, was but a few months ago, an eye-witness to a case which will never be obliterated from my memory. This upset all my previous theories..."

Yielding to our curiosity, though very unwillingly, the brave Captain told that which he wrote down himself for me a few days after, and which I now publish with his consent.

"During the war in the Caucasus, I was serving in one of the regiments sent against the mountaineers. At that time, a young officer, from the Imperial guard, named Nedewitchef, was transferred into our regiment. The young man was remarkably handsome, with the figure of a Hercules, and would have soon become a general favourite were it not for his shyness and extraordinary misanthropy. Sulky and unsocial in disposition, his only affection seemed to be centred on an enormous black dog with a white star upon its forehead, which he called *Caro*. Once our regiment had to move against an *aoûl* (Circassian village) that was in full revolt. The Circassians defended their positions with desperate bravery, but as we had on our side the advantage of twice their numbers we disposed of them very easily. The soldiers driven to blind frenzy by the stubborn defence of the enemy, killed every one they met, giving quarter neither to old men nor children. Nedewitchef commanded a company and was in front of everybody. Near a *sahly* (a mud hut) I happened to meet him face to face—and I felt thunderstruck! His handsome, magnificent face was all distorted by an expression of brutal cruelty, his eyes were bloodshot and wandering like those of maniac in a fit of fury. He was literally chop-

ping an old man to pieces with his sword. I was excessively shocked at such a display of useless ferocity, and hurried forward to stop him. But, before I had reached him, the door of the hut flew open, and a woman, with a cry which made my blood run cold, rushed out of it, and flung herself upon the corpse of the old man. At this sight Nedewitchef sprang backward as if he had been shot himself, and trembled violently. I looked at the woman and could hardly suppress a cry of surprise. Heavens, what a gorgeous beauty was there! With her lovely face, pale as death itself, uplifted toward us, her magnificent black eyes, full of nameless terror and mortal hatred were phosphorescent, flaming like two burning coals as she fixed them upon us. Nedewitchef stared at her like one fascinated, and it was with an effort that, coming out of his stupor, he mechanically gave the orders to beat the *rappel* in order to put an end to useless bloodshed. I did not see Nedewitchef for several days after that accident; and only learned accidentally from his orderly that the same young woman, two days later, had come to his tent, had thrown herself at his feet, and pouring her whole soul into her tale, had confessed an ardent love for him. She declared that, according to the Circassian custom, his courage had made her his slave, and that she wanted to be his wife.....His envious friends had added much more details which would be useless here. Remembering well her look of hatred, I did not at first believe, but had to yield at last to the evidence.

"After the submission of the rebellious *aoûl*, the commander-in-chief encamped us at the foot of the mountain in its neighbourhood, so that we should command the great Shemaha highway. We had to camp there quite a considerable length of time, and having nothing else to do we could easily occupy our days with picnics, rides, and hunting. One afternoon, calling my dog, I took a gun and went out for a stroll in the wild vineyards. I had no intention to hunt, but simply to take a walk and watch the splendid sunset from the top of Ali-Dag. My path ran through the most lovely scenery, along a thick double alley of mimosas, white acacia, and other trees, entwined with vines, hung thickly with bunches of grapes, and chestnut trees with their large crowns of leaves intermingled with fruit. The whole mountain slope was covered with blooming bushes and flowers, which grew in rich profusion and spread themselves like a carpet.

"The air was balmy, heavy with scents, and still, excepting the incessant buzzing of the bees; not a breath of wind disturbed one single leaf, and nature itself seemed slumbering. Not a human step, not even the sound of a far-away voice; so that I was finally overpowered by a hallucination which made me dream I was walking upon a deserted island....

"Having gone about two or three miles by a narrow path which wound up to the mountain top, I entered a small thicket drowned in sunlight, and burning like a jewel set with gold, rubies and diamonds. Under a group of tall trees lying lazily on a patch of green moss, I saw Nedewitchef; the black-eyed beauty was sitting near him, playing with his hair, and, asleep at the feet of his master, was the faithful dog. Unwilling to break their *tête-à-tête*, I passed unperceived by them and began climbing higher up. While crossing with difficulty a thick vineyard, I suddenly came upon three Circassians, who, perceiving me, rapidly disappeared, though not quickly enough to prevent my seeing that they were armed to the teeth. Supposing them to be runaways from the conquered *aoûls*, I passed on without paying them much attention. Charmed by the splendid evening I wandered about till night, and returned home very late and tired out. Passing through the camp towards my tent, I at once perceived that something unusual had happened. Armed horsemen belonging to the General's escort rapidly brushed by me. The division adjutant was furiously galloping in my direction. Near one of the officers' tents a crowd of people with lanterns and torches had assembled, and the evening breeze was bringing the hum of animated voices. Curious to know what had happened, and surmounting my fatigue I went straight

* This narrative has just been published in the *Messenger of Odessa*. The old and brave officer who vouches for it and who was an eye-witness at two of the episodes of the strange occurrence, is too well known in the society circles of Tiflis and Odessa for us to regard this as a cock and bull story. And moreover we have the names of all the participants in the tragical finale. Whatever else an incredulous public may think, Captain L. at least—a highly respected officer—gave the story at Bucharest as a fact, and we print it on account of its value as a contribution to the literature of Psychology. (Ed.)

to the crowd. I had hardly approached it when I saw that it was Nedewitchef's tent, and a horrid presentiment, which soon became a fearful reality, got hold of me at once.

"The first object I saw was a mass of hacked and bleeding flesh, lying on the iron bedstead. It was Nedewitchef; he had been literally chopped to pieces with yatagans and daggers. At the foot of the bed Caro, also bleeding, was stretched, looking at his master's remains with such a human expression of pity, despair, and affection mingled, that it brought a gush of hot tears to my eyes. Then it was that I learned the following: soon after sunset, Caro furiously barking, ran into the camp and attracted general attention. It was immediately remarked, that his muzzle was bleeding. The intelligent dog getting hold of the soldiers' coats, seemed to invite them to follow him; which was immediately understood, and a party of them sent with him up the mountain. Caro ran all the time before the men, showing them the way, till he brought them at last to a group of trees where they found Nedewitchef's mangled body. A pool of blood was found at quite a distance from the murdered man, for which no one could account, till pieces of coarse clothing disclosed the fact that Caro had had his battle also with one of the murderers, and had come out best in the fight; the latter accounting also for his bleeding muzzle. The black-eyed beauty had disappeared—she was revenged. On the following day Nedewitchef was buried with military honors, and little by little the sad event was forgotten.

"Several of the officers tried to have Caro; but he would live with none: he had got very much attached to the soldiers, who all doted upon him. Several months after that I learned that the poor animal got killed in his turn by a mounted Circassian, who blew his brains out and—disappeared. The soldiers buried the dog, and many there were among them who shed tears, but no one laughed at their emotion. After Shamyl's surrender, I left the regiment and returned to St. Petersburg.

"Eighteen years rolled away. The present war was declared, and I, as an old Caucasian officer well acquainted with the seat of war, was ordered off to Armenia. I arrived there in August and was sent to join my old regiment. The Turks were in a minority and evidently feeling afraid, remained idle. We also had to be inactive and quietly awaiting for further developments, encamped at Kizil-Tapa, in front of the Aladgin heights on which the Turks had entrenched themselves. There was no very rigorous discipline observed as yet in the camp. Very often Mahomedans of the cavalry were sent to occupy positions on advanced posts and pickets; and sleeping sentries on duty were often reported to the chiefs. On the unfortunate day of August 13th we lost Kizil-Tapa. After this unsuccessful battle rigour in discipline reached its climax; the most trifling neglect was often punished with death. Thus passed some time. After a while I heard people talking of the mysterious apparition of a dog named Caro who was adored by all the old soldiers. Once as I went to see our Colonel on business, I heard an officer mentioning Caro, when Major T** addressing an artillery man sternly remarked:

"It must be some trick of the soldiers'...

"What does all this mean? I asked the Major, extremely interested.

"Is it possible that you should not have heard the foolish story told about a dog Caro? he asked me, full of surprise. And upon receiving my assurance that I had not, explained as follows:

"Before our disastrous loss of Kizil-Tapa, the soldiers had been allowed many unpardonable liberties. Very often the officers on duty had seen the sentries and patrols asleep. But notwithstanding all their endeavours, it had hitherto proved impossible to catch any of them; hardly did an officer on duty appear going the rounds, than an enormous black dog, with a white star on its forehead, mysteriously appeared, no one knew whence, ran toward any careless sentry, and pulled him by his coat and legs to awaken him. Of course as soon as the man was fairly warned he would

begin pacing up and down with an air of perfect innocence. The soldiers began circulating the most stupid stories about that dog. They affirm that it is no living dog, but the phantom of 'Caro' a Newfoundland that had belonged to an officer of their regiment, who was treacherously killed by some Circassians many years ago, during the last Caucasian war with Shamyl.

"The last words of the Major brought back to my memory the pictures of the long forgotten past, and at the same time an uneasy feeling that I could not well define. I could not pronounce a word, and remained silent.

"You heard, I suppose," said the Colonel addressing the Major, "that the commander-in-chief has just issued an order to shoot the first sentry found asleep on his post, as an example for others?"

"Yes—but I confess to a great desire to first try my hand at shooting the phantom-dog,—or, *whoever represents it*. I am determined to expose the trick;" exclaimed the irascible Major, who was a skeptic.

"Well, there is a good opportunity for you,—put in the adjutant—'I am just going to make my rounds and examine the posts. Would you like to come with me? Perhaps we will discover something.'

"All readily assented. Not wishing to part from good company, and being besides devoured with curiosity, I said I would go. Major T** carefully loaded his revolver, and—we started. It was a glorious night. A silvery velvet moonlight fantastically illuminated the heights of Aladgin, towering high above us, and of Kizil-Tapa. An unruffled stillness filled the air. In both hostile camps all was quiet. Here and there the faint tinkle of a *volynka* (a kind of primitive guitar), and, nearer, the mournful cadence of a soldier's voice intoning a popular air, hardly broke the dead stillness of the night; and as we turned an angle, in the mountain path sounds and song abruptly ceased.

"We passed through a lonely gorge and began mounting a steep incline. We now distinctly saw the chain of sentries on the picket line. We kept to the bush, in the shadow, to escape observation; and, in fact, we approached unobserved. Presently, it became too evident that a sentinel, seated upon a knoll, was asleep. We had come within a hundred paces of him, when suddenly, from behind a bush, darted a huge black dog, with a white star on its forehead. O, horror! *It was the Caro of Nedewitchef*; I positively recognized it. The dog rushed up to the sleeping sentry and tugged violently at his leg. I was following the scene with intense concentration of attention and a shuddering heart...when at my very ear there came the crack of a pistol-shot...I started at the unexpected explosion...Major T—had fired at the dog; at the same instant the culprit soldier dropped to the ground in a heap. We all sprang towards him. The Major was the first to alight from his horse; but he had hardly begun to lift the body, when a heart-rending shriek burst from his lips, and he fell senseless upon the corpse.

"The truth became instantly known; a father had killed his own son. The boy had just joined the regiment as a volunteer, and had been sent out on picket duty. Owing to a terrible mischance he had met his death by the hand of his own father.

"After this tragedy, *Caro* was seen no more."

EAST INDIAN MATERIA MEDICA, (INTRODUCTORY).

By Pandurang Gopal, G.G.M.C., F.T.S.

India, where Nature has been so bounteous, nay, lavish in her gifts, has always presented the greatest inducements to the zealous student of her forces. It was here that the first progenitors of the human race were matured physically and intellectually. Here the intellect of the human race was first nurtured under the influence of picturesque natural scenery, and fed on the sight of the multifarious productions of organic nature; and here, in the first dawn of conscious existence, it began reverentially to apprehend the fact of a Divine Power, and acquired powers

of expression, language taking form, and sound, and grace, and a variety of original deflections and conjugations, and growing after the lapse of unrecorded ages into those majestic, yet melodious forms of thought which bound its first offspring into a community of divine sympathy and created a glorious and harmonious whole.

In India, therefore, history finds those primitive grand conceptions of nature, her forms, and all-pervading forces, which her highest form of creation, the typical man illustrates in himself. To his remote successor, the modern European, is reserved the mere remoulding of the vast experience of the hoary ages into a new structure of artificial laws and deductions for the production of new means of earthly comfort, in what we now call conventionally, *Natural*, or *Physical Science*.

Without derogating from the honor justly due to modern discoverers of the laws of matter and motion, or undervaluing their deductions, or universal generalisations in the different branches of natural or physical science, or their numerous and trustworthy observations, conducted in the spirit of truth, no reader of those venerable tomes of inspired Aryan teaching, which reveal to us the profound lore of old India's sages, whether in grammar, science or philosophy, can fail to appreciate the original discoveries of our forefathers, or properly value the crude but systematized observations of their unaided senses.

It cannot be denied that in their writings are found such shrewd generalisations, and such descriptions of such matter-of-fact phenomena, as every sound intellect must appreciate, and cherish as the first finished works of intellect and imagination. And, if we give a moment's thought to those vast extensions of power which our senses have received in these latter days from such wonderful contrivances as the genius of a Newton, Davoisier, Davy, Faraday, or Tyndall has devised, we must feel but small and humble when confronted with the evidences of thought and research which have been bequeathed to posterity by sages and seers like Atreya and Agnevesha, or, later on, by Charaka and Dhanwantari.

The writings of these revered men have come to us, through the changes and vicissitudes of ages, through struggles for the retention of independence and power, through intellectual mists and chilling frosts, considerably detached, or mutilated and interpolated for want of more genuine guides. Their study was gradually neglected for want of encouragement from successive dynasties of cruel or sensual rulers. Thus the spirit of their teachings came to be misapplied in practice, and their theories misunderstood in principle. The sources of new currents of thought were dried up, and observation was neglected, to the detriment of science as well as art. The diagnoses of disease became in time a matter of guess-work and uncertainty, and its treatment empirical, hap-hazard, and dangerous.

In this dearth of the professors of science, however, the nomenclature of diseases with their classes arranged according to the seat, origin, or nature, was transmitted through successive generations of enfeebled and depressed intellects, and practitioners of the art were compelled to ply it on the borrowed and indirect testimony of legendary accounts of supposed, and often fanciful, virtues of drugs and their combinations. Such unworthy followers of Sushruta and Charaka being necessarily dwarfed in intellect and warped in observing powers, were compelled to live largely on the credulity of their patients, or, by acting in a measure on their imaginations and prejudices; alternately seeking to kindle hope or excite fear of loss of health and death; they in their turn trusting to the mercy of chance, or to the fancied contrivances of an erring imagination.

This state of medical science still prevails among the Hindus, unhappily to a large extent, and were it not for the establishment of a few schools for medical instruction in India, where the study of physical science is obligatory, would be likely to continue for some time to come.

There is, at present, no prospect of resuscitating the study of these works, except as a means of healthy intellectual recreation, as the whole system is based on an as-

sumption of 3 *vikritees*, or corruptions of the man, or vital force residing in the human frame, to which the Aryan physicians gave the conventional names of *pitta* (bile), *vāta* (air), and *kapha* (phlegm); to which some add the blood, a fourth vikritee or transformed force. The modern reader is therefore at once inclined to reject the theory as well as the descriptions of diseases based on that theory, as absurd and without experimental proof. But these descriptions need not deter any student of medicine from following the experience of these writers on the more practical parts of the subject; viz., their knowledge of the properties of substances used as remedies, and of *special virtues* attributed by them to certain drugs, which have not hitherto been known or found.

This phase of the subject has recently attracted some attention among the medical graduates in Bengal, and since the time of Drs. Wise and Ainslie, who first made most creditable attempts at investigating the nature and value of indigenous drugs used in native practice, Drs. Kanaya Lal Deva, and Mohideen Shereef, of Madras, accomplished the most laborious and scientific task of identifying them, and of reducing the numerous synonyms for the same materials, which the various languages of India afford, to order and precision. We have recently been presented with a veritable epitome of the whole range of Indian *Materia Medica* by a Bengali medical scholar, Dr. Oolaya Chandra Datta, in a goodly volume in which the reader can find a carefully classified arrangement of medical substances, according to the three principal sources of their production, viz., the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms; with their Sanscrit names, their Bengali or Hindi equivalents, and their modern English or current Latin appellations. Each substance is preceded by a description of the part used in practice, and accompanied by noted formulæ for its administration; according to the systematic arrangement of Chakra-datta, the most systematic therapist of old, whose verses are cited in authority.

The labours of these physicians are deserving of our gratitude, and have opened to the native practitioner of medicine in India a wide field of research wherein to cultivate an experience of the active properties of native remedies, or their physiological action, in graduated as well as homœopathic doses, on the different functions of the human body.

These authors have supplied a reliable index to the most ordinary medical virtues, but it is left to the future investigator to separate their active principles, proximate or remote, and furnish to the practising physician ready and trustworthy means to counteract morbid action, or meet such indications for relief as may be warranted by his knowledge of the supposed or proved actions on the healthy human system.

The modern practitioner is too much imbued with a minute acquaintance with the structure of the human organs and with a stereotyped knowledge of their functions in health (as contrasted with his ideas of the significance of symptoms produced by proximate or remote causes of disease), to be actuated by a pure desire of influencing those changes for a return to health by means the most ready, or the most active and certain of the desired effect. In the treatment of disease the prevailing dogmas on the pathology of any particular organ influence him so much that, in his desire to seem scientific or keep up his reputation as a man of science, he often clings too scrupulously to the teaching of his school. He is consequently less impatient to cure by the simplest or what at all events would seem to be common-place remedies. But we believe a time will come, when such high-class prejudices will give place to a more matter-of-fact experience, and the practice of rational medicine will depend on remedies or measures suggested equally by modern pathology, with its ruling Galenic doctrine, *sublater causa, tolliter effectus*, and by the doctrine of Hahnemann, popularly called Homœopathy, the *similia similibus curantur*, provided only that the drug proposed is proved by experience to be exactly homœopathic of the symptoms of disease.

We feel that we are just beginning to traverse the true

paths of science, and if we cultivate experience in a true spirit, then with fresh advances in our knowledge of the composition of organic products, and a surer acquaintance with the physiology of vegetable secretions, we may be able to alight on the specific actions of these products as influencing individual and isolated forces of animal life. And such results will tend to clearer indications for controlling morbid actions, in the blood or in the tissues, to a degree commensurate with the different manifestations of that *vital force* which feeds the organs and sustains their healthy action.

We do not yet know how, out of many other products of our so-called European *Materia Medica*, the different classes of vegetable bitters and astringents act, and we are yet in the dark as to the real significance of the actions of what are called nervine stimulants and tonics, or, if you will, what are known as nervine sedatives and depressants.

Leaving out of mind other species of drugs still credited with alterative properties, and which influence the various or the primary centres of the sympathetic system of nerves, we have yet to learn in what relation to the various dynamical forces of the human body these artificial classes of remedies stand.

We shall not, at this stage of our theme, tire the reader's patience with a consideration of what is assumed on hypotheses drawn from previous experience, as they can best be studied with the help of many excellent works on the subject. We have merely to ask the indulgence of an attentive perusal of what we will render from the original Sanskrit of the classification and properties of substances described by the Aryan physicians, with the explanation of their actions which modern physiology suggests.

We shall for the present only select the more copious and the more reliable branch of their researches, viz., the vegetable *Materia Medica*, and devote our future papers to a consideration of the subject of the sensible properties and apparent uses of Aryan medicinal substances.

A STRANGE REVERY.

By K. P. B.

The query naturally suggests itself to any one now observing this "poor shadow" of the Aryan land,—Is the *Sun of India's glory* set never to rise again?—a question that comprehends in abstract all the philosophical, scientific, and even political interests affecting the country. And yet, how invaluable soever in its nature the point be, an answer to it is all but impossible. Hope, however, that darling supporter of humanity, never forsakes while there is still life, and makes every loving heart turn sufficiently credulous to fancy at the last a speedy recovery. Hence—the propriety for a native Hindu taking counsel with himself:

Shall, then, our glorious *Aryavarta* lie always dark? No, she cannot;—*she* that yet takes pride in having been the earliest quarter of civilization on the globe, the first hotbed of sciences, the oldest repository of arts, and the most ancient seat of learning and improvements; the land whence such as Solon, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Ammonius Saccas and Ptolemy drew their minds. Where was that wide-famed Republic then, or that time-honoured *mistress* when thou, Queen of all Fairy Lands, wast already shining with riches, grandeur, and refinement? Art not thou the original archetype, from which the elder Egypt copied her peculiar priestcraft? Was not thy wealth, as it is to this day, the envy and ambition of the Dariuses, the Alexanders, the Antonii and Maximii, as of those who preceded them even in earlier days? What, then, has made thee this day niggard all and worn out, to wail, darkling under demolitions and depredations? Ah, MOTHER! those days of thine are past, those thy glories lost, and even those brave sons of thine that crowned thy beauty and formed thy greatest pride, are gone—gone for ever! Such mighty princes as Rama Chandra, Yúdhistir, Asoka, and Bikra-Maditya, kind, benevolent, generous and magnani-

mous; monarchs, so much unlike those of the present day, the tyrannical, oppressive, selfish, and debauched—their-selves immortals though mortal beings, where are they? Heroes like Lakshmana, Bhishmu, Drona, Karna and Arjuna, whose very names were thy honour, whither are they gone? When will again arise sages like Janáka or Bálmikee, Veda-Byása or Manu, Patâujali or Goítama—saints, whose works and deeds have made them immortal, like the Phœnix of old! The irresistible scythe of Time has mowed them down, withal thy glories and power too. The hateful Crescent first forced in its way and did all but complete thy ruin.....

But "Providence protects the fallen!" the Cross at length took up the Moslem's pace, and redeemed (Heaven willing) the disabled and captive Queen. So MOTHER, despair not! The breath that once inspired thy latent spirits shall soon revive. A great aid is come to thee: weeping so long in the wilderness, thy sighs shall now be heard—The THEOSOPHIST shall lead thy sons along.

Such being the importance of the worthy *Journal* and its great originators,* the *Theosophical Society*, there arises this "Strange Revery" which I have made the heading of this article. It is a revery, indeed, but neither unaccountable nor inconsiderate—rather the issue of ardent deliberation,—to wit, a craving of the contributor to have himself enlisted as a Fellow of this great body. He seeks thereby no name or fame, before the public. A man of a philanthropic turn of mind, but in circumstances of life little favourable to the end, he desires but to gratify his desire to see himself moving within the "Universal Brotherhood of Humanity." He is not one of those "dark-lantern visages" that seeks to shed light but upon his own path, and cause all around an universal gloom; but one, whose soul generates in him an universal love. He is really of one mind with the Theosophists on questions of theology and sectarianism—or more properly, he is a *Hindu Brahmin* obeying the *Liberalism* of the Vedas. Thus, he considers himself in no way unfit, and is willing to follow the prescribed rules of the Society. Favored by such conclusions, and further, emboldened by the express statement in the last number of the *Journal* that "The Society's members represent the most varied nationalities and races, and were born and educated in the most dissimilar creeds and social conditions;" and also, that "a certain number have scarcely yet acquired any definite belief, but are in a state of expectancy;" the writer strengthens himself with the hope of success, and wishes the readers in general to watch the progress of affairs with eyes of generosity and hope.

Every man of Aryan descent should feel pride and rejoice with the fullest heart over the establishment of such a mouth-piece, and uphold to the utmost limit of his capacity this only medium of communication for him with all the contemporary advanced nations of both the East and the West. Does not this signalize a most remarkable epoch in the revival of the Aryan people? To all who are not blind, it most assuredly does. No hesitation, therefore, can there be, on the part of any sensible Hindu to resign himself into the hands of the great "Republic of Conscience," to enjoy God's free Light in company with those who have made that phrase their peculiar watchword.

Jeypore, November 7th.

Next month we will give an account of the splendid demonstration on the 29th ult. to commemorate the opening of the Theosophical Society's Library. It was a memorable event in Bombay.

Please write nothing on the face of Postal Cards, but our address.

* Our welcome contributor is a Rajput and imbued, apparently, with that chivalrous ardor which ever characterized that warrior race. While disclaiming for our journal or Society, all pretence of assuming the leadership, or aspiring to anything more than a very humble part in the great work of Indian national reform, we nevertheless affirm the sincerity of our motives, and publish without emendation our Brother's words, in the hope and belief that his noble patriotism will awaken responsive echoes all over the land. For the regeneration of India, must be effected by the efforts of her own children.—ED. THEOS.

AN OLD BOOK AND A NEW ONE.

The nineteenth century is the century of struggle and strife, *par excellence*; of religious, political, social, and philosophical conflict. The biologists could and would not remain silent witnesses of this memorable crisis. Clad from head to foot in the panoply of exact sciences; hardened in battles against ignorance, superstition and falsehood, they rushed to their places in the ranks of the fighters and as those having authority began the work of demolition.

But who destroys ought to rebuild; and exact science does nothing of the kind, at least so far as the question of the highest psychological aspirations of humanity is concerned. Strange to say, yet nevertheless an incontrovertible fact, the duty has fallen upon the daily augmenting body of Spiritualists, to sweep away the mangled debris of the warfare, and rebuild from the ruins of the past something more tangible, more unassailable than the dreamy doctrines of theology. From the first, Spiritualism has fortified its positions by ocular demonstrations, slowly but surely replacing fanciful hypothesis and blind faith with a series of phenomena which, when genuine invite the crucial tests of the most exacting experimentalists.

It is one of the most curious features of the day, to see science in her double rôle of the aggressor and attacked. And it is a sight, indeed, to follow the steady advance of the columns of "infidelity" against the strong-holds of the Church, simultaneously with the pushing back of materialism towards its last intrenchments by the spiritualists. Both the fundamental doctrines of theology, and the cold negations of science, have of late been successfully assailed by learned and skilful writers. And, it can hardly be denied, that there are strong indications of wavering on the part of both the attacked parties, with an evident disposition to capitulate. The "Speaker's Commentary," followed by the new edition of the revised Bible, giving up as it despairingly does, the hitherto treasured Mosaic miracles, and the recent additions to the party of the Spiritualists of more than of one great man of science, are impressive facts. Canon Farrar, of Westminster Abbey, destroys the old-fashioned belief in the eternity of hell, and the veteran and learned philosopher, Dr. Fichte of Germany, dying, all but confesses his belief in the philosophy of Spiritualism! Alas, for the Philistines of Biology; this Goliath whom they but put forth as their champion was slain by a single medium, and the spear which seemed as big and strong "as a weaver's beam," has pierced their own sides!

"The most recent development of this double conflict is a work which comes just in time to palliate the evil effects of another one which preceded it. We refer to the "Mechanism of Man," by Mr. Sergeant Cox, following the "Die Anthropogenie" of Professor Haeckel. The latter had sown wind and reaped the whirlwind; and a furious hurricane it was at one time. The public had begun to look up to the Jena professor as to a new saviour from the "dark superstitions" of the forefathers. Reaction had come. Between the dying infallibility of the Churches, the not over-satisfactory results of Spiritualism, and, for the average masses, far too deep and philosophical researches of Herbert Spencer, Bain, and the great lights of exact Science the public was hesitating and perplexed. On the one hand, it had a strong, and ever growing desire to follow a progress that went hand in hand with science; but, notwithstanding its late conquests, science finds missing links at every step, dreary blanks in its knowledge, 'chasms' on whose brink its votaries shudder, fearing to cross. On the other hand, the absurdly unjust ridicule cast upon the believers in phenomena, held back the general public from personal investigation. True, the Church or rather the "schoolmen's philosophy," mis-called Christianity, as Huxley has it, was daily offering to compromise, and with but a slight effort of diplomacy one might remain within the fold, while disbelieving even in a personal devil, without risking to "smell of the taggot."

But the spell was broken and the prestige quite gone. For faith there is no middle ground. It must be either completely blind, or it will see too much. Like water, it ceases to be pure as soon as the smallest foreign ingredient is introduced.

The public is a big child; cunning yet trusting, diffident and yet credulous. Is it cause for wonder then, that while it hesitated between the conflicting parties, a man like Haeckel, vain and presumptuous, notwithstanding his great learning, ever ready to dogmatize upon problems for the solution of which humanity has thirsted for ages, and which no true philosophical mind will dare presume to answer conclusively—secured at one time the greatest attention for his *Anthropogeny*? Between men like Balfour Stewart, Dubois Raymond, and other

honest scientists, who confess their ignorance, and one who proclaims that he has solved every riddle of life, and that nature has disclosed to him her last mystery, the public will rarely hesitate. As one of Haeckel's critics remarks, a street quack, with his panacea medicine, will often secure a far more liberal and numerous audience than an honest and cautious physician. *Anthropogeny* has plunged more minds into a profound materialism than any other book of which we have knowledge. Even the great Huxley was at one time inclined (see "Darwin and Haeckel," *Pop. Science Monthly* for March 1875), more than was needed, to support Haeckel's views, and laud his book, which he called "a milestone indicating the progress of the theory of evolution," a "real live book, full of power and genius, and based upon a foundation of practical, original work, to which few living men can offer a parallel." Whether the father of *Protoplasm* continues to think so to this day, is a matter of little consequence, though we doubt it. The public, at least, was speedily disabused by the combined efforts of the greatest minds of Europe.

In this famous work of Haeckel's, not only is man refused a soul, but an ancestor is forced upon him, in the shape of the formless, gelatinous *Bathybius Haeckelii*,—the protoplasmic root of man—which dwelt in the slime at the bottom of the seas "before the oldest of the fossiliferous rocks were deposited." Having transformed himself, in good time into a series of interesting animals—some consisting of but one bowel, and others of a single nose (*Monorhinæ*), all evolved out of Professor Haeckel's fathomless ingenuity, our genealogical line is led up to, and stops abruptly at the *soulless* man!

We have nothing whatever against the physical side of the theory of evolution, the general theory of which we thoroughly accept ourselves; neither against Haeckel's worms, fishes, mammals, nor, finally, the tailless *anthropoid*—all of which he introduces to fill up the hiatus between ape and man—as our forefathers. No more do we object to his inventing names for them and coupling them with his own. What we object to is the utter unconcern of the Jena professor as to the other side of the theory of evolution: to the evolution of spirit, silently developing and asserting itself more and more with every newly perfected form.

What we again object to is that the ingenious evolutionist not only purposely neglects, but in several places actually sneers at the idea of a spiritual evolution, progressing hand in hand with the physical, though he might have done it as scientifically as he did the rest and—more honestly. He would thereby have missed, perhaps, the untimely praises of the protoplasmic Huxley, but won for his *Anthropogeny* the thanks of the public. *Per se*, the theory of evolution is not new, for every cosmogony—even the Jewish *Genesis*, for him who understands it—has it. And *Mann* who replaces special creation with periodical revolutions or *Pralayas*, followed, many thousands of years ago, the chain of transformation from the lowest animal to the highest—man, even more comprehensively if less scientifically (in the modern sense of the word) than Haeckel. Had the latter held more to the spirit of the modern discoveries of biology and physiology than to their dead-letter and his own theories, he would have led, perhaps, a new hegira of science separating itself violently from the cold materialism of the age. No one—not even the staunchest apostle of Positivism—will deny that the more we study the organisms of the animal world, and assure ourselves that the organ of all psychical manifestation is the nervous system, the more we find the necessity of plunging deeper into the metaphysical world of psychology, beyond the boundary line hitherto marked for us by the materialists. The line of demarcation between the two modes of life of the vegetable and animal worlds is yet *terra incognita* for every naturalist. And no more will any one protest against the scientifically established truism that intelligence manifests itself in direct proportion with the cerebral development, in the consecutive series of the animal world. Following then, the development of this system alone,—from the automatic motions produced by the simple process of what is called the *reflex action* of the ascidian mollusk, for instance, the *instinctive* motions of the bee, up to the highest order of mammals and ending, finally, with man—if we invariably find an unbroken ratio of steady increase in cerebral development, hence—a corresponding increase of reasoning powers, of intelligence,—the deduction becomes irresistible that there must be a spiritual as well as a physical evolution.

This is the A. B. C. of physiology. And are we to be told that there is no *further* development, no future evolution for man? That there is a prospect on earth for the caterpillar to

become a butterfly, for the tadpole to develop into a higher form, and for every bird to live after it has rid itself of its shell, while for man, who has evolved from the lowest to the highest point of physical and mental development on this earth, all further conscious, sentient development is to be arrested by the dissolution of his material organization? That, just as he has reached the culminating point, and the world of *soul* begins unfolding before his mind; just as the assurance of another and a better life begins dawning upon him; his memory, reason, feeling, consciousness, intelligence, and all his highest aspirations are to desert him in one brief moment, and go out into eternal darkness? Were it so, knowledge, science, life, and all nature itself, would be the most idiotic of farces? If we are told that such a research does not pertain to the province of positive sciences, that no exact and accurate deductions are to be made out of purely metaphysical premisses, then we will enquire, why should then deductions, as hypothetical deductions, from purely imaginary data, as in the case of Haeckel's *Bathybius* and tailless anthropoid, be accepted as scientific truths, as no such missing link has ever yet been found, any more than it has been proved that the unvertebrated *moner*, the grand parent of the lovely *amphioxus*, or that philosophical recluse—the *Bathybius*, ever existed?

But now, peace to the ashes of our direct ancestor! The venerable Professor Virchow, backed by an army of infuriated naturalists, passing like the powerful *khamzin*, the wind of the desert, over the plains of hypothetical speculations, destroyed all our best hopes for a closer acquaintance with our noble relatives of the slimy ooze. Beginning with *Bathybius*, whom he dragged out of his see-mud—to show he was not there—the Berlin savant evinced no more respect for the *Simiac Catarrhinae*, (our tail-blessed ancestor) whom he hurled back into non-being. He went further and crushed out of existence even the beautiful tailless ape—the missing link! So strong was the reaction of thought as to the merits of Haeckel's work, that it well nigh knocked off his legs even the innocent though first cause of *Anthropogeny*—the great Charles Darwin, himself.

But the mischief is done, and it requires mighty powerful restoratives to bring the ex-admirers of Haeckel back to a belief in the human soul. Sergeant Cox's "The Mechanism of Man: An Answer To The Question: What Am I?" now in its third edition, will remain as one of the most powerful answers to the soul-destroying sophistry of Haeckel and his like. It is quite refreshing to find that a work upon such an unwelcome subject—to the men of science—a book which treats of psychology and its phenomena, is so eagerly welcomed by the educated public. In reviewing it, a London weekly very truly remarks that, "The Scientists have had a capital time of it lately; they have been able to raise a cloud of doubts about the most serious questions of life; but they have not been able to solve one of the difficulties they raised." Into the arena which they occupied few men dared to enter and withstand them, so that the hoarse cry the Scientists raised has gone echoing far and wide, that the old foundations of belief in Immortality were myths, fit for weakminded people. In Sergeant Cox, however, the timid believers have found champion able to fight the Scientists with their own weapons; able to pursue the theories raised by them to their ultimate conclusions; able to unmask the pretentious arrogance of men who would destroy simply because they cannot appreciate; men who would pull down, but cannot build up anything to take the place of the wrecked structure." But we will now let the author speak for himself:

"The Scientists began by denial of the facts and phenomena, not by disproof of them; by argument *a priori* that they cannot be and therefore are not. That failing, the next step was to discredit the witnesses. They were not honest; if honest they were not competent; if competent by general intelligence and experience, in the particular instances they were the victims of illusion or delusion. That is the present position of the controversy. The assertion is still repeated here, with entire confidence, that the Mechanism of Man is directed and determined by *some* intelligent force within itself; that the existence of that force is proved by the facts and phenomena attendant upon the motions of that mechanism in its normal and its abnormal conditions; that this force is by the same evidence proved to be the product of *something* other than the molecular mechanism of the body; that this *something* is an entity distinct from that molecular structure, capable of action beyond and apart from it; that this *Something* is what is called SOUL, and that this soul lives after it has parted from the body."

This subject, that man *has* a soul—which so many men of science, especially physicians and physiologists deny—is treated in the work under notice with the utmost ability. Num-

berless new avenues—as the result of such a knowledge when proved—are opened to us by this able pioneer; and under his skilful treatment that hope which was blighted for the moment by the brutal hand of Positivism, is rekindled in the reader's breast, and death is made to lose its terrors. So confident is the author that upon the solution of this enigma—which is one but to those who will not see—depend the most important questions to humanity, such as disease, old age, chronic and nervous sufferings, many of which are now considered as beyond human help, that he thinks that a perfect acquaintance with psychology will be of that utmost help in treating even the most obstinate diseases. He pointedly reminds his reader that,

"It seems scarcely credible, but it is literally true that the most learned physician cannot tell us by what process any one medicine he administers performs its cures! He can say only that experience has shown certain effects as often found to follow the exhibition of certain drugs. But he certainly does not know *how* those drugs produce those effects. It is strange and distressing to observe what irrational prejudices still prevail in all matters connected with the physiology of body and mind, and their mutual relationship and influences, even among persons otherwise well informed and who deem themselves educated. It is still more strange that not the least prejudiced nor the least instructed in these subjects are to be found in the profession whose business it is to keep the human machine in sound working condition."

Sergeant Cox need scarcely hope to count the practicing physicians among his admirers. His last remark is more applicable to Chinese medicine, whose practitioners are paid by their patients only so long as they preserve their health, and have their pay stopped at the first symptom of disease in their patrons—than in Europe. It seems rather the "business," of the European doctor to keep the human machine in an *unsound* condition." Human suffering is for European physicians, as the torments of purgatory the priest—a perennial source of income.

But the author suggests that "the cause of this ignorance of the laws of life, of Mental Physiology and of Psychology" is that "they are not studied as we study the structure which that Life moves and that Intelligence directs." He asks whether it has "never occurred to the Physician and the Mental Philosopher that possibly in the laws of life, in the physiology of mind, in the relationship of the conscious Self and the body, more even than in the structure itself, are to be found the causes of many of the maladies to which that structure is subject. Therefore, that in the investigation of these laws the secret is to sought of the operation of remedies, rather than in the molecular structure where for centuries the Doctors have been exclusively hunting for them with so little success?"

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, of New York, the famous professor of diseases of the mind and nervous system, experimented for years with the celebrated "Perkins' tractors," metal discs, whose fame at one time nearly came to grief, through the cunning fraud of an English speculator. This man, who was making a specialty of the metallic treatment, was detected in imitating the expensive gold, silver, copper, and nickel rings, with rings of wood painted or gilded. But the results were not changed; patients were cured! Now this is a clear case of psychological and mesmeric power. And Dr. Hammond himself calls it "*nothing more than the power of one mind over another.*" This noted materialist is thoroughly convinced that if one person suggests an idea to another who has complete faith in that person's power, the one acted upon will experience all the sensations the operator may suggest to him. He has made a number of experiments and even published presumably learned papers upon the subject. And yet Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and occult psychological phenomena in general, upon the investigation of which Sergeant Cox lays the greatest stress, have no bitterer enemy or more active opponent than the New York celebrity. We need only recall his dogmatic attitude in the case of Miss Mollie Fancher, of Brooklyn, a respectable young girl who, according to the statement of Dr. Charles E. West, has lived without any food for over nine years. This extraordinary girl never sleeps—her frequent trances being the only rest she obtains; she reads sealed letters as though they were open; describes distant friends; though completely blind, perfectly discriminates colours; and finally, though her right hand is rigidly drawn up behind her head, by a permanent paralysis, makes embroidery upon canvas, and produces in wax, without having taken a lesson in the art, and with neither a knowledge of botany nor even models to copy, flowers of a most marvellously natural appearance. In the case of this phenomenal patient, there are numbers of thoroughly reliable and well educated witnesses to

testify for the genuineness of the phenomenn. The joint testimony of several respectable clergymen, of Professor West, of Mr. H. Parkhurst, the astronomer, and of such physicians as Dr. Speir, Ormiston, Kissam and Mitchell, is on record. With all this examined and proved, Dr. Hammond, notwithstanding his personal experience of the "power of mind over matter," had not a jot to give the reporter in explanation of the phenomenon, but the words "humbug!...a clear case of deception!...Simply the deception of a hysterical girl, Sir"... "But has she deceived all these clergymen and physicians, and for years?" inquired the reporter.

"Oh, that's nothing. Clergymen are the most gullible men in the world, and physicians who have not made a study of the nervous diseases are apt to be imposed upon by these girls"... (The *N. Y. Sun*, of Nov. 25th, 1878).

We doubt whether even Sergeant Cox's able book, though he is President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain and ought to be a competent witness, will make any more impression upon such a mind as that of the physician Hammond than a ball of snow upon the rock. And since the multitude suffers itself to be led by such sciolists as he, this able book may have to wait another generation before receiving that meed of appreciation which it merits. And yet, no author treating on psychology has ever built up with more scientific precision or force of argument his proofs of the existence of a soul in man, and its manifestation in the "mechanism of man." He concludes the work with the following remarks:

"Scientists may sneer at Psychology as being visionary science, based upon mere assumption and dealing with that whose very existence is problematical. But its subject matter is as real as that with which they deal. Even were it not so, the more important it would be that the study of it should be pursued, with an honest endeavour to ascertain if the foundation on which it is erected be sound or baseless—that if, after due investigation, it be found to be false, the world may cease from a vain labor; but that, if it be proved a truth, Man may have the blessed assurance that, as a *fact* and not merely as a *faith*, he has a Soul and inherits an Immortality."

We wish all such learned authors completest success in their noble efforts to bring back humanity to the Light of Truth—but we have but little hope for the XIXth century.

NOCTURNAL THOUGHTS

ON NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

We begin with a strange story from the *Gainesville Eagle*—an American journal:—

"Some time ago Dr. Stephenson was prospecting the vast hornblende and chloritic slate formation between Gainesville and Jefferson, and found a singular rock on the land of Mr. Frank Harrison, which he considers one of the most interesting and inexplicable productions of the laws of chemical affinity. The boulder of hornblende weighs nearly a ton, is black, and crystalized through it in seams about one-eighth of an inch thick of white quartz are the figures 1791. They are about four inches long and placed at equal distances from each other. It is common in all plutonic rock to see seams of quartz traverse the granite, gneiss, hornblende and other classes of rocks in various directions, from one-eighth of an inch to a foot or more, which sometimes cross each other, but never with the regularity and symmetry of this. It has not been one thousand years since the Arab invented our numerals, from 1 to 10, and we find here in perfect form the same figures, made by the laws of chemical affinity on the oldest rocks, which formed the crust of the earth countless millions of years before there was a vegetable or animal existence."

It may be a meaningless freak of nature, and it may be the freak of a sensational and not over scrupulous reporter: either is possible, and a great caution is certainly required, before we credit such an extraordinary piece of news. But what is a freak of nature? The effect of a natural cause; not even a "freak" can happen otherwise. And yet, when this cause is evident who ever presumes to go any deeper into its origination? Not the scientists; for these generally leave the prior causes to take care of themselves. Some superstitious souls and the Christians might attribute the mysterious figures to some occult and even a most intelligent cause. Some may see a connection between them and the French revolution; others with the finger of God Himself, who traced them for some unfathomable reason, to seek to penetrate which would be a sacrilege. But now, times and men are changed. The strong-backed, convenient maid-of-all-work called "Will of God" and "Providence," upon which these amiable and unconscious blasphemers (regarded as very pious Christians) pile all the garbage and evils of imperfect nature—has a time of rest. The All-Perfect is no more held

responsible for every calamity and inexplicable event, except by a few of the above-named pious souls. Least of all by the men of science. The Christian "Will of God" in company with the Mahomedan *Kismet* are handed over to the emotional Methodist and the irrepressible Moolah.

Hence, the cause of the figures—if figures there are—comes within the category of scientific research. Only, in this case, the latter must be taken in its broadest sense, that which embraces within the area of natural sciences psychology, and even metaphysics. Consequently, if this story of the marvellous boulder should prove something more than a newspaper hoax, originating with an idle reporter, we will have, perhaps, some comments to offer. We may then, strengthen our arguments by giving a few sentences from a curious manuscript belonging to a Fellow of the Theosophical Society in Germany, a learned mystic, who tells us that the document is already on its way to India. It is a sort of diary, written in those mystical characters, half ciphers, half alphabet, adopted by the Rosicrucians during the previous two centuries, and the key to which, is now possessed by only a very few mystics. Its author is the famous and mysterious Count de St. Germain; he, who before and during the French Revolution puzzled and almost terrified every capital of Europe, and some crowned Heads; and of whom such a number of weird stories are told. All comment, now, would be premature. The bare suggestion of there being anything more mysterious than a blind "freak" of nature in this particular find, is calculated to raise a scornful laugh from every quarter, with the exception, perhaps of some Spiritualists—and their natural allies, the Theosophists.

Our space is scant, so we will make room for another, and far more extraordinary story, endorsed by no less a personage than Marshal Mac-Mahon, ex-President of the Republic of France, and credited—as in religious duty bound—by some hundred millions of Roman Catholics. We admit it the more willingly since, had any such story originated with either the Theosophists or the Spiritualists, it would have been straightway ridiculed and set down as a cock-and-bull fable. But circumstances alter cases—with the Catholics; none, however skeptical at heart, will dare laugh (above his breath) at a story of supernatural "miracles" worked by the Madonna and her Saints, or by Satan and his imps. For such "miracles" the Church holds a patent. The fact tacitly conceded, if not always secretly believed, by such a tremendous body of Christians for any one to discredit the power of the devil, even in this age of free thought, makes him ranked at once with the despised *infidels*. Only the Spiritualists and Theosophists have made themselves culpable in the eyes of the panegyrist of reason, and deserve to be called "lunatics" for believing in phenomena produced by *natural* causes. Even Protestants are warned against pool-poohing the story we here quote; for they too, are bound by their Calvinistic and other dogmas to believe in the power of Satan—a power accorded the Enemy of Man by the ever inscrutable—"Will of God."

A STARTLING STORY: MARSHAL McMAHON'S STRANGE ADVENTURE IN ALGIERS,—is the sensational title given to the letter of a correspondent, by the *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore (Sept. 13, 1879), in copying it from the *New-York World*. We print the narrative in full:

"Sir—One day when talking with a well-known man in London, the subject of Spiritualism came up. Referring to the late Emperor Napoleon's belief in the great delusion of the day, my friend told me that he was once at a grand dinner in Paris, at which many notables were present, and the following incident occurred. A member of the Imperial Court was telling about Mr. D. D. Home's exploits at the Tuileries; how that in his presence a table was caused to float from the floor to the ceiling with the Emperor seated upon it, and by no visible power; and other similar tales. When the gentleman had finished, Marshal MacMahon, who was present, said, 'That reminds me of an experience of mine,' which was as follows: 'It was when I was a sub-officer in Algiers that the affair I am about to speak of took place. The men of my command were mostly natives, and we had been much troubled by the large number of deaths and mysterious disappearances which had taken place among them, and we had taken great pains to find out the causes, but were unable to do so. I had understood that the men were given to the practice of necromancy and the worship of strange gods. Indeed, I had myself seen many remarkable feats performed by them, and it was therefore no great surprise to me when an old sergeant, who had heard me express my intention to ferret out the mysteries, came to me and, in a timid manner, suggested that it was generally believed by the soldiers that a certain corporal could tell more about them than any one else if he chose. This corporal I had noticed as a man who did his duty perfectly, but had little or nothing to say to any one, and always went about alone. He was from the interior of Africa, tall, gaunt, with long, clear-cut fea-

tures of remarkably stern expression, and the most remarkable eyes I ever beheld. Indeed, it was not extraordinary that he should be said to have 'the evil eye,' for if any one ever possessed that power it was he.

Bent on finding out the mysteries, I sent for the corporal, and told him that I had understood that he could tell me about them and that he must do it. At first he appeared confused, and began to mutter to himself, finally saying he knew nothing about the matter; but, when I, putting on my sternest look, told him that I knew he could make an explanation, and that, unless he did so, I would have him punished, he drew himself up, and, giving me a long and penetrating look, said that being punished would make no difference to him, but that, if I was so anxious to know the mysteries, I must go with him alone to a certain place at midnight, when the moon was in the third quarter, if I had courage enough to do so without telling any one of my object or trip, and that then he would show me the causes of the deaths and disappearances; otherwise, he would tell me nothing, punish him as I might. Without acceding to or refusing his strange request, I dismissed him, and, pondering on his proposal, I walked towards the mess. The place the corporal had mentioned was a clump of half a dozen trees, situated about three-quarters of a mile outside of our lines on the edge of the desert. At first, I was inclined to think that it was a plot to rob or murder me, and my impulse was to think no more of it; accordingly, I told the officers at the mess, and various was the advice I received, some to go and some not. However, on thinking the matter over, I resolved not to appear afraid to go at any rate; so, after having quietly examined the spot to see if there were any pit-falls or chances for ambush, and finding the ground smooth and solid and no chance for approach in any direction without discovery, I resolved to go, and, sending for the corporal, told him my intention of accepting his proposal. As he turned away, I noticed his eyes gleam with almost fiendish delight, which was not calculated to reassure me. On the appointed night, I started out with him, and nothing was said by either until we reached the spot; here his manner suddenly changed, and, from the subdued and almost servile bearing of the soldier, became stern and authoritative. Then he ordered me to remove everything metallic from my person; at this I felt sure that he had a plan to rob me, but, as I had gone too far to withdraw, and partly thinking it might be only a part of his performance to require this, I accordingly took off my sword, and my purse and watch from my pockets, and hung them on a convenient branch, thinking this would be enough; but he insisted that I must remove everything metallic or all would be in vain. I then took off everything except my underclothing, and said all was gone. At this he appeared pleased, and stripped himself entirely, then, drawing a circle around himself on the ground, he commanded me that, whatever should happen, I should not venture within it.

He then said he was prepared and would make everything clear to me provided I said nothing and did nothing. Then, naked as he was, standing on the grass, he began a series of incantations, and, standing up straight in front of me, and looking me in the eye, he suddenly became rigid and as suddenly disappeared like a flash. Until then the moon was shining brightly around, and his form stood out clear-cut against the sky, but as I rubbed my eyes to look, it suddenly became dark and a clap of thunder sounded, after which it became clear again, and as it did so a column of smoke arose from where the man had stood. This gradually resolved itself, strange to say, into the man himself, but he appeared transfigured; his face, which before was stern, had now become fiendish and terrible, and his eyes flashed fire. As I looked, his gaze transfixed me and my hair began to rise. As his look continued I heard screams as of agony, and his expression suddenly changing to one of terror, he cried, pointing to my breast, 'You have lied.' As he said this there was flash of light with a loud report, and he had again disappeared, and all was clear moonlight around. As he had pointed to my breast, I involuntarily put my hand up and felt a little leaden medal of the Virgin under my shirt, which I had quite forgotten when removing my clothes. Almost thunder struck with the whole scene, seeing no man visible and fearing then an attack, I rushed to the tree where my things were, I seized my sword, and was astonished to find it so hot that I could hardly hold it. Calling aloud the man's name, I ran quickly around the clump of trees and looked in vain in every direction for him. The moon was then shining brightly, and any dark figure running or lying down could easily be seen on the light sand. Seizing my clothes I hastily pulled them on and ran as fast as I could to the barracks. At once I called out the guard and, mounting myself, gave orders to scour the country in every direction, and bring every one found to me. But it was all in vain, for after hours searching no traces could be found of any one, and all I had for my pains was that the men, surprised at my sudden appearance and strange orders, simply supposed that I had become temporarily insane. I said nothing, however, and the next day after roll-call the corporal was reported absent. I had search quietly made for him for some time, but he has never turned up from that day to this. Silence reigned for some time at that table, various dignified heads were scratched and quizzical expressions assumed. Finally the silence was broken by the question, 'How do you account for it, Marshal?' The Marshal quietly smiled, and said, 'I don't account for it.' 'And your watch?' said another gentleman. 'Ah,' replied the Marshal, 'that is what I consider the most remarkable thing. The next day when I went back to the place I not only found my watch and the remainder of my things, but the corporal's things were also there, and the whole place seemed undisturbed.'

E. B.

Unlike the Marshal, we have something to say. The Spiritualists would advance a very easy and well known theory to "account" for it, and the Theosophists—though, perhaps, slightly modifying it, would follow suit. But then, they would have the great body of Roman Catholics against them. Their theory, or, shall we say, "infallible dogma"—is, if the story be true, that the Arab corporal had sold his soul to the Father of Evil. But, though presumably all powerful for mischief, old Nick found his match in the leaden charm, or medal of the Virgin; and, gnashing his teeth had to take to his heels before the presence of the image of the Queen of Heaven. Well, one theory is as good as any other when we come to hypotheses. But then,—the infidels might ask—why not give a slight extra stretch to that divine power, and rid humanity at once and for ever of that eternal mischief-maker, who, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour"? Weak is humanity and faltering the steps of man! Why not, at one clip, save it from the snares of the devil; the more so as humanity, if incapable of resisting such a power, is weak through no fault of its own, but again because it so pleased kind Providence? Surely, if a simple leaden amulet has such the virtue of putting to flight the devil, how much more ought the blessed Virgin herself to do. Especially, since of late she has taken to visiting in person and so often the famous grotto at Lourdes.

But then—dreadful thought!—how could the wicked be sentenced to eternal perdition? Whither could the sinner direct his trembling steps, when once that kingdom "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched" is annexed by the Romish Imperial Raj of Heaven? Impassable chasm, sharp horns of a dilemma! So long as it bears its name, Christianity cannot get rid of the devil, without, so to say committing a most dreadful, unthinkable suicide. Some years ago the pious and holy Cardinal, Father Ventura de Raulica expressed his opinion upon the subject. "To demonstrate," he says, "the existence of Satan, is to re-establish one of the fundamental dogmas of the Church, which serve as a basis for Christianity, and without which it would be but a name..." And, the very Catholic Chevalier Agénor des Mousseaux adds,—Satan is "the Chief Pillar of Faith..... But for him, the Saviour, the Crucified, the Redeemer, would be but the most ridiculous of supernumeraries, and the Cross an insult to good sense." (*Moeurs et Pratiques des Demons*—p. 10.)

Thus we see that the next and most logical move of the infallible Church would be to institute a yearly vote of thanks—a *Te Deum*—to the Devil. This happy thought is not copyrighted, and his Holiness is welcome to it.

The more so, as it seems that again, for some inscrutable and providential reasons better known in heaven than comprehended upon earth, not only the Devil, but even simple mortals are allowed to do the deeds of darkness. In the following horrifying trick, played lately at the above mentioned miracle working grotto of Lourdes, we find the "Protectress" utterly incapable of protecting even herself. We copy this sad tale of human infamy also from our pious contemporary—*The Catholic Mirror*:

DESECRATION AT LOURDES.—A very strange story comes to us from France—a story difficult to credit, but our authority is trustworthy. All who have been to the miraculous shrine at Lourdes must have been struck by the number of trophies that are the offerings of pious pilgrims, or that the quick recurring miracles have collected in the place. There is a touching appropriateness in the devotion that makes the grateful pilgrim offer at the shrine the mementoes of his disease which the mercy of heaven have rendered useless. All the walls at Lourdes were hung with crutches, and wooden legs, and wooden arms, to which scrolls were attached with dates and names authenticating the miracles. These trophies, it appears, excited the malignity of the unbelievers. It was a hard thing to scoff at the miracles with such visible testimony of their truth before the eyes of the world. Therefore it was resolved that the testimony must be destroyed. In the dead of the night some miscreants penetrated to the shrine, the religious trophies were collected in a heap and set in flames. They were reduced to ashes. A beautiful rose tree that sprang from a cleft in the rocks was destroyed by the fire, and the face of the statue of the Virgin was scorched and blackened by the smoke. It would be difficult in all history to find a parallel for this dastardly and disgraceful outrage by these "apostles of reason and liberty."

The "apostles of reason and liberty" are criminals, and ought to be punished—as incendiaries. But the majesty of the Law once vindicated, ought they not, as "apostles of reason" to be allowed to respectfully put a few questions to their judges? As, for instance: how is it that "our blessed Lady of Lourdes," so prompt at producing "miracles" of the most astounding character, passively suffered such an appalling personal outrage? That was just *the* moment to show her power, con-

found the "infidels," and vindicate her "miracles." A better opportunity was never lost. As it is, the criminals scorch and blacken the face of the statue and—get away unscorched, even by the fire of (the Catholic) heaven. Really, it was very indiscreet in our contemporary to publish this story! Perhaps these "apostles" were the disciples and followers of the Zouave Jacob, whose fame as a healer is not inferior to that of our Lady of Lourdes and the miraculous water. Or, it may be, they had known J. R. Newton, the celebrated American mesmeric "healer," whose large reception rooms are always hung, and no less than the walls of the grotto, with "trophies" of his mesmeric power, "with crutches, wooden legs, and wooden.....arms" (?)—no! not with wooden *arms*, for this implies previous amputation of natural arms. And almost magical as are the healing powers of our respected friend Dr. Newton, we doubt whether he has ever claimed the gift of endowing human beings with the extraordinary peculiarity of a cray-fish—*i.e.* of having a new arm to grow out of an amputated stump, as seems to have been the case at Lourdes,—according to the *Catholic Mirror*.

But it is not alone the wondrous "grotto" that proved powerless before the destructive element. The lightning (of God?) showed itself no more a respecter of the house of God and holy shrines than those firebolts, the "apostles of reason and liberty." The number of churches, camp-meeting tents, tabernacles and altars destroyed, during these last two years, by hurricane and lightning, in Europe and America, is appalling. And now:—

"The famous sanctuary of Madonna de Valmala, situated in the valley of the same name in Switzerland, was struck by lightning on Sunday, August 24, whilst the priest was saying Mass at the altar. Six people were struck down by the fatal fluid, one of whom, a little girl who was kneeling near her parents, was killed on the spot, and the others are injured beyond hope of recovery. Several persons who were near the door had the soles of their shoes torn off." (*Catholic Mirror*, Sept. 13th.)

Dear, dear! The little girl killed while kneeling in prayer, must have been a *very* wicked child,—perhaps the daughter of an "apostle of reason,"—and all the rest "sinners." Truly inscrutable are thy ways, O kind Providence! Not understanding, we have but to submit. Moreover, to fully satisfy our doubts, and tranquilize our unrestful brains, we have but to bear in mind that which the good and pious Jesuit *padres* of St. Xavier's College, Bombay—known throughout Christendom as the most acute of logicians—teach us: namely, that it is but in the wicked logic of men that 2 and 2 necessarily make 4; God, for whom everything is possible, is not so circumscribed: if it pleases Him to command that by a miracle 2 x 2 should become 5, why, even Sir Isaac Newton would have to put up with the new formula.

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