

# 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, JANUARY 1st, 1880.

The Editors disclaim responsibility for opinions expressed by contributors in their articles. Great latitude is allowed correspondents, and they alone are accountable for what they write.

Much confusion is created by the habit of sending postal money-orders in separate envelopes without giving in the preceding letter of advice the number, sum, and name of office from which the order has been taken. Several such cases have occurred since the issue of the December number, and the only course is for the Publisher to wait until notified by the subscribers of the non receipt of their expected copies.

The reproduction of Mr. W. H. Harrison's illustrated article upon the recent London experiments upon the weight of a medium, adverted to in last month's issue, is postponed for the present; two members of the Committee in charge of the experiments having announced that the publication was ill-advised and calculated to mislead.

Most opportunely there comes a communication upon the missionary question, which will be found elsewhere. The writer, one of the most estimable ladies in India, is wife of Lt.-Col. William Gordon, F.T.S., Staff Corps, District Superintendent of Police, Mambhoom, Bengal. A recent letter of hers to the *Pioneer*, upon the subject of Spiritualism, occasioned a very active discussion; and since she now expresses the opinion of all Anglo-Indians as regards missionary work in India it is probable that the public will be favored with a much needed ventilation of a gross abuse of long standing. A false delicacy has hitherto prevented this matter from being gone into as its importance deserves. It is a pity to see so many sacrifices made by good people at the West merely to support a party of inefficient in the profitless because hopeless occupation of trying to persuade the people of India and other Asiatic countries to relinquish their ancestral faith for one which the missionaries are utterly unable to defend when questioned by even tolerably educated 'heathen.' The money is sorely needed at home to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and rescue the vicious from their state of lawlessness and degradation. It does no good here—except to the missionary.

## DEATH OF MR. SERJEANT COX.

Great consternation was caused at the Middlesex sessions on Tuesday, by the announcement, before the commencement of the business of the day, of the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Serjeant Cox, the presiding judge in the second court at these sessions.

Mr. Edward William Cox, Serjeant-at-law, was the eldest son of the late Mr. William C. Cox. He was born in the year 1809, so that he would be in his 71st year. He was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1843, and raised to the degree of a Serjeant-at-law in 1868.

Than Mr. Serjeant Cox no man was better known in all London. At the Middlesex Sessions he has been judge for nine years. As one of the few still remaining wearers of the eolif, he was a marked man amongst lawyers. He owned more papers than any man in England, and most of them, like the *Field*, the *Law Times*, and the *Queen*, have an unassailable position.

He was a philosopher, and made psychology his special study, having written a portly work of two volumes called "What am I?" as an introduction to the study of philosophy. He was also an elocutionist, and not only read in public, but wrote a work which was intended to explain to other people how to read and how to speak. Over and above all this, he was an ardent Spiritualist, and fought the

materialists hand to hand with the evidence he thought he had of a spiritual world.

The death was sudden. Late in the afternoon he had sentenced a convicted prisoner to undergo a term of imprisonment. After dinner he, though a man of 70, went out to help in a penny reading. He came home, entered his library, sat in his chair, and died of heart disease. His death leaves a vacancy at the Middlesex Sessions, a vacancy in the magisterial bench of magistrates, a void in the philosophical world, and inflicts a heavy blow on the votaries of Spiritualism. It leaves, too, so much the less good-fellowship and geniality in the world.

We little thought when reviewing "in our last issue, "The Mechanism of Man" it would so soon become our melancholy duty to record the death of its talented author.

A recent German paper states that at Gaudenfrel, the well-known artist and glass-spinner, Prengel, of Vienna, has established his glass business, consisting of carpets, cuffs, collars, veils, &c., manufactured of glass: by means of very ingenious processes, he not only spins but also weaves glass with great facility, so that he is enabled to change the otherwise brittle glass into pliable thread, and with this material he makes good, warm clothing. This, it is asserted, is accomplished by introducing certain ingredients into the glass, thereby changing the entire nature of the material. White, curly glass muffs, and ladies' hats of softest glass feathers, are among the productions in this line already in use. An interesting feature mentioned of this glass material is that it is actually lighter than feathers, and it is also stated that wool made of this new material bears such an exact resemblance to the genuine article that it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other. The comparative cost of this new substance, when thus manufactured into wearing and other goods, is not stated.

An interesting archaeological discovery has just been made in the Government of Yoltawa (Russia). The *Kievlianine*, announces that the well known antiquarian, Mr. Kebabitch, has just excavated an enormous settlement of the primitive men, on the shores of the river Troubej, near the village Selishtoch, in the district of Pereyaslav. So far there have been found 2 stone implements, used to break bones with; 372 specimen pieces of stone arrows and knives; 2 clay, rudely fashioned "boulinas"; 26 pieces of fossil bones of men and animals; 8 pieces of charred wood; 17 pieces of broken pottery, ornamented with vertical lines and holes; 5 bronze arrow heads (or tips); 2 glass (?) "boulinas"; and an iron link from a chain-mail (*Sic*). "As far as we know," says a St. Petersburg paper, "this is the only spot in Southern Russia which has given such rich scientific results in relation to the stone age of the men who inhabited that place."

Paris is undoubtedly one of the best places in the world for the study of that Protean malady, hysteria; two years ago the "Charité" could display a fasting girl who might have held her own against any of the female saints of the middle ages, and who thrived on the diet that proved fatal to her Welch sister. Now M. Dujardin-Beaumont has discovered a "femme lithographique" in whom the lightest contact gives rise to an urticarious eruption. Upon tracing his name upon her flesh the letters immediately appear in red relief, and this is accompanied by a local rise of temperature of from 1° to 2°.

There is complete anesthesia of the whole body. Those who have studied the occult sciences know that this last symptom used to be a mark of demoniacal possession, and it will be remembered that the mother superior of the bewitched convent of Loudun could produce on her arms the raised names of the devils who infested her body. A few years

ago the spiritualists of Toronto used to converse with their departed friends by the same means through the arms of a servant girl of that city; and the similar phenomenon is observed with 'mediums'. It will be well, therefore, to weigh thoroughly the claims of the supernatural before giving a scientific explanation of the phenomenon, and it would perhaps be better to look on the "femme lithographique" as an embryonic St. Catherine, rather than run the risk of being considered an atheist by explaining away stigmatisation by a theory of periodic urticaria.

## ARYA PRAKASH.

YOGA VIDYA.

By F. T. S. :

History affords many proofs that even inanimate objects, such among others, as huge bronze and marble statues, may be differently polarized, and illustrate the condition of *Laghina*. It being an established maxim that it is easy to learn from an enemy, let us first call the Heathen-hating, Pope-adoring bigot Des Mousseaux of France, to the witness-stand. This contemporary champion of Roman Catholicism is a voluminous and sharp writer, but in his eagerness to prove the divinity of his own religion unwittingly gives the most numerous proofs of the superiority of the despised Heathen in psychological science. True, he ascribes every phenomenon to the Devil, but few readers of this journal will be frightened by this poor tattered 'bogey.' In his "Les Hauts Phenomenes de la Magic" he admits that "several thousand" of these animated statues are noticed by unexceptionable witnesses, and bids us stand aghast at these evidences of diabolical interference in the affairs of men. He quotes from Titus Livy the account of the statue of Juno at Veii—the Etruscan rival of Rome—which miraculously answered the taunting question of a Roman soldier at the sack of the city by Camillus. "Juno" said the soldier "will it please you to quit the walls of Veii and settle yourself at Rome?" The statue inclined its head to signify assent, and then audibly replied, "Yes, I will;" whereupon, being lifted upon the shoulders of the conquerors, the huge image "seemed instantly to lose its weight, and rather follow them, as if it were, than make itself carried." According to Dionysius of Halicarnassus (*Ant.*, book I, ch. xv.) the household gods (*penates*) carried away from the Troad to Lavinium and placed in a new temple rose from their pedestals and floated back to their old places, though the temple doors were fast shut; and this happened a second time. In M. Brasseur de Bourbourg's "Histoire de Mexique" (Vol. II, p. 588, and V. III, p. 664) is mentioned a curious building—no less than a prison for gods. Herein were confined by chains and under secure bolts and locks, the tutelary gods of the people conquered by the Mexicans, under the belief that as long as these images could be prevented from transporting themselves back to their own countries, their several ward-nations would be kept under subjection; which proves that under its local Mexican name Patanjali's *Laghina* science was generally known to those ancient people of India's antipodes.

Lucian (*de Syria Dea*) describes a scene of which he was eye-witness in a temple of Apollo. When the god wished to express his will his statue would move on its pedestal; if not immediately taken, upon their shoulders, by the priests, it would sweat, and "come forth into the middle of the room." When being carried, the statue would become preternaturally light in weight, and once Lucian, the skeptic and priest-scoffer, saw it levitated. "I will relate" says he, "another thing also which he did in my presence. The priests were bearing him upon their shoulders—he left them below upon the ground, while he himself was borne aloft and alone into the air." In the mouth of such an unbeliever and shrewd observer as Lucian is known to have been, this testimony is of great importance.

We have thus purposely drawn upon other than Aryan or other cis-Himalayan sources for the proof we needed of the existence of a *Laghina* property in nature. Since our Indian youth are having so poor an opinion of their own literature they may be willing to see the case proved without recourse to it. And doubtless, after running around the circle of foreign authority, and then stooping to consult some humble *shastri* about the contents of the Veda and later home writings, they may

discover that their own ancestors were not such superstitious fools, after all, but did, in fact, give the Western world its entire patrimony of philosophy and spiritual science. Following out the same policy, let us transfer to these pages from those of the *Quarterly Journal of Science* (February, 1875), a list of æthrobats whom the Roman Catholics have canonized into saints, and which the Editor (Mr. Crookes) takes from the Bolandists' *Acta*, giving volume and page in each instance. Before doing so, however, we will premise by saying, for the benefit of our Oriental readers, who this Mr. William Crookes is. This gentleman is one of the most eminent living chemists of England, and among the best known throughout the Western world. His attention has for years been largely given to the application of chemical science to the development of the useful arts, and in this direction has done a deal of important and valuable work. He discovered (in 1863) the new metal *Thallium*, and gave to modern science that delicate little instrument, the Radiometer, which measures the force in the heat rays of a beam of light. One of the cleverest of the Fellows of the Royal Society, and Editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, he felt it his bounden duty, in the Summer of 1870, to investigate mediumistic phenomena and expose the fraud, if such it should prove to be. Before entering upon the inquiry, he laid down with minute particularity the tests that exact science would demand before accepting the phenomena as manifestations that a new force had declared itself. So sternly exacting did they seem, the whole scientific body applauded his intention, and prematurely rejoiced over the certain exposure of the 'humbug.' But the end was not to be as expected; the 'new force' beat Mr. Crookes completely, upset all his theories, confounded and shocked the Royal Society, immeasurably strengthened the spiritualist party, and gave such an impetus to this branch of scientific enquiry as to threaten a total reconstruction of Western ideas of Force and Matter. Though Mr. Crookes' inquiry first occupied itself with the simple percussive sounds, called 'raps,' it soon widened so as to embrace the visible apparition of 'materialized spirits,' and, later, the question of levitation.

The consideration of this part of the subject led to the appearance of the article from which we will now quote the above-mentioned list of æthrobats whom the Roman Catholic church has crowned as 'saints':

*Forty Levitated Persons, Canonized or Beatified.*

Name, Country, and Condition.	Date of Life.	Acta Sanct.	Vol.	Pages.
Andrew Salus, Scythian Slave...	880- 946	May	VI	16*
Luke of Soterium, Greek Monk...	890- 946	Feb.	II	85
Stephen I., King of Hungary...	978-1038	Sept.	I	541
Ladislaus I., Ditto (his grandson)	1041-1096	June	V	318
Christina, Flemish Nun ...	1150-1220	July	V	656
St. Dominic, Italian Preacher...	1170-1221	Aug.	I	405, 573
Lutgard, Belgian Nun ...	1182-1246	June	III	238
Agnes of Bohemia, Princess ...	1205-1281	March	I	522
Humilianna of Florence, Widow...	1219-1246	May	IV	396
Jutta, Prussian Widow Hermit...	1215-1264	May	VII	606
St. Bonaventura, Italian Cardinal	1221-1274	July	III	827
St. Thomas Aquinas, Italian Friar	1227-1274	March	I	670-1
Ambrose Sansedonius, Ithn. Priest	1220-1287	March	III	192
Peter Armengol, Spanish Priest	1238 1304	Sept.	I	334
St. Albert, Sicilian Priest ...	1240-1306	Aug.	II	236
Princess Margaret of Hungary...	1242-1270	Jan.	II	904
Robert of Solentum, Italian Abbot	1273-1341	July	IV	503
Agnes of Mt. Politian, Ithn. Abbess	1274-1317	April	II	794
Bartholus of Vado, Italian Hermit	1300	June	II	1007
Princess Elizabeth of Hungary ...	1297-1338	May	II	126
Catharine Columbina, Sp. Abbess	1387	July	VII	352
St. Vincent Ferrer, Sp. Missionary	1359-1419	April	I	497
Coleta of Ghent, Flemish Abbess	1381-1447	March	I	559, 576
Jeremy of Panormo, Sicilian Friar	1381-1452	March	I	297
St. Antonine, Archbp. of Florence	1389-1459	May	I	335
St. Francis of Paola, Missionary	1440-1507	April	I	117
Osanna of Mantua, Italian Nun	1450-1505	June	III	703, 705
Bartholomew of Anghiera, Friar	1510	March	II	665
Columba of Rieti, Italian Nun...	1468-1501	May	V	332-4*, 366*
Thomas, Archbishop of Valencia	1487-1555	Sept.	V	832, 969
St. Ignatius Loyola, Sp. Soldier...	1491-1556	July	VII	432
Peter of Alcantara, Spanish Friar	1499-1562	Oct.	VIII	672, 673, 687
St. Philip Neri, Italian Friar ...	1515-1595	May	VI	590
Salvator de Horta, Spanish Friar	1520-1567	March	II	679-80
St. Luis Bertrand, Sp. Missionary	1526-1581	Oct.	V	407, 483
St. Theresa, Spanish Abbess ...	1515-1582	Oct.	VII	399
John à Cruce, Spanish Priest ...	1542-1591	Oct.	VII	239
J. B. Piscator, Roman Professor	1586	June	IV	976
Joseph of Cupertino, Italian Friar	1603-1663	Sept.	V	1020-2
Bonaventure of Potenza, Ithn. Friar	1651-1711	Oct.	XII	154, 157-9

The compiler, Mr. Crookes adds the following reflections :

"As the lives of all these are pretty fully recorded, we have the means of drawing several generalisations. It is plain that all displayed the qualities most distinctive of the present "spirit-mediums," and many were accompanied from childhood by some of the same phenomena, though I find nothing resembling the "raps." The hereditary nature of their gifts is shown by the Hungarian royal family producing five examples; and it is also notable, on this head, that out of 40 there should not be one of British or French birth, although some of the most remarkable spent much of their lives in France, and all other Christian races seem represented. A feature absolutely common to the whole 40 is great asceticism. Only four married, and all were in the habit of extreme fasting, "macerating" their bodies either with hair-shirts or various irons under their clothes, and many of submitting to bloody flagellations. Again, all, without exception, were ghost-seers, or second-sighted; and all subject to trances, either with loss of consciousness only, or of motion and flexibility too, in which case they were often supposed dead; and the last in our list, after lying in state for three days, and being barbarously mutilated by his worshippers, for relief, was unquestionably finally buried alive.\* Many were levitated only in these unconscious states; others, as Joseph of Cupertino (the greatest æthrobat in all history), both in the trance and ordinary state, and (like Mr. Home) most frequently in the latter; while a very few, as Theresa, seem to have been always conscious when in the air. Several were, in certain states, fire-handlers, like Mr. Home. The Princess Margaret was so from the age of ten. Many had what was called the "gift of tongues," that is, were caused (doubtless in an obsessed state) to address audiences of whose language they were ignorant. Thus the Spaniard, Vincent Ferrer, is said to have learnt no language but his own, though he gathered great audiences in France, Germany, England, and Ireland. Connected with this, we should note how general a quality of these persons was eloquence. All the men (unless the two kings), and most of the women, were great preachers, though few wrote anything, except Bonaventura and Thomas in the thirteenth century, and Theresa in the sixteenth, who were the greatest Catholic writers of their ages. It is also very notable that the list contains the founders of six religious orders—the first special preaching order, Dominicans, the Jesuate Nuns, Minim Friars, Jo-suits, Carmelite Nuns, and Oratorians; and all of these, except the second, great and durable.

"The great majority of them, though often seen suspended, were at heights from the ground described only as "a palm," half a cubit, a cubit, and thence up to five or six cubits, or, in a few cases, eels. But the Princess Agnes and the Abbess Coleta were, like Elijah, carried out of sight, or into the clouds; and Peter of Alcantara and Joseph of Cupertino to the ceilings of lofty buildings. The times that these and others were watched off the ground often exceeded an hour; and the Archbishop of Valencia (1555) was suspended in a trance 12 hours, so that not only all the inmates of his palace and clergy, but innumerable lay citizens, went to see the marvel. On recovery, with the missal he had been reading in his hand, he merely remarked he had lost the place.† In this and all cases the subjects were either praying at the time, or speaking or listening to a particular religious topic that, in each case, is recorded to have generally affected that person either with trance or levitation. We have seen that Apollonius vanished on declaiming his favourite verse of Homer. So the topic of the Incarnation would cause Peter of Alcantara to utter a frightful cry, and shoot through the air "ut se'opeto emissus videtur;" that of Mary's birth would have a like effect on Joseph of Cupertino; and Theresa, after obtaining by prayer the cessation of her early levitations, was yet obliged to avoid hearing John à Cruce on the Trinity, finding that this topic would cause both him and her to be raised with their chairs from the floor. A contemporary painting of them in this position, beside the grating where it occurred, has been engraved in the volume above cited. Joseph of Cupertino, on entering any church having a Madonna or his patron, St. Francis, as an altarpiece, would be borne straight thereto, crying, "My dear mother!" or "My father!" and remain with his arms and robe so among the candles as to alarm all with the danger of his catching fire; but always flying back to the spot whence he had risen. Others were raised up to images or pictures, as the Abbess Agnes in early girlhood, often before a crucifix, "in tantum eam arripuit amor Sponsi sui, quod reliquâ terrâ tam altè fuit corpus suum purissimum sublevatum in aëre, quod ipsi imagini, supra altare in eminenti loco posite, se pari situ conjunxit; ubi osculans et amplexans, visa est super Dilectum suum innixa.

"Of invisible transfers to a distance, the only subjects seem to have been Columba of Rieti, said to have been carried from her mother's house in that town to the nunnery that afterwards received her at Spoleto, 20 miles distant; and the river transits of Peter of Alcan-

\* This appalling story of insane superstition, to be paralleled probably among no non-Catholic people on earth, will be found in *Acta Sanctorum Octobris*, vol. XII., p. 158-60.

† This prelate, the annual income of whose see was 18,000 ducats, had no sooner settled in his palace than he got rid of all luxurious furniture, and made it a hospital or poor-house; himself often sleeping on straw, if beds ran short for the paupers. Charles V. had named another person for this see, but the secretary to whom he was dictating mistook the name, and taking another paper said, "I imagined your Majesty to have said Thomas of Villanova, but the error will soon be rectified." The emperor said, "By no means; the mistake was providential; let it stand.

tara. The lives of Joseph of Cupertino, indeed, allege that the rare miracle of "geminatio corporis," or bodily presence in two distant places the same day, was twice vouchsafed to him while dwelling at Rome—once to assist at the death-bed of a named old man of his native village, whom he had promised to attend if possible; and again at the death of his mother. It is also related of the great Spanish sorcerer that, while the business of a jubilee detained him at Madrid (1556-9), a lady, Elvira de Caravajal, in Estremadura, declared her resolve to have no other confessor till Father Peter might be within reach; and the same day he presented himself at her castle, announcing that he had been brought expressly from Madrid, and that she ought not to choose confessors so distant. There is doubtless plenty of exaggeration, and many stories of this kind must be apocryphal, but the notable fact is that they are told only of the same persons as the fully-attested levitations and other phenomena parallel to the modern so-called Spiritism.\*

The student of Patanjali will remark two facts in connection with these air-walkers,—they were all ascetics, and not only were all but four unmarried, and, presumably, chaste, but inflicted upon their bodies the extreme rigors of maceration, that is to say that same stern repression of the physical appetites and desires which is common among our Indian Yogis and Samnyasis. Though they knew not the fact, they were in reality practising the extremest austerities of the Yoga system. Another fact will not fail to be observed, viz., that the thaumaturgic power was in several cases hereditary. We of the East know how often it happens that this abundance of psychical power passes down the generations in certain families—that, in short, there are 'horn magicians' as certainly as there are horn poets, painters, or sculptors. If we may credit the records of Western Spiritualism the quality of 'mediumship' is also known to run in families. Neither of these examples of heredity will surprise any student of either physiology or psychology, for the annals of the race are full of proof that the child is but the evolution of his double line of ancestors, with, in individual cases, a tendency to 'breed back' to some one relative on either the paternal or maternal side. Among the most interesting of English medical writers upon this subject is Dr. Charles Elam, of London. Though not a professed psychologist, he has collected in his "A Physician's Problems" some most valuable data for the student of that science, supplementing them with judicious and intelligent criticism. "The various races of men," he says, (*Op. cit.* p. 33.) "have characteristics quite as distinctly marked . . . But races consist of individuals; it is clear therefore, that to a certain extent individuals have the power of transmitting their own specific psychical nature." M. Giron, a great physiologist, remarks that "acquired capacities are transmitted by generation, and this transmission is more certain and perfect in proportion as the cultivation has extended over more generations." Sir H. Holland, Esquire, Dr. Virey, Montaigne, Riecken, Boethius, among moderns, and Hippocrates, Homer, Horace, Juvenal, among ancients, are a few of the great authorities who have noticed the constant assertion of this law of nature. Herodotus, the 'Father of History' to Western people who know nothing of our Indian literature, mentions the heritage of caste, of profession, and of moral and intellectual qualities. He speaks of Evenus as possessing the power of divination and transmitting it, as a natural consequence, to his son, Deiphonus. Men of Eastern birth may, in considering these facts, the more readily understand why so many more great psychologists and philosophers have flourished in this part of the world than at the West, where the rugged conditions of life, especially the climate, food, and the common use of stimulating beverages, have so largely tended to the development of the animal at the expense of the spiritual nature, ever since the exodus of people from the warm Eastern climes to settle those countries. The love of mystical study, and the tendency to practice ascetism are inherent in our blood, and absorbed through our mothers' milk. Generations after generations of white men pass away without producing a single adept of the Secret Science, while it would be hard to find a parallel to this in India—even in these degenerate days, when our cleverest young scholars are worshipping Western idols, and it almost seems as if the very recollection of Yoga and the Yogis were dying out of the popular mind.

According to the "Journal d'Hygiène," the heron has on its breast large greasy tufts, which secrete a whitish unctuous matter of a disgusting odor, but which has a remarkable power of attracting trout and probably other fishes. M. Noury on placing the breast of a heron in a net, has invariably found the net filled with trout.

## YOGA PHILOSOPHY.

(By Truth seeker.)

[The following communication, from a European Theosophist, will be read with attention and interest by Hindu students of Yoga. The references to 'Vital air,' 'wind,' 'tubular vessels,' 'moon-fluid of immortality,' 'chambers of the body,' and such like, may be incomprehensible to the materialist unfamiliar with the figurative nomenclature of mystics; but he who has advanced even a single pace along the road of self-development towards spirituality will comprehend easily enough what is meant by these terms.—ED. THEOS.]

In the *Dublin University Magazine* for Oct., Nov., Dec. 1853, and Jan. 1854, is a series of papers, entitled "The Dream of Ravan," containing much that is curious on this subject.

In the fourth paper, Jan. 1854, speaking of an ascetic it is said: 'Following his mystic bent he was full of internal visions and revelations. Sometimes according to the mystic school of Paithana, sitting crosslegged, meditating at midnight at the foot of a banyan tree, with his two thumbs closing his ears, and his little fingers pressed upon his eyelids, he saw rolling before him gigantic fiery wheels, masses of serpent shapes, clusters of brilliant jewels, quadrats of pearls, lamps blazing without oil, a white haze melting away into a sea of glittering moonlight, a solitary fixed swanlike fiery eye of intense ruddy glare, and, at length, the splendour of an internal light more dazzling than the sun. An internal, unproduced music (anahata) vibrated on his ear, and sometimes a sweet mouth, sometimes a whole face of exquisite beseeching beauty, would rise out of a cloud before his inward gnostic eye, look into his soul, and advance to embrace him.'

'At other times he followed the path laid down by the more ancient and profounder school of Alandi and strove to attain the condition of an illumined Yogi as described by Krishna to Arjuna in the 6th Adhyaya of that most mystic of all mystic books, the *Dnyaneshvari*,

### 'THE ILLUMINED.

'When this path is beheld, then hunger and thirst are forgotten, night and day are undistinguished in this path

'Whether one would set out to the bloom of the east or come to the chambers of the west, *without moving*, oh holder of the bow, *is the travelling in this road*. In this path, to whatever place one would go *that place one's ownself becomes!* How shall I easily describe this? Thou thyself shalt experience it.

'The ways of the tubular vessel (nerves) are broken, the nine-fold property of wind (nervous ether) departs, on which account the functions of the body no longer exist.

'Then the moon and the sun, *or that supposition which is so imagined*, appears but like the wind upon a lamp, in such a manner as not to be laid hold of. The bud of understanding is dissolved, the sense of smell no longer remains in the nostrils, but, together with the Power,\* retires into the middle chamber. Then with a discharge from above, the reservoir of moon fluid of immortality (contained in the brain) leaning over on one side, communicates into the mouth of the Power. Thereby the tubes (nerves) are filled with the fluid, it penetrates into all the members; and in every direction the vital breath dissolves thereinto.

'As from the heated crucible all the wax flows out, and it remains thoroughly filled with the molten metal poured in,

'Even so, that lustre (of the immortal moon-fluid) has become actually molded into the shape of the body, on the outside it is wrapped up in the folds of the skin.

\* Note from 'Dublin U. M.':—This extraordinary power which is termed elsewhere the World Mother—the casket of Supremo Spirit, is technically called Kundalini, serpentine or annular. Somethings related of it would make one imagine it to be electricity personified.

'As, wrapping himself in a mantle of clouds, the sun for a while remains and afterwards, casting it off, comes forth arrayed in light,

'Even so, above is this dry shell of the skin, which, like the husk of grain, of itself falls off.

'Afterwards, such is the splendour of the limbs, that one is perplexed whether it is a self-existent shaft of Kashmir porphyry or shoots that have sprouted up from jewel seed or a body moulded of tints caught from the glow of evening, or a pillar formed of the interior light.

'A vase filled with liquid saffron, or a statue cast of divine thaumaturgic perfection molten down. To me it appears Quietism itself, personified with limbs,

'Or is it the disc of the moon that, fed by the damps of autumn, has put forth luminous beams, or is it the embodied presense of light that is sitting on yonder seat?

'Such becomes the body; when the serpentine power drinks the moon (fluid of immortality, descending from the brain) then, O friend, death dreads the form of the body.

'Then disappears old age, the knots of youth are cut in pieces, and *The Lost State of Childhood reappears*. His age remains the same as before, but in other respects he exhibits the strength of childhood, his fortitude is beyond expression. As the golden tree from the extremity of its branches puts forth daily new jewel-buds, so new and beautiful nails sprout forth.

'He gets new teeth also, but these shine inexpressibly beautiful, like rows of diamonds set on either side. The palms of the hands and soles of the feet become like red lotus flowers, the eyes grow inexpressibly clear.

'As when, from the crammed state of its interior the pearls can no longer be held in by the double shell, then the seam of the pearl oyster rim bursts open, so, uncontainable within the clasp of the eyelids, the sight, expanding, seeks to go outwards; it is the same indeed as before but is now capable of embracing the heavens. *Then he beholds the things beyond the sea, he hears the language of paradise, he perceives what is passing in the mind of the ant.* He takes a turn with the wind, if he walk, his footsteps touch not the water.

'Finally,—

'When the light of the POWER disappears, then the form of the body is lost, he becomes hidden from the eyes of the world.

'In other respects, as before, he appears with the members of his body, but he is as one *formed of the wind*.

'Or like the core of the plantain tree standing up divested of its mantle of outward leaves, or as a cloud from which limbs have sprouted out.

'Such becomes his body, then he is called Kechara, or Sky-goer, this step being attained is a wonder among people in the body.'

The process here described seems similar to that described in the *Ouphuckhat*. 'With your heel stop the fundament, then draw the lower air upwards by the right side, make it turn thrice round the second region of the body, thence bring it to the navel, thence to the middle of the heart, then to the throat, then to the sixth region, which is the interior of the nose, between the eyelids, there retain it, it is become the breath of the universal soul. Then meditate on the great One, the universal voice which fills all, the voice of God; it makes itself heard to the ecstatic in ten manners.

'The first is like the voice of a sparrow, the second is twice as loud as the first, the third like the sound of a cymbal, the fourth like the murmur of a great shell, the fifth like the chant of the *Vina*, the sixth like the sound of the 'tal,' the seventh like the sound of a bamboo flute placed near the ear, the eighth the sound of the instrument *pahaoujd* struck with the hand, the ninth like the sound of a small trumpet, the tenth like the rumbling of a thunder cloud. At each of these sounds the ecstatic passes through various states until the tenth *when he becomes God*.

'At the first all the hairs on his body stand up,

At the second his limbs are benumbed.

At the third he feels in all his members the exhaustion of excess.

At the fourth his head turns, he is as it were intoxicated.

At the fifth, *the water of life* flows back into his brain.

At the sixth this water descends into and nourishes him.

At the seventh he becomes master of the vision, he sees into men's hearts, he hears the most distant voices.

At the ninth he feels himself to be so subtle that he can transport himself where he will, and, like the Devas, see all without being seen.

At the tenth he becomes the universal and indivisible voice, he is the creator, the eternal, exempt from change; and, become perfect repose, he distributes repose to the world.'

Compare this with Vaughan-*Anima Magica Abscondita*. 'This mystery is finished when the light in a sudden miraculous coruscation darts from the centre to the circumference, and the divine Spirit has so swallowed up the body that it is a glorious body shining like the sun and moon. In this rotation it doth pass, and no sooner, from the natural to the supernatural state, for it is no more fed with visibles, but with invisibles and the eye of the creator is perpetually upon it. After this the material parts are never more seen.'

Can any of the correspondents of the THEOSOPHIST give any account of this *Dyaneshwari*? Who was Alandi? It would be a great boon to Theosophists if Dayámand Saraswati Swámi would give to the world a translation of this work, and also of Patanjali's *Yoga Sutra*, of which in English we know only the imperfect summaries of Ward and Thompson. Can, also, some competent Buddhist give an account of the *Kasina*, of which I know only Spence Hardy's imperfect account? We Western Theosophists earnestly desire information as to all the best modes of soul-emancipation and will-culture, and turn to the East for Light.

## BRAHMA, ISWARA AND MAYA.

By Sri Paravastu Venkata Rungacharia Arja

Vara Guru.

Adverting to the article "Brahma Iswara and Maya," by Pramada Dasa Mitra published in the THEOSOPHIST of October, the following observations cannot fail to suggest themselves to a true Vedantist.

The science of Vedanta is enveloped in the Brahma Sastras (aphorisms) of which Badarayana is the author. There are many commentaries upon these sutras. They are (1) Bodhayana Vritti; (2) Bhashya of Drauida Rishi, or, more properly speaking Dramida Rishi; (3) Ditto of Bhaskara; (4) Ditto of Sankara; (5) of Yadava; (6) of Rámánuja; (7) of Madhwa; (8) of Neelakanta; &c. &c. Of these, the first three, which owe their origin to a period anterior to Sankara, and which are not wholly accessible at our present day, at least in this part of India, are only known to us through the various quotations thereof which occur in the "Ramanuja Bhashya" and its commentary "Sruta Prakasika."

Pramada Dasa Mitra (we hope rather Pramoda Dasa Mitra) appears to refute certain statements made by Mr. Gough while explaining his own position in Vedanta Philosophy. These refutations are no doubt quite in accordance with the Doctrine of Sankara as expounded in his Bhashya. But Pramada Dasa Mitra will do the learned world a valuable service if he will but solve the problems hereinafter set forth.

Whether (Moksha) beatitude or salvation is or is not the (Purushartha) end, which a human being should aspire to? If not, all human effort for acquiring knowledge and wisdom such as the study of Vedanta science would be vain. If however it be the end aspired, who is the aspirer? For whose sake does he aspire? What sort of thing is the object aspired? According to his (Sankara's) Doctrine, being one with Brahma, eternal Bliss (Brahma Ananda)

is indeed the end and aim of man. Is the being who is the aspirer essentially Brahma or any other? If he is in reality Brahma, what has he to aspire for? If not, will he newly become Brahma? Can one thing become another?

Perhaps the answer will be this:—"He is in reality Brahma, but he does not know at present that he is Brahma. The knowledge that he is Brahma is itself the Purushartha, *i.e.*, the end aspired." In that case there will be two absurdities.—(1) that ignorance attaches to Brahma: (2) that the ignorant Brahma will hereafter gain that knowledge which it does not now possess.

To this they might reply.—"No, no, Brahma is not ignorant. There is only the illusion that he is ignorant, no fresh knowledge to be gained. The extinction of illusion renders him an emblem of wisdom."

Then is what is called "illusion" not identical with ignorance? How could a being who is not ignorant be yet possessed of that ignorance known by the name of "illusion?" If that ignorance is denied to Brahma, where else is it? In Avidya only, they might say.

By what could Avidya be divested of its ignorance?

Perhaps they might say "by the knowledge itself that Brahma is an emblem of wisdom." Where does that knowledge arise? If in Brahma, something which is not already possessed by Brahma and which is newly acquired must be called Beatitude. If in Avidya, it (Avidya) is admitted to be ignorance, and it must be the same Avidya which should try to divest itself of that ignorance. What benefit does it expect from its attempt to divest itself of ignorance?

Again, is Avidya any other than ignorance? If ignorance alone, how could it remain within itself? If on the other hand it is agreed that the ignorance (proper) named Avidya is one thing and the ignorance (special) which is contained in it and which becomes extinct at the time of salvation is another thing, would the former (ignorance proper, named Avidya) continue to exist even at the time of salvation? If so, the non-duality of Brahma will be violated. Perhaps it may be further argued that when the special ignorance is extinguished, its prop, ignorance proper, "Avidya," will also extinguish. If so, the seeking of Avidya to extinguish itself must be the seeking after beatitude. Would there be on the face of the earth any such thing as seeking one's own annihilation? Hence it follows that by beatitude is meant something which far from annihilating the soul would endow it with some particular thing not already possessed.

Before, therefore, the Theosophists extend their researches to one and all of the above specified Bhashyas, and discover by which of them these mighty problems are clearly solved, it is too premature to uphold the doctrine laid down by Pramada Dasa Mittra.

N. NARAINA MOORTY,

For Sri Paravastu Venkata

Rungacharia Arya Vara Guru.

Ganjam, 9th Nov. 1879.

*Note by the Editor* :—The Theosophists not having as yet, studied all these Bhashyas, have no intention to uphold any particular sectarian school. They leave this to the pandits, for whose especial benefit, among others, this journal was founded. A great American quarterly—the *North American Review*—adopts the plan of submitting some famous contributor's manuscript to one or more equally famous writers of very antagonistic views, and then printing all of the criticisms together. By this wise device, the reader of the magazine is able to see what can be said of a given subject from every point of view. We will do likewise; and, as a beginning, here is Professor Pramada Dasa Mittra's criticism upon his critic, after reading the above. "Du choc des opinions jaillit la vérité,"—said a great French philosopher.

#### REPLY BY PROF. MITTRA.

The objections urged by P. V. Rangacharya to the doctrine of non-duality were anticipated by Sankaracharya himself, and are fully answered by him in his *Bhushya* to which the present critic is referred. I would however give here a brief reply. Men who find themselves unable to accept Sankar's doctrine would do well to remember that reality in his philosophy is twofold.—The Absolute and the Relative. In absolute reality, nothing exists but Brahma, which is but another way of saying that there is but One Absolute Being. In relative reality, the personal selves not only do exist, but exist as distinct from Brahma, and hence there is no contradiction in teaching man to strive for salvation, or to obtain true knowledge by which he would realize the One Absolute reality and be united with him.

P. V. R. attempts to refute the doctrine of *Máyá* by endeavouring to show that it leads to absurdities, but he forgets that a bewildering perplexity as to which alternative to adopt in our attempted explanations of the world is the very essence of the doctrine. Those that presume to offer explanations of the universe fancy that Sankar's doctrine also is one of explanation, whilst, in fact, it is the doctrine of *ineplicability* (*anirvaktavyatá-ráda*). The only explanation that Sankar offers is that of the fallacies of all explaining systems. The doctrine of *Avidya* is the confession of ignorance, the explanation of the inscrutableness of the world and its relation to Brahma—comprising under the term world the whole body of internal and external phenomena. The world is a mysterious enigma which can neither be conceived as existent nor non-existent. The only positive truth that Sankar teaches is the highest truth that there is an Immutable and Eternal Substance which is not to be known as such or such, but positively underlying this mysterious world of matter without, and of fleeting cognitions within, and thus it is that he broadly separates himself from the Sceptic. There can be no denying, no doubting of this Substance that presents itself as the Immutable Self, standing supreme over the passing Is of joy and sorrow, love and hatred.

You again ask—if in absolute reality Brahma alone exists, who is it that is ignorant? The answer again is—In absolute reality, none is ignorant, but *since* you do ask the question, it is *you* assuredly that are ignorant. Certainly it is idle to put such questions to the Vedanti, when he avows that the world of conscious personalities and unconscious matter is only relatively real, owing its relative reality to the One Absolute, and all such questions about ignorance must belong to the province of the relative (*vyavahárika dáśá*) in which you and I are admittedly distinct from Brahma and, as such, are ignorant.

What is the nature of this Ignorance, or rather this cosmic manifestation, and how it is connected with Brahma, or in other words, how Brahma, though one, *seems* to be many; though absolute knowledge and bliss, *seems* to be affected by pain and ignorance—the Vedanti confesses to be a mystery. *अविद्याया अनिर्वच्यत्वान् तत्संबन्धोऽपानिर्वच्यः* | But who would presume to deny this ignorance? The attempted explanations of the universe have been shown to be absurd, and it has been shown that the only positive affirmation that can be made is that there exists One Being only, unknowable in his absolute nature. This affirmation is the only explanation that can be offered of the universe around. Even modern scientists of eminence have confessed that in its intrinsic nature not a particle even of dead matter can be explained.

If it be objected that though the world may not be explicable, there is no reason to doubt its positive existence, the answer is that the world, at any given moment, is not what it was the preceding moment, nor will it be the same in the moment succeeding. Hence the very reality of the world is held dubious and only relative. Thus once more are we driven to the doctrine of the inscrutableness of the world, or the *Máyá-ráda*.



By confounding Avidyá (ignorance) with the soul, P. V. R. supposes that according to Sankara, beatitude consists in the annihilation of the soul, whilst on the contrary it is the obtaining the realization of the true self. Nothing can be farther from Sankara's teaching than that beatitude lies in annihilation. The mistake arises from the difficulty of conceiving Being above the consciousness (buddhi) with which we identify ourselves.

In conclusion, with reference to the question of absolute and relative existence, it may not be out of place to quote here the words of Herbert Spencer who, though he generally regards the world from a material point of view, clearly distinguishes the Absolute and the Relative in our minds—the *Sákshin* and the *Vijnánátma*:—"Existence means nothing more than persistence; and hence in Mind, that which persists in spite of all changes, and maintains the unity of the aggregate, in defiance of all attempts to divide it, is that of which existence in the full sense of the word must be predicated, that which we must postulate as the substance of Mind, in contradiction to the varying forms its assumes."

P. D. MITTRA.

Benares, 23rd November 1879.

[Continued from the December Number.]

### THE LIFE OF SANKARACHARAYA, PHILOSOPHER AND MYSTIC.

By *Káshinath Trimbak Telang, M.A., LL.B.*

The question of Sarasvati as to the true nature of Love must be answered though he were ten times a Yogi or Samiyasi, so Sankara journeyed on to find the means of learning the truth. As he was going out with his pupils, they met the corpse of a certain king named Amaraka (of Amritapura, to the west of Mandana Misra's city, according to Anandagiri<sup>(1)</sup>) lying at the foot of a tree in the forest surrounded by males and females mourning his death. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Sankara entrusted his own body to the charge of his pupils, and caused his soul to enter the corpse of the king. The supposed resuscitation which followed delighted the people, and king Sankara was taken in triumph from the forest of death to the throne of royalty.<sup>(2)</sup>

There, king Sankara, standing as it were in the shoes of Amaraka, and, indeed Amaraka himself so far as the eye could discern, and passing as such, learned practically all that pertained to the science and art of Love, and fitted himself to answer the query of the cunning wife of Mandana. He also studied the theory of the subject in Vatsyayana, and made progress enough to write an original treatise upon it himself<sup>(3)</sup>. Meanwhile, however, the ministers of the State, finding their resuscitated rajah a far wiser and better man than ever before, suspected that there had been some transmigration of souls, and so, to prevent the return of this intruder to his own body, secretly issued an order that all corpses in the city should be burnt; but they

(1) Anandagiri 214.

(2) This incident is too important to pass by without editorial comment. The power of the Yogi to quit his own body and enter and animate that of another person, though affirmed by Patánjali and included among the Siddhis of Krishna, is discredited by Europeanized young Indians. Naturally enough, since, as Western biologists deny a soul to man, it is an unthinkable proposition to them that the Yogi's soul should be able to enter another's body. That such an unreasoning infidelity should prevail among the pupils of European schools, is quite reason enough why an effort should be made to revive in India those schools of Psychology in which the Aryan youth were theoretically and practically taught the occult laws of Man and Nature. We, who, have at least some trifling acquaintance with modern science, do not hesitate to affirm our belief that this temporary transmigration of souls is possible. We may even go so far as to say that the phenomenon has been experimentally proven to us—in New York, among other places. And, since we would be among the last to require so marvellous a statement to be accepted upon any one's unsupported testimony, we urge our readers to first study Aryan literature, and then get from personal experience the corroborative evidence. The result must inevitably be to satisfy every honest enquirer that Patánjali and Sankaracharaya did, and Tyndall, Carpenter and Huxley do not, know the secrets of our being. ED. THEOS.

(3) Madhav X 18.

took good care that the order should not come to the knowledge of the king<sup>(4)</sup>.

In the meantime the pupils of Sankara who had charge of his body, finding that the limit of time fixed by him for his return had already been passed, grew very uneasy. While the others were given up to their grief, Padmapada suggested a plan which was unanimously adopted, and they started out to discover the whereabouts of their preceptor. The stories of Madhav and Anandagiri do not agree as to this quest of the pupils after their master, the former making them wander from province to province, while the latter tells us that Sankara's body was deposited in the outskirts of the king's own city. In fact, Madhav himself elsewhere describes the circumstances of Sankara's soul not finding the body in the appointed place, then animating it on the funeral pyre, and Sankara's then returning with his pupils to Mandana as a work of but short duration:—but we are interrupting the sequence of our narrative. Padmapada's plan was for them to first discover the whereabouts of their master, and then, gaining access to his presence under the disguise of singers, express to him their sorrow at his absence and recall him to his own body and to the prosecution of his labors. Arrived at King Amarak's city, they heard the story of the preternatural resuscitation, and satisfied that they were on the right track, carried out their affectionate plot. Their music not only held their audience spell-bound, but reached the inner consciousness of Sankara in his borrowed body. He dismissed the singers, retransferred himself to his own body, and left the empty rajah to die once more, and this time effectually. He found his own body already amid the flames but having his armour of proof against fire it was uninjured, and he rejoined his devoted pupils, singing the praises of Nrisemha. Returning to the residence of Mandana, Sarasvati was answered and Mandana Misra converted to Vedantism.

Travelling southwards, Sankara published his works in Maharashtra, and took up his residence at Srisailla, where a strange proposal was made to him. A Kapilaka called on him and besought him to give him his head, which he said he wanted to offer up as a sacrifice, as he had been promised by Mahadeva a residence in Kailasa in his human body, if he offered up the head of either a king or an omniscient person. Sankara agreed on condition that the Kapalika should come for it without the knowledge of his pupils, who might interfere. This was done, but before the decapitation could be effected, Padmapada learnt the thing through his interior consciousness, and assuming the form of a Man-lion, fell upon the Kapalika, and rent him joint by joint. He had then to be appeased and brought back to himself.

The next miracle attributed to Sankara was the bringing back to life at Gokarna, of a child greatly beloved by its parents. (Madhav xii, 24). To Sriváli—where he got a new pupil in the person of Hastamalaka, a lad supposed to be an idiot, but in fact something very different—and Sringagiri, he then went. At the latter place Mandana Misra, who had taken the name of Sureshvar (see p 251 of Anandagiri, whose account leaves it a matter of doubt as to the identity of Mandana with Sureshvar) wrote at Sankara's command, an independent treatise on the Brahma, which surprised the other pupils and equally pleased the master.

At this time Sankara learning in some supernatural way<sup>(5)</sup> of his mother's being at the point of death hastened to her side, and at her request for spiritual counsel, instructed her, or rather attempted to instruct her, in the formless

(4) Pandit Ramaswami says that the order was issued by the Queen herself and in this the pandit is at one with Anandagiri who also makes the Queen suspect the fact (p. 246) and makes no allusion to the ministers.

(5) We must take issue with our distinguished contributor upon this point: We do not believe in "supernatural ways," and we do believe and know that it was not at all difficult for an initiate like Sankara to learn by his interior faculties, of his mother's state. We have seen too many proofs of this faculty to doubt it. ED. THEOS.

Brahma. She could not comprehend his teaching but he tranquilized her mind until the moment of her dissolution. His relatives refused to aid him in performing the usual funeral ceremonies on the ground that he, being an ascetic, was not competent to perform the offices in question. Hereupon he produced a fire from his right hand, wherewith he burned the corpse. (Madhav, 29-56).

At this time, Padmapáda who had been absent on a pilgrimage returned, and told Sankara how a commentary on the *Bhashya* which he had composed and deposited with his uncle when he went on his pilgrimage, was destroyed by that person as it contained a refutation of the doctrines he held. To the great joy of Padmapada, Sankara dictated the whole from memory, as he had once read it himself, and from his dictation Padmapada rewrote it. Rajasekhar, also, who had lost his dramas, had them dictated to him in the same manner.

And now accompanied by his pupils and by king Sudhanvan, Sankara started on his tour of intellectual conquest. The *redarqutio philosophorum*, which Vyasa had suggested to him, and for which his original lease of life had been extended, now commenced. He first directed his steps towards the Setu—the Bridge—then passing through the countries of the Pandyas, the Cholas, and the Dravidas, he went to Kanchi where he erected a temple and established the system of the adoration of Devi. Having then favoured with a visit the people called Andhras, and having looked in at the seat of Venkatchalesa, he proceeded to the country of the Vidarbhas. On hearing that Sankara wished to go into the Karnata country, the king of the Vidarbhas warned him of the mischievous character of the people generally, and of their envy and hatred of Sankara particularly. Sankara went into that country nevertheless, and the first person of note he came across was a Kápálíka named Krakacha whose exposition of his own doctrines so disgusted all who heard it that Sudhanvan caused him with all his followers to be ignominiously driven away. They went breathing vengeance and returned armed in hundreds. They were however destroyed by king Sudhanvan—all but the first Kápálíka Krakacha, who came up to Sankara, and addressed him saying "Now taste the fruit of thy deeds." He then prayed to Bhairava and as soon as he appeared, asked him to destroy the destroyer of his followers. But Bhairava killed Krakacha himself, exclaiming 'Dost thou offend even me?'

Onward went Sankara to the Western ocean, and to Gokarna, where he vanquished Nilakantha, a philosopher who thought himself perfectly invincible. Sankara thence went into the Saurashtra country and published his *Bhashya* there. Then he went to Dvaravati or Dvarka and thence to Ujjayini where he challenged and conquered Bhattabhaskar. Thence he went "conquering and to conquer" into the countries of the Balhikas, Bharatas, Surasenas, Kurus, Daradas, Panchalas, and so forth. In the country of the Kamarupas, Sankara encountered and defeated Abhinavagupta a doctor of the Sakta School. Having, however, more worldly wisdom than philosophy or love of truth, and finding that he could not compete with Sankara, that personage got his pupils to hide his works for a period, and passed himself off as belonging to Sankara's school, all the while maturing a plot of which the sequel will be presently narrated.

(To be continued.)

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, for November, contains the very welcome portrait of Edison, whose name is creating such discussions in the scientific world. Thos. Alva Edison was born in 1847, so that now he is only thirty-two years of age, yet already he has made more practicable and useful discoveries than a whole century has brought forth. Of his early life, stories are familiar now, but the circumstances under which he first turned his attention to telegraphy are still little known.

### THE SWAMI OF AKALKOT.

A book entitled "Swámi Charitra" (The life of Swámi) has just been published in Maráthi, in two parts, by one Náráyan Hári Bhágvat. It contains the life of one of the most remarkable among modern Hindus, the Swámi of Akalkot, from the time he became known under the name of Digámbar Báwa, in a town called Mangalvede, near Akalkot. Nothing is known of this wonderful man before that time. Neither did anybody dare question him about his antecedents. One named Bábújipant, who was one of those who had lived with the Swámi since the time his public career as an ascetic began, urged him once to give information about his name, native place, and family. Swámi gave no direct answer, but simply said "Datta Nagar," and "Chief person"—"the Vata tree." No other attempt to elicit information was made. The reason that led the author to commence this biography is very astonishing. He says that one night he went to bed as usual, but could not sleep for a long time, being oppressed with various thoughts. In this frame of mind he at last fell asleep, but was startled by a most unexpected dream. He saw a Sannyási approach his bed. This reverend man, unlike persons of his avocation, wore clothes, had "kundala"\* in his ears and carried with him a "dand"† and kamandalu. ‡ A man who accompanied him asked the author to get up and see the Swámi. He seemed to obey and Swámi then said:—"It is a well-known fact that I took Samadhi § at Akalkot. Write my biography as will suit the present times, in accordance with my instructions. I now disappear." This seen, the author awoke, got up, and was at a great loss what to do, especially as he had never seen the Swámi, and was consequently unable to obey the instructions conveyed to him in the dream. Neither had he ever felt any sincere desire to see the Swámi during his lifetime. Unlike many, he had never regarded him as an incarnation of God. While in this state of mind he slept for the second time, and again in his dream saw the same person in the same dress and with the same marks about him, who said "get up, why are you thus puzzled? Begin writing and you will have the necessary materials." The author thereupon resolved to at least make the attempt, and wrote to all the persons who knew the Swámi well, to supply as much information as they could. The facts mentioned in the book are therefore authenticated. They are moreover credible, because the author says he got many of these from persons he had never written to. Moreover it is not likely that a person like Mr. Govind Vishnu Bhide, who is well informed and experienced, would talk at random without considering well upon the matter. He says that once when he went to see the Swámi in fulfilment of a vow made by him, he had also a desire that Swámi should advise him in regard to spiritual matters. No sooner did he stand before the Swámi than the latter turned his face towards him, and repeated the following verse in Maráthi:—

उपासनेल, दद वाळवाँवे ॥ सत्कर्मयोगे वय वाळवाँवे ॥  
भूदेवसंतासि सदा लवाँवे ॥ सर्वाँ मुखाँ मंगळ बोलवाँवे ॥

No less credible is the fact mentioned by Mr. Vishnu Chintamon Bhopatkar, Sheriff of the Sessions Court at Poona. Some ten years ago, when he served as Sheristadar of the District Judge, his wife suffered from a very severe attack of fever. Every day the sickness increased and the doctors pronounced her incurable. He was therefore ready to try any remedy suggested to him. He saw a friend of his who advised him to make a vow that he would take his wife to the Swámi of Akalkot, if she should improve, and in the mean time to keep her under the

\* A sort of ring usually worn by the Sannyásis in the lower part of their ears.

† A three or seven knotted bamboo of the wonder-working ascetics.

‡ The gourd which Bramhacharies, Sannyásis and others use for holding water.

§ When a great Manu is dead, this phrase is usually used. Samadhi is the highest stage of Yog training, and when a Yog is in that state he loses consciousness of this world and sees nothing but his own Divine Spirit.



treatment of a native doctor named Gunesh Shastri Sakurlikar. He accordingly prayed to the Swámi, and promised to offer a cocoanut to his idol on his behalf. But unfortunately he forgot his promise when he went to bed. And although this fact was known to nobody, his brother-in-law saw in a dream the Swámi rebuking him for having forgotten his promise to offer a cocoanut on Swámi's account. As he was not aware of the promise made by Mr. Bhopatkar, he was at a loss as to what his dream meant, and consequently communicated the fact to all the family, in great astonishment. When Mr. Bhopatkar heard this, he repented having forgotten his promise, but immediately after taking a bath he offered the cocoanut on Swámi's account, and made a vow that if his wife was cured he would go with her in the month of January to Akalkot to see the Swámi. Then he sent for the native doctor mentioned to him by his friend, but found that he had left for his Inám village and was not in Poona. But nevertheless, to the great surprise of Mr. Bhopatkar, it happened that while he was returning home from the office he met on his way the very native doctor whom he was searching for. He then took him home and the latter gladly undertook to treat Mr. Bhopatkar's wife. The medicine administered proved a success, and she went on improving gradually. And, although she was pretty well by the month of January, Mr. Bhopatkar did not think it advisable for her to travel as she was still very weak, and consequently did not take her with him when he left Poona. But he had no sooner left Poona without her, than her sickness recurred so seriously that the next day he was telegraphed to return. Since she had been all right at the time of his departure the sudden receipt of this telegram made him suspect that all this was due to his not having fulfilled his vow to take his wife with him to Akalkot. He then invoked the Swámi, asked his pardon, and promised to go with her to Akalkot in the month of July if she should recover. She at once began to mend so rapidly that by the time he reached home he found her all right. In the month of July, although she had recovered, she was in too feeble a state to face the cold of the season. He however resolved to abide by his vow this time, and accordingly went to Akalkot with his wife and the doctor under whose treatment she was. When they reached their place of destination it was raining very hard, and the place where they had put up was very damp. Her constitution however received no shock, but on the contrary she continued to improve. When they all went to the Swámi he ordered a certain book to be brought him, and after finding a certain chapter gave it first to the doctor and then to Mr. Bhopatkar, thereby intimating without speaking a word, that their object in coming was gained.

There are many such facts as the above mentioned in the book, all going to confirm the Swámi's claim to the knowledge of Yog Vidya. He was a practical example to show what a man *can* do, if he *will*. If anybody had taken advantage of the opportunity thus offered to him and gone to the Swámi purely with the intention of studying philosophy, how much good might he not have done himself and his country? During the twenty years or more that the Swámi was at Akalkot, no less than 500,000 persons must have gone to see him. But of this large number it would seem that scarcely any had within them an honest desire to study philosophy. Almost all were actuated merely by selfish worldly desires. If they had gone to him with a sincere aspiration to learn how to obtain control over bodily passions, he would have bestowed favours on them of which no robber in the world could have deprived them. But they sought but these worldly enjoyments with which fools are satisfied. They had never given a moment's consideration to the thought of what their state would be after the death of their physical bodies. In the whole book under notice are given but two or three instances of persons who went to the Swámi with a desire to obtain knowledge. The course which he adopted to fulfil the desires of such persons is very curious. One named Narsappa, an inhabitant of Mysore, had gone to Akalkot with a view to receive some instructions on

spiritual matters. He was at a great loss how to explain his intentions to the Swámi, as he knew neither Marathi nor Hindustáni. He however would regularly go and sit silently by the Sunyási. Once while he was sitting near a Puranik,\* Swámi made him a sign to approach and upon his obeying, Swámi took a blank book that was lying by him, and, after turning many of its leaves, gave him a certain page to read. He there found, to his great astonishment and joy, an injunction printed in Kanarese characters, that he should read Bhagvat Gita if he would have his desires fulfilled. He then gladly communicated the fact to a Puranik friend and asked him to read the book to him. The Puranik approached the place where the Swámi was sitting, and taking the blank book which had been placed in the hands of Narsappa, looked for the page on which Narsappa said he saw Kanarese characters. He also examined all the other books, as well as all the papers lying there, but nowhere could he find Kanarese characters. This fact is an illustration to show that this singular being communicated his instructions only to those who sincerely desired them.

The book teems with facts illustrative of the power obtained by a Yogi. There are very few persons in this country, who being in search of the ancient Aryan Philosophy, have obtained control over the bodily passions which trouble ordinary men beyond measure. Fewer still who like one now living in India, whom I dare not mention, are known. Almost all who have thoroughly studied or are studying that ennobling philosophy, keep themselves out of the public view in compliance with wise and inexorable rules. It is not through selfishness, as too many imagine. Though unseen, they none the less are continually working for the good of humanity. In thousands of cases what they effect is ascribed to Providence. And whenever they find any one who, like themselves, has an ambition above the mere pleasures of this world, and is in search of that Vidya which alone can make man wise in this as well and happy in the next, they stand ready by his side, take him up in their hands as soon as he shows his worthiness, and put in his way the opportunities to learn that philosophy, the study of which has made them masters of themselves, of nature's forces, and of this world. It is apparent that the Swámi of Akalkot was one of such persons. A man peculiarly oracular and sparing of speech, and eccentric to a degree, he nevertheless did a world of good, and his life was crowded with marvels. Many facts might be quoted that would tend to show the great knowledge possessed by him, but the few above related will suffice to introduce him to the reader, and to indicate his familiarity with the occult side of nature. While he was alive, very few learnt the Vidya from him; now that he is gone for ever, his death is lamented, as is usually the case with the sons of India. Their eyes are at last opened to the injury they have inflicted upon themselves by neglecting a golden opportunity.

The account of his death given in the biography is pathetic, and worth repetition. On the last day of the first fortnight of the month of Chaitra,† in the year 1800 of the Sháliván Era, people suspected that the health of the Swámi had begun to fail. While he was sleeping in the afternoon of that day, at the place of Tatyá Sáheb Subhedár, he suddenly got up, and ordered a square earthen tile which was lying there to be placed on somebody's head. He then went to a tank outside the skirts of the town, followed by a large crowd, as well as by the person who had the earthen tile on his head, and seated himself on the steps of the tank. He afterwards ordered the man to place the earthen tile in water without injuring it, and asked the crowd to make a loud noise.‡ He then

\* A person who reads any of the 18 works of Puran and explains the meaning.

† The first of the Hindu year according to the Sháliván Era.

‡ According to the Hindu custom when any body loses his nearest relation or one he dearly loves, he turns round the dead body and makes a loud noise by pressing his hand against his mouth; such a noise is here meant.

removed to the temple of Murlidhar in the evening until which time he was all right. But at about 9 in the night he had a severe attack of cold and fever. But without communicating the fact to any body he got up early in the morning and went to the burning ground where he showed two or three funeral piles to some of his followers and asked them to remember them. He then directed his footsteps towards the village of Nagambhalli which is about two miles from where he was. And although it was past noon he had taken neither his bath nor meals, but nobody dared ask him to do any thing. On his way he rested in a shed reserved for cows. His followers as usual began to prepare him a bed, when he said—"Henceforward I do not require any bed. Burn it on that tree opposite to me." This startled some of his followers, but they did not even suspect that the Swámi thereby meant any thing in regard to himself. The next day he returned to Akalkot and stopped under a Vata tree behind the palace of Karjalkar. And notwithstanding that he then suffered from fever, he carried on his conversation in his usual tone. Neither did he show any change in his actions. Shortly afterwards he had an attack of diarrhoea, and his appetite failed him. But he did not omit his customary bath, and if any body raised objection to his doing so, on account of his sickness, he answered, "What will your father lose if I die?" He was cured of diarrhoea by Hammantráo Ghorpade, the doctor of the dispensary at Akalkot, but continued to suffer from fever and shortly afterwards had paroxysm of coughing. He was then placed under the treatment of a native doctor named Nána Vaidya, all of whose attempts to cure him failed. If asked not to bathe or expose himself to air, he would pay no attention. Neither could he be persuaded to take the medicine prescribed for him. Two or three days afterwards he began to breathe very hard, and he sank rapidly. But still he made no complaint, and he did not permit his outward appearance to show any symptoms of what he internally suffered. When his sickness was at last too apparent to be concealed some of his respectable friends thought it advisable for him to distribute alms before his death. This he did most willingly, himself repeating all the necessary mantrams. He gave, with his hands, his own embroidered shawl to Ramáchárya. As his cough increased every moment, he was advised to remove from an open place into the inner part of the house. But all the entreaties of his friends proved in vain. The same answer was repeated to them. At noon on the 13th day of the latter fortnight of the month of Chaitra, he ordered his cows and other animals to be brought before him. He then gave away all the food and clothes offered to him. Seeing that by that time his voice was almost gone, one of his good disciples asked him if he had any instructions to communicate. In reply he repeated the following verse from the Gita:—

अनस्याश्चिंतयंतो मां येजनाः पर्व्यासते ।  
तेषां नित्याभियुक्तानां योगक्षेमं वहाम्यहं ॥

He then turned from the left to the right side and ordered himself to be seated. No sooner was the order obeyed than he was...!

Now, as was above remarked, people have begun to appreciate his greatness. They have erected a sort of a temple on the spot where he breathed his last, to commemorate his memory. But if they had held him fast in their hearts while he was alive, and if they had studied the Vidya with him, then they would have raised themselves above base passions and the pursuit of pleasures, and obtained that kingdom from which the gainer is never dethroned. To such as may ask how he could have assisted them in making themselves masters of self, let the author speak.—"As all the facts mentioned in the book relate to others, it is quite plain that readers would have the author say what may have happened to himself. It would be unjust for him to shrink from relating his own experience in deference to unworthy fears. It is thirteen months since he saw the Swámi in his dream, and he

does not now feel the infirmities of age. All his senses are in proper order and not decayed by age. By degrees he gains possession of the secret that enables him to control practically the passions which trouble ordinary men. And whenever he can not, with all his efforts, check any improper desire, he sees, in an inexpressible way, some event which shows that the Swámi is determined upon driving all improper thoughts from the author's mind by bringing him face to face with strange events. This is the only experience which the author has had until now of Swámi's greatness."—But it suffices to show that the author is in the right path.—D. K. M.

## BADRINÁTH, THE MYSTERIOUS.

*By a Swámi who has seen it.*

Half way up a peak of the Himálaya Mountains, called Dhavalágiri\* by the people inhabiting the place, and the equal of which cannot be found in the whole world, is the temple of Badrináth, one of the four† most sacred places of the Hindus. The place is surrounded by hills, cliffs, ravines and jungles, and produces in abundance 'kand' roots, buds and flowers. Holy men, of whom some keep themselves quite unknown to the world, while others who are known, carry on their sacred pursuits there. The legend about the idol of Badrináth which is at present in the temple is, that it was once thrown away by the Jains; but when Shankaráchárya went to that place after putting down the Jains, and when he founded there Jotir Math,‡ he had at that time a vision—which is ascribed to that god—to the effect that the said idol was thrown into Nárada Kunda from which it should be removed and founded again in its former place. Shankaráchárya obeyed his instructions, and, after having inscribed the whole story on a copper-plate, entrusted the whole to the chief worshiper and then went to Kashmere. There are also many stones bearing various inscriptions which none can read. Near Badrináth are such places as Uttar Káshi (North Benares), Gupta Káshi (Secret Benares), Trijugi Náráyan, Gowri Kund, Tungnath, Rudranath, where great ascetics, who are known only to very few persons, perform their holy functions. They have majestic appearances and are objects of great reverence to the ignorant hill-tribes living in the neighbourhood, who fear that these yogis may assume the forms of tigers and eat them up.

It is said that the yogis named Bhám Jogi, Chitru Jogi, Aitwár Gir, Ganga Gir, Somwár Gir, have been performing their holy functions there for the last three hundred years. They eat nothing except 'kand' roots, fruits and flower buds, and reside always in their mountain homes which are inextricable. None but those who are Dnyáni § succeed in having their company. Whenever they have to see any body they fix some time for a meeting, and only those who punctually keep their appointment can see them. There are many such ascetics in that part of the country, and those who want to satisfy their curiosity may go there and see them. But what is said above is known to all who live there.

[To be continued.]

\* This name is composed of two Sanskrit words—*Dhaval*, which means white, and *giri*, a mountain; so called on account of its always appearing very white owing to the existence of ice formed by excessive cold which always prevails on this mountain.

† The four most sacred places of the Hindus are:—

(1) Jagannáth, in Eastern India; (2) Rámnáth, to the South; (3) Dwárká-náth, to the West; and (4) Badrináth to the North.

‡ Jotir Math is the place mentioned as Joshl Math on page 68 of the Decr. number of the THEOSOPHIST, in the autobiography of Pandit Dayanund Saraswati Swámi.—(ED. THEO.)

§ One who has succeeded in obtaining "Dnyána" is called "Dnyáni" By the word "Dnyana" is not here meant any knowledge but the knowledge of the mysterious laws of nature and consequently what is obtained by Yog training. Until therefore a person reaches a certain degree of the knowledge of Yog philosophy, he cannot see these máhátmás. (Ed. Theo.)

## THE FOREST QUESTION.

By "Forester."

In my former paper I pointed out the necessity of conserving forest vegetation on the hills and mountains of this tropical country, where the streams and rivers have their rise. Some of the evils attending the denudation of the slopes of hills and mountains were also mentioned. To destroy the vegetation on these important highlands and thus make them incapable of performing their most important function, namely, the storage of fallen water, is also to destroy the natural irrigation of the country. Yet this is being done. Even where, as on the Western ghats, the annual rainfall is in very many places 250 inches, there the slopes of hills and mountains—the high-level natural reservoirs of the country—have been given for a wretched system of cultivation (called Dulhi or Kumari—by which every atom of tree and plant vegetation is destroyed to produce a scanty crop of inferior grains) at the rate of 6 pice per acre. Yet with 250 inches of rain *no less than 25,928 tons of water fall on each acre of land.* Nevertheless, tens of thousands of acres of hill and mountain land in each Ghat Talook of this Presidency have been given for such cultivation, and have suffered denudation. And any attempt to again devote these important hill and mountain lands to the purpose originally intended by a beneficent nature, namely, for the production of timber, woods, grass and water, is looked upon by those who are utterly ignorant of the subject as an infringement of the rights of the people. But I assert that herein is a cruel wrong being done to the country and the public at large, and that the suicidal policy being pursued is not only defeating the efforts of nature to naturally irrigate valuable low-lying lands, and the vast plains to the East, but will also assuredly bring serious disasters upon the country and its peoples. Witness as a case—out of many—in point the late disastrous floods in Spain. Here, we learn from European journals, that "A rainfall on the night of October 14th, caused the mountain torrents to swell the Rivers Segura and Mundo, in the upper valley of Murcia, the water sweeping over seven leagues around Murcia, reaching Oryhuela and Lorea a little later on the morning of the 15th. In Murcia, a town of 90,000 inhabitants, the greater portion of the suburbs were under water; and more than 1,000 houses were destroyed or damaged. In the province of Murcia more than 500 bodies have been taken out of the water, and 40,000 persons are homeless, sheltering in the churches and public buildings. Hemmed in by mountains and rising ground, the plain for leagues, during fifty hours, seemed like a lake dotted with village roofs and church steeples. Lorca and Oryhuela, towns of 19,000 and 53,000 souls were more completely inundated than Murcia. The waters then began to fall almost as rapidly as they had risen, leaving behind them a thick coat of mud and detritus over the inundated country." Such are the evils which may be certainly looked for in this country if its hills and mountains are not kept clothed with a strong forest vegetation.

November 22nd, 1879.

In the *Lancet*, Robert Hamilton F.R.C.S., Senior Surgeon, Royal Southern Hospital, Liverpool, strongly recommends the injection of ammonia into the veins as a means of resuscitation in alcoholic and narcotic poisoning. He having injected with a hypodermic syringe ten drops of ammonia into the medio-cephalic vein of the right arm of a woman in a dying and comatose condition from excessive drinking, the effect was striking; she almost immediately moved and opened her eyes. The pulse, which could not be felt before the operation, became perceptible, and the woman recovered. He mentions also the case of a woman poisoned by drinking carbolic-acid. The case was apparently hopeless, yet this patient also recovered after the injection of ammonia into the veins of the arm.

## A THEOSOPHICAL JUBILEE.

The fellows of the Theosophical Society throughout the world, will be glad to learn that the celebration of its fourth anniversary, at the Bombay head-quarters, was a great success. The large attendance—which included the most influential Natives of Bombay as well as Europeans—the interest manifested, the display of articles illustrative of native technical ingenuity, taste and skill, the opening of the Library, and the successful foundation of the THEOSOPHIST, combine to mark the event as the beginning of an era of usefulness and influence. The limits of these columns prohibiting a full report of the speeches, poem, and the names and contributions of the exhibitors, a pamphlet supplement is preparing in which the whole will be given, including the President's address, which was pronounced superior to any which he has heretofore delivered. This pamphlet will also contain recent modifications of the Rules adopted in General Council at Benares on the 19th of December, ultimo. Swāmi Dayānand Saraswati was present on this occasion, and the meeting was held at the palace of H. H. the Maharajah of Vizayanagar, where our President, Corresponding Secretary, Librarian, and other Fellows were guests. The price of the pamphlet (annas 4, or six pence, or ten cents) should be remitted to the Librarian of the Society, at Bombay, or to the Secretary of the New York or any branch Society. Meanwhile, the reader may glean an idea of the events of the evening from the following report, which is taken from the Allahabad *Pioneer* of December 8th.

BOMBAY, 30th November.

The Theosophists held high carnival last evening at their Girgaum head-quarters. Several hundreds of the most influential natives of the city—bankers, merchants, mill-owners, pandits, pleaders, &c.—crowded their compound, and attentively watched the proceedings. The occasion for the gathering was to celebrate the Theosophical Society's fourth anniversary, the opening of its new library, and the foundation of the THEOSOPHIST. Gorgeous cards, artistically printed in gold and black—both design and execution very creditable to the Society—had bidden the guests to the meeting; there was a profusion of lamps, Chinese lanterns and flags, a great arch of gas jets, on which the word "Welcome" appeared in letters of fire, and a seven-pointed star blazed above its crown, high in the air. From a concealed place not far away came the musical strains of a military band of twenty pieces. The whole compound was carpeted and filled with chairs, the front row being reserved for the more important personages. The verandah of the library bungalow served as a sort of private box of the speakers of the evening and gentlemen accompanied by their wives. A more motley audience could scarcely be imagined, so varied the races, complexions and costumes. The Parsee and Brahman, the Jain and Mussalman, the Christian and Heathen side by side, and Vishnavite and Sivaite observing for the time a benevolent neutrality. The scene was, in short, a picturesque and interesting one, and indicated that the busy Theosophists have already created a wide interest in their doings.

The evening's programme embraced the three features of addresses, a display of working models of machinery by native mechanics, and an exhibition of native industrial products in the library hall. The speakers were Colonel H. S. Olcott, President of the Society; Rao Bahadur Gopalrao Hurri Deshmuk, late Joint Judge at Poona; Mr. Nowrozji Furdoonji, Municipal Councillor of Bombay; Kashinath Trimbuk Telang, M.A., LL.B., the Orientalist; and Shantaran Narayan, Esq., Pleader. A fine poem in Guzerati, written for the occasion, was read by the author, who is known more widely as "The Guzerati Poet" than under his own name. Colonel Olcott's address was an eloquent review of the Society's work before and since the arrival of his party in India, and was received with great applause. He disclosed the important fact that the plan of the Society embraced good honest work for the

improvement of the material condition of his adopted countrymen, the Hindus, quite as distinctly as Oriental research and the revival of Aryan mystical science. They had not only founded a journal to serve as an organ for the dissemination of the fruits of Hindu scholarship, but also a workshop with machines of various kinds, in which to manufacture Indian goods for export. The invitation card of the evening, whose equal could not be turned out from any existing lithographic press of Bombay, Calcutta or Madras, had to a large degree been printed by a young Parsee, taught by his colleague, Mr. Edward Wimbridge, within the past six weeks. Adopting, as he—Colonel Olcott had—India as his country and her people as his people, it was his sacred duty to do all that lay within his power to promote the physical welfare of the teeming millions of this peninsula, no less than to humbly second the efforts of that great Aryan of our times, Swámi Dyanund Saraswati, for the revival of Vedic monotheism and the study of Yoga. The address will be printed.

At the conclusion of the speeches, and after the reading of the Guzerati poem, the library doors were thrown open and the visitors thronged into the apartment. Considering that the whole exhibition had been organized within one week, the result was very creditable. Two large book-cases were fitted with splendid specimens of the sandal-wood carvings and mosaics of Surat, Ahmedabad and Bombay, the dressed figures peculiar to Poona, toys from Benares, and special exhibits of knives, rings, steel boxes and brass padlocks from the Pandharpur School of Industry and from a Baroda artisan named Venkati. The opposite wall was hung with embroidered robes and dresses from Kashmir, examples of the famous shawl industry of that country; gold-bordered muslin *dhotis* from Bengal, &c. Tables at the ends and down the centre of the room were spread with a great array of brass-ware in *repoussée*; enamelled and inlaid bronze vessels of all sorts, carved marble gods; a palki and a temple in pith; boxes of agate, gold-stone, and carnelian articles from Agra; and a puzzle-box, made by a common native carpenter, yet so ingeniously constructed as to baffle every attempt to open it until its secret was discovered. There was a perpetual fountain for sending up jets of perfume, made by a Cutchee mechanic, named Vishram Jetha, who also exhibited a working model of a steam engine, made by himself, which drove a tiny grist-mill, circular saw, drill, and force pump. Altogether it was a most enjoyable occasion, and must go far towards winning good opinions for the Theosophical Society. Before dismissing the company, Colonel Olcott announced that he was in conference with the Hon'ble Morarji Gokuldas, Sir Mangaldas Nathoooboy, Mr. Mathuradas Lowji, and other leading Natives to organize a permanent Industrial Exhibition Committee, to hold at least one fair in Bombay each year.

On the 2nd of December the President, Corresponding Secretary, and Librarian left Bombay for Allahabad on business, and remained there until on the 15th they went to Benares to meet and confer with Swámi Dayánund. While at Allahabad Col. Olcott accepted an invitation from a committee of native gentlemen, represented by Pandit Sunder Lal, of the Post Master General's Office, to deliver an address upon the Theosophical Society and its relations to India. Mr. Hume, C. B., a distinguished member of the Viceregal Government occupied the chair and an overflowing audience filled the largest hall in the city. The *Pioneer* of the 16th ultimo contained the subjoined account of the proceedings.

#### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

A Public address was delivered on Saturday afternoon at the Mayo Hall, by Colonel Olcott, the President of this Society, before a large audience of Natives and Europeans. The chair was taken by Mr. A. O. Hume, C.B.

The Chairman said:—Ladies and Gentlemen,—It now becomes my duty to introduce to you Colonel Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society, who has

kindly consented to submit for your consideration a brief explanation of the leading aims and objects of the Society he represents. I myself unfortunately as yet know too little of this Society to permit of my saying much about it. What little I know has been gleaned from the first three numbers of the THEOSOPHIST, a most interesting journal, published by the Society at Bombay, and from a few all too brief conversations with Colonel Olcott and the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, Madam Blavatsky. But this much I have gathered about the Society, *viz.*, that one primary and fundamental object of its existence is the institution of a sort of brotherhood in which, sinking all distinctions of race and nationality, caste and creed, all good and earnest men, all who love science, all who love truth, all who love their fellowmen, may meet as brethren, and labour hand in hand in the cause of enlightenment and progress. Whether this noble idea is ever likely to germinate and grow into practical fruition; whether this glorious dream, shared in by so many of the greatest minds in all ages, is ever destined to emerge from the shadowy realms of Utopia into the broad sunlight of the regions of reality, let no one now pretend to decide. Many and marvellous are the changes and developments that the past has witnessed; the impossibilities of one age have become the truisms of the next, and who shall venture to predict that the future may not have as many surprises for mankind as has had the past, and that this may not be one amongst them? Be the success, however, great or little of those who strive after this grand ideal, one thing we know that no honest efforts for the good of our fellowmen are ever wholly fruitless; it may be long before that fruit ripens, the workers may have passed away long ere the world discerns the harvest for which they wrought; nay, the world itself may never realize what has been done for it, but the good work itself remains, imperishable, everlasting; they who wrought it have necessarily been by such efforts purified and exalted; the community in which they lived and toiled has inevitably benefited directly or indirectly, and through it the world at large. On this ground, if on no other, we must necessarily sympathize with the Theosophists; they may have other aims and objects in which we may not so entirely identify ourselves, but in this their desire to break down all artificial barriers between the various sections of mankind and unite all good and true men and women in one band, labouring for the good of their fellows, our whole hearts must go with them, and you will all, I am sure, listen with interest and pleasure to an exposition of other branches of the Society's aims and aspirations from so distinguished a member, so able a representative of the Theosophical Society as Colonel Olcott, who will now address you.

Colonel Olcott then coming forward, spoke as follows:— Before taking up the thread of my discourse, I will advert to one remark made by the distinguished gentleman who honours me by occupying the chair. The Theosophical Society was *not* organized to fight Christianity especially, nor is it a propaganda of any one religious sect. It is a society of seekers after truth, and pledged to the work of disseminating whatever truths it discovers, whether in religion, philosophy, or science. If in the progress of this work it encounters obstacles, it will try to remove them, no matter by whom they may be interposed. Its history is the best evidence that can be given of the nature of its labors, and the fidelity with which it has kept the pledges made in its behalf in the first instance. To that history I now invite attention.

The speaker then sketched the rise and progress of the Theosophical Society. It originated at New York, America, in the year 1875, as the result of a private lecture at the house of Madam Blavatsky upon Egyptian Geometry and Hieroglyphics; the small company of intelligent persons present on that occasion coming to the unanimous conviction that the secrets of Egypt, and especially of India, could only be learned with the co-operation of native scholars. The results of Western Orien-

talism were unsatisfactory, for European scholars, lacking the intimate knowledge of the spirit of Eastern literature, were not agreed as to the meaning of ancient philosophers and authors. A great agitation prevailed throughout Christendom as to the deeper questions of religion and science. The materialistic drift of the public mind was encountered by the phenomena of so-called modern spiritualism. An eager wish to know something positive about nature and its mysteries, man and his obvious and latent faculties, about God, and about human destiny, prevailed. The organizers of the Theosophical Society were of various shades of belief—some, spiritualists, veteran investigators, but not satisfied with the explanation given of their phenomena; some, men of science, who wished to learn the mystery of life, and discover what force moved the atoms in space and caused them to aggregate into worlds, and then evolved the myriad forms of being that inhabited them; others were simply weary of the old theological system, and wished to learn what India could teach them that was better. The Society being organized, and having put forth its programme, was bitterly assailed by a hundred critics. Caricature, sarcasm, slander, and invective were employed, but it kept steadily at work and prospered. Many mere wonder-seekers who at first joined it in the hope that they might see greater miracles worked by Eastern magic than they had by Western mediums, dropped off upon discovering their mistake. But others took their places: correspondents wrote from all parts of the world to express their sympathy. Great scientists, like Edison of America, joined, while others like Prof. W. B. Carpenter opposed. Ladies of refinement and high rank enrolled themselves as fellows. Experience at last showed that to be successful in the study of occult science, the Society itself must be reorganized on a basis of confidential relations, each pledged to the other not to betray confidences imparted respecting their individual successes in occult study. These and the grip and other signs of recognition, were the only secrets the Society ever had. Politics never interested its fellows nor occupied their thoughts in the slightest degree. At last, he, Colonel Olcott, came to India with two English colleagues, and their learned Corresponding Secretary, Madam Blavatsky. They came expecting only to study Eastern religion and Yoga Vidya, and report their discoveries to the Western Theosophists. But they found themselves obliged to turn teachers as well. Hindu youth were as ignorant of ancient Aryan literature, religion and science as European youth; they, alas! did not even know what the Vedas contain. So the Theosophists laid out a new course of action in addition to their original plan: they were already in a close alliance with the Arya Samaj and its great Founder, Swami Dayanand Saraswati, to revive Aryan religion and the study of Sanskrit; they now arranged to co-operate in every scheme to found technological schools in India. On the 29th ultimo, they had held the fourth anniversary meeting of the Society, at Bombay, and besides addresses in different languages by native gentlemen, there had been a highly interesting and important exhibition of specimens of Hindu art and ingenuity. Colonel Olcott had also opened negotiations with influential Bombay gentlemen to found a permanent Exhibition Society or Institute for the holding of an industrial exhibition once a year. The Society has founded a monthly journal for the circulation of the writings of Native and European Orientalists; it has opened a library at Bombay; it is about instituting a course of weekly lectures on mesmerism and other branches of occult science; and, just before leaving Bombay, they had received a proposal to assist in the employment of a certain fund subscribed by natives for the foundation of a school of industry. In the course of his remarks the speaker gave a very interesting definition of the two methods of psychical development known as Hata Yoga and Raja Yoga, from which it appeared that the former is a species of bodily training to develop will-power by the self-infliction of physical pain, and the latter, an evolution of the interior faculties of the Soul by the intelligent concentration of the ascetic's vitality and mental force upon the

inner man. Until European men of science comprehend the results that may be achieved by these two systems, they will never know the vast possibilities of the living man. At present "Psychology" is but a name, and the so-called science which they have thus christened only empirical guess-work.

At the conclusion many native gentlemen pressed forward to express their interest and gratification with the address, and arrangements were made on the spot for a public meeting of welcome to the Theosophists upon their return from Benares, whither they have gone to spend a week with Swami Dayanand Saraswati.

### THE ENSOULED VIOLIN.

(By *Hilarion Smendis, F.T.S.*)

The almost supernatural or magic art of Nicolo Paganini, —the greatest violin player that the world has ever produced—was often speculated upon, never understood. The sensation he produced upon his audience was marvellous, overpowering. The Great Rossini wept like a sentimental German maiden, upon hearing him play for the first time. The princess Eliza of Lucca, sister of the great Napoleon, though he was in her service as the director of her private orchestra, was for a long time unable to hear him play without fainting. In women he produced nervous fits and hysterics at his will; stout-hearted men he drove to frenzy. He changed cowards into heroes, and made the bravest soldiers become as nervous girls. Thousands of dreary tales circulated about this mysterious Genoese, the modern Orpheus of Italy. For besides his remarkable appearance—termed by his friends eccentric, and by his victims diabolical—he had experienced great difficulties in refuting certain rumors of his having murdered his wife, and after her, his mistress, both of whom loved him passionately. Their unquiet souls, it was whispered, had been made through his magic art to pass into his violin—the famous "Cremona;" superstition not utterly ungrounded in view of his extraordinary facility in drawing out of his instrument the most unearthly sounds, and positively human voices. These effects well nigh startled his audiences into terror; and, if we add to it the impenetrable mystery connected with a certain period of his youth, we will find the wild tales told of him in a measure excusable, especially among a people whose ancestors knew the Borgias and the Medici of black-art fame.

We will now give a fact—a page from his biography—connected with, and based upon, such a tale. The press got hold of it at the time of its occurrence, and the annals of the literature of Italy preserve the record of it until now, though in many and various other forms.

It was in 1831. The great, the "diabolical" Paganini was creating at the house of the Paris Opera an enthusiasm unsurpassed by any triumph he had previously gleaned. After hearing him, several of the leading musicians of the noblest orchestra in the Western world, broke their instruments.....

At that time, there lived at Paris another violinist gifted with an extraordinary talent, but poor and unknown, a German, whose name was Franz Stenio. He was young and a philosopher, imbued with all the mysticism of Hoffman's "*Chant d'Antonia*," and nursed in the atmosphere of the old haunted castles on the Rhine. He had studied the occult arts and dabbled in alchemy, but otherwise was interested but little in the matters of this world. The whole of his aspirations mounted, incenselike, together with the wave of heavenly harmony which he drew forth from his four-stringed instrument, to a higher and a nobler sphere.

His mother, his only love on earth and whom he had never left, died when he was thirty. It was then that he found he had been left poor indeed; poor in purse, still poorer in earthly affections. His old violin teacher, Samuel Klaus, one of those grotesque figures which look as if they had just stepped out of some old mediæval panel, with the squeaking and piercing voice of a "show Punch," and the fantastic allures of a night-goblin, then took him by the



hand, and, leading him to his violin, simply said:—"make yourself famous. I am old and childless, I will be your father, and we will live together." And they went to Paris.

Franz had never heard Paganini. He swore he would either eclipse all the violinists of those days, or, break his instrument and at the same time, put an end to his own life. Old Klaus rejoiced, and jumping on one leg like an old satyr, flattered and incensed him, believing himself all the while to be performing a sacred duty for the holy cause of art.

Franz was making himself ready for his first appearance before the public, when Paganini's arrival in the great capital of fashion was loudly heralded by his fame. The German violinist resolved to postpone his *debut*, and at first smiled at the enthusiastic mentions of the Italian's name. But soon this name became a fiery thorn in the heart of Franz, a threatening phantom in the mind of old Samuel. Both shuddered at the very mention of Paganini's successes.

At last the Italian's first concert was announced, and the prices of admission made enormous. The master and the pupil both pawned their watches, and got two modest seats. Who can describe the enthusiasm, the triumphs of this famous, and at the same time, fatal night? At the first touch of Paganini's magic bow, both Franz and Samuel felt as if the icy hand of death had touched them. Carried away by an irresistible enthusiasm which turned into a violent, unearthly mental torture, they dared neither look into each other's faces, nor exchange one word during the whole performance.

At midnight, while the chosen delegates of the Musical Society of Paris unhitching the horses, were dragging in triumph Paganini home in his carriage, the two Germans having returned to their obscure apartment, were sitting mournful and desperate, in their usual places at the fire-corner. "Samuel!" exclaimed Franz, pale as death itself,— "Samuel—it remains for us now but to die!.....Do you hear me?...We are worthless...worthless! We were two mad men to have hoped that any one in this world would over rival...him!" The name of Paganini stuck in his throat as in utter despair he fell into his arm-chair.

The old professor's wrinkles suddenly became purple; and his little greenish eyes gleamed phosphorescently as, bending toward his pupil, he whispered to him in a hoarse and broken voice—"Thou art wrong, my Franz! I have taught thee, and thou hast learned all of the great art that one simple mortal and a good Christian can learn from another and as simple a mortal as himself. Am I to be blamed because these accursed Italians, in order to reign unequalled in the domain of art, have recourse to Satan and the diabolical effects of black magic?"

Franz turned his eyes upon his old master. There was a sinister light burning in those glittering orbs; a light telling plainly, that to secure such a power, he too, would not scruple to sell himself, body and soul, to the Evil One.

Samuel understood the cruel thought, but yet went on with a feigned calmness—"You have heard the unfortunate tale rumoured about the famous Tartini? He died on one Sabbath night, strangled by his familiar demon, who had taught him the way, by means of incantations, to animate his violin, with a human soul, by shutting up in it, the soul of a young Virgin...Paganini did more; in order to endow his instrument with the faculty of emitting human sobs, despairing cries, in short, the most heart-rending notes of the human voice, Paganini became the murderer of a friend, who was more tenderly attached to him than any other on this earth. He then made out of the intestines of his victim the four cords of his magic violin. This is the secret of his enchanting talent, of that overpowering melody, and that combination of sounds, which you will never be able to master, unless....."

The old man could not finish the sentence. He staggered before the fiendish look of his pupil, and covered his face with his hands.—"And...you really believe...that had I the means of obtaining human intestines for strings, I

could rival Paganini?" asked Franz, after a moment's pause, and casting down his eyes.

The old German, unveiled his face, and, with a strange look of determination upon it, softly answered.—"Human intestines only are not sufficient for our purpose: these must have belonged to one that has loved us well, and with an unselfish, holy, love. Tartini endowed his violin with the life of a virgin; but that virgin had died of unrequited love for him....The fiendish artist had prepared beforehand a tube in which he managed to catch her last breath as she expired in pronouncing his beloved name, and, then transferred this breath into his violin.\* As to Paganini—I have just told you his tale. It was with the consent of his victim though, that he murdered him to get possession of his intestines... "Oh for the power of the human voice!" Samuel went on, after a brief pause. "What can equal the eloquence, the magic spell, of the human voice! Do you think, my poor boy, I would not have taught you this great, this final secret, were it not, that it throws one right into the clutches of him...who must remain unnamed at night?"

Franz did not answer. With a calm, awful to behold, he left his place, took down his violin from the wall where it was hanging, and with one powerful grasp of the cords tore them out and flung them into the fire.

The old Samuel suppressed a cry of horror. The cords were hissing upon the coals, where, among the blazing logs, they wriggled and curled like so many living snakes.

Weeks and months passed away. This conversation was never resumed between the master and the pupil. But a profound melancholy had taken possession of Franz, and the two hardly exchanged a word together. The violin hung mute, cordless, and full of dust, upon its habitual place. It was like the presence of a soulless corpse between them.

One night, as Franz sat, looking particularly pale and gloomy, old Samuel, suddenly jumped from his seat, and after hopping about the room in a mag-pie fashion approached his pupil, imprinted a fond kiss upon the young man's brow, and then squeaked at the top of his voice. "It is time to put an end to all this!"... Whereupon, starting from his usual lethargy, Franz echoed, as in a dream;—"Yes, it is time to put an end to this." Upon which the two separated and went to bed.

On the following morning, when Franz awoke, he was astonished at not seeing his old teacher at his usual place to give him his first greeting. "Samuel! My good, my dear...Samuel!" exclaimed Franz, as he hurriedly jumped from his bed to go into his master's chamber. He staggered back frightened at the sound of his own voice, so changed and hoarse it seemed to him at this moment. No answer came in response to his call. Naught followed but a dead silence...There exists in the domain of sounds, a silence which usually denotes death. In the presence of a corpse, as in the lugubrious stillness of a tomb, silence acquires a mysterious power, which strikes the sensitive soul with a nameless terror...

Samuel was lying on his bed, cold, stiff and lifeless..... At the sight of him, who had loved him so well, and had been more than a father, Franz experienced a dreadful shock. But the passion of the fanatical artist got the better of the despair of the man, and smothered the feelings of the latter.

A note addressed with his own name was conspicuously placed upon a table near the corpse. With a trembling hand, the violinist tore open the envelope, and read the following:—

"My beloved Franz,

"When you read this, I will have made the greatest sacrifice, your best and only friend and professor could have accomplished for your fame. He, who loved you most, is now but an inanimate body, of your old teacher there now remains but a clod of cold organic mat-

\* Giuseppe Tartini, the great Italian composer and violinist of the xvii century, produced such an impression by his inspired performance that he was commonly styled the "master of nations." He eloped with a high born young lady of great beauty. His most marvellous composition was the "Sonata du diable," or "Tartini's Dream," which he confessed to have written "on awakening from a dream, in which, he had heard it performed by the devil, in consequence of a bargain struck with him."—ED. THEOS.



ter. I need not prompt you as to what you have to do with it. Fear not stupid prejudices. It is for your future fame that I have made an offering of my body, and you would become guilty of the blackest ingratitude, were you now to render this sacrifice useless. When you shall have replaced the cords upon your violin, and these cords—a portion of my own self,—will acquire under your touch my voice, my groans, my song of welcome, and the sobs of my infinite love for you, my boy,—then, Oh, Franz, fear nobody! Take your instrument along with you, and follow the steps of him who filled our lives with bitterness and despair...Appear on the arena, where, hitherto, he has reigned without a rival, and bravely throw the gauntlet of defiance into his face. Oh, Franz! then only wilt thou bear with what a magic power the full note of love will issue forth from thy violin; as with a last-carressing touch of its cords, thou wilt, perhaps, remember that they have once formed a portion of thine old teacher, who now embraces and blesses thee for the last time.—SAMUEL."

Two burning tears sparkled in the eyes of Franz, but they dried up instantly under the fiery rush of passionate hope and pride. The eyes of the future magician-artist, rivetted to the ghastly face of the corpse, shone like the eyes of a church-owl.

Our pen refuses to describe what took place later on that day, in the death room, after the legal autopsy was over. Suffice to say, that, after a fortnight had passed, the violin was dusted and four new, stout, cords had been stretched upon it. Franz dared not look at them. He tried to play, but the bow trembled in his hand like a dagger in the grasp of a novice-brigand. He made a vow not to try again until the portentous night when he should have a chance to rival—nay, surpass Paganini.

But the famous violinist had left Paris and was now giving a series of triumphant concerts at an old Flemish town in Belgium.

One night, as Paganini sat in the bar room of the hotel at which he stopped, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, a visiting card was handed to him which had a few words written in pencil upon its back, by a young man with a wild and staring eyes. Fixing upon the intruder a look which few persons could bear, but receiving back a glance as determined and calm as his own, Paganini slightly bowed and then dryly said:—"Sir, it will be as you desire,...name the night...I am at your service..."

On the following morning the whole town was startled at the sight of numerous bills posted at the corner of every street. The strange notice ran thus:—

"To night, at the Grand Theatre of—, and for the first time, will appear before the public, Franz Stenio, a German Violinist, arrived purposely to throw the gauntlet at, and challenge the world-famous Paganini to a duel—upon their violins. He purposes to compete with the great 'virtuose' in the execution of the most difficult of his compositions. The famous Paganini has accepted the challenge. Franz Stenio will have to play in competition with the unrivalled violinist the celebrated 'Fantaisie caprice,' of the latter, known as 'THE WITCHES.'"

The effect of the notice proved magical. Paganini, who, amid his greatest triumphs, never lost sight of a profitable speculation, doubled the usual price of admission. But still the theatre could not hold the crowds that flocked to it on that memorable night.

At the terrible hour of the forthcoming struggle, Franz was at his post, calm, resolute, almost smiling. It was arranged that Paganini should begin. When he appeared upon the stage, the thick walls of the theatre shook to their foundation with the applause that greeted him. He began and ended his famous composition "The Witches" amid uninterrupted bravas. The cries of public enthusiasm lasted so long that Franz began to think his turn would never come. When, at last, Paganini, amid the roaring applauses of a frantic public, was allowed to retire behind the scenes, and his eye fell upon Stenio, who was tuning his violin, he felt amazed at the serene calmness, and the air of assurance of the unknown German artist.

When Franz approached the foot-lights, he was received with an icy coldness. But for all that he did not feel in the least disconcerted; he only scornfully smiled, for he was sure of his triumph.

At the first notes of the *Prelude* of "The Witches" the audience became dumb struck with astonishment. It was Paganini's touch, and—it was something else besides. Some—and that some the majority—thought that never, in his best moments of inspiration had the Italian artist

himself, while executing this diabolical composition of his, exhibited such an equally diabolical power. Under the pressure of the long muscular fingers, the cords wriggled like the palpitating intestines of a disembowled victim; the Satanic eye of the artist, fixed upon the sound board, called forth hell itself out of the mysterious depths of his instrument. Sounds transformed themselves into shapes, and gathering thickly, at the evocation of the mighty magician, whirled around him, like a host of fantastic, infernal figures, dancing the witches' "goat-dance." In the emptiness of the stage back ground behind him, a nameless phantasmagoria produced by the concussion of unearthly vibrations, seemed to draw pictures of shameless orgies, and the voluptuous hymens, of the witches' Sabbath.....A collective hallucination got hold of the public. Panting for breath, ghastly, and trickling with the icy perspiration of an inexpressible terror, they sat spelt-bound, and unable to break the charm of the music by the slightest motion. They experienced all the illicit enervating delights of the paradise of Mohammed that come into the disordered fancy of an opium-eating Mussalman, and felt at the same time the abject terror, the agony of one who struggles against an attack of *delirium tremens*.....Many ladies fainted, and strong men gnashed their teeth in a state of utter helplessness!.....

Then came the *finale*.—The magic bow was just drawing forth its last quivering sounds—imitating the precipitate flight of the witches saturated with the fumes of their night's saturnalia, when the notes suddenly changed in their melodious ascension into the squeaking, disagreeable tones of a street *pulchinello*,\* screaming at the top of his senile voice: "Art thou satisfied, Franz, my boy?.....Have I well kept my promise, eh?....." And then, the slender graceful figure of the violinist suddenly appeared to the public as entirely enveloped in a semi-transparent form, which clearly defined the outlines of a grotesque and grinning but terribly awful looking old man, whose bowels were protruding and ended where they were stretched on the violin!!

Within this hazy, quivering veil, the violinist was then seen driving furiously his bow upon the *human cords*, with the contortions of a demoniac, as represented on a mediæval Cathedral painting!

An indescribable panic swept over the audience, and, breaking through the spell which had bound them for so long motionless in their seats, every living creature in the theatre made one mad rush to the door. It was like the sudden outburst of a dam; a human torrent, roaring amid a shower of discordant notes, idiotic squeaking, prolonged and whining moans, and cacophonous cries of frenzy, above which, like the detonations of pistol shots, was heard the consecutive bursting of the four cords upon the bewitched violin.....

When the theatre was emptied of its last occupant, the terrified manager rushed on the stage in search of the unfortunate performer. They found him dead and stiff, behind the foot-lights, twisted up in the most unnatural of postures, and his violin shattered into a thousand fragments.....

Cyprus, October 1st, 1879.

It is thought that the use of the microphone in mine districts is very advisable,—the buried miners at Scotch Notch tried very hard by beating the walls and doors of their rocky prison, to let their friends know that they were alive, but did not succeed. The question is raised whether the long and depressing uncertainty as to their fate might not have been relieved had a microphone been employed. Would it not be possible to devise and make known to all workers under ground a simple code of microphonic signals to be communicated by rapping, and heard by means of the microphone?

\* Punch and Judy show—an old and very popular street amusement among Western nations.

SWAMI *versus* MISSIONARY.

The debate at Ajmere between Pandit Dayánund Saraswati, Swámi, and the Rev. Dr. Gray.

*Reported for the THEOSOPHIST by Munshi Samarthadan.*

In the first issue of your journal I have observed an extract from the Calcutta *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, relative to the debate, at Ajmere, on Christianity between Swámiji Dayánund and Dr. Husband, with your favourable comments. An assertion is therein attributed to Dr. Husband that the objections of Pandit Dayánund Saraswati can be satisfactorily answered. This remark makes it incumbent on me to place before the readers of your journal a complete account of the discussion that took place in Ajmere, in the presence of this reverend Doctor, between the Right Rev. Mr. Gray and Pandit Dayánund Saraswati Swámi, together with the details connected therewith. The public will thus be able to judge of the worth of the Doctor's assertion. At that discussion there were present three different reporters, who wrote down all the questions and answers as dictated to them by the contestants. Of these three copies of the record of discussion one was taken away by Dr. Gray, and the other two, which were attested at the request of the Swámi by Sirdar Báhádur, Munshi Aminchand Sahab and Pandit Bhagram Sahab, are now in my possession, and the following extracts are from this authenticated record. I send them to you with a request that you will kindly give them a place in your most valuable journal.

SAMARTHADÁN,

Publisher of the "Veda Bhashya."

Bombay, November 1879.

## OME.

The contest between Swámi Dayánund Saraswati, Maháráj, and the Rev. Dr. Gray lasted from 7 p. m. to 9-30 p. m. on Thursday the 28th November 1878 (Márgashirsha Vadya 4th).—

The said Pandit Swámi arriving in Ajmere on Kártik Shuddha 13th, began to deliver lectures on the true religion as prescribed in the Veds. The first lecture was about the Deity and the second about the Veds; on the latter occasion the great Missionary at Ajmere, the Rev. Dr. Gray, and Dr. Husband were present. The Swámi was demonstrating on the authority of the Shastras (ancient religious works) and of arguments consistent with logic, that alone the four Veds and no other work constituted the sacred inspired writings. He also pointed out some inaccuracies contained in "Tourata" "Genesis" and "Koran," with a remark that he did not intend thereby to insult the feelings of any party, his object being simply to appeal to the public to enquire and consider impartially whether or not it is possible for works containing the statements quoted by him to be regarded as divine inspirations. The Rev. gentleman thereupon asked the Swámi to put his objections in regard to these passages from Genesis and the gospels in writing, and send them to him, adding that he would then answer them. The Swámi readily assented, remarking that he had constantly desired to meet wise persons like the Rev. gentleman and have it decided what is true and what false; as to carrying on a discussion by sending written communications to each other it would take up too much time, and the public moreover would not have the advantage of an open discussion. The best arrangement then would be that the Rev. gentleman should meet the Swámi at an appointed time at the same place where they now were, and answer the latter's questions on the spot. But the Rev. Dr. Gray declined and insisted that the questions should be communicated to him in writing and after considering them for two or three days he would answer. To this, the Swami objected. It was finally agreed that the Swami would mark the passages in the Bible objected to by him and, on their meeting again, the Rev. gentleman would answer them; and with this understanding, Dr. Gray left the meeting. The Swámi then sent to the Rev. gentleman, through Pandit Bhagram, Extra Assistant Commissioner, a written communication embrac-

ing 50 quotations from the Bible? It was but nine or ten days later when the Rev. gentleman had well considered his answers, that a day was fixed for a public discussion upon the subject; and, as the public had been notified, the gathering was large. Sardár Báhádur Munshi Aminchand, Judge at Ajmere, Mr. Roy Bhágrám, Extra Assistant Commissioner, Ajmere, Sardár Bhagatsing, Engineer at Ajmere, and other respectable persons were present. At the appointed time the Swámi arrived at the meeting bringing the four Vedic books, and the Rev. gentleman, accompanied by Dr. Husband of the Mission Hospital, also came, with a large number of books. At the commencement the Swámi observed to the public that he had often had discussions with clergymen at meetings at which no disturbance of any sort whatever occurred, and expressed a hope that the discussion that was to take place would similarly terminate without any obstruction. The Rev. gentleman expressed a similar hope. He then suggested that as the passages referred to him by the Swámi were many while the time at their disposal was short, the number of questions and answers should be limited to two. The discussion then began and notes were taken down by three writers, specially engaged for the purpose.

*Swámi*:—In *Genesis*, chapter 1, verse 2, it is stated that: "God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void." Now God being considered omniscient and omnipotent, how could there be imperfection in His work? There must be perfection in everything done by omnipotent God. It is but in the work of man, whose knowledge is limited and imperfect, that imperfection is possible.

*Rev. Mr. Gray*:—The meaning does not imply that the earth was "without form" but that it was *Veran*, which in Hindu reads *Ojád*,—desolate.

*Question*:—But in the first chapter of *Genesis* it is distinctly stated that in the beginning God created heaven and the earth, and that the latter was "without form" and *void* "soonee" (uninhabited void) and that there was darkness upon the face of the deep. This clearly shows that the words "without form" are not here used for *Ojád*, desolate, for if it were so used, there would then be no need for the word *Soonee*, uninhabited, to follow, as void means the same thing. When God created the earth could he not have created it well-formed by using his omnipotence?

*Answer*:—Two words bearing the same meaning are often used together in all languages, as in the case under discussion. (In illustration of this, Dr. Gray quoted two or three phrases such as, the land was *Veran* and *Soonsán*, both adjectives conveying the same idea that it was desolate or uninhabited.)

The Swámi was just preparing to ask a further question in connection with this explanation when the Rev. gentleman interrupted by reminding him that the discussion upon each passage should be limited to two questions and two answers, the more so, as there were many such passages and all could not be discussed that night. The Swámi answered that it was not necessary that all the passages should be discussed that very night, for they could be continued for two, three, or more days, until the dispute was settled. But the Rev. gentleman did not approve of this suggestion, neither did he consent to the Swámi's proposal that at least ten questions, when necessary, should be allowed in respect to every passage. Thereupon, the Swámi suggested that the number of questions should be fixed at least at three. But the Rev. gentleman said he would not consent to more than two. And Dr. Husband refused to allow the matter to be referred to the decision of those present as over 400 persons would have to be consulted. Thus impeded, the Swámi, considering it improper that such a large meeting should be dissolved without any discussion taking place, consented and passed on to the next question (1)

(1) Behold! This meeting was held to ascertain the truth, which can be done only when each point is fully discussed, but the Rev. gentleman objected to such a course being adopted and insisted that only two questions should be asked in reference to each disputed passage; and even then was unable to defend his position—Káli Oodagayee (nonplussed!) *Samarthadan*.

*Swámi*:—In the same book of *Genesis* and in the same chapter—I find: “And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.” In the first verse it is stated that, when God created the heaven and the earth, water was not yet created; whence, then, the water? God... “moved.” Is God a Spirit or has he a body like men? If the former, how could he “move?” and, if the latter, how could he have power to create the heaven and the earth, since it is impossible for a “being” to pervade every thing? Where was God’s body when his spirit was moving upon the waters?

*Dr. Gray*:—The creation of the earth includes that of water also. As for the latter portion of the question, I say that from the beginning of *Genesis* (Tourat) to the end of the gospels, God is described as existing in spiritual form.

*Swámi*:—And yet in several places in the Bible, God is described as having a body. To create the garden of Eden; go and walk there (“And they heard the voice of God walking in the garden in the cool of the day;”) talk with Adam; to ascend mount Sinai; to converse with Moses and with Abraham, and his wife, Sara; to enter their tent; to have a wrestle with Jacob—all such acts warrant the inference that God has some sort of body, or that at least he creates one for himself when occasion requires.

*Dr. Gray*:—All these have no connection with the question under consideration (?) and their currency is entirely attributable to ignorance.

It is a sufficient answer to this that the Jews, (Christians?) and Mahomedans who have faith in “Tourat” (*Genesis*?) fully believe that God is *Rooka* (spirit?). (2)

*Swámi*:—In verse 26th of the same chapter it is stated that “God said let us make man in our image after our likeness.” This clearly leads to the inference that in form God was also like man, *i. e.* composed of soul and body, for if he had no body how could he create man in his own image and after his own likeness?

*Dr. Gray*:—This verse says nothing about a body nor is it thus implied. God created man holy, possessed of knowledge, and happy; God is full of eternal happiness, and he created man in his own image. When the latter sinned he lost his Divine form.

After that the Rev gentleman quoted some passages from Corinthians and Colossians in support of this view.

*Swámi*:—From the fact of Adam having been created in the likeness of God it follows that Adam was like God. And if man was created holy, learned and happy, how could he disobey God’s command? Such a disobedience on his part shows that he was not gifted with fore-knowledge, and therefore was not perfect; that his sight was opened only when he ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; for had he been full of knowledge *before*, he could not have got knowledge *after* he ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Therefore, he became wiser after his disobedience than he was before, notwithstanding that God blessed him; and it was but when he was upon the point of being cursed that his eyes were opened to a sense of his nudity and he covered his body with the leaves of the *Goolar*. If he was equal to God in knowledge and holiness, why should he not have been previously aware as to whether his body was naked or covered? It is thus seen that in knowledge he was not equal to God; had he been possessed of knowledge and holiness like God, he should have been omniscient, pure and happy, and never have done evil. To one like God it is impossible to fall from his position. And as he did fall, it follows that he could not be like God, unless the latter is also liable to fall through want of foresight and knowledge.

Moreover, we have to be told whether those who “believe” will have the same (degree of) knowledge, etc., as

(2) Readers! The Rev. gentleman in his first answer says that from the commencement of *Genesis* to the end of the Gospels, God is spoken of as existing in spiritual form; and when the Swámi points out passages in the same book which prove that God has a body, the Rev. gentleman asserts that they have no connection with the verse under discussion, and takes for his authority the “Jews” Christians and Mahomedans. A question arises here; Do not these sects which regard God as a spirit go against those passages quoted by the Swámi?—*Samarthadán*.

Adam had before his fall, or more, or less? If the same, it may be doubted whether they might not fall as did Adam, though he was equal to God in the above three qualities.

*Dr. Gray*:—The answer already given sufficiently covers all this ground. The point to be answered is how could Adam being holy, have become disobedient. The answer is that though previously holy he became a sinner by violating the command of God<sup>(3)</sup>. It is not true as assumed by the Swámi that Adam got his knowledge afterwards; but when he ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge he got the knowledge of evil with which he had previously not been acquainted. As regards the remark that his eyes were then opened and he knew that he was naked, I will answer that Adam having become a sinner felt ashamed. In the daily experience of the average it is generally the reverse; and while “sinners” lose all sense of shame, it is only the virtuous man whose modesty is liable to be shocked. Another objection is, that if man was like God he could not have fallen. Our answer is that though created in the likeness of God he was not equal to God, for if it were so he would never have been tempted to commit sins. As regards the concluding query as to whether the believers will be more or less holy than Adam, it is to be observed that the question at issue being whether God has a physical body or not, the enquiry about the degree of holiness is irrelevant.

In regard to the other question, if the body of God were physical, the religious men who are regenerated in the form of God might have their bodies changed also.

*Swámi*:—In *Genesis*, chapter II, verse 3-4 read that “God rested on the seventh day from all his work,” and “that He blessed the seventh day and sanctified it.” God being all-powerful, all pervading, and full of eternal happiness (*satchitánand svaroopo*), the creation of the world could not have exhausted him in the least. Then what necessity was there for Him to take rest on the seventh day, as though he had exercised himself too strenuously for six days? And if he blessed only the seventh day, what did he do for the other six days? How can we think that God required any specific time to create, or had to work hard for it?

And now, instead of answering this question, the Rev. gentleman said that the time was up and he could not stay there any longer; adding that, as the writing down of all the points under discussion had taken up a good deal of time, he did not intend to resume the discussion on the next day unless this writing was dispensed with (?). He also said that if the Swámi wished to discuss the subject in writing, written questions should be sent to the Rev. gentleman beforehand to be answered by him in writing also. At the suggestion of Dr. Husband, other persons supported Dr. Gray. The many disadvantages pointed out by the Swámi, who observed that if the discussion were not committed to paper a person might say one thing and after deny it, was not heeded. Then again, no one would be benefited by such a correspondence; for if published by any one, it might be published as he liked. To this the Rev. gentleman remarked that he thought that only very few out of that great gathering of the people present could have understood any thing of what had passed there. Thereupon a Mahomedan, an amanuensis, followed by a few of his co-religionists said that they did not understand (4) anything. This confession made the

(3) A question naturally arises here. If man was like God in knowledge, why should he have been ignorant of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil? As he was ignorant of it, it follows that he had not the requisite knowledge, and therefore was not like God. And if he was not, then he could not have been created in the likeness of God, either bodily or spiritually; since God has no body, and that Adam was ignorant of some things. *Samarthadán*.

(4) The Mahomedans also disliked the arrangement of committing the discussion to paper; for, if this restriction was removed they intended to bring in a Molvi to discuss with the Swámi and then to publish a version of such discussion as they pleased. On this occasion some Pandits, idolaters, also bragged of their intention to hold a discussion with the Swámi, but neither any Molvi nor Brahman whom the Swámi surnamed Popejee, little Popes—eventually came forward for the purpose. Had there been an unrecorded discussion they would have attended, but here they had to hold a discussion in which what was once said having been written down, could not be either recalled or changed.—*Samarthadán*.

Rev. Dr. Gray remark that if the *amanuensis* did not understand anything, who else did? But when the Swámi asked the other two writers—Hindus—if they also had understood nothing, these replied that they understood thoroughly, and could minutely explain all they had written. Truly was the Swámi warranted in expressing wonder that, while two of the writers understood every word they had written, one did not.

The Rev. gentleman refusing positively any discussion for the next day, unless it was no more to be committed to paper, nothing could be definitely settled. The Swámi proposed that the three copies of that evening's discussion should be attested by the Rev. gentleman, by himself, and by Meer Mijeelis, and that one of the attested copies should remain with each of them, but the Rev. gentleman refused to sign any of the documents. Thus, the meeting was closed and the audience dispersed, but the Swámi, Sardár Báhádur Muushi Aminchand, and Pandit Bhágram (on their way) waited a while at Sardár Bhagatsing's residence, which is close to the place where the meeting was held. There the two copies which had been retained by the Swámi were attested by the aforesaid two gentlemen before they went to their respective places.

The next day the Rev. gentleman wrote to the Swámi asking him if he intended to resume the discourse that night, with an intimation that it should be done orally without being committed to paper; or that, if written discussion be preferred, exchange of written communications should be resorted to. The Swámi wrote in reply that he would hold a discussion only if it were done at a public meeting and committed to paper, as otherwise many disadvantages (already mentioned by him) might result; and added that if the Rev. gentleman agreed to this course, he (the Swámi) would stay at Ajmere to continue the discussion as long as he would be desired to do so, but if not, Dr. Gray should notify Sardár Bhagatsing that he would not attend the proposed discussion. To this the Rev. Gentleman assented but too willingly. The Swámi left Ajmere three or four days later, and after visiting Masuda and Nashirabad departed for Jeypore. The day after the Swámi had left Ajmere the Rev. gentleman called at the Mission School a meeting of its students with many other citizens, and commented in their presence elaborately and learnedly, according to his own pleasure, upon the passages from Genesis questioned by the Swámi, in order—he said—that nobody should feel any longer doubts as to the infallibility and wisdom contained in the Scriptures.

Soon after that and while preaching in the streets, some irreverent persons remarked to him that, while he was daily puzzling his head with ignorant persons like themselves for hours together, he had alleged that he could not spare time to discuss with the Swámi, because to report the discussion took so much of time. They added that if he had succeeded in making the Swámi accept any of his views, thousands of people would have followed him,—but instead of that, it appeared that the Rev. gentleman preferred preaching only in the presence of ignorant people.

*Note by the Editor of the THEOSOPHIST:*—The above affords a fair example of Missionary tactics in India. Open debate with learned natives before audiences is avoided whenever practicable, and their work as a rule, confined to the lowest and most ignorant castes. Teachers in mission schools and sectarian colleges even avoid discussing theological questions put by bright native youths, before the classes, bidding them come to them privately and have their interrogatories answered. The fact forces itself upon the attention of every unprejudiced visitor to India that the Oriental missionary scheme is a wretched failure, and the millions contributed to it by the benevolent are virtually wasted. This appears to be the opinion of most old Anglo-Indians of all ranks. It is intended to publish testimony upon this very important subject in these pages and communications are invited.

## MISSIONS IN INDIA.

By Alice Gordon, F. T. S.

The missionary question is of too serious a nature to be discussed with flippancy, or, indeed, to be discussed at all, save by those whose long residence in India has made many of its aspects familiar to them. The benevolent piety of the Christian world has been so long occupied with the scheme of 'spreading the Gospel among the heathen,' that the support of missions is regarded as a sacred duty. This desire may be very worthy, but the ignorance and lack of discrimination in these supporters of Missions are truly lamentable.

In the ordinary European mind, the 'heathen' are massed altogether, and indifference is known or suspected between the religious state of Andaman Islanders, Feejeeans, Mahomedans, or Hindoos. They are all 'heathen,' and in the opinion of missionaries and those who send them, must necessarily be benefited by a free application of Christianity. It is to dispute this opinion as far as regards the larger portion of the natives of this country, that I venture to lay before your readers the conclusions arrived at after a residence here of sixteen years. Anglo-Indians are often reproached by their religious friends at home, for their indifference to, or discouragement of missionary enterprise. That there may be good cause in the experience acquired during residence here, scarcely strikes these enthusiastic soul-savers. They attribute it to thorough deterioration of mind in Anglo-Indians; whereas it is the result of a more liberal belief on the one hand, and a knowledge of the generally worse than useless effort of missionaries on the other. I do not feel myself competent to point out all the causes which lead to this uselessness,—I would even say harmfulness—of missionary work, but I will try to show a few. In the first place the men sent out are usually utterly ignorant of the history of India except perhaps its most recent phases; and what is still worse they know nothing of (even if capable of comprehending) the Hindoo religion and philosophy. The result is that with a narrow dogmatic creed, an inability to see any good outside of it, combined with their ignorance of Hindoo Philosophy, they render themselves offensive and contemptible in the eyes of educated natives. Thus their converts, if they make any among Hindus, are only from the lowest classes, usually men or women who having lost caste, are glad to find shelter and society anywhere. These naturally have no influence, and their example is not likely to be followed, as would be the case if the higher classes were touched by Christianity. It may be asked why this religion, which appears so perfect in the eyes of its ardent professors, does not commend itself to the educated classes, seeing they are able to study it if they choose. I answer, because these educated men know their own religion and philosophy better than we do, and may with very good excuse, prefer their own gods to the gods of the Christian. That the Hindu religion would bear regeneration may be acknowledged, but that must come from the earnest and united efforts of Hindus themselves, and we may hope that the advance of education, and the general movement the influence of the Western mind is causing, will have this effect—*is* having it we may surely say,—for, the rise of the Arya and Bhramo Samajes are the outward and visible signs of this inward and spiritual revival. To expect dogmatic Christianity to take root among Hindus has for many years seemed to me absurd. With regard to Mahomedans, a very slight acquaintance with their strongly monotheistic religion, must show the difficulty attending the propagation of a creed which has a *Trinity* as its basis. In the eyes of the average Mussalman there can be little appreciable difference between the Christian and Hindu creeds, and if they have any preference it, must be in favour of the Hindu, as it is one which does not inculcate proselytizing. It has forced itself on my mind of late years that we Westerns show great presumption—which can only be excused because of our ignorance—in assuming as we do, such entire superiority over the people of this country. That we have the energy of a more youthful nation, that we have the

courage of a people accustomed to warfare, I grant; that we can be and are beneficial to the country, I believe, and we shall best perform the duty we profess we owe as a ruling race, when we learn better, and respect more the people we govern. Mutual appreciation, would lead to greater confidence, and the influence of liberal ideas on both sides would doubtless help to break down their caste prejudice, and our arrogance. But I am digressing from my subject—missions. The only success, worth calling such, of the labors herein criticised has been among the Hill tribes, and nominal Christians are numerous among these. I know of one small mission connected with no other, under the sole direction of an able, liberal-minded man, and in this instance I believe a marked improvement has taken place in the physical and moral well-being of the simple savages. Among other of these missions the evidence of those unconnected with them is far from favorable, and it is well known that a people whose simplicity and truthfulness were remarkable before the advent of missionaries, are no longer so distinguished by these virtues. I do not feel justified in repeating all I have heard in connection with these missions, but I can say that the general feeling among Europeans towards them is one of indifference or dislike. I have lived in several stations where missions were established, in some for as long as thirty or forty years; and I have even found missionaries honest enough to confess how few converts are made among Hindus or Mahomedans. At one station there was a school originally started for the orphans collected during a famine. This was entirely supported by station and casual subscriptions, (and perhaps Government aided). The Society which kept up this mission refusing their patronage, as far as money went, their object being the conversion of *grown-up* heathen, "brands snatched from the burning?" Of course many of these missionaries are earnest and good men according to their light, but it certainly seems to me that they go the wrong way to work. If instead of so many preachers of the Gospel, they had carpenters and men of other trades; if they taught the art of agriculture and the improvement of cattle, some good results might be seen as the outcome of so much money and so many missionaries.

Surely good house servants ought also to be obtainable from among converts, but the experience of all these years has not shown me half a dozen Christian servants, and of these few, one was a thief and one a drunkard. It indeed seems they cannot supply themselves with servants, for I know one missionary who employs a Mussalman tailor, though his mission has been fourteen years established in the station. This fact is worth many arguments. It must not be supposed that my experiences are unique or my conclusions uncommon. If the opinions of all the Europeans resident in India were canvassed, the supporters of missions would be greatly astonished at the result. I came out to India orthodox, believing very much in missionaries, and fully in sympathy with the home societies. I have been going through a course of unpleasant surprises and disenchantments ever since. I meet many who are even more indignant than myself, that such large sums of money should be annually spent in such an unsatisfactory way. It would be curious and interesting to know how much of this money is expended in keeping missionaries and their families and how little upon the 'heathen' and their needs. Few missionaries are unmarried, and in some societies, wives are regularly sent out to supply vacancies of this sort caused by death. There is no doubt that many poor and worthy men are thus enabled to bring up large families and live in a more comfortable way than they could in their own countries, but this I fancy, is not the object for which the money is subscribed! I have no doubt that the greater number of these men come out here with the honest belief that they have a *call* to convert the poor, ignorant, heathen, and once here, what are they to do if their illusions are dispelled, and their enthusiasm crushed? It would require a heroism, scarcely to be expected in ordinary men, to acknowledge their failure, publish their defeat, and retire from the profession; so they fall into the worn groove,

and those who are too honest to falsify statements sent home, find plausible excuses for the small number of converts.

Since beginning this letter I have met a lady of equally long residence in India, who fully agrees with all I say, and mentions that, quite recently, at a missionary meeting in a country place in England to which she went with her parents, who had also been in India, they were as much amused at the begging missionary's statements as surprised at his audacity. Among other things he spoke of the *golden hair* and *blue eyes* of the children that flocked to his mission school in far-off India! This touching picture accomplished the result intended, and he bore away substantial pounds, shillings and pence to the blue-eyed and golden-haired children of his imagination.

#### MACHINE TELEGRAPHY.

One more step in the progress of invention has been taken by the Americans, and it is a stride. A joint stock Company has just been formed under the title of 'The American Rapid Telegraph Company' for utilizing a new invention for dispatching messages by machinery. That is to say, an American inventor has devised a mechanical apparatus for laying a message upon the wires as fast as the operator's eye can read the words of the manuscript. This is a startling announcement, but coming upon the heels of the telephone, the phonograph and the electric light, it causes but little astonishment. Men now-a-days may almost be said to dine and sup daily on mechanical marvels. The THEOSOPHIST having among its subscribers many who are attached to the Indian telegraph service, they will be interested in what follows.

The name of the ingenious discoverer of this new telegraphing apparatus is not mentioned in the *Philadelphia Weekly Times*, the important American journal from which the present information is compiled, but the president and vice-president are well known, wealthy and enterprising gentlemen. The subscribed Capital is three million Dollars—about seventy lakhs of rupees. The requisite machines are being constructed at the Colt's Arms Co.'s shops, in the superb style of workmanship peculiar to that vast industrial establishment; the poles are of the best Canadian red cedar—a very durable wood; and the wires of best cast steel thickly electro-plated with copper—whereby threefold more tensile strength is obtained, with more than fourfold increase of electrical conductivity, as compared with the other wires in use. This, it is claimed, will ensure trustworthy and rapid telegraphing over circuits three time as great as is possible by the best wires of other telegraph companies. The breaking strain of this new wire is not less than 3,000 pounds, so that it would be able to sustain without fracture the weight of quite a large fallen tree: the wire might be borne down to the very ground without the circuit being broken. The breaking strain of the ordinary wire now used is seven hundred pounds. Owing to the hasty and slipshod manner in which lines are commonly built, in America at least, the item of 'repairs' is very large, the reports of the Western Union—the monster company of the world—showing an annual disbursement for this item of about eight dollars—say Rs. 18—per mile of poles, or an aggregate of from 600,000 to 700,000 dollars on the lines of the company. The 'Rapid' Company, however, do not anticipate being obliged to lay out one-tenth of this sum for the maintenance of their lines, for the reasons above stated. Taking all these advantages into consideration—machinery as against hand-work and the saving in maintenance—the American 'Rapid' Company do not now hesitate to state the fact that when the Washington and Boston line is opened to the public it will be possible for them to do a profitable business at ten cents per hundred words, and so on at the same rate, without regard to distance, as the line extends throughout the United States. Indeed, it is confidently expected by them within the next three years to be able to telegraph ordinary business letters to



and from all points in the country for ten cents (annas 4) each, and yet, within the recollection of the middle-aged reader, the postal charge on a half-ounce letter from New York to Boston or Washington was eighteen and three-fourths cents, and between more distant points twenty-five cents. Those were the days when the mails were transported by stage-coaches and like conveyances of limited capacity.

It will not require the 'Rapid' Company to construct between New York and other cities of the Union more than three of their low-resistance wires to transmit and receive a volume of telegraphing tenfold greater than is now transmitted over all the wires of the Western Union and Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Companies by the Morse or any other form of hand-key telegraphing now in use. The official reports of the Western Union Company show that the actual average cost to that company by their slow and tedious hand-key system is twenty-five cents for ten-word messages.

An officer of the 'Rapid' Company being asked if this great public benefit were likely to be suppressed in the interest of the existing monopoly by the secret consolidation of the new with the old company, replied we shall make no appeal for pecuniary aid to the public until we have proved:—

"FIRST. That we can telegraph, reliably, sixty to ninety thousand words per hour over long circuits, and sixty to a hundred times faster than can be done by the Morse or any other hand-key system.

"SECOND. That we can telegraph more economically than can be done by any other system, by from seventy-five to ninety per cent.

"THIRD. That we can telegraph full five-fold more accurately and ten-fold more reliably than can be done by any other system.

"FOURTH. That we can and will do all telegraph business confided to us, whether it is one thousand or fifty thousand messages per day, with far more promptness than the same business can possibly be done by any other system or company. When the Rapid Telegraph Company is prepared to demonstrate these four propositions, its limited number of stockholders may be prevailed upon to share their investments with a larger circle of the business public, but they will certainly guard against the possibility of a single share of their stock passing into the hands of persons having affiliations with the Western Union or other speculative telegraph companies. A majority of the Rapid Company's stock has been placed in the hands of trustees, with rigid provisions for holding it for five years or more, so that no lease, sale, consolidation or pooling arrangement with other lines or companies is possible. With five millions of dollars, judiciously expended, the Rapid Company will cover the whole country east of the Rocky Mountains with a network of wires capable of telegraphing ten-fold more matter in a given time than there can now be telegraphed over all the existing wires of the country, which represent nearly or quite ninety million dollars."

The Rapid Company propose to inaugurate, upon the opening of their lines to the public, six distinguishing features:

1. Express Messages—A uniform tariff of 25 cents for thirty words or less, including date, address and signature, to all stations east of the Rocky Mountains, with one cent additional for each word over thirty. Instant transmission over the wires and prompt delivery by special messengers is meant by the word "express."

2. Mail Messages—Fifty words or less to all stations east of the Rocky Mountains for 25 cents, with one cent additional for five words or less added, to be telegraphed at the convenience of the company, but within one hour, and delivery guaranteed through the Post Office or by messenger within two hours from the date of the message, between eight o'clock A.M. and six o'clock P.M.

3. Night Messages—Fifty words or less to stations east of the Rocky Mountains for fifteen cents, with one cent additional for five words or less added, to be telegraphed at the convenience of the company, between six o'clock P.M. and eight o'clock A.M., and deliverable through the nearest Post Office, post-paid, by or before nine o'clock A.M.

4. Press Reports—For exclusive publication in one journal in any circuit of five hundred miles or less, or in any practical telegraph circuit over five hundred-miles east of the Rocky Mountains, one hundred words or less for ten cents, and the same tariff for any desired number of words. No one reporter to hold a wire to the exclusion of other reporters over twenty minutes, or, say, twenty thousand words at any one time.

5. Stamped Messages—It is proposed to use stamps for "express," "mail," "night" and "press" messages, under an arrangement with the Post Office Department, and the public may purchase and use the same with the same convenience as postage stamps are now used for mail correspondence.

6. Street letter-boxes will be made available, under an arrangement with the Post Office Department, for collecting stamped telegrams every fifteen minutes, from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago Frederick Hudson, then editorial as well as business manager of the New York *Herald*, predicted that the time would come when no *Herald* correspondent would think of posting a letter to that paper; wherever he might be, his copy, however lengthy, would seek the telegraph and not the mail bag. If the Rapid Company are to carry out these "distinguishing features," it needs no prophet to predict the not distant day when the business man will no more think of seeking the United States mail bag for a letter than the hurried traveler now thinks of searching for the old-time four-horse coach.

The writer in the *Times* having personally tested the new system says:—

"The machine telegrapher transmits, as I have seen tested, over one wire and with the expenditure of the same "power" as is used in working the sewing machine, 1,000 words or 5,000 letters per minute—recording the same accurately at this or a higher rate of speed, for any desired length of time. As this would be full employment for sixty Morse wires and one hundred and twenty Morse operators, the advantages of machine telegraphing, as compared with the present monopoly's system, would seem to be as sixty to one in favor of machine telegraphing. The modern sewing machine represents fourteen hand sewers—the machine telegrapher represents a hundred and twenty Morse operators, and these figures fairly represent the comparative advantages, as to labor-saving expenses, between machine sewing and machine telegraphing."

It appears that the Rapid Company style their system of telegraphy a new one only because late inventions and discoveries have perfected its use for business purposes; yet some of the important patents and devices from which such surprising results are obtained have been the subjects of close study, great elaboration and large expenditures of money for the past eight years or more, and however startling and improbable may seem the statements of the capabilities of machine telegraphy, they claim to have fully demonstrated them on long telegraph circuits of three hundred, five hundred and one thousand miles and for a period of time exceeding four months without a single failure or the discovery of a single material fault. They therefore propose to enter the broad, rich telegraphic field, confidently expecting that if they serve the public and the press well and cheaply they will respond with a greatly increased volume of business.

The company controls, under strong American and European patents:

1. "Electro-mechanical telegraphy," which has been explained.
2. "Real duplex telegraphy," by which one wire is made precisely as effective as and even more convenient than two wires can be in the hands of expert Morse operators. This system is divested of all the complications of other "duplex" devices and admits of sending and receiving messages simultaneously from either end of a wire or to and from any intermediate or way offices, which they claim cannot be done by any other known "duplex" or "quadruplex" system. This "real duplex" system, they also claim, is especially well adapted to railroad telegraphing and for use on all way lines where the volume of business does not require a faster system of telegraphing than the Morse, but yet where the exigencies of the business require the use, substantially, of two wires.
3. Multiplex telegraphy, which is substantially the transmission from each end of a single wire, in any circuit of 1,000 miles, of four messages—from both ends simultaneously—thus practically duplexing the "quadruplex" system, but by vastly more simple devices—devices, indeed, they claim even more simple and much more "flexible" than are required to operate the ordinary "duplex" system.
4. "Metrical Telegraphy."—A new system for working long ocean cables and underground telegraph lines, whereby the wires are discharged of all inductive and static electricity and placed in a condition to carry electric impulses with twenty fold greater rapidity than heretofore, and to increase the hourly transmission over any good Atlantic cable of from 1,000 words to probably 10,000, or probably more, per hour. By the metrical system every possible electrical signal indicates reliably a Roman letter in print, thus saving of electric signals at least three-fourths, as compared with any other known system of cable telegraphing.

5. Line and Page Printing Telegraph Machine.—This they claim as a very ingenious and valuable invention, requiring but one battery to operate at both ends of a wire, thereby with other important improvements, placing the printing telegraph far above every other known device for communicating intelligence where high speed is not necessary and where some convenient method of recording is desirable or necessary, as it is in every business communication. The recording is done very neatly in lines and pages, book form, which makes it incomparably superior to all other machines for re-



porting stocks, for private line purposes and intercommunicating uses, a record for convenient reference being a very great if not a necessary desideratum among business men.

6. The Electric Generating Machine.—By means of this new invention every telegraph office may, at a trifling expense, be fitted as a main office, and may send all messages within a circuit of 1,000 or 1,500 miles direct to destination. This is an aid to the new "machine telegraphy" of incalculable value and importance, as it does away with all necessity for "relaying" or "reperforating" messages, and saves in battery expenses many thousands of dollars per month. The new principles involved in this Mechanical Electric Generator admit of the instant generation of all the "quantity" and all the intensity of current required for circuits of 1,000 to 1,500 miles or less, and, practically, more than doubles the value of the "rapid" system of machine telegraphy.

7. Speaking Telephone.—This telephone is constructed on novel principles, and repeats language with great distinctness in ordinary Morse telegraph circuits of 300 miles.

8. Telegraphic Devices and Patents.—Besides the above named seven valuable inventions, and also exclusive of several very broad ones covering the manufacture of "compound" steel and copper wire, whereby telegraph wires may be had of any desired electrical conductivity and tensile strength combined, the Rapid Company control a large number of other valuable devices and patents connected with telegraphy and embracing really about all the inventions of practical merit in this branch of science during the past quarter of a century; and as it is and will continue to be a leading feature of the company's organization to extend the most liberal encouragement to all inventors who may invent original devices of decided merit, or who may make valuable improvements on existing devices, it is not to be doubted that the company will keep well in advance of valuable telegraph improvements.

The respectability of the paper in which this account of the 'Rapid' system of telegraphy appears forbids the supposition that this is but a sensational newspaper tale of the kind so ripe in American journalism. If, therefore, this be a real discovery, its effect, immediate and remote, upon the advancement of knowledge and the knitting together of nations and communities by the strong ties of mutual interest, will be incalculably great. When shall the THEOSOPHIST be able to report to the Western World an invention equally important by a Hindu artisan. Is the genius that was equal to the discovery of *Viman Vidya* extinct?

### THE EDISON TELEPHONE.

TELEPHONIC intercommunication on a practical working scale has at length become an accomplished fact in the City of London, as has just been demonstrated by means of the Edison loud-speaking telephone to a number of scientific gentlemen and others connected with this exceedingly interesting question, both as regards its scientific and commercial aspects. The instrument is so arranged that a conversation can be maintained between two persons at a distance without the slightest personal inconvenience or difficulty, the transmitting part of the apparatus being placed conveniently for the mouth and the receiving portion in a line with the ear. The practical application of the system at present extends to ten stations, all placed in connection with a central station called the Telephone Exchange, which is situated in Lombard-street. The stations, or, more properly speaking, the private offices, which are connected with the exchange, are situated—No. 1 in Copthall-buildings, No. 2 in Old Broad-street, No. 3 in Suffolk-lane, No. 4 in Lombard-street, No. 5 in Princes-street, No. 6 in Carey-street, Lincoln's-Inn, No. 7 in Queen Victoria-street, No. 8 in George-yard, Lombard-street, No. 9 in Throgmorton-street, No. 10, being the *Times* office. At the central office is a switch-board capable of being connected with twenty-four different stations, but which at present is only connected with the ten we have mentioned. The number twenty-four is the most that can be attended to by one person, but there may be any number of switch-boards in the same room, and any station on one board can be connected with any one on another board. Adjoining the switch-board, is a telephonic apparatus, and the operator—who may be a boy—sits in front of the board. Assuming that station No. 2 wishes to communicate with No. 6, the person at No. 2 calls the attention of the attendant at the exchange by

means of an electric bell. At the same moment a shutter on the switch-board falls and discloses the number of the applicant. The attendant acknowledges the signal, and No. 2 instantly says "Connect me with No. 6." The shifting of a pin effects this, and Nos. 2 and 6 are left to communicate with each other. At the close of the conversation, No. 2 gives a signal on the bell to intimate that he has finished, and the attendant withdraws the pin and Nos. 2 and 6 are instantly separated. And so with any other numbers; they can be instantly connected or disconnected, and any number of stations can be connected up in couples and worked at the same time. Of course, only one station can be connected with one other at the same time; but the coupling and uncoupling are effected so quickly that a person may communicate with any others in very rapid succession. The practical success of all these arrangements must depend very largely upon the possession of a means of communication which meets certain every-day requirements. In other words, it means that the transmitting instruments employed must be able to transmit messages clearly, and either in a loud tone, so as to meet the contingency of the receiving party being a short distance from his instrument, or in a low tone, so as to enable a conversation to be carried on which may be audible to the receiving party, but inaudible to others who may be near, and whose ears it is desirable that the conversation shall not reach. These necessary conditions were shown to be amply present, with many others, in the Edison loud-speaking telephone, the working being in charge of Mr. E. H. Johnson, the engineer, and Mr. Arnold White, the manager of the company. Loud-speaking this telephone certainly is, but it is none the less soft-speaking also, for conversations were carried on between two parties in whispers, and although a low hissing sound was perceptible to the bystanders, they were unable to catch the words of the speaker at the distant station. On the other hand, words spoken in a loud tone were audible even at times above the hum of conversation. A great many tests were applied by those present in order to prove the system in various ways, but in no case was there any failure, although at some of the stations the operators were quite fresh at the work, and in one or two instances were possessed of rather weak voices. Communications were opened, maintained, and closed with the various stations in rapid succession, and with every success; and here we may mention that a paragraph was recently set in type, which was dictated through the telephone, the result being a perfectly correct reproduction of the transmitted subject.

It will thus be seen that this latest and most important outcome of Mr. Edison's scientific researches has so far proved itself to be a practical success in this country. Its future development will of course be governed by the demand for this method of communication, and although there may not be so large a scope for it in London and some of the provinces as in the cities of the United States, there is still a wide field for its application, more especially perhaps in country towns and outlying districts. With regard to the distance at which communication can be maintained without difficulty by means of the telephone, it is stated that it has been worked between stations 100 miles apart in America. Shorter distances, however, are considered to be better than long ones for perfect transmission, and as a rule it may be taken that there is no loss of power up to about five miles' distance. Beyond that point there is a perceptible loss, which goes on increasing with the distance. But in practice even five miles will no doubt be found to be an exceptional distance, and would perhaps only be met with where two stations were each two miles and a half from the central exchange. At any rate, so far as present requirements are concerned, the apparatus as now arranged appears to fulfil all the conditions and requirements of practice, and, while we congratulate its inventor upon its success, we may anticipate its widespread application.—*Weekly Times*.

## NATURE WORSHIP.

The birth and growth of the Idea among the Aryans of India, as viewed from Rig-Vedic Poetry, &c., and a further Transition to Science, as observed historically.

By H. H. D.—B.A.

“ In that fair clime; the lonely herdsman stretched  
 “ On the soft grass, through half a summer’s day,  
 “ With music lulled his indolent repose ;  
 “ And in some fit of weariness, if he,  
 “ When his own breath was silenced, chanced to hear  
 “ A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds  
 “ Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched  
 “ Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,  
 “ A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,  
 “ And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.  
 “ The nightly hunter lifting up his eyes,  
 “ Towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart  
 “ Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed  
 “ That timely light, to share his joyous sport :  
 “ And hence a beaming goddess, with her nymphs,  
 “ Across the lawn and through the darksome groves  
 “ (Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes,  
 “ By echo multiplied from rock or cave),  
 “ Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars  
 “ Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven  
 “ When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked  
 “ His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked  
 “ The Naiad.—Sunbeams upon distant hills  
 “ Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,  
 “ Might with small help from fancy, be transformed  
 “ Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.  
 “ The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed, their wings,  
 “ Lacked not for love, fair objects, whom they wooed  
 “ With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,  
 “ Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,  
 “ From depth of slaggy covert peeping forth,  
 “ In the low vale or on steep mountain-side ;  
 “ And sometimes intermixed with stirring horns  
 “ Of the live deer, or goat’s depending beard,  
 “ These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood  
 “ Of gamesome deities ; or Pan himself  
 “ The simple shepherd’s awe-inspiring god !—

WORDSWORTH.

What the philosophic poet beautifully observes as above by way of a description and explanation of Nature Worship among the Greeks, may equally be said of our Indian Aryans and other nations. In the early infancy of man, in the pleasant and innocent morning and spring of Humanity, Imagination is warmest and brightest, fancy soars highest and ranges over the widest regions of nature and thought, the appreciation of the Beauty and sublimity in the natural phenomena is keenest, and the love of the Wonderful uppermost, especially under climes smiling with all the grace and beauty nature can afford, or frowning with all her severity. It is the former or the latter, predominating, as the case may be, with other accompanying causes, that determines the optimism or pessimism of a nation. It is thus that a luxuriant harvest of mythology is richly formed and gathered with the pregnant and fruitful seeds cast all around with a liberal hand by divine Poetry. And it is accordingly that wonderfully precocious, glorious, and far-aspiring philosophy is evolved out of the *material*. This vital energy we have witnessed growing and getting developed with the Aryans of Aryāvarta and Hellas.

In those very early, pre-historic ages, man is, as it were, just heralded in the world. Everywhere there is novelty for him and that gives a strange charm to existence. His mind is in a blessed state of pleasurable excitement. His wants are limited, and consequently his cares few. Pleasure and merriment, bliss and repose greet him in every direction. He is enraptured with the harmony of numbers—with the divinely beautiful Poetry. The only fatigue he experiences is from a free range over hills and dales, on undulating plains, or along the tuneful banks of rivers or

waterfalls and fountains,—or from the excitement of the chase, or the leading of a joyous dance. He is ever lulled to repose by mellifluous music. Rich and rare mythology diverts him and ambitions, though sage,—and far searching Philosophy, at times, instructs him. Sweet, sublime, though changeful, nature is his only nurse to tend him, tenderly or otherwise.

Thus man,—“ the wonder and glory of the universe,” the topmost and most brilliant and precious link of the chain of evolution,—man, placed in this garden of nature, encircled on all sides by her caressing arms, was from the earliest times impressed with the beauty and sublimity of the aspects of nature ; and he was at times awe-struck with the severe manifestations of the terrible, resistless, undeterminable, natural powers. In every direction that he turned his glancing, searching eye, incomprehensible Infinity, or inconceivable Greatness was all that he perceived.

He saw dark, frowning, giant-like mountains, rugged, raising their proud heads high above the clouds, and spreading their arms far beyond his ken. He observed the wavy clouds about their shoulders, ever and anon shaken by fitful currents of winds, and he imagined those clouds to be their wings. The nearer he approached them, the higher they seemed to rise from under the ground ; and the low, deep, moanings of winds confined within their dark, chamber-like caverns re-wording them—were to him their angry vituperations ! The sky he saw overcast with dark, lowering clouds, thunders roll, lightnings flash and cleave the thickest clouds, and the war of elements rages furiously : waters falling down in torrents. He read in all these the hand of superhuman agencies.

He marked the thunderbolt descend and clip the cloud-wings of the mountain-giants : top off their heads, rip open their bosoms : the host of winds confined let loose, the nectarine water-milking clouds released, the waters, enclosed and therefore till then unseen, find an outlet, beautiful streams flowing fast, bearing down all opposition in their course, trampling over the wreck of cloven rocks and falling down a precipice with a noisy thundering, lash—the cooling spray spreading in all directions borne on the wings of the breezes : the milk-white foam surmounting the crests or dipping into the shallows of rapid wavelets of rapids ! The spirit of Famine is destroyed, the wings of the hills elipt : and the hoard of the niggard taken from him ! Some of the mountains flying the wrath of the victorious foe, take shelter in the sea ; fragments rather of the hills detached from the main body under volcanic agency and cast down to a considerable distance with the same giant projectile force into a neighbouring sea, bay, gulf, or creek, or the upheavals and risings of mountain tops or rocks above sea-level through the same cause ! And here we have the oft-recorded myths, the rich materials of the Poetry of the very general Rig Veda and other hymns detailing the combats of Indra, Divaspati, Dyaus, Zeus, Jupiter, on the one side, and Vritra, Ahi and a host of other demons, Rakshas, on the other, the marutas, the storm-gods, alone standing by the side of their Lord, when all else desert him,—and his final victory !

The severity of the sky described above gradually softens into mildness ! Pleasurable stillness and brightness rule the scenery. Pearl-like rain-drops kiss the blushing, tender, glistening, and already tearful leaves or flowerets of plants, creepers, or trees in the now breaking sunshine, and display their marvellous beauty and rainbow glory. The face of Heaven smiles, as it were ! A beautiful arc spans the ethereal region ! The sky becomes a deep cerulean blue. Here and there white fleecy clouds spice the beauty of the canopy over-head ! The sun shining in all his glory, descending the vault of heaven, bestrides it with his three huge steps, and trampling over the head of the proud demon and the fiery Titan, paints with his magic rays the clouds besprinkled about the firmament, thus preparing a glorious carpet, as it were, for night to tread upon. The finger-rays of the departing god, in love seem tremblingly to touch the fading lotus-faces, and rest but for a moment on the glowing face of ardent San-

dhyâ, in love with him! Oh the glory, the energizing power, and warmth of the Divine Vishnu call forth every morning an exclamatory prayer of the pious Arya. "We meditate upon that adorable light of Sâvitri! May it dispel the gloom of our Intellect!

The Sun-God withdraws himself to repose, imparting his glory every evening to Agni the constant companion, friend, protector, father and everything of the Rishi. Dark Night with her bright retinue of planets, stars, and constellations, appears; and just heralds the sweet and mild-faced moon. They play their part and retire.

The youthful Dawn, announcing her glorious lord Sûrya brings fresh warmth and vigour, light and life. The whole world seems refreshed. The vegetable kingdom assumes all the graces and traces of active life. The rivers, rills, and waterfalls renew their harmonious music, that to him at least was silent in the reign of sleep and night. In every one of these he perceives life and activity, strength greater than his own, and beauty seldom seen amongst his kind, and thus everywhere he imagines the presence of superhuman agency—a deity.

In the bright blue bend of the heavens he sees the benevolent, all-embracing parent of the world and all the gods, keeping them encased in its heart's heart and inmost bosom, the Boundless Divine Aditi Dyans, the representation of Infinity, Eternity, and Immortality! The ethereal region is presided over by a benignant yet Almighty God—the Lord of the celestial host of marutas—Indra, in the army of the tempestuous powerful winds, his constant companions, and faithful attentive followers. He imagines, at first, mountains, Parvatas, to be giants, Rakshasas, and they are defeated and made powerless by his patron Divinity! One God, Sûrya, rules the glory of the day, and another, the blushing, changing light at night, Chandramas, or Soma. But no, Soma is the inebriating, strength-infusing, valour-inspiring beverage of the Immortals and their votaries! It is invoked in strains of greatest beauty. Indra takes delight in it, and the hoary Rishi draws the Powerful of the Powerful home to his sacrificial ground with that choicest of offerings, and he had everything granted him by the god when under its influence. Soma inspired him with the sublimest divine Poetry—revealed to him things unseen and unseeable, unknown and unknowable, made him one with the Divinity! And so Soma was honoured with the god-head, and Soma Bacchus, Dionysus—all conquering, all-subduing, all-powerful God, ranked among Immortals thus in course of time.

And Night herself was a goddess to whom is addressed one of the most beautiful hymns of Rig-Veda. So also was Ushas, Dawn! So are there Naiads, Dryads, Hamadryads, Oceanides, floral and sylvan deities, and fauns, apsarases, elves, spirits, and goblins. Thus is formed the Pantheon of the Physiologist, and hence springs the ever-flourishing, fruitful, pregnant mythology.

Again man, as he is figured above and as he essentially is, man is pleased with the scenes he views. He enjoys them: but he trembles when he sees them angry, and wishes to propitiate them with bountiful presents and offerings. He is greatly delighted when he sees them looking bright and mild. But the impression of his own insignificance and the awe-inspiring greatness of nature about him is not altogether effaced from his mind.

He sees in his domestic fire his faithful friend—the light and life of his humble home. He appreciates the genial warmth that is associated with it. But he is as well a witness to the terrible manifestation of its power—the destructive might, occasionally serving his purpose though—in the forest conflagration, so often graphically described in many a hymn addressed to Agni: The circumambient flame roaming or rolling unopposed in every direction, devouring every substance within its reach, dealing death and destruction to every denomination of life, strewing its dark path with the wrecks of destruction, dark with the once glowing embers now extinct—so he is Krishna-vartnâ, or whitening it here and there with ashes scattered about. He feels the earth quake, and hears the underground

thunder roll and reverberate. He witnesses volcanoes burst, and devastate the most fruitful fields, and disfigure the comeliest face of earth, and there he sees the angry goddess Chandika-Jvâlmukhî riding a blood thirsty gory lion, angrily shake her world-destroying—annihilating trident! He is apprized of the submarine fire Aurva's rage: the angry foaming ocean lashing the shore with all its might: the sun *burning* bright, the night assuming a deadening chill: the biting cold of winter almost extinguishing life.

And under all these circumstances he has the painful cognition of his helpless plight. He is convinced of the fact that his gods are mild and severe as occasion suits them or permits: that they too are endowed with the same feelings, emotions, sensations, motives as himself.

Another season comes: a second cycle commences. The sun is eclipsed: the light of day obscured: the brightest eye of Heaven blindfolded: one of his own favourite deities eaten up by an invisible demon—Râhu! The struggle ensues; and, after great travail, the solar deity is delivered. The moon also has to grapple with the same giant, and in the same manner his other gods have to bear the brunt of the brutal force of a fierce foe. The war between Good and Evil, Light and Darkness, between Indra and Vritra, Ahura Mazda and Ahriman, Jehova or Messia, and Satan, Zeus or Jupiter, and Titans, continues for ever. Poesy narrates the varied actions and delineates them in the choicest fancy colours. Omniscient Philosophy, too, offers some explanation of the phenomena. Human mind is agitated, energized, is at stir. His (*i. e.* man's) ambition rises, rebellious spirit sprouts forth. Can he not get the spark of that Promethean fire to melt the unyielding adamantine shackles of superstition and ignorance, that weigh heavy upon him? can he not be independent, free?—these are the questions that storm his heart and fire his soul. Poesy tells him of a powerful, dreadful Rakshasa, Râvana, who through sheer force of his energy, Tapas, obtained Universal Sovereignty. All the vanquished host of heaven paid homage to him. The Sun, the Moon, the Wind, Fire, Ocean, and the Ruler of all the Rulers and Lord of the Heavens, even the Thunderer, served him obediently and received humbly his commands and did him servile duty! The Creator, lord of all creatures, Brahmâ Prajâpati, was his chaplain, who instructed him from time to time as to his futurity. An aerial car bore him through the ethereal regions wherever he willed. Thus was the domination over nature and her agencies, as exemplified in Râvana, rendered complete!

Are there no means, is there no agent that may secure to him that long coveted object? Has he no means within his reach to accomplish that end? Why not? He had and has yet with him what he wanted. He must look within and without him. He has that Reason, that intellect, that imagination, contemplation, that observing faculty, that power of experimenting. Philosophy he has had long since, developed in course of time. Science or experimental Philosophy was what he needed, and that was evolved out of the elements he had in him, and developed. The mind thus awakened by curiosity, by investigation, and enlightened by observation and experience, penetrated right through the mysteries of nature. And they were known to him, and were embodied into science; and what has not that science—associated with Art and Industry—done for him? Yes, that is the most powerful agent and *Novum Organon* of his.

The dreams of Imagination have now been realized: fables are now proved facts. The giant Intellect of man has converted the denizens of Olympus—of Meru of old—the powers and forces of nature, into his ready, pliant, and obedient ministers and agents. They drive his mills, work the machines of his contrivance, drag his vehicles, saw planks of wood for him, drudge at his various manufacturing, and thus perform many an admirable and useful service. Thus Wind, Water, and Fire are humbled and forced to do the service of menials! Their sting of mischief has been removed, their destructive force assuaged

for a while. They cannot *now* elude his grasp. The sun must draw portraits at his bidding; and one of the citizens of the metropolis of Western India—Mr. Adams of Bombay—ventures to convert him into an agent to work the spinning and weaving and other mills or run our locomotives. The lightning is his swiftest, most faithful and efficient messenger, encircling the globe in a very short space of time, like Robin Goodfellow. He is at home, as it were, in the arms of angry Neptune. He has already sounded those watery depths and mastered their secrets. He has counted the host of stars, registered their names, and taken an almost accurate map of the heavenly regions. He has read the Past of this world and the Kosmos and has an almost perfect provision of their future. He has taken a rough measure of time and space. He rides on the wings of Ariel, and his ear rises to such an height as to appear like a grey speck on the serene, cerulean face of heaven—far transcending the lightest and brightest and highest clouds, and exultingly taking a comprehensive view of the unseen and otherwise invisible wonders of nature from a commanding position aye a station, triumphant! The track of a traveller on the ice-fields is lost for ever after a momentary impression, but not that of sound of any denomination written by the Theosophist, Edison on a tin-foil now! They (*i. e.* the sounds or letters pronounced, uttered, or recited) as if by magic, shall receive and inherit eternity of existence as a boon unmasked—charactered though they be on a frail substance—likely to be faithfully reproduced at any moment; and the Phonicoscope, from this time gives him images of sound, reflected in beautiful fringes of colours on the floating tiny soap-bubbles! His powers of sight and hearing have been and are being greatly increased. He can now see the minutest animalcule, or hear the faintest pulsation or the most inaudible tread of the butterfly, greatly magnified, and this is not enough. His other resources have immensely been and shall be so multiplied; for science has still an inexhaustible store of marvels for him undreamt of.

Ahmedabad, November 1879.

*Editor's Note* :—We have not been willing to interrupt the rhythmic flow of our correspondent's language with any commentaries of our own, but must add a word of supplement. The outward phase of the idea of nature worship he has succinctly and eloquently traced. But he, in common with most modern scholars, completely ignores one chief factor. We allude to the experience, once so common among men, now so comparatively rare, of a world of real beings, whose abode is in the four elements, beings with probable though as yet ill defined powers, and a perceptible existence. We are sorry for those who will pity us for making this admission; but fact is fact, science or no science. The realization of this inner world of the *Elementals* dates back to the beginning of our race, and has been embalmed in the verse of poets and preserved in the religious and historical records of the world. Granted that the perception of phenomena developed nature-worship, yet, unless our materialistic friends admit that the range of these phenomena included experiences with the spirits of the elements and the higher and noble realities of Psychology, it would trouble them to account for the universality of belief in the various races of the Unseen Universe.

Why should but one of the elements, namely, earth, be so densely populated, and fire, water, air, &c., be deemed empty voids, uninhabited by their own beings—the “viewless races,” as the great Bulwer-Lytton called them? Is this partiality of nature a logical hypothesis of science? Who that observes the marvellous adaptations of the organs of sense and the natures of beings to their environment, dares say that these elementals do not exist, until he is well assured that the perceptive faculties of our bodies are capable of apprehending all the secret things of this and other worlds? Why may not the spirits of the kingdoms of earth, air, fire and water be non-existent to

us—and we to them—only because neither has the organs to see or feel the other? Another aspect of this subject was treated in our December issue.—ED. THEOS.

NECROMANCY.

A MARVELLOUS MANIFESTATION.—A MAN FACE TO FACE WITH HIS OWN SOUL.

In the “History of the Intellectual Development of Europe,” by J. W. Draper of New York, occurs this passage on Alexandrian Necromancy: “Thus Plotinus wrote a book on the association of demons with men, and his disciple Porphyry proved practically the possibility of such an alliance; for, repairing to the temple of Isis, along with Plotinus and a certain Egyptian priest, the latter, to prove his supernatural powers, offered to raise up the spirit of Plotinus himself in a visible form. A magical circle was drawn on the ground, surrounded with the customary astrological signs, the invocation commenced, the spirits appeared, and Plotinus stood face to face with his own soul. In this successful experiment it is needless to inquire how far the necromancer depended upon optical contrivances, and how far upon an alarmed imagination. Perhaps there was somewhat of both, but if thus the spirit of a living man could be called up, how much more likely the souls of the dead.”

THE DEVIL IS DEAD.

Sigh, priests:—cry aloud—hang your pulpits with black,

Let sorrow bow down every head;  
The good friend who bore all your sins on his back,  
Your best friend, the Devil, is dead.

Your church is a corpse—you are guarding its tomb;  
The soul of your system has fled;  
The death knell is tolling your terrible doom;  
It tells us, the Devil is dead.

You're bid to the funeral, ministers all,  
We've dug the old gentleman's bed;  
Your black coats will make a most excellent pall,  
To cover your friend who is dead.

Aye, lower him mournfully into the grave;  
Let showers of tear-drops be shed;  
Your business is gone:—there are no souls to save;  
Their tempter, the Devil is dead.

Woe comes upon woe; it is dreadful to think,  
Hell's gone and the demons have fled;  
The damn'd souls have broken their chains, every link.  
The jailer, who bound them, is dead.

Camp-meetings henceforth will be needed no more;  
Revivals are knocked on the head;  
The orthodox vessel lies stranded on shore;  
Their Captain, the Devil, is dead.

Prof. Denton,

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