

Visvarūpachārya according to my list but Sures'varāchārya according to him. The two dates are S'ankarāchārya's consecration 645 or 705 A. C., his death 685 or 725 A. C., while Sures'varāchārya's consecration is given as 693 or 753. This difference arose out of Mr. Rice's supposition that Sures'varāchārya's death took place 80 or 20 years after his consecration, instead of 800 years as given out in the official list now with me; and the consequent trimming of the dates of S'ankarāchārya's consecration and death. If we agree with Mr. Rice in supposing 800 years as beyond all probability and that 80 or even 20 is the probable figure, we bring down S'ankarāchārya's date to the middle of the seventh century A. C.\* from about 43 B. C., the earliest date accorded him by Indian tradition. It is however a matter of regret that the S'ankaravijayas do not in any way enlighten us. Anandagiri's S'ankara Vijaya is entirely silent on the point, not even the *least* indication is therein given; Chidvilāsayati, the author of another Sankaravijaya, says he was born at noon under the constellation A'rthrá; while Mádhavāchārya's does not go beyond giving the astrological position of the Sun, Mars and Saturn. The other Maths of S'ankarāchārya now existing in Southern India are mostly branches of the S'ringeri Math: and I would urge our friends in Bombay and N. W. Provinces to try their best to procure lists of the Guruparamparas of the Maths of their respective provinces for comparison with the one given above.

Now that the ingenious theory of Mr. Fergusson that the Vikramāditya Era really began in 544 A. C. and that the Indian date 56 B. C. was simply obtained by throwing the event back by six centuries, is no longer tenable, as amply proved by the researches of Profs. Bühler and Peterson, greater credit is now being given, as Mr. Johnston says, to Indian tradition. But if the date, 43 B. C., accorded to S'ankarāchārya, by Indian tradition is once accepted, it upsets all chronological sequence in the history of Sanskrit Literature. I shall briefly explain. S'ankarāchārya quotes in his *Sárirakabhá Shya* (I. 1. 3.) Kumārilaswami; and the latter refers to Kālidāsa in his *Tantra Vārtika*. Even making all these contemporaries, which is in itself very improbable, and bearing in mind that no account, or tradition, Eastern or Western, gives Kālidāsa any date anterior to 56 B. C.,—the date of Vikramāditya in whose court he lived—it is impossible to maintain the theory that Sankarāchārya flourished before 56 B. C.

S. E. GOPALACHARLU.

#### PRESIDENTIAL NOTICE.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, ADYAR, 7th December, 1892.

Branches and Fellows of the Theosophical Society in Australasia are notified that Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, F. T. S., of London, will shortly visit their country in her private capacity and in search of health. She will be happy to converse with all who are interested in Theosophical subjects.

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

\* This date is arrived at, but by a different method, by Mr. Fleet in the *Indian Antiquary* (vol. XIV, p. 350).

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# THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XIV. NO. 5. FEBRUARY, 1893.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.\*

CHAPTER XI.

BARON de Palm's cremation is the theme of the present Chapter. I have related above the circumstances which led to my taking it upon myself and, since it is historically important from having been the first public cremation in the United States and the first where a crematorium was employed, the details should be interesting.

The cremation took place December 6, 1876, at the small inland town of Washington, Washington County, Pennsylvania, more than six months after the body had been packed in carbolised dried clay at New York. It is very easy now to cremate a body, either in America or England, for efficient crematories are available and cremation societies exist, but then it was quite another thing. When I pledged myself to dispose of the Baron's remains as he wished, there were no facilities, no precedents in my country to follow, unless I wished to adopt the Eastern method of open-air burning, which had been once employed and which, in the then state of public prejudice and the probable refusal of the Sanitary Board to issue a permit, would have been very difficult, not to say dangerous. My only practicable policy was to wait until the chance offered itself. In the year 1816, a Mr. Henry Laurens, a wealthy gentleman of South Carolina, ordered his executors to burn his corpse and compelled his family to acquiesce by the testamentary proviso that they should not inherit his estate unless his wishes were strictly carried out. Accordingly, his body was burnt on his own plantation in the

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

H. S. O.

Eastern fashion, on a funeral pyre and in the open air; his family and near relations being present. One other case of the kind is recorded, that of a Mr. Berry, the pyre being used in this instance also, if my memory serves me. But there had been no case of the disposal of human remains in a retort or crematorium constructed for the purpose, and so, as above said, I had no choice but to wait patiently the turn of events. I was not kept long in suspense, for one morning in July or August it was announced in the papers that Dr. F. Julius Le Moyne, an eccentric but very philanthropic physician of Western Pennsylvania, had begun erecting a crematorium for the burning of his own body. I immediately opened correspondence with him, with the result that (Letter of August 16, 1876) he consented that if he should survive the completion of his building, the Baron's corpse should be the first one disposed of. At the time of the funeral the possibility of there being a subsequent cremation was not publicly announced but only whispered about; now, however, it was openly declared, my purpose being to give the authorities fair warning, so that if any legal obstacle existed it might be brought to view. Mr. F. C. Bowman, Counsellor at Law (Barrister), and I were elected a legal Advisory Committee of the original N. Y. Cremation Society, to carefully examine the statutes and report whether or not a person had the right of choosing the way in which to dispose of his body. We found nothing to indicate the contrary; and, in fact, common sense itself would show that if a man has absolute ownership of anything belonging to him it must be of his physical body, and that he is free to say how it shall be disposed of after his death, provided that he chooses no method imperilling the rights or welfare of others. Under my private agreement with the N. Y. Cremation Society, and hence long before Dr. Le Moyne's crematorium was ready, we made formal application to the Brooklyn Board of Health for a permit of removal for cremation and counsel's opinion was taken. \* It agreed with Mr. Bowman's and mine and an application, couched in officially prescribed terms, being made later when the crematorium was finished, the permit was duly granted. Thus the first important step was made, and no legal impediment existing, the advocates of cremation had only to meet theological, economic, scientific and sentimental objections. Dr. Le Moyne and I agreed upon the plan of arranging for a public meeting with addresses from representative men,

\* Following is the text of the note in question:

NEW YORK CITY,  
June 5, 1876.

GENTLEMEN,

The undersigned, Executors under the last Will and Testament of Joseph Henry Louis, Baron De Palm, hereby apply for the delivery to them of his body, now lying in the receiving vault of the Lutheran Cemetery: the said body to be removed to a convenient point beyond the city limits and cremated, agreeably to the request, of the aforesaid De Palm.

(Signed) H. S. OLCOTT,  
( " ) H. J. NEWTON.

to take place immediately after the cremation, and for an evening meeting to discuss the merits and demerits of this mode of sepulture. We agreed that each public speaker should confine himself to a special branch of the subject, to avoid repetitions while covering the entire ground.

Owing to the neutral character of the T. S. upon all questions involving different religious opinions, it had been decided that my co-executor and I should carry out this affair in our personal capacities. It was also decided that there should be no further religious ceremonies. Both Dr. Le Moyne and I being strong advocates for cremation, we were fully convinced that the public interest demanded the giving of wide publicity to this event and the invitation of men of science and officers of Boards of Health, to be present and carefully scrutinize the process of reduction of the body by fire. "I agree with you," writes the good old Doctor, "that the addresses are to be confined to the subject of cremation without branching out on other topics, however proper and right they might be in themselves and in their own place. I have never intended or expected that our programme should include any kind of religious service, but be a strictly scientific and sanitary experiment, looking to a reform in the disposition of a body." The American press, which had made fun of the T. S. for having too much religious ceremony at the Baron's funeral, now abused us for having none at all at his cremation. However, we cared nothing for that, the praise and the blame of the ignorant being equally valueless. Dr. Le Moyne and I wished to settle the following points: (a) Whether cremation was a really scientific method of sepulture; (b) Whether it was cheaper than burial; (c) Whether it offered any repugnant features; (d) How long it would take to incinerate a human body. In pursuance of the policy of bold publicity, Mr. Newton and I, as Executors, and Dr. Le Moyne, as owner of the crematory, addressed the following invitation to Boards of Health, individual scientists, selected Principals and Professors of Colleges, Clergymen and Editors:

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1876.

DEAR SIR: Upon the 6th of December, proximo, at Washington, Pa., will be cremated the body of the late

JOSEPH HENRY LOUIS, BARON de PALM,

*Grand Cross Commander of the Sovereign Order of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; Knight of St. John of Malta; Prince of the Roman Empire; late Chamberlain to His Majesty the King of Bavaria; Fellow of the Theosophical Society, etc., etc.,*

in compliance with wishes expressed to his executors shortly before his decease. This ceremony you are respectfully invited, either in person or by proxy, to attend.

The cremation will be effected in a furnace specially designed for the purpose, and erected by F. Julius Le Moyne, M. D., as an earnest of his preference for this mode of sepulture.

The occasion being one of interest to Science, in its historical, sanitary, and other aspects, the Executors of Baron de Palm have consented that it shall have publicity. This invitation is accordingly sent you in the hope that you may find it convenient to be represented, and in case the general subject of cremation should be discussed, take part in the debate. The University of Pennsylvania, the Washington and Jefferson College, the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, other institutions of learning, and the Health Boards of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, (D. C.) and other cities, have already signified their intention to send representatives. It is believed that the occasion will draw together a very large number of highly competent and influential scientific observers. Addresses appropriate to the occasion will be delivered.

Washington is a town in Washington County, in the State of Pennsylvania, twenty-five miles West of Pittsburgh, on the Chartiers Valley R. R., and about midway between the cities of Pittsburgh and Wheeling. Trains leave Pittsburgh and Wheeling for Washington at 9 o'clock A. M., and at 5 o'clock P. M., every day except Sunday. The running time is about two hours.

The audience room of the Crematory being quite small, it is necessary that the number intending to be present should be known in advance. You are therefore requested to signify your determination by mail or telegraph to either of the undersigned at your early convenience.

HENRY S. OLCOTT, } *Executors under the last Will and*  
HENRY J. NEWTON, } *Testament of Baron de Palm.*

Address, Box 4335, N. Y. City.

Or, F. JULIUS LE MOYNE, M. D.

Address, Washington, Washington Co., Pa.

The acceptances were numerous, the public interest being so thoroughly aroused that, as (Mr. A. C. Simpson of Pittsburgh, Pa.) a gentleman who had access to the exchanges of an influential journal, declares, "there is not a journal printed in the United States but has had more or less to say, not only about the Baron's burning, but also about his theosophical religious views" (see *Banner of Light*, Jan. 6th, 1887). One of the most amusing things written about the case was the expression used by Mr. Bromley in a *N. Y. Tribune* editorial, that "Baron de Palm had been principally famous as a corpse."

It was a great responsibility to take upon ourselves for, if anything went wrong with Dr. Le Moyne's furnace, there would have been a tremendous clamor against us for exposing a human body to the chance of irreverential scientific maltreatment.\* However, the object in view being so thoroughly humanitarian, we carried the affair through without flinching. To guard as far as possible against accident, the good Doctor first tested the furnace on a sheep's carcass and, in a

\* There was one risk to be provided against, viz., the possibility of the corpse being carbonized in the still air of an incandescent clay retort heated up to a temperature of 1,500° to 2,000°. To obviate this, Dr. Le Moyne, against the protest of his contractor, drilled an air-hole in the iron door of the retort and fitted to it a revolving flap which permitted of the hole being opened or closed at pleasure. In the sheep-cremation experiment this proved so thoroughly efficacious that the contractor was converted to the Doctor's views.

letter dated October 26, 1876, he reports to me that it had been "a complete success. A carcass weighing 164 lbs. had been cremated in six hours and it could have been done in less time." He then had made a skeleton crate, or bier, composed of flat and round half-inch bars, the whole weighing about 40 lbs., in which to lay the corpse for putting it into the retort; and asked me to buy, if possible, a sheet of asbestos cloth to lay over it as a sort of fire-resisting shroud. This was not procurable at the time and I had to devise a substitute. Upon my arrival at the place, one peep into the heated retort showed me that any ordinary cremation about the corpse would be instantaneously consumed and the body be uncovered, so I soaked a bed-sheet with a saturated solution of alum and ventured that. It proved to be perfectly efficacious and, I believe, has now come into general use.

I need not go into many details about the cremation, since they can all be found in the file of any American journal for the month of December 1876: still, considering the historical interest which attaches to this first scientific cremation in the United States, a condensed narrative embodying the main facts had better be given by its responsible manager.

The Le Moyne crematorium is (for it still exists) in a small, one-storied brick structure divided into two rooms; the one to the left on entering, a reception-room, the other containing the furnace and retort. Exclusive of the value of the land, it cost Dr. Le Moyne about \$ 1,700, or say £ 340. Everything was very plain, repulsively so, one might say: there was no ornamentation within or without—just simply a practical corpse-incinerator, as unæsthetic as a bake-oven. Yet results have shown that it is thoroughly practical and can do its intended work as well as if its walls had been of sculptured marble, its partitions of ornately carved wood, and its doors and furnace poems in modelled bronze. Dr. Le Moyne wrote me that his aim was to give the poor a method of sepulture that would be far cheaper than inhumation, and offer more safeguards against those violations of graves and those tragedies of premature burial which were unavoidable in the case of the prevailing fashion of sepulture. The theft of the corpses of the late Lord Crawford and Balcarres, of Scotland, and Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, not to mention the thousands of body-snatchings for dissectors, prove the reality of the former, while the alleged cutting up of poor Irving Bishop while entranced, and the numerous instances where, upon re-opening a coffin, the body has been found turned and with the flesh of its arms gnawed by the hapless victim in his agony of starvation and suffocation, give a fearful weight to the last-named suggestion. The pecuniary and sanitary ends in view were attained with the Le Moyne furnace, for even this first cremation in America cost us only about ten dollars, and proved that a body could be disposed of without unpleasant concomitants.

Mr. Newton and I reached Washington, Pa., on the 5th December, 1876, with the Baron's remains enclosed in two envelopes—the

coffin and an outer case of wood. Dr. Le Moyne and others met us at the Station, and the corpse was taken in a hearse to the crematorium, where it lay until the next morning in charge of an attendant, the fireman who stoked the furnace. The fire (of coke) had been lighted at 2 A. M. that day and the retort was already at a dazzling white heat—"hot enough" the stoker said "to melt iron." The mechanical construction of the apparatus was simplicity itself. An arched retort of fire-clay, 8 ft. long by 3 ft. broad, and the same in height, for receiving the corpse, was surrounded by a fire-flue communicating with a furnace beneath the retort; which had a tall chimney for making a draft and carrying off the smoke. An opening from the retort into the surrounding hot-air flue allowed the escape into it of the gases and other volatile products of cremation, where they were effectually consumed. A large iron door luted with fire-clay around the frame, was fitted into the front of the retort, and the swinging flap, above described, not only permitted of the introduction of cold air and the making of a slight draught through the retort at will, but also served as a peep-hole through which glimpses could be had of the progress of the cremation from time to time. As the corpse lay upon an open iron crate, swathed in its alum-saturated sheet, in a fire-clay box which effectually separated it from the furnace-fire beneath, it will be seen that there could be none of that horror of roasting human flesh and bursting entrails which makes one shudder at an open-air pyre-burning, while, as all the lighter products of cremation, the gaseous and watery components of a body, were burnt up in the heat-flue that encircled the white-hot retort, there was none of that unpleasant odor that sometimes sickens one who drives past a burning-ghât. The corpse simply dries into nothing save the ashes of its skeleton. When the retort was opened, the morning after De Palm's cremation, there was nothing left of the once tall, stout body save a trail of white powder and some fragments of osseous articulations; the whole weighing but some 6 lbs.\*

\* More fortunate than most innovators, I have lived to see several reforms that I helped in the cradle, become world-wide successes. Of these, cremation is one. Public opinion has now, after the lapse of seventeen years reached the point where a law-journal dares print the following praise of cremation.

"There is nothing surer than that in the not far distant future the cremation of dead bodies will be in universal vogue. It is now ascertained that earth-worms convey microbes of disease from cemeteries, and distribute them at their own sweet will. We have never yet been able to comprehend how about thirty thousand putrefying bodies in an acre or two of ground can be anything less than an unmitigated danger to those living within a few miles of their influence. Earth is a pretty good deodorizer, but there are limits to its capacity.

If any one has studied the slow process of animal putrefaction, they know how revolting it is, and what a danger arises from the noisome gases which escape. Do the advocates of interment imagine that the gases from thousands of closely-packed corpses escape toward the centre of the earth? If so, they will have to learn that they easily permeate the few feet of earth, and have liberty to roam in the sun-light and poison those who happen to cross the path of their wanderings. Every malignant disease which curses mankind to-day is the admonition of law calling on us to improve our habits and live in accordance with reason, and the only hope of our ever being rid of epidemics is by the slow but sure process of education. The time will come when all putrefactive matter will be rendered harmless by the action of heat."—*Jury*.

Our invitation to scientists and sanitary boards was accepted in many cases, and the following gentlemen attended the cremation: Dr. Otterson, of the Brooklyn Board of Health; Dr. Seinke, President of the Queen's County Board of Health; Dr. Richardson, Editor of the (Boston) *Medical Journal*; Dr. Folsom, Secretary of the Boston B. of H.; Prof. Parker, of the University of Pennsylvania; three physicians deputed by the Philadelphia B. of H.; one who represented Lehigh University; Dr. Johnson, of the Wheeling, W. Va. B. of H.; Dr. Asdale, Secretary of the Pittsburgh B. of H.; a number of other medical men attending unofficially; and a swarm of reporters and special correspondents representing all the leading American and some foreign journals. I know it as a fact that the intention of the Editors was to have the fullest details telegraphed to their papers, the *N. Y. Herald*, for instance, having ordered its reporter to wire at least three columns; but a tragedy occurred which changed their plans: the Brooklyn Theatre caught fire the same evening and some two hundred people were burnt alive. Thus, the greater cremation lessened the public interest in the lesser one.

The mummified corpse of the Baron being removed from the coffin and laid in the iron crate, enwrapped in my alum-soaked sheet, I sprinkled it with aromatic gums and showered it with choice roses, primroses, smilax and dwarf palm leaves, and laid sprays of evergreens on the breast and about the head.\* From the *N. Y. Times* report I quote the following:

"When all was ready the body was quietly and reverently slid into the retort. There were no religious services, no addresses, no music, no climax, such as would have thrown great solemnity over the occasion. There was not one iota of ceremony. Everything was as business-like as possible. At 8-20 o'clock Dr. Le Moyne, Col. Olcott, Mr. Newton and Dr. Asdale quietly took their stations on either side of the body, and raising the cradle from the catafalque bore it at once to the crematory retort, and slid it in with its unearthly burden head foremost."

"As the end of the cradle reached the further and hottest end of the furnace, the evergreens round the head burst into a blaze and were quickly consumed, but the flowers and evergreens on the other part of the body remained untouched. The flames formed, as it were, a crown of glory for the dead man."

The description is not quite complete for, as the head of the corpse passed into the superheated retort, the evergreens that surrounded it took fire and a plume of smoke drew out of the door, as if it were a bunch of ostrich feathers, such as a lady wears in her hair at a Drawing Room, or a knight of old bore in the crest of his helmet. The iron door of the retort was closed at once after the crate had been thrust in, then bolted and screwed up tight. At first all was dark inside, owing to the steamy vapour from the soaked sheet and the disengagement of smoke from the incinerating gums and plants, but this passed off in a few minutes and

\* Visitors to Adyar Headquarters may see framed and engraved pictures of this and other scenes and details of the cremation, taken from the *N. Y. Daily Graphic*.

then we could see what is well described by the *Times* correspondent in these words :

"By this time the retort presented the appearance of a radiant solar disk of a very warm rather than brilliant color, and though every flower and evergreen was reduced to a red-hot ash condition, they retained their individual forms, the pointed branches of the evergreens arching over the body. At the same time I could see that the winding-sheet still enfolded the corpse, showing that the solution of alum had fully answered its purpose. This answers one of the avowed objections to cremation—the possibility of indecent exposure of the body. Half an hour later it was plainly evident that the sheet was charred. Around the head the material was blackened and ragged. This was easily accounted for. It appears that in saturating the sheet with the solution of alum, Col. Olcott began at the feet, and that by the time he reached the head the supply was exhausted. All were, however, rejoiced to see that the heat was increasing rapidly.

#### A REMARKABLE SCENE.

"Just at this time a remarkable muscular action of the corpse, almost amounting to a phenomenon, occurred. The left hand, which had been lying by the side of the body, was gradually raised, and three of the fingers pointed upward. Although a little startling at the moment, this action was of course the mere result of intense burning heat producing muscular contraction. At 9-25 o'clock Dr. Otterson tested the draught in the retort by placing a piece of tissue paper over the peep-hole, some one having suggested that there was not a sufficient amount of oxygen in the retort to produce the necessary combustion. It was found that the draught was ample. At this time the left hand began to fall back slowly into its normal position, while a luminous rose-colored light surrounded the remains, and a slight aromatic odor found its way through the vent-hole of the furnace. An hour later the body presented the appearance of absolute incandescence. It looked red hot. This was the result of the extra firing, the heat of the furnace now being far more unpleasant than it was before, with the mouth of the retort wide open.

#### CURIOUS EFFECTS NOTICED.

"As the retort became hotter the rosy mist I have spoken of assumed a golden tinge, and a very curious effect was noticed in the feet. The soles of the feet were, of course, fully exposed to any one looking through the peep-hole. They gradually assumed a certain transparency, similar in character, but very much more luminous, to the appearance of the hand when the fingers are held between the eye and a brilliant light. At 10-40 o'clock Dr. Le Moyne, Col. Olcott, William Harding, and the health officers present, entered the furnace-room and held a consultation with closed doors. On reappearing they announced that the cremation of the body was practically complete. Any one looking into the retort at this moment would think it ought to have been.

"The fiery ordeal through which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego passed on account of Nebuchadnezzar's golden image must have been a trifling experience compared with what the body of the Baron de Palm had gone through. Some experiments with sheep were made by Dr. le Moyne when the furnace was completed, but Mr. Dye, the builder of the furnace, says the body was more thoroughly cremated at the end of two hours and

forty minutes than the sheep were in five or six hours. About this time I noticed that the body was beginning to subside, that, though incandescent to a degree, it was nevertheless a mere structure of powdery ashes, which the lungs of a child might blow away. The red-hot filmy shroud still covered the remains, and the twigs of evergreens still remained standing, though they had sunk with the subsidence of the body. The feet too had fallen, and all was rapidly becoming one glowing mass of a white light and an intense heat. \* \* \* At 11-12 o'clock Dr. Folsom, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health, made a careful examination, so far as possible, of the retort and its contents. His announcement that 'Incineration is complete beyond all question' was received with universal gratification. The last vestige of the form of a body had disappeared in the general mass."

I have given so much out of the scores of descriptions of the event that might have been quoted, because of the excellence of the narrative and its historical value. Another reason is that it shows how cleanly and esthetical this mode of sepulture is in contrast with that of burial. One feature of cremation must recommend it to the friends of those who die in far-distant lands, viz., that the bodies can be converted into dust; and thus easily, unostentatiously and unobjectionably be taken home and laid in the family vault or in the cemetery, alongside the remains of relatives—

"Those that he loved so long and sees no more,  
 . . . —not dead, but gone before."

On the afternoon of the same day, at the public meeting at the Town Hall, Dr. King, of Pittsburgh, discoursed upon the deleterious and poisonous effects of crowded graveyards; Dr. Le Moyne upon the scriptural and practical issues of cremation; President Hays showed its unobjectionable character from the Biblical aspect; Mr. Crumrine expounded its legality; and I contributed a historical retrospect of the subject in ancient and modern times.

The furnace fire was, of course, drawn as soon as the body was thoroughly incinerated, and the draught-hole in the door stopped up, so as to give the retort time to cool down gradually as, if exposed to the cold air it would inevitably have cracked. Dr. Asdale and I removed the ashes on the following morning; placed them in a Hindu urn that had been given me in New York for the purpose; I took them to town with me and kept them until shortly before our departure for India, when I scattered them over the waters of New York Harbour with an appropriate, yet simple, ceremonial.

And thus it came about that the Theosophical Society not only introduced Hindu philosophical ideas into the United States, but also the Hindu mode of sepulture. Since that first scientific cremation in America, many others, of men, women and children, have occurred, other crematoriums have been built, and cremation societies have been organized in my country. British prejudice has been so far overcome that Parliament has legalised cremation, a society has been chartered, and it was in its crematorium at Woking, near London, that the body of H. P. B.

was burnt, agreeably to her verbal and written request. Mr. Old kindly gives me a mournful souvenir of our deceased friend in the following document :

### The Cremation Society of England.

No. 11.

LONDON, 9th May 1891.

*Received from W. R. Old, Esq., of 19, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N. W., the sum of Six Pounds, being the charge for the Cremation of the remains of Mme. Helen Petrovna Blavatsky.*

£ 6-0-0

(Signed) J. C. SWINBURNE HANHANY,  
Hon. Secretary.

In the abstract it matters not to me whether my "desire-body" be dropped through the salt sea to its amœba-strewn floor, or left in the snow-locked Himalayan passes, or on the hot sand of the desert; but, if I am to die at home and within reach of friends, I hope that, like those of the Baron De Palm and H. P. B., it may be reduced by fire to harmless dust, and not become a plague or a peril to the living after it has served the purpose of my present *prarabdha karma*!

H. S. OLCOTT.

### OD AND ELECTRICITY.\*

A PARALLEL WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO SUPERSENSUOUS PSYCHOLOGY.

(Continued from p. 214.)

The electro-dynamic rays are reflected by metal and moreover the metals by no means need to be brightly polished. Herr Hertz sent such an (invisible) ray from a room through the doorway into an adjoining room, and there allowed it to fall at an angle of 45 degrees upon a zinc plate. The ray was reflected, fell upon the secondary circuit, which was placed at right angles to the primary circuit, and there produced a vivid stream of sparks, which was not interrupted by the closing of the door. Reichenbach found exactly the same thing:†

§ 2575. Having hitherto experimented only with smoothly polished bodies, I took an iron plate of six square feet surface, flat and even, but not shining nor metallicly clean, and placed it vertically upon a chair behind a door. On the opposite side of the wall was Frl. Reichel, on this side myself. I now placed a plate of copper, likewise vertically, with its surface at an angle of 45 degrees with that of the iron, and so that the copper presented its edge to the iron.

Immediately the sensitive on the other side of the wall felt the curious warm effect of copper-Od streaming upon her. Thus the copper plate had sent out Odic-rays from its edges against the iron plate, and the latter had sent them out again to the sensitive at the same angle at which it had received them.

\* This Essay, remarks the Editor of the *Sphinx*, is from the pen of a very well known German physicist, who, however, in consequence of the prejudices prevailing among "exact" scientists on these subjects, has felt it better to withhold his name.

† "The Sensitive," Stuttgart 1864—55, vol. II, p. 475.

For the copper plate, I substituted plates of zinc, lead, tin-foil, gold leaf—all gave off Od-rays from their edges against the iron and the latter reflected them, or a part of them, towards the sensitive. When, as a control-experiment, I used a plate of sulphur, which Frl. Reichel could not see, as she was behind the wall, its influence was reflected actively as a cold wind upon her. Then I passed to large rock crystals. When I presented, at a distance of 4 paces, the negative point towards the iron plate, Frl. Reichel felt a predominant sensation of cold, when I turned the positive pole of the crystal towards the iron, the sensitive at once spoke of a dominant sensation of warmth. A bar magnet directed to the iron plate produced a radiation corresponding to the pole turned to the iron. When, however, I directed a powerful horse shoe magnet, i.e., both poles at once, towards the iron plate, Frl. Reichel spoke of feeling both warmth and cold at once; thus agreeing exactly with earlier results from mixed poles. Using my hands, now the right, now the left pointed to the iron plate, they each gave Frl. Reichel its corresponding sensation as I already frequently described.

The same results were obtained when electricity was employed. I placed plates of zinc and copper vertically upon an insulator, the edges turned at an angle of 45° towards the iron plate, and first allowed Frl. Reichel to become accustomed to this arrangement. She felt warmth streaming towards her on the left. I now electrified positively the zinc and then the copper. At once the sensitive standing beyond the wall felt the warmth turn to cold. I changed the electricity and charged the plates negatively; the sensitive—who could not have understood even the least thing of what was doing, even if she had seen it—now reported a change of feeling to warm and unpleasant, both reactions of which I have just shown that, according to the laws of electrical distribution and influence, they always pertain to the respective polarities.

I further placed four burning stearine candles in front of the iron plate; Frl. Reichel felt a cold radiation from them; as soon as I blew them out, the cold disappeared before half a minute had elapsed.

These analogies may suffice. In my opinion, they show the following: If that there is any reality at all in the Odic phenomena, it is in the highest degree probable that the Od is not a material emanation from bodies, as Reichenbach at first assumed, but that the Odic effects are occasioned by wave motions in the Ether of certain wave-lengths. As, moreover, it looks as if the odically effective ether-waves were those of great wave-length, in any case of much greater wave length than the light- and heat-waves, so that, perhaps, the odically and the electro-dynamically effective waves coincide. Thereby a number of phenomena would become explicable which, according to Reichenbach, are unintelligible. For instance, Reichenbach finds that Od is always united with light and radiant heat. His sensitives felt the sun's rays cool, and red-hot bodies produced on them the effect of a cool wind. When the molecules of a body are executing vibrations of certain periods, there must arise in the Ether, in analogy with acoustics, for every such molecular vibration waves of different periods: the key note, with a large number of over-tones. The key notes would, according to this view, be odically effective, while the over-tones would be optically and thermi-



cally effective. Thus the sensitive nerve would recognise the cold key note in the sun's rays, while the ordinary nerves of the skin recognise the thermic rays, and those of the eye, the visible rays.

Should the views, which are here briefly developed, be correct, then, apart from others, the two following experiments present themselves, which must necessarily lead to definite results. First; sensitives must feel very distinctly those electro-dynamically effective rays which Hertz has taught us to produce: since it is just these rays—in any desired intensity—to which they respond. It must also be possible to determine directly, and to get marked down by a sensitive person, that distribution of force around a primary electric vibration, which Herr Hertz has laboriously discovered by means of very delicate and difficult experiments with his secondary circuit.

Secondly, it must be possible to strengthen and concentrate all the Odic effects on sensitives—which are usually very feeble—by placing both the Od-radiating body and the sensitive each in the focus of a parabolic cylindrical mirror of metal. Such a mirror would, in the first place, keep off all odic influences which are not directly required for the experiment, and secondly, it concentrates all the Od-rays from various directions upon the focus and the sensitive nerve-apparatus placed there. One would thus have a means of having observed, even by feebly sensitive persons, who, according to Reichenbach, are very common, all those phenomena which hitherto have been mainly observed only by very sensitive persons. Thus too all the experiments could be conducted with extraordinarily greater accuracy and ease, than even according to Reichenbach's own data would be possible.

These experiments would seem of immediate interest only to the physicist, and at the utmost the physiologist. But, if Reichenbach is right, the Od is a phenomenon of nature which, indeed, has its roots in the purely mechanical process of molecular motions, but which, in its off-shoots, branches far upwards into the domain of the activity of the soul and mind. For are not the so-called magnetic passes, by which hypnotic, somnambule and other phenomena are produced, according to Reichenbach, only Od-passes, so that we here find ourselves right among the phenomena with which the "Psychological Society" is concerned? But yet more, all activities, all feelings, all thoughts of men are coupled with Od-radiations. The sensitives can infer directly in the dark the feelings and thoughts of those present; often even actually read them; thus sensitive women can see in the dark through the clothes when sensual desires stir in a man. Thought-transference is, according to Reichenbach's experiments, a necessity, and might possibly succeed more easily with the hollow mirrors I have mentioned than hitherto. To show how deeply and intimately states of the feelings are bound up with Odic radiations, Reichenbach cites a number of cases, from which I will quote a few by way of conclusion:—

§ 2852. Sensitives not only recognise the subjective results of their own inner states, but they also make objective observations upon them. In

this connection I have collected a few remarkable observations about myself. It happened more than once, during the period in which I was engaged in the present investigations, that I suffered severe blows at the hand of destiny. While Frl. Reichel was living with me in the year 1884, I received by letter the news of a considerable pecuniary loss, in which a dishonest friend had involved me. I said nothing about it to anyone, but shut the suffering within my heart, and strove to appear outwardly so that no one should perceive what was passing within me. It was my habit every morning, when I visited Frl. Reichel, to give her my hand and then to let her test it as to what Odic strength she thought she could recognise in it. The amount that she recognised and expressed always corresponded strikingly with the character of my sleep, so that when she declared me Odically weak I had invariably passed a bad night, and *vice versa* a good one, when she declared me according to her feelings to be Odically strong.

I checked this parallelism through a long period. Now when I had received the bad news above mentioned, I went a few hours later to Frl. Reichel and let her feel my hand. She had not held it long when she began to behave in a strange and restless manner, quite opposed to her habitually reserved and introspective calm, and let my hand fall. This time (she said) there was something quite unusual about me, as never before. This caused her such violent pain in the hands and thence up the whole arm, that she was quite unable to bear it, and would be forced to scream if it continued. After an hour I came back, but a fresh trial gave the same result. Six different attempts during the day till night time had the same outcome. The whole of the following day it continued, but less violently. Finally on the third day it disappeared. On this day I felt myself once more inwardly steady and had regained my natural calm. The trouble which had befallen me, had thus produced a remarkable change in me, of which I, not being sensitive, felt nothing; my health too underwent through this occurrence no noticeable shock, but the sensitive felt powerfully in my Odic radiation what was passing in my mind and continued to work for two days. It was thus upon the evolution of Od in the first place that this mental disturbance acted and completely changed its character.

§ 2855. In November 1851, I again received news which painfully disturbed me. I tried to conceal it, but in vain; for if non-sensitives noticed nothing about me, yet Frl. Zinkel, as soon as she entered the room, discovered the occurrence, feeling it in me even at a distance, and even declaring my whole room to be filled with it. I let her feel my right hand with her left. She found me very ill, but not in the way as if physical illness were present, but in an intangibly different manner. Physical illness she feels as a warmly unpleasant shuddering sensation up her whole arm, but not affecting her stomach. But mental disturbance acts directly upon the latter and so strongly that within one minute she was not only seized with severe pain in the stomach, but the painful, worming writhing in her stomach became so such that I too could feel it in her. But now another phenomena was added. When in other cases she got this worming in the stomach, I always readily cured her with a few dispelling passes. When I began to do this, not only was the usual good effect absent, but I even made the trouble much worse with the very first pass. My passes were no longer good, on the contrary, they were now themselves bad, poisoned so to speak, the Odic radiation of my

right hand was no longer cooling, but unpleasant, warm, and yet more, Odically positive and pestilential as well. I possessed no further means of helping the sensitive who had been infected by my own bad condition. My state lasted the whole day with decreasing intensity, and only on the following did the sensitive find me restored to my usual condition.

This example may serve to show how important—if Reichenbach's Od is a reality—these phenomena are for the whole science of Psychology, and that therefore psychological research has every reason to include these phenomena in the sphere of its investigation.

## TRUE WELSH GHOST-STORIES.

### No. II.

“RIGHT ahead,” said the Rev. S. Phillips, some sixteen years ago, while driving from Dodgeville, Wis., towards a Welsh settlement, Blue Mounds, in company with the writer's father, “is the ‘ghost's promenade,’ where so many have been frightened,—one into the insane asylum and another into the grave. What do you make of such things? When I was a child in Wales they believed in them, accepting evidence as in other events of life. Now, among intelligent people, they are regarded as exploded superstitions, in support of which no evidence is admissible. ‘Hallucination’ and ‘coincidence’ are given supreme place when considering these occurrences not in touch with the science of our enlightened nineteenth century. A very logical procedure, indeed, to dismiss with a ‘pshaw’ and a wave of the hand every testimony rendered concerning a whole class of phenomenon and declare it all incapable of being established by evidence, though it has descended to us from every land, from the remotest antiquity. I acknowledge this was my own course until events that have come to my knowledge recently have greatly modified my self-complacent philosophy. Here are cases that require to be accounted for,—‘pshaw’ will not dismiss them: they are too recurrent, and are witnessed by men whose veracity and sound judgment are too well-known to ascribe it all to the credulity of ignorance. ‘*Casey wen yn rhywle*’ (‘white mare somewhere,’) will not do, nor is it supposable that any one could have played pranks successfully on the people for thirty years. It was the intention of the man who was frightened out of his wits, to detect some hocus-pocus. He laughed derisively at the accounts of what others had seen, deeming it palpable nonsense. When challenged to ferret the illusion or artifice, he started out in company with another, who trailed along behind to see what the doubter was able to detect. Upon arriving at the lower edge of that timber yonder, they saw in the clear moonlight a dark, shapeless mass, moving along the road a short distance ahead.”

“‘There it is; go search it,’ said the companion.

“The skeptic went toward it fearlessly, when it rose from the ground and rushed at him. The man at the rear fled in dismay; and upon returning to see what had befallen the doubter, or how he had succeeded

in his quest, found him roving along the road as mad as a March-hare. This evening, after your sermon, a number of neighbours will be gathered for a chat at the residence where we will stay over night, and I'll broach the subject of these ghostly walkings, so that you may hear what they have seen and heard.”

Following is the result of his broaching:

### A BHUTA ASSUMING ANIMAL SHAPES.

Said one: “I and another young fellow were returning home from seeing our girls, and it was about midnight when we reached the ‘ghost's walk’. It was a clear, star-lit night, so that we could see plainly ahead. Before going much farther my friend stopped and pointed at an object ahead in the road.”

“‘What do you see?’ asked I.

“‘A dog,’ replied he, ‘and it's the biggest dog I ever saw.’

“‘A dog?’ exclaimed I; ‘it's a hog I see—the hugest hog.’

And there it was—to his eyes one thing and to mine another, but hog or dog, it was immense. However, we did not stop long to wrangle over it.”

“As I was passing along that stretch of road one night,” rejoined another young man, “I heard something in the field on the other side of the fence moving along with me, step for step. Looking over, I was startled by seeing a big bear standing there, as if waiting for me to proceed. When I stopped, it stopped; and when I went ahead, it did the same, passing through fences and trees as if they weren't there. Upon reaching the end of the ‘promenade’ I rushed forward, and heaved a huge sigh of relief when I found it had stopped, whatever it was.”

A sober-looking old gentleman, with a high reputation for veracity, gave vent to the following:—

“I was coming home one winter evening, when the snow was deep and there was only one track through that belt of timber. When nearly through I discovered a man in the middle of the road, who either stood still, or only made sloth-like movements. Then I spoke out:

“‘Who you are, or to what world you belong, I don't know and don't care. I belong to this world, and have a right to this road. Clear the track!—can't you see you are scaring the horses?’

“At that he moved, inch by inch, as if begrudging the way; and in driving passed the horses shied so that the hind runner must have gone over his feet. No sooner had I passed, than he vanished, and Oh! the noise that filled the timber all around, as though a million pigs, both great and small, were squealing as loud as their lungs would allow.”

“Weren't you afraid?”

“Afraid? Afraid of what?” quoth he, contemptuously. [Perhaps the listeners at this point considered the old gent's statement, in spite of



his record, slightly elastic, for he must have felt a little skittish, like his horses.] "But I was glad to get out of that deafening noise."

"I and a companion were returning from Dodgeville one night," said another, "and as we came to that clump of trees, a man followed us. I whipped the horses into full gallop, but the figure kept up, seemingly without effort."

"If he gets up on the wagon I'll speak to him," said I.

"He's there now," said my companion.

"Turning round to address the agile goblin, he vanished."

Lewis's case was related by one acquainted with all the particulars. Lewis—was a stalwart man, in perfect health, and utterly fearless. He was wont to boast that he feared naught but his Maker, and Him only in the way of reverence. That day he had been helping a neighbour at butchering, and was about to start for home at 9 P. M., when the lady of the house requested him to stay over night, since he would have to pass this uncanny locality on his way. He pooh-poohed, and said he had passed there frequently for many years.

"Did you ever see anything?" she asked.

"Oh, a man sometimes comes over against me, and I nod as he goes past,—that's all."

Then he started with rifle in one hand, and butcher-knife in the other: a dangerous combination to play spook-tricks on. On his way he laughed merrily, perhaps from exuberance of spirits, perhaps because he was free from these superstitions which hamper the minds of so many of his benighted fellowmen. In about three hours he reached home, fairly out of breath, as pale as any ghost, his face haggard and wan as if from long years of suffering and misery, utterly unable to articulate a word. He took to his bed and after lingering a while in terrible agony, death came to his relief. At different times, as he was able, in detached sentences, he confided to his wife a part of what he had seen, and she, in course of time, let it out to some of her lady-friends. It seems that the questions of the lady where he had been at work had aroused his curiosity, touching the man he had been accustomed to meet in that timber, so that when they met this time, he paused to note the other's movements, and observed that instead of walking, the figure glided along. This seemed so strange as to excite surprise in Lewis, but no trace of fear. He turned to watch it after it had passed, when it appeared to grow larger, to expand and rise to a towering height. On a thoughtless impulse he pointed his gun at the thing, when, in an instant, it sprang back at him, covered and fascinated him there in speechless terror. He saw a sight that froze the blood in his veins. A malignant face, livid with rage, the most fiendish imaginable, on which every vile and hateful passion was stamped, gazed menacingly at him from out of the writhing mass, and rooted him to the spot, horror-stricken, for two long hours. They seemed to him to be years. Nothing in all nature is more hideous, more inexpressibly

fiendish, than the human face transformed by a long life of hatred and devilry. This hellish visage lowered at him, the venomous eyes darting gleams of hatred and malice, which riveted him to the spot and froze the marrow in his bones. He tried to pray, to command it to depart, and at length it released him reluctantly, and dissolved out of sight. With eyeballs starting from their sockets Lewis rushed toward the fence, cleared it with a bound, and fled like a deer to his home. An autopsy showed that the shock had so effected the heart, that recovery was out of the question.

Those would-be mystics who run to and fro, seeking "phenomena," should ask themselves what they would do in a situation like this. Doubtless some of them who are forcing themselves by means of a bastard *yoga* (concentration) into clairvoyance, merely from motives of self, will arrive at a stage when they will get more "visions" than they care for. The lower astral, among other things, is a pandemonium, full of uncouth sights, revolting sounds, and noisome smells; it is the dumping-place for all that is loathsome connected with the mental plane of man. If one solitary, much-gone-to-seed spook, meandering aimlessly around, will drive the faint-hearted out of their wits, what consternation would a good, strong whiff of the lower astral produce in the mind of the rash seer! Madmen, in times of sanity, "could a tale unfold," etc. Occultism teaches that a vile person's magnetism, after dissolution of the body, passes into the organisms of snakes, lizards, and similar forms of life, this being the esoteric explanation of metempsychosis. The dissolution of magnetism in an inebriate during a siege of the "jim-jams" seems to him to take such shapes. The ghost of a beastly person will assume the shape of a beast to the eye of the seer. This is shown in many of these yarns, as note also the following two instances:—

#### MATERIALISM REBUKED.

Rev. O. Jenkins, of Blaenannerch, Wales, related the following story of Rev. D. Jones, of Aberteive, which was afterwards corroborated by the gentleman himself. Mr. Jones had rented a farm on the Teivi River, the house of which was reputed to be haunted. Everything went on smoothly for two weeks, and then one night he was awakened by the bed-covering being vigorously pulled to one side. He made a search around the room, but finding nothing, went to sleep again, to be aroused once more by the clothes being jerked forcibly to the other side. He started up, wildly exclaiming:

"In God's name, what's here?"

At that he saw in the clear light of the moon shining through the window a mis-shapen goblin, as large as a calf, rush from the bed to the wall and around the room to the door. He unlocked the door and rang for servants, who came with a rush, but a thorough ransacking of the room revealed nothing unusual. Before this he was utterly incredulous regarding all that class of phenomena, but that experience altered his belief to the extent that he never again would occupy that room.

## CAUSED A TEMPORARY REFORMATION.

A goblin appeared to Walter Rosser in a coal tunnel at Tredegar, Wales, and followed him about, to his great annoyance. He saw it even at his boarding-house (Old Thomas Roberts's) as man, bull, etc., and upon pointing at it, the Deacon would rush to the spot indicated.

"It has moved to there, now," Walter would say; and Roberts would follow it up, only to have it appear elsewhere.

Walter had been a wild, drinking sort of fellow, much to the grief of his pretty sweetheart, Ann Phillips, but on account of the spectre she had the satisfaction of seeing a reformation in her beloved. During his period of piety his invisible companion was invisible even to himself, but in the course of eighteen months he was lured back to his old habits and—presto! the spook was there again. Finally he concluded to comply with its demand: to go to Brecon, nineteen miles distant, to unearth and to do so-and-so with some articles that the shade had secreted in his human life. After Walter did this the *buibach* ceased pestering him.

In place of "goblins damned," the following affords striking contrast, for it undoubtedly was a case of genuine spirit communication. Theosophy does not deny such, only adding that they are exceedingly rare, occurring only a few days after death, when the deceased's principles remain united, and before consciousness of the physical plane is lost. After that the embodied must reach the higher plane of the disembodied. No need for a medium (whose interest in the affair lies only in the fee it brings) in either case.

## MORE THAN AN ASTRAL SHELL.

A family, relatives of the writer, several years ago, moved to a Latin-American republic, where, after many hardships in a new and barren region, the eldest of their boys died from small-pox. He was a very precocious lad, though of a sensitive, retiring nature, full of generous impulses, almost girlish in his behaviour. On account of the dreaded disease, he had been taken to a secluded shanty, where, with only one attendant, he lingered a long while without the privilege of being nursed by his parents. The attendant said that at night when the boy died in his arms, the lamp at the same time went out, and that a singular light in its place pervaded the room, seemingly coming from no definite point, then—darkness. Just before expiring, the boy stretched out his arms, and tried to speak. At the same moment his mother in the hamlet below clairvoyantly saw him trying to reach her. In a vision the despairing mother was visited by her lost one: and that she should be comforted he came again, this time bearing the horrible disfigurement that would have been his had he recovered. Knowing from his sensitive nature that to go through life with such a pitied face would be for him misery indeed, she acquiesced. His father, with several others, buried the body, and as the last spadeful was placed upon the little mound, the child's spirit stood before him and spoke words of cheer, though advising him to return to the United States as soon as possible.

The out-and-out materialist naturally found it difficult to believe his (psychic) senses, and asked the others if he seemed to them to be the same as usual—to all appearance in his normal mind.

Embarking in a sailboat, they endeavoured to reach the nearest port in order to stop others who were on the point of coming, but being driven around by contrary winds, they gave up hope of doing so. During a storm at night, the child appeared to his mother in a dream, assuring her that they would reach port safely and in time to stop the others, for they had been delayed. Although at that time neither prophecy seemed likely of fulfilment, yet they came true. Notwithstanding this demonstration that death does not end all—that existence can be independent of the physical organism—it produced no lasting conviction on the father, for

"A MAN CONVINCED AGAINST HIS WILL," ETC.

Several times before this he had had good reason to accept a more comprehensive philosophy than Materialism. Once, while in the late war, his regiment (in Logan's command), had become disheartened, the outlook being that the enemy would capture everything in that locality before long. One day, while marching, footsore and dejected, they were startled by the sound of fife and drum. A halt was promptly ordered, and hasty preparations made for an attack, but the boys were more agreeably surprised. They were made joyful by a sight in a bend of the road ahead of a large regiment of Union soldiers, dressed in new uniforms, with shining bayonets and polished muskets. No "blue-coats" were thought to be in that region, so the cheer sent up was a rousing one. After waiting some time, they advanced to see where the new recruits had gone, but none were in sight, nor did the road show evidence that any troops had passed. The soldiers, though scoffing at all "superstitions", were inconsistent enough to believe this to be an omen of reinforcements. It was a case of "Hold the fort, for I am coming," when Grant's real, physical troops arrived to the rescue not long after. This travel-stained detachment was more welcome than any spectral troops in "apple-pie order" could possibly have been.

During the same campaign he and a crowd of companion soldiers one night made use of a one-room house as a sleeping-apartment, stretching their blankets on the floor. In the night they were awakened by the most diabolical noises,—the screaming of women, cursing of desperados, and scuffling to and fro in the room, as if a fierce fight were going on. At first they thought they had been attacked, but before the noises had quieted down, they discovered their mistake. Those who had rushed out of doors during the first of the hubbub, swore that no Confederate soldiers or others had escaped from the den. They were informed afterwards that these noises occurred there frequently, in commemoration of a brawl, in which several were killed, that had really taken place.

New York City.

JOHN M. PRYSE, F. T. S.

(To be continued.)

## THE STORY OF SIKHIDWAJA.

(Continued from p. 242.)

“NOW hearken to what is taught regarding the path of Yoga, which enables one to master Kundalini Sakti. To the Jiva rejoicing in the name of Puriastaka, Kundalini is like a flower, the seat of the *vasanas*. If, through the practice of *Puraka* (inspiration), the aforesaid Kundalini Sakti is replenished and caused to shine with a resplendent light, then the body acquires the stability of Mahá Meru (mountain), and becomes strong. Then, if the Intelligence pervading this body which is filled with Prana through inspiration takes an upward course, it will make that body become a ‘walker of the skies.’ With the agility of a serpent, Kundalini Sakti will rise up erect like a plantain-stalk. Having drawn into itself (from on high) all the *nádis* that bind up the body like strings, it will cause them to inflate from below, as does a bladder although immersed in water. Thus, through intense practice of Yoga, the Yogis rise up into the air, and roam therein, (though connected with the body), as a fish that peeks at, and is caught by the bait upon the rod of an angler.

If this Kundalini Sakti gets into *Sushumna*, going up the *Brahmarandhra*, and having reached a distance of twelve digits (from the nose), stays there for two *Mahurtas* (48 minutes) after performing *rechaka* (expiration), by which the actions of all *nádis* are arrested; then the person is able to see all ‘walkers of the skies.’ Then, through the Divine Vision, hosts of Siddhas, able to confer such powers as *anima*, &c., will truly appear before him, as things do in the dream state. If the immoveable *Prána* is rendered steady for a long time, flowing to a distance of 12 digits from the face through the practice of *rechaka*, then entry into other bodies can be effected.”

Here Ráma asked Vasishtha as to how such persons are able to make themselves atomic or all-pervading in the Akasa, or to render their bodies light or heavy. And when thus asked by Ráma, the Muni continued;—“There is that One Principle which is non-dual, absolute Consciousness, perfect equality, purity, quiescence, that has no sort of relationship to the things of the universe, the most subtle of all subtle things, which neither is this universe, nor is associated with it. Through its own *Sankalpa*,\* it differentiates (into many units). Then it goes by the name of Jiva, on account of the many surrounding things which agitate it. This fluctuating Jiva, subject to the delusions of *Sankalpa*, regards this illusory body as real, as ghosts are regarded by ignorant lads. The world will judge of this Jiva by the opinions of the majority of enlightened men in every age, who discern with trained minds. It is only by the exercise of a determined will that persons, although ignorant, can transform poison into nectar, and the reverse, thus entirely

\* *Sankalpa* is a very difficult word to translate. The whole of Yoga Vasishtha teems with this word. The universe, it says, arises through the *Sankalpa* of Brahm. It means originally the Divine Will which is transmuted in the lower worlds into thought, &c.

changing the nature of things. By contemplating the body, it becomes gross; and thus also the visible body, through the conception of its unreal nature, again becomes a subtle one. All psychic powers, such as *anima*, and others acquired through meditation, are awakened by this course (of Will-Thought) alone. This will be self-evident only to those who have mastered the *Siddhis* of Yoga through self-illumination.”

“Having by these means developed the powers of *ánima*, &c., Chudálai instantaneously moved and disported herself in all the universe, encircled by the ocean full of jewels, simply for the purpose of bringing home conviction to her husband’s mind. This lady who was not, at any time, a celibate, tried by all available arts to give her husband some idea of the bliss-giving *Gnána*; but he was unable to benefit himself thereby, nor even for a moment to gain repose in that pure *Gnána*. Like a child entirely ignorant of what education means, he was quite oblivious to all the noble qualities of that grand Yogini Chudálai. As he did not rest peacefully in the Atmic *Gnána* within himself, she never initiated him into the real secrets of *Gnána*. Would any one be so foolish as to communicate to Sudras (who have no longing for knowledge) the real secrets of *Yágya* (sacrifice)?”

At these words of Vasishtha, Rama questioned him thus:—“How can others obtain *Gnána*, O Acharya, when even King Sikhidwaja failed to do so, notwithstanding the repeated inculcations of it by Chudálai of great Siddhis? What is therefore the right way of obtaining the true end?” To which Vasishtha thus replied:—“It is faith in the words of the Guru that paves the way for *Brahma-upadesha* (initiation into Brahm). The pure and unalloyed intelligence of the disciple is alone the means of attaining to the rare *A’tmagnána*.” Here again Rama asked the Muni why an Acharya’s words should be necessary for the development of *A’tmagnána*, if the disciple’s pure intelligence is alone the means of it? At which Vasishtha continued thus:—“In a certain forest in the Vindhya Mountains, there lived a hunter, who was a man of great pedigree. One day, having lost a cowrie-shell whilst travelling along a grassy road in the forest, he went in quest of it, filled with grief. Having vainly searched for it three days, he came at last in contact with a gem radiant with the lustre of the full-moon. But the hunter passed by the gem—a gem so invaluable as to purchase even the seven worlds—in his anxiety to find the lost cowrie. Similarly, *Gnána* will come to a man in due season through the initiation of a Guru. When the mind is concentrated on one thing, there will arise in it, through the action of the Guru, another kind of knowledge, not anticipated. Though the initiation by an Acharya will not of itself enable a person to obtain *Gnána*, it will be the means of developing *Gnána* in him, as the lost cowrie was the cause of the hunter finding the gem.”

With this, Vasishtha returned to the story of Sikhidwaja. “Being without *A’tma-Gnána*, the King began to reel under illusion and gave way to grief, regarding the enormous wealth he had so easily acquired

as destructive as a great forest-fire. He therefore gave various rare gifts, underwent many religious observances, and bathed in the holy water; but yet he was not free from the load of grief in his mind. Sorely afflicted at heart, he drew to him his wife Chudálai, and poured forth his heart to her thus:—‘I have now abandoned all love of sovereignty and wealth, and I desire to enter the forest life. Neither pleasure nor pain, danger or wealth, will there haunt those who live noble lives. Let me no longer associate with the delusions of this earth. A forest life is, in all respects, preferable to the regal one, wherein the longing after life and property do not die. Even the cool moon or the God Brahmá, or Indra, the Lord of the Devas rolling in great wealth, cannot enjoy that bliss which comes to a self-centred mind free from desires. Therefore, do not blame me for leaving you thus, and going to the forest. Married women, O well-beloved! will not oppose the desires of their husbands.’ To this Chudálai replied: ‘Flowers begin to blossom in the spring season, while autumn sees them yielding fruit. Thus do our karmas begin to fructify in their due time. If the body should begin to droop with old age, when bodily desires subside, then is the forest a fitting abode. But, at this period of your life, it is not meet that you should retire; wherefore it behoves you not to go now.’ To this the King made answer;—‘Do not impede me in my plans. I will go to the forest for solitude; but as thou art young, it is not proper that you should accompany me. Thou shalt reign over the earth unflinching in my stead. When a husband goes from home, it is the wife’s duty to protect those around him, and not to languish at his absence.’ Thus saying he retired to his bath. The day being over, he performed his *Sandhyāvandhana*\* rites, and, having quietly slept by his wife upon the floor, he stole out in the dead of night, unperceived by her. Having given out to the people outside that he was going on a city patrol, he desired them to stay where they were, and departed from the town. Then, bidding adieu to his great, but enslaving possessions, he entered into the forest, crossing, in the course of twelve days, many rivers and hills. At last he reached the inaccessible forest on the slopes of the Mandara Hills, and took up his abode there, in a spot surrounded by tanks replete with lotuses, and by delicious flowers. There he erected a *parna-sála* (a raised shed), and furnished himself with a bamboo-rod, a rosary for recitation of Mantras, a cloth, vessels to hold fruits, &c., and deer skins. Then, in order to perform Tapas, in the first *yánia* (three hours), he performed the *Sandhyāvandhana* rites; in the second, he gathered flowers; in the third he performed worship to Devas; and in the fourth he fed upon fruits fit for food. All night through he engaged in the chanting of Mantras. Thus did the King perform Tapas.

Chudálai who was sleeping in the palace, awakened; and not finding her lord who had lain by her, was greatly afflicted; and then she

\* The daily prayers wherein the Gayatri and other Mantras are recited every morning, noon and evening.

melted with compassion at the condition of the King, who she inferred must have abandoned all his wealth and gone to the forest. Then she resolved to find out the whereabouts of her husband, for the husband is a wife’s only goal. She sprang forth (in her double), and passing through the window, went up into the sky, journeying through the air with so bright a face that the Siddhas in the skies exclaimed, “Lo! another moon has arisen here!” Then seeing her husband travelling in the forest with a bright scimitar in his hand, she meditated as to what course she should pursue in regard to him. Having done so, this sweet-tongued one came to the following conclusion:—“It is right that I should see him only after his desires and hatred have ceased.” With that she returned to her palace.

This divine lady gave out to her subjects that her husband had gone to a certain place on matters of a private nature. So she wielded the sceptre alone for eighteen years with true regal justice and an equal eye to all, thus passing her time in her palatial mansion; while at the same time the king eked out his life of suffering in the forest.

Finding that the time was ripe for her to see her husband, she went forth one night and walked the skies. Having mounted on the shoulders of *Vayu* (air), invisible to all, she alighted on the Mandara Hills, and saw there a decrepit and melancholy body, which, at first, she did not know for her husband; but having, by her powers of great Yoga, discovered it to be none other than he, she yielded to her grief and gave vent to these words:—‘Lo! dire is *Agnána*! Through it the King is groaning in pain. I have undoubtedly the power to confer *A’tma-gnána* (spiritual knowledge) on him at this instant; yet, lest he should spurn me if I, his young wife, should appear in my present form, I will assume another form suitable to accomplish my end. Moreover, the King is in a state of mind which permits of his *Agnána* (ignorance) being dissipated. At a single word from me, *Gnána* will reflect itself in his now ripened mind.’

Therefore, availing herself of this most opportune hour, she changed her bodily form by her incomparable Dhyana, and descended from the Akasa before her husband under the form of the son of a great Brahman. The King at once arose, and paid him all due respect. This young Brahman had a beauteous form, and, upon his breast, was a garland of pearls; he wore a white cloth and a sacred thread; and stood in the air at some distance from the ground. The King showed the newly-arrived guest to a seat beside him. The young Brahman returned the salutations of this royal Rishi of true Tapas, and took a seat by his side; when the King, with a full heart, thus spoke:—‘It is only now with your advent, son of a Deva, that I have reaped the fruits of A’tma.’ So saying, he showed on the young Brahman more devotions, regarding him as his holy tutelary god. The Brahman, advocating the King, said:—‘Who in the world has the graceful qualities and modesty which you evince? May you live long! Did you, with a steadfast mind and with all worldly delusions extinct in you, perform Tapas only for

the sake of obtaining salvation? Your abode in this forest, after abandoning the state of a King like unto Indra, may well be likened to Tapas performed on the point of a sword! At these words of the Brahman, the King said:—‘Being a god, thou hast well understood my condition. This thy knowledge surprises me; whose son art thou, and what is thy name? What occasion has brought thee here? Be pleased to tell me all this.’ To this the Brahman, consenting to answer him fully, thus began:—‘There was a Brahman of the name of Nárada, like unto the true Gnána-light, and he sat in a delightful spot on the banks of the Ganges of holy waters, absorbed in *Nishta* (meditation). In the transition stage from that highest Samadhi down to the normal state, a sportive sound fell upon his ears, and he directed his gaze in the direction whence it came. There he saw some Deva-girls, like unto Arambha and Tílothama,\* of matchless beauty. Seeing them thus alone, and not ashamed of their nudity, his prana began to fluctuate, and he experienced the effects of sensual desire in himself.’ When the Brahman had said this, the King remarked:—‘I have attained perfect equilibrium of mind through the sweet nectar of your words. It is difficult for me to follow their meaning as they are mystical like those pertaining to *Paramartha* (the reality of the Higher Self). Therefore please inform me plainly of your origin.’ To which Chudálai, the Brahman’s son, continued to reply:—‘Then, having fastened the must-elephant of the ever-fluctuating mind to the great pillar of true discrimination with the strong rope of love by the aid of the goad of true intelligence, the Muni Nárada (caused that to be done, which produced the embryo.) Then the embryo began to grow like the luxuriant moon in the Milky Ocean. Having been endowed by Nárada with a never-failing wealth of knowledge and other gifts, I, who issued out of the Pot, as the son of Nárada, was taken over to the presence of Brahma, who, as in duty bound to me, his own grandson, paved my way to the attainment of the goal of Brahma-Gnána. Immediately my grandfather called me by the title of Kumba-Muni, as I was born in a *Kumba*† (pot). The noble Saraswati is my mother; Gâyatri‡ my junior mother. I was always engaged in sporting with my friends, the four stainless Vedas.’ At these words of Kumba-Muni, the King said that he had reaped great benefit from the Muni’s present visit to him, and felt assured that all he said was true. Kumba-Muni said that he had truly related his own life, and desired the King to inform him of his identity and origin. The King made reply:—‘Being afraid of the worries of existence, I sought freedom from actions in this forest. I go by the name of Sikhidwaja,

\* These are the female powers in Swarloka.

† This probably refers to the advent of all egos which are so only through their limitation, just as things are deposited in a limited receptacle as that of a pot. Hence, Chudálai does not make a false report of herself, as in describing the origin of all egos she describes that of herself too.

‡ Gayatri, Savitri, and Saraswati, are said to be the wives of Rudra, Vishnu and Brahma; hence the negative aspects of the trinity of nature.

and am here, after having relinquished my regal duties. My mind stands aghast at this ever-recurring cycle of re-births. Though I made Tapas here after obtaining all things necessary for that purpose, I have but enhanced beyond description my pains in the endeavour to do away with them. Oh incomparable Muni, milk has indeed been converted into poison!

Then Kumba-Muni, addressing the King, replied:—‘There will be true bliss only when the Gnána instilled into a disciple by the Acharya (Guru) truly fructifies in him. Are not all acts of Tapas simply diversions to while away the time? Oh King, to those without Gnána, karma is alone their security. Virtuous actions serve, but to remove the impure *vásanas*. Therefore, karmas are useful only in so far as they confer upon us heavenly and other pleasures. If the impure *vásanas* are destroyed, then the effects of all karmas cease alike, as the effects of one season cease when another sets in. Like reeds which never produce fruit, Karmas freed from the varying *vásanas* never fructify. If, through the sure conviction that all is Brahma, Agnána is destroyed, impure *vásanas*, will ever arise. Who is so foolish as to suppose there is water in a mirage? If the *vásanas* alone are destroyed, then birth, old age or death, will not affect one, and he will reach the immaculate Brahmic seat. All minds associated with *vásanas* are but differentiated Agnána itself; but a mind without them is the unborn *A’tmagnánam* itself. If through the immaculate Gnána, the Jiva (ego) cognizes Brahma, then all births cease. Since even Brahma and the other Great Ones have said that Gnána alone is the most excellent of all things, how is it that you do not long after it? How is it that you do not question yourself as to who you are, whence came the Universe, and into what it will be absorbed? Why do you repine at your lot like the ignorant? Why is it, that after having prostrated yourself at the feet of a great Guru, you do not try to understand from him the nature of bondage and Moksha? If, approaching those persons who look equally upon all things through their abundant Gnána, you are ceaselessly engaged in the noble pursuits of enquiry, then you will surely gain that subtle Gnána which leads to emancipation!’

(To be continued.)

### BISHOP COPLESTON ON “BUDDHISM.”\*

A REVIEW BY A SINHALESE BUDDHIST.

IT is admitted on all hands that, of all religious literatures, the Buddhist is the most voluminous and abstruse. It affords heights, where the imagination of a Goethe may wing its loftiest flight, and depths, in which the reason of a Spencer may plunge with unavailing soundings.

It is with such a system that the valorous Bishop of Colombo ven-

\* “Buddhism: Primitive and Present in Magadha and in Ceylon.” By R. S. Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Colombo—Sonsswan & Co., London, 1892.

tures to grapple, with only the preparatory study gained by leisure during a period of only three or four years. The reputation, however, of a conscientious Christian and ripe scholar made us expect a fairer and abler treatment. The Bishop could have had a decided advantage over his predecessors in the field. He has had the opportunity of personal tuition by an eminent Pali Scholar. Although the Bishop acknowledges his indebtedness to his corrections, apparently he has not availed himself of this singular advantage, as the value of the treatise is seriously marred by many and various errors.

His Lordship is the head of the S. P. G. in the Island, about 70 per cent. of whose population are "heathen" Buddhists. The avowed object of the Bishop's office is the "conversion" of Buddhists. No use disguising the fact, therefore, Dr. Copleston began the study of the subject with a hostile intent, just as a General would learn the stratagems of the enemy. The author truly says: "Impartial in a sense it was impossible for me to be. The questions raised are not for me open questions. I start with immovable convictions about the main principles of truth and goodness." Thoroughly convinced of the tenets of Christianity, which are *toto coelo* opposed to the root-doctrines of Buddhism, it is never to be expected that the latter will meet with his approval.

"To be indifferent which of two opinions is true," says Locke, "is the right temper of mind, that preserves it from being imposed on, and disposes it to examine with that indifferency, till it has done its best to find the truth—and this is the only direct and safe way to it."\* The Bishop's position confessedly precludes all possibility of such an attitude—we shall therefore take his treatise on Buddhism as a Christian functionary's view of it, derived from a hurried and fragmentary study. This is the most favourable construction a Buddhist can put on the Bishop's attempt, without impugning that honesty to which every gentleman has a claim.

We shall, therefore, not be surprised at his glaring mis-statements and erroneous conclusions. Nevertheless, it should be admitted to His Lordship's credit, that he has taken a new departure. A phalanx of shallow-minded Missionaries, who had conceit enough to undertake this Herculean task, have ever used the black brush alone. The Bishop, in his earlier lectures here and abroad, followed the footsteps of his *confrères*. He has, however, with maturer experience, become more discreet. He knows that the disgraceful demeanour of so many *padres*, who denounced Buddhism as the "Devil's imitation of Christianity" and the Buddhists as "idolaters" and "demon-worshippers" has proved utterly futile, and, in return, made them ridiculous and repulsive to the Buddhists. The Bishop will not stoop to pick up such ignoble weapons; but will fully and freely admire the luxuriance of the leaves and the flowers, only to deliberately lay the axe at the very root of the tree.

The Bishop seems to have grown more sensitive with experience,

\* Conduct of the understanding, § 12.

and bitterly complains of the so-called "opposition" of the Buddhists. Does he not know, that his own party are the aggressors and the Buddhists are only exercising their right of self-defence? He asks his Buddhist neighbours not to mis-represent Christianity—charity begins at home. Let his Lordship begin his message of peace, (which, however, comes rather late in the day) by exhorting his own subordinates to be more tolerant and fair towards Buddhism. The Buddhists, true to their traditions, will gladly follow.

The *raison d'être* of the brochure before us, is a disguised attack on Buddhism. That the Lord Bishop is an expert in tactics is clear from the ambidextral policy he adopted at the last synod, in compromising with both the Ritualists and Evangelicals by blowing hot and cold on either side. The Bishop is almost pretentiously liberal in saying that Buddhism has some external charms, but is so only to point out how far they fall short of his own peculiar ideals. But where the teachings of Buddhism can be decisively shewn to better advantage, he takes leave of his fairness and disdains any comparison.

Under the circumstances we would certainly have preferred his Lordship to have altogether abstained from all comparison. The Buddhists will never fear a just and fair comparison, as they know full well that Buddhism seeks not concealment like a hideous leper, who avoids the public gaze. It is a religion of pure rationality and courts free and fearless enquiry. However erroneous his Lordship's conclusions may be, he will be respected so long as he attempts to be conscientious.

We are grateful to the Bishop, for his pains, as he has assured the reader by his treatise, that no one need ever be ashamed of calling himself a *Buddhist*. Can his Lordship be ignorant of the fact that the immediate result of over a century of Protestant Missionary enterprise was to turn out a generation of hypocrites, who are perverts to the loathsome vices of Europeans rather than "converts" to practical Christianity? With the absolute conviction of a conscientious heart, I make bold to tell him, that if the *padres* will confine themselves to their own flocks, (like the Catholics), or turn their attention homewards to the growth of infidelity and materialism, they will be of infinitely greater service. The Lord Bishop of Liverpool lately said in the course of a sermon:—"We are in danger from the alarming progress of infidelity. A large school of writers has risen up in the last forty years, which almost monopolizes the periodical press, and is gradually sapping the foundations of Christianity all over the land." The whole tone of this high dignitary is most depressing; and why not, therefore, friends, hie home and convert your own?

Rightly did the Archbishop of Canterbury, as President of the S. P. G., caution the irresponsible Missionaries, that "religious workers in all directions ought to be most careful in destroying the religious tone of any nation, however superstitious, without being able to replace it; and it followed that they ought to do their utmost to understand the reli-



gions, with which they had to deal." Now Dr. Copleston cannot honestly say, that he has done his best to understand Buddhism, as he has deliberately fallen into errors, which some care and less condescension could have corrected. When the Bishop employs the noble cause of education as a bait for the ignoble purpose of perversion, he undoubtedly resorts to questionable methods.

As for the accuracy of his translations, and the authenticity of the texts he has used, the present writer does not claim to pronounce. Thus far it is certain, that a great many citations and inferences betray a pitiful lack of acquaintance with the spirit of the philosophy and the circumstances which occasioned the teachings. The Bishop's claim to "independent study and originality" is thus sustained at the expense of accuracy and authenticity.

Dr. Copleston writes on page 171:—"The credit of having first founded hospitals, belongs undoubtedly to Buddhism. Nor can any reader, who has before him the passages which we have been considering in this chapter, claim for either the Old or the New Testament, the exclusive communication to man of the theory of *disinterested* kindness and the law of love. The same Holy Spirit, who wrote our Scriptures, gave to some of the Buddhist teachers no despicable measure of insight into these truths." Saul, among the Prophets! Now, does his Lordship pretend that the Christian "theory of disinterested kindness and the law of love" confined as it is to an infinitesimal portion of sentient beings, is complete? The above quotation, however, is significant as showing the writer's *animus*. We are here tempted to question my lord: If such a partial "inspiration" were possible in the case of Buddhism, what guarantee has he that the "Old and New Testaments" received the full measure?

Truly there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Passing from similar sentiments to his treatment of the First Noble Truth, we do not meet with Dr. Copleston, the scholar, but with the veritable offspring of old Adam. He represents the First Truth as "Sorrow is universal." This he says, is "either obviously true or utterly false." It may mean, he admits, something like this: "Pain and suffering are indispensably one universal fact in human life: pain is the inseparable condition of all existence: all is pain." But my lord holds this alternative interpretation untenable—for no given reasons. He therefore concludes that the First Noble Truth "is a categorical falsehood"—Q. E. D.

The above specious reasoning and altered tone force one to suspect his Lordship's conscientiousness. What is the fact? To begin with, he misrepresents it. Mudaliyar Wijesinghe, in his translation of *Dhammachakkappavattana Sutta*, renders: "The First of the Noble Truths, O Bhikkus is sorrow. Birth is sorrow, sickness is sorrow, death is sorrow, associating with those unpleasant to us is also sorrow, separation from those dear to us is sorrow, disappointment is sorrow, and, in short, the

generation of the five Skhandas is sorrow." Existence subject to these is not free from sorrow; which aptly coincides with the second alternative explanation. The change of tone and the free use of unparliamentary terms here, apparently the central point of his attack, lower him in the eyes of the reader and colour all his pages with a deep stain of suspicion.

Having followed the Bishop to the culmination of his purpose, let us review other minor points. The Bishop goes on to tell us, that "The string of causation does not bear upon conduct" and that the "eight-fold path, constantly as it is praised, is never explained and the link between the Four Truths and the moral system is little more than artificial." All of which allegations prove that the *Abhidharma* is still a sealed book to him, and he has scorned to give it any attention, misjudging it to be a metaphysical after-growth. On his own confession the Bishop's knowledge of the *Pitakas* is limited—and he is therefore far from an *authority*. The admirable scholarship of his teacher, Pandit Batuwantudawe, could have stood him here in good stead, except that the mitred dignitary disdainfully thought to himself "My fool my tutor."

When the Bishop ostentatiously tells us that he has "no sympathy with those critics who urge the ignorance of the death of these two men (Alara and Uddaka) as fatal to Gautama's claims," let us heed the advice:

"Quidquid id est timao Danaos et dona ferentes."

The Bishop, like so many other western writers, falls into the clutches of that inevitable incubus in the very first chapter. He fully agrees with Dr. Legge, that Buddhism takes only the fifth place in the number of her votaries. He summons before his exalted throne the 500 millions of Buddhists and 400 millions of them are turned away as Confucianists, Taoists, Jains, &c., &c. But he gathers under his Episcopal wings all the Catholics, Roman and Eastern, Lutherans, Calvinists, Methodists, Unitarians, Salvationists, Ranters, Peculiar People, Secularists, Materialists, Agnostics, &c., and assigns them the first place! Confucius and Laoze were Sages and Reformers, whose teachings were essentially Buddhistic and in no material way antagonistic, standing to it just as Elijah, John the Baptist and Augustine stand to Christianity.

The Bishop, however, admits that "more men and women have owned the Buddha, than have owned as yet any other teacher."

"Buddhism" he writes, with apparent disapproval "is not claiming exclusive possession of the ground. It is a parasitic religion, ready to thrive where it can, without displacing or excluding others." On the contrary, we consider it the glory of 'Buddhism,' that it allows its followers liberty of thought, boundless as the free sky above, which practically makes every man's own reason the ultimate standard of his belief, as witness the words of the *Kalama Sutta*. "For this I taught you not to believe merely because you have heard: but when you believed of your consciousness, then to act accordingly and abundantly."

From this it obviously follows, that there may be considerable difference of opinion, in minor matters, between those, who nevertheless agree entirely on essential points and have therefore every right to be called Buddhists. Thus many Buddhists in China pay reverence to the sage Confucius as well as Our Lord, but they are surely none the less Buddhists for that. But if the Bishop refers to the lamentable fact that some of the more ignorant Buddhists of Ceylon still occasionally perform ceremonies connected with elemental spirits, and even offer sacrifices to them under the names of some of the Hindu deities, they are yielding to influences and ideas decidedly condemned by 'Buddhism'.\*

Dr. Copleston seems to think lightly of what is aptly termed the Great Renunciation. Even in its historical aspect, I unhesitatingly say, it is without a parallel. He gave up the throne of a universal monarch with all its bliss, clad himself with rags from the graves, endured, absolute self-abnegation for a period of 6 years in a desert and lived a life of pure altruism for a period of 45 years. Well may that liberal-minded Catholic Theologian W. S. Lilly therefore write: "No amount of prejudice appears to have been able to dim the lustre of his personality or to obscure the sweetness and winningness of his character."† That story is its best advocate and why should I attempt to polish burnished gold? Perhaps Dr. Copleston has his reasons for avoiding a comparison in this instance.

As for the carping critics who cantingly say, that Sir Edwin Arnold and other writers gave to the Buddha "all that was good and beautiful in the character of Christ", I defy them to point out a single instance of such pilfering. Every impartial observer must have marked, that there is not a single noble trait in Christ's character, which was not found in that of the Buddha. For instance that veteran Orientalist, Barthelmy St. Hilaire, fastidious critic as he is, does "not hesitate to say, that among the founders of religions there is no figure more pure or more touching than that of the Buddha. His life has not a stain upon it. His constant heroism equals his convictions. He is the perfect model of all the virtues he preaches; his abnegation and charity, his inalterable gentleness never forsake him for an instant. He dies in the arms of his disciples with the serenity of a sage, who practised during his whole life, and who is sure to have found, the truth."‡

"The following of the Lord Buddha during His life-time" says the Bishop, was no more than that of S. Francis of Assisi or 'General' Booth. But he gives the lie to it himself when he tells us that "one myriad of Bimbisara's subjects enrolled themselves as lay disciples." How many like additions may not have been made on very many similar occasions to justify the Bishop to write (on page 57): "So numerous were the adherents of the Buddha that the people began to complain."

\* I must here mention my indebtedness to an able critique by Mr. Leadbeater on the Bishop's Lecture at Oxford.

† Nineteenth Century, May 1882.

‡ "Le Bouddha et Sa Religion."

The Bishop is *ex-professo* a true-blue Gracophilist. He cannot but fall into that ever-recurrent error, which haunts the path of the latter-day orientalist, that the Greeks conquered India and therefore "the presence of the Greeks stimulated the literary growth of Buddhism" and that the "Bible narratives and Greek myths had reached the India of the Buddha." Almost every Western Orientalist, from Max Müller downwards, has implicitly assumed the Greek infallibility as the universal solvent of every Indian problem. They assumed that the "Yavanas" (a word meaning merely "foreigners") were Greeks. This assumption is maintained in spite of the Asoka edict, which styles the Greek king his "tributary" and the utter absence of any Indian record or oral tradition to justify it. On the contrary, Brahmin and Buddhist scholars contend that the Greeks never advanced beyond Attock on the N.-W. Frontier, much less were they "conquerors" or even "invaders" of India. It has been the fashion, both among ancient Greeks and modern Europeans, to style everything Eastern "Indian," hence Columbus discovered India in America. As for the migration of Bible narratives and Greek myths to India, it reminds one of carrying coals to Newcastle—India being the cradle of fables, allegories and myths. Prof. Rhys Davids has conclusively shewn *per contra*, how Indian myths have penetrated to Europe. Richard Proctor, the renowned Astronomer, quoting Max Müller, says: "Even some of the Buddhist legends and parables sound as if taken from the New Testament. Though we know that many of them existed before the Christian Era—which is Prof. Max Müller's quaintly cautious way of saying that the New Testament stories read as if derived from the former more ancient legends—"there is not," he continues, "one of the teachings regarded as more characteristic of Christianity, which is not more ancient than Christianity by many hundreds of years, albeit to the Jewish people those writings were new, as they were also to those Western Gentiles, whom the Apostles of Christianity taught. Christ was an Essene, being taught by those teachers, who belonged to that sect. There is strong evidence, that the Essenes had received their doctrines from Buddhist teachers." By a similar process the Bishop assumes the *soi-disant* "corrected" date (477) of the Lord Buddha's Nirvana, and that writing was not known before Panini (350 B. C.), although he will not deny that civilization had already made giant-strides and developed all known arts and sciences.\*

Our author is under the impression that the Buddhist idea of knowledge is confined to a knowledge of the Four Noble Truths. True, Lord Gautama's ministry was not the rôle of a Professor or Minister of education. He found an advancement in learning already in existence, but the teacher knew that this was not the light that expelled the darkness. Knowledge is from the intellect and wisdom from the heart. All knowledge was mere twilight compared to the *real* knowledge of the Four Truths, which solved the human sphinx-riddle. Much as he

\* Vide Vol. II. of *The Theosophist* for a conclusive refutation of these two fallacies.

emphasized this fact, he never disparaged intellectual knowledge, but cultivated it himself and positively advocated the teaching of "science and lore." When our critic fails to grasp that wisdom is the goal of the Buddhist, and it is *ignorance* which prevents man from realizing the Four Truths, he betrays incompetence as a judge of the system. The *Deus ex machina* of a being is ignorance or error. How truly has this been independently divined by that luminary of the Cartesian school of philosophers, Malebranche, who wrote: "Error is the universal cause of the misery of mankind." But we agree with the Bishop when he writes: "The Buddhist, like the Platonist, can never separate virtue from knowledge." Let his Lordship ponder over the lamentable fact that in modern times education has advanced *pari passu* with the increase of vice. I am here again tempted to remind his Lordship to draw a comparison. Let him cite two passages from the Bible inculcating learning and enlightenment.

His Lordship is right when he gives it as his opinion, that the "Buddha knows nothing conditional or tentative." But how will he reconcile this with his statements that his system "is a parasitic religion" and "tolerates caste"? His Reverence betrays unexpected simplicity, when he seems to think, that Ananda could not attain to 'Rahathood' during his master's life-time. He could have easily ascertained, that Ananda had a special reason for desisting from passing into that sublime state of beatitude, as it would disqualify him from attending on the person of the Buddha. A slight condescension would have spared our author from many kindred blunders.

The Bishop, as a High Churchman, takes a sympathetic estimate of meditation. He admits the value of meditation, but fails to see the Buddhist's *rationale* of it. "The Buddhist's solitude," says he, "is a withdrawal from all things to nothing, the Christian's from all things to God." The Bishop, however, writes elsewhere. "Nirvana is not the culmination of abstraction." To the Buddhist, therefore, Nirvana is not "nothing" but really "everything." Let his Lordship not talk glibly of meditation, when he and all theologians fail to understand the true meaning of "*Pray to one's father in secret.*"

I beg respectfully to remind his Right Reverend Lordship, that he shows want of circumspection in commenting on the Buddhist idea of "giving" (Dana) which logically culminates in the giving up of one's father, mother, family—all, to take up the cross and follow Him. His Lordship says: "the motive is the pure selfishness of the donor," which is rather strange in view of the fact that destruction of selfishness is the end of the Buddhist. Rightly does Dr. Eitel say: "Here lies the moral strength of Buddhism. It is a religion of unselfishness." Then again Buddhism teaches that *avarice*, *hatred* and *ignorance* are the three main roots of all evil. The three antidotes are *charity*, *morality* and *meditation*. How much better is this as a motive than the Christian one of "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." That virtue is

its own reward is thus true of Buddhism. It is a duty to others and thereby to one's own self.

(To be continued.)

### OCCIDENT AND ORIENT.

THE last quarter of the XIXth Century seems likely to be memorable in the history of thought, and to mark an important epoch in the evolution of the present human race. As late as the year 1875, the lethargy and stagnation of the East and the growing materialism and cynical scepticism of the West, with its rivalry and rush for wealth, power and place, seemed pushing humanity equally to destruction. The East seemed sinking into the chaos of death, and the West was rushing upon destruction, through contemptuous scorn of anything that could not be converted into profit, and ribaldry over any knowledge that could not be reduced to "mass and motion." Whatever may have been the boasted scientific progress of the West, or the hoarded metaphysical treasures of the East, the Occident and the Orient while pulling to all intents and purposes in opposite directions, were rushing equally on destruction. The hot-headed impetuosity of youth, and the servile lethargy of a worn-out manhood, promised little for the higher evolution of man seventeen years ago. Pulling in opposite directions, these extremes were really facing each other all the time, and it needed but a connecting link to bring about a transfusion of blood into the one, and a clarifying and deepening of thought and a tendency to repose in the other. What the ocean cables have accomplished, in a commercial way, in uniting the Old and the New World, that and more has been accomplished in metaphysics and philosophy since the notable year A. D. 1875. It is doubtless true that the far East still sleeps and dreams, and that profound lethargy is less encouraging as a sign of life than the wildest delirium; and the materialism of the West shows as yet on the surface, but little hesitation under that devil's slogan—"The survival of the Fittest." But it is equally true that the lever has begun to work. The ferment is everywhere visible, and the bubbles continually rise to the surface. The philosophers of evolutionary technology had stranded on the "Unknowable," though its High Priest had had prophetic glimpses of a possible extension of life and knowledge on strictly evolutionary lines; yet the "mechanical theory" rendered all such intuitive perceptions little more than a mirage. The scientist, the priest, and the politician, equally claim to be the leaders of mankind, and so exercise authority over their respective departments. But it is unwise to admit such a claim, or to yield to any such authority: except with the scientist, and with him in purely experimental research, the claim is absurd, false, and pernicious. Neither the priest, nor the politician take one step in advance, relinquish a prerogative once accorded, or acknowledge an error till compelled to do so by their constituents, who have already taken the advance step and broken their shackles. In the West

seventeen years ago, discontent was almost universal. The protests against mammon-worship and materialism were both loud and deep. In the Churches spirituality was represented solely by sentiment and excitement in periodical "revivals," followed by immediate relapse. The possibility of an "everlasting reality" was practically abandoned for the certainty of present enjoyment. Even spiritualism, which seemed at first a check to the crass materialism, became the most glaringly materialistic of all. One prominent spiritualist declared that he expected to meet his two favorite horses in the "Summer Land," haul lumber, and build a house just as he had done on earth: while asserting "progression through the spheres."—whatever that may mean—the average spiritualist and the great mass of them to-day simply transfer the conglomerate diabolism called earth-life to the invisible realm, and talk about curing evils there, and of "endless progression in spirit-life" for those who had yielded to a thousand temptations or committed nameless crimes here. Many a prominent spiritualist medium, like Randolph and Foster, committed suicide. Even as I write, Slade, whom our H. P. B. sent to Russia as one of the best of his class of mediums, and of whom Prof. Zöllner wrote so much, goes to an insane asylum a "hopeless wreck from dissipation."

Jesse Shepard, "the great musical medium," joins the Roman Catholic communion: while Lake Harris transfers his sensuous seraglios to the Summer Land, and boasts of his "spiritual children" there, while claiming to be physically immortal here!! One world at a time ought to be sufficient for the emotional and sensuous life of man, though divorce and bastardly proceedings may be conveniently buried for lack of extradition laws and legal jurisdiction. These references are drawn from the printed pages put forth for the "spiritual enlightenment" of man. What is here but the mould and rot of materialism, even when garnished by garbled appropriations from "Isis Unveiled." One very prominent "Materializing medium" who draws crowds nightly, confesses to "three controls" and that by their own confession, *all three are murderers!!* Ask some noble Fakir in old India, Mr. Editor, what he thinks of this man's chances of committing suicide or of being strangled in his bed by his "three murderers." If all this be *spiritualism*, in the name of all the Elements and Elementals what is *gross matter*?

I like not to touch these things, even by naming them, yet are they an integral part of the history of the last quarter of the XIXth Century, and it is also a matter of history that the most vulgar and indecent abuse of Theosophy and its leaders, has emanated from the camp that courts irresponsible mediumship, and covets "materialization of spirits;" and the materialization is indeed with a vengeance!

The time has not yet come for estimating the work of the T. S. and its influences on the thought of the age. Only a year and-a-half after H. P. Blavatsky has passed from outer sight, and less than three months since the N. Y. Sun retracted voluntarily its gross libel, leaving the onus solely with its scientific author, is altogether too short a

period to determine results. Steady and 'satisfactory as has been the advance of Theosophy in the West, with nearly seventy branches in the U. S. alone, the progress of Theosophical ideas is by no means confined to these organized centres. The demand is almost universal for Theosophic literature and lecturers. For every person enrolled as member of the T.S., a hundred persons are quietly and often secretly studying its literature and absorbing its ideas and principles.

The entire West is thus being indoctrinated with Eastern thought, and made familiar with a philosophy that transcends gross materialism. That these transcendental doctrines will be generally apprehended or universally accepted by the present generation, with its moral sense blunted by the pernicious doctrine of a vicarious atonement, and its spiritual perceptions dwarfed by crass materialism, is not to be for a moment expected. Desirable as such a condition of things might be, were it possible, it is of far less importance than the fate of all coming generations, which must also include the present incarnations.

Nothing can be more assured than that into the coming XXth Century will pass the Theosophical doctrines. Those who are in a position to realize the inherent force and vitality of these great truths, can have no doubt as to the part they will play in the future evolution of the present race. The effort that has been made to keep these doctrines free from dogmatism, and to show their fundamental relations to conscious life and individual effort, has borne good fruit. The great struggle is yet to come, and will be ushered in, no doubt, with the dawn of the new cycle. Many a death-throe is ripening for that time, and if the Theosophical teachings have then gained a sufficient headway to obtain a hearing, and to have control of the formation of thought, it will, indeed, be well for humanity.

In the meantime what of the far East? Is the lethargy being removed? Is the stagnation being transfused with a new life? Or shall the new race now forming in the far West be the sole custodians of the birth-right of old Aryavarta? The wisdom of a measureless past, compared with which the whole boasted science and civilization of the West is as sounding brass. The living truth cannot be retained by a dead people, and if the natural heir neglects or ignores his priceless inheritance, it will drift toward the setting sun and live again in the land of the stranger. Neither sloth nor pride can bid it stay, for its sign-manual is Use! Long has old India been as a sentinel sleeping at its post. Long have the "guardians of the Lost Word" watched and waited, till new soldiers stand ready for battle; nay, they have already entered the lists, and the old guard must swing into line or be left in the rear.

J. D. BUCK, M. D., F. T. S.

CINCINNATI, November 18th, 1892.

## PSYCHOMETRY.

“WE must put aside this method of censuring by the lump, and bring things to the test of true or false.”—(Bacon.)

In this day, and under conditions which, while appearing abnormal may yet be shown to have their origin in the law of cyclic evolution, and therefore to be not only normal to nature, but also emphatically illustrative of the inner workings of her soul, we are brought face to face with a variety of psychological phenomena for which the average capacity of man's constitution is all too short a gauge. Times there are within the history of man when waves of spiritual and psychic impulse sweep over the lagoons of human thought, wherein the winged felucca of orthodox beliefs and the more formidable engine of a modern science are wont to take their course. Rudder and wheel are seized by invisible hands; the timid quail and run about affrighted, while even the stout-hearted make question of their fate. Dangerously near to one another are these two vessels as they toss, start forward, plunge and quiver like stricken bulls in the arena. Helmsmen had counted on their steady grasp in vain; and with the denizens of the air no treaty had been made. We know the rest. Century after century yields us the same sad record. Religion wrecked and science impotent to save. Times there are, and such a time is this, when the elements of nature are disturbed and even the laws which govern them seem to have wrought an unexpected thing.

They seem, I say, to have departed from the beaten track of orderly progression; for it is a simple *seeming* and that is all. For always the appearance of these abnormal—or to use a better word—these supernormal happenings will come upon us unawares and depart again, leaving us more doubtful of the issues of life, more perplexed concerning the nature of our being, and baffled as to our definitions of what we are pleased to regard as natural laws, until such time as a more patient and more liberal investigation of their nature shall enable us to include them in the domain of orderly happenings. The accomplishment of this, as much with regard to cause as to effect, will induce us to extend our at present limited conceptions of the forces at work in the human constitution, leaving the infinite amphisphere of the possible-in-nature to the unrestricted contemplation of the human mind; neither stultified by the definitions of science nor prohibited by the creeds.

So with regard to *psychometry*, which, merely because it is a supernormal phenomenon of human faculty and not consciously exercised by the mass of individuals, is regarded by the ignorant as impossible, and by even the educated and more or less thoughtful man as improbable, because not happening to fall within the lines of his experience. But, as I shall presently show, these attitudes are due not so much to want of evidence as to want of power in such minds to appreciate the evidence that is accessible; and this evidence, I maintain, is of daily occurrence. It is not that nature is reluctant to reveal herself, nor that

she is so abnormally secretive as some would have us believe; but it is that we, especially in our mental lives, are so far removed from sympathy with nature, so greedy of her favours, because so far distant from that true relationship which constitutes the right of possession, that we but rarely come upon the track of her footsteps by any intention of our own, and thus her appearances are as unexpected and inexplicable as they are evanescent.

If, however, I should prove in the course of this lecture that psychometry is of daily, nay, hourly, and present occurrence, I deem that the most surprising feature of that proof will lie in the direction of our normal unconsciousness of the fact; and not in the mere evidence of the fact itself.

Psychometry means, literally, “soul-measuring” or “soul-delineation.” We might otherwise define it as psychic cognition; as that power inherent in the soul of man, and indeed of all creatures in a greater or less degree, by which the nature, qualities, conditions, and powers of a thing may be known. Plato mentions three chief means of intelligence;—perception, reason, and intuition, this latter being elsewhere defined as “direct cognition.” The reasoning faculty of the mind is seen to occupy the middle ground of two diverse fields of perception, being concerned as much with the philosophy of subjective, as of objective phenomena. Viewing intuition or “direct cognition” as not necessarily related to purely abstract and spiritual things only, but inclusive also, at least in its incipient stages, of all merely subjective perceptions, psychometry would be synonymous with intuition. In order, however, to draw away from the inevitable entanglement of definitions, which would follow upon this position if left without further explanation, it will be well to accept the description of psychometry offered by Denton, viz., *Supersensuous perception*. In this category he includes the direct action of mind on mind, thought-reading and thought-transference, as well as the peculiar mental perceptions arising from contact with physical objects, more generally known as “psychometric impressions.” But this seems at once to be too wide a range of distinct phenomena to be covered by the psychometric faculty alone, if we accept the conditions of passivity which are imposed upon the psychometrist. It remains, however, to be shown that there may be *active* as well as *passive* conditions in the exercise of this faculty, which admits of our including mental passivity to supersensuous impressions as a volitional state by no means easy to acquire.

Psychometry requires first of all the essential unity of nature as a foundation principle in the theory of inter-action of forces, whether considered as intelligent or merely dynamic and mechanical. For the universe to be such as it is, for it to be a universe at all, and to turn as one; to preserve its constitution entire while admitting in its parts, great or small, the liberty which is proper to each and required by them; to admit this infinite diversity of quality and degree, of dis-

position and habit in things belonging to the universe, as being compatible with the integrity of Nature from whom they are all produced, and from whom they continue to draw their sustenance; to admit all this variety of existence in the universe as *natural*, requires an underlying essential unity. And this unity is not restricted to the substantial basis from which these existences are differentiated, but applies also to the intelligence and force which are the directing and impelling factors in the production of these existences, whence every most minute particle of inorganic matter is as much an embodiment of this essential unit of intelligence and force as the greatest of great worlds, or systems of worlds in the universe; the distinction of infinite potentiality in the particle, and finite potency in the system to which it belongs, being one which disappears in referring both to their essential unity.

What we see illustrated in the orbital motion of a planetary body, a material mass of definite constitution impelled by a force under the direction of an intelligent principle—whether resident in such constitution or illustrated only in the law of correlated forces governing its progress, matters not in this instance—what we here behold, psychometry beholds in the human being. In the axis of individual tendency which makes of him a centre of distinct qualities and separable personality, as in the definite cycle of his individual evolution and progress; we behold a humanized planet with a mean free path of oscillation, and an orbit of greater or less eccentricity, yet comprehended within and controlled by the forces governing the whole system to which he belongs, which, in extension and fact, is conceivably *infinite*. The analogy goes further, however; and planetary inter-action, the interplay of cosmic forces, the specific influence of each planet following the periodic changes of its magnetic and electric conditions, the mutual inter-dependence of these bodies, and the uniformity of their movements when viewed from the central luminary whence they draw their life and sustenance and the means of their progressive development; all these have their analogies in the lives of men, inclusive of the interplay of mental forces, and the changes of magnetic condition under fixed laws, upon which the truth of the science of psychometry is founded.

Now, with regard to the medium by which these forces are capable of acting between bodies distant from one another, and by means of which the changes occurring in any one body are able to affect the whole system to which that body belongs, science postulates upon adequate data the existence of a certain plastic, subtile and universally diffused substance, called ether, to the modifications of which the phenomena of light, electricity, magnetism, &c., are referred.

"Whatever difficulties we may have in forming a consistent idea of the constitution of the ether," says Clark Maxwell, "there can be no doubt that the interplanetary and interstellar spaces are not empty, but are occupied by a material substance or body, which is certainly the largest and probably the most uniform body of which we have any

knowledge. Whether this vast homogeneous expanse of isotropic matter is fitted, not only to be a medium of physical interaction between distant bodies, and to fulfil other physical functions, of which perhaps we have as yet no conception, but also, as the authors of the "*Unseen Universe*" seem to suggest, to constitute the material organism of beings exercising functions of life and mind as high or higher than ours at present, is a question far transcending the limits of physical speculation."

For my own part I think Clark Maxwell is too reticent in not conceding these properties to ether, merely because physical science has no experimental proof at hand; because having affirmed interstellar and interplanetary action, the existence of such a medium is required as the vehicle of such forces as the stars and planets may exert on one another. It is thus a mere question of labelling as to whether we call it "*Ether*" or any other name; while, as to its constituting the material basis of beings higher than ourselves, Prof. Huxley, at least, finds no scientific difficulty in the matter, for he says in his introduction to *Essays on Controverted Subjects*:—

"Looking at this from the most rigidly scientific point of view, the assumption that, amidst the myriad worlds scattered through endless space, there can be no intelligence, as much greater than man's as his is greater than a black beetle's; no being endowed with powers of influencing the course of nature as much greater than his, as his is greater than a snail's, seems to me not merely baseless, but impertinent. Without stepping beyond the analogy of what is known, it is easy to people the cosmos with entities, in ascending scales, until we reach something practically indistinguishable from omnipotence, omnipresence and omniscience." And with regard to the ether as the vehicle of such a cosmic power and intelligence it is said, "if the universe is penetrated by a medium of such a nature that the magnetic needle on the earth answers to a commotion in the sun, an omnipresent agent is also conceivable."

If we go deep enough, we shall find that the evidence of the *logically necessitous* being the *scientifically actual*, is based on the very laws of our thought, from which all proofs are drawn; and psychometry, while maintaining eminently reasonable premisses, needs only to show that its facts are reliable in order to anticipate the conclusions of science.

The ether of space being uniformly present in every minutest particle of matter, and being homogeneous, it follows that every alteration taking place at any point within the limits of a body, however vast, is reflected, in the motions of this universal medium, to every part of itself. For, since the ether is one continuous body, of uniform constitution on each plane of the universe, and with nothing, so far as we can tell, to impede its movements, it must therefore move instantaneously; which, in respect to a universal body, is equivalent to no motion at all, but rather to a universal and instantaneous affection.



We therefore see by what reasons universal cognition becomes possible, where the faculty to perceive the affections of this medium is present. Now psychometry teaches us that this perceiving faculty is latent or active in every single atom of the universe, the difference in methods of perception being merely a matter of relative organization. Leibnitz, in his *Monadologie*, represents this truth in the following words:—"Whatever happens in the universe is experienced by all bodies whatsoever, in such manner that one could read in each that which is done or will be done by all, by noting in that which is present the happening of distant things as much in regard to time as in regard to place, which Hippocrates called Universal Sympathy. But a soul, able only to read in itself that which is distinctly represented, could not develop all at once the whole of its impressions, since they are infinite. Thus every created monad, although representing in itself the entire universe, represents more distinctly the body which it particularly affects, and of which it is the informing principle; and as this body expresses the whole universe by the continuity of the material plenum, the soul also represents and expresses the entire universe in representing that body which appertains to it in a particular manner."

All our ideas of the constitution of the universe require these conclusions, and, having shown that single impressions are capable of universal experience, and also that universal affections are fully reflected in every geometrical point in space, it remains to complete the psychometric theory by showing that all matter has the capacity of retaining such impressions indefinitely. [And here I may state that I am not troubled by Huxley's definition of matter as "a hypothetical name for states of our consciousness," since to prove that such states of consciousness may be capable of permanent representation, or of indefinite resuscitation under adequate stimuli, and that matter is capable of retaining its impressions, is one and the same thing from the stand-point of this definition.]

"It seems," says Professor Hitchcock, in reference to the action of etheric vibration upon matter, "that this photographic influence pervades all nature; nor can we say where it stops. We do not know, but it may imprint upon the world around us our features, as they are modified by various passions, and thus fill nature with daguerrotype impressions of all our actions;.....it may be too, that there are tests by which nature, more skilful than any photographer, can bring out and fix these portraits, so that acuter senses than ours shall see them as on a great canvas, spread over the material universe. Perhaps, too, they may never fade from that canvas, but become specimens in the great picture gallery of eternity." This marvellous impressionability of matter is referred to by Prof. Draper. "A shadow," he says, "never falls upon a wall without leaving thereon a permanent trace—a trace which might be made visible by resorting to proper processes.....The portraits of our friends, or landscape views, may be hidden from the eye

on the sensitive surface, but they are ready to make their appearance, as soon as proper developers are resorted to. A spectre is concealed on a silver or glassy surface, until by our necromancy we make it come forth into the visible world. Upon the walls of our most private apartments, when we think the eye of intrusion is altogether shut out, and our retirement can never be profaned, there exist the vestiges of all our acts, silhouettes of whatever we have done."

That matter is impressionable to a conceivably infinite extent, no one will, I think, deny in the face of the co-existence of such forms as the granite crystal and the human brain-cell; and that these impressions may be permanent is logically demanded by reason of the unbroken succession of the innumerable forms of evolutionary production. Because, it is unreasonable to suppose that a physical type can be the result of an indefinite succession of material impressions or affections, and that each one of such affections is not permanently represented in the common type which embodies them all, since when once matter is affected, its future capacity of receiving impressions is permanently changed and henceforth goes on increasing, proportionately to the succession and variety of such impressions, side by side with the ability to revive and repeat in itself each and all of its past conditions. Hence no single impression could possibly be lost without breaking the line of evolution represented in the highest form of matter. Just as a composite photograph constitutes a type inclusive of all the impressions received by the silver plate, and would be other than it is, by the omission of a single one of them; or just as the universe we see around us is the result of the countless modifications of developing causes in the past, and is not at this moment what it was a moment since; so the universal impression of the moment, reflected in every atom of the entire plenum, is the aggregate of all past affections, of all action of whatever nature which it has exerted within itself, and would be otherwise than it is if the records of a single moment of time were not instantaneously and continually present in it.

(To be continued.)

#### BALZAC ON MUSIC.

BALZAC, whom Madame Blavatsky, in her "Secret Doctrine," calls "the unconscious Occultist of French Literature," the author of 'La Comedie Humaine', is among the most eminent French writers of the present century, an original and a prolific genius. He was born at Tours in May 1799. A dreamy and solitary child, he would have none of his toys, nor play with his sisters. But a toy violin was what he doted on, and spent hours in a sort of ecstasy producing strains, which, however discordant to other ears, were divine melodies to him. This passion for music he retained all his life. 'Massimilla Doni' and 'Gambara' are two of his philosophic studies on the subject. As a novelist, Balzac has magnified his office and made it honorable. The Novel he increased and

widened. He made of it a great, serious, impassioned, living form of literary study and social inquiry, and through analysis and psychological investigation a moral, contemporary history, undertaking the studies and duties of science also, so as to claim its liberties and immunities. He sought for Art and Truth. To the fortunate ones of Paris, he shows miseries that it is not good to forget, that present living human suffering which counsels charity, while reading as a complete lesson of moral and physical anatomy. He throws a woman on to the slab of the Amphitheatre, the first woman that comes to his hand, the servant girl crossing the street with her apron on; he patiently dissects her, shows each muscle, gives full play to the nerves, and this suffices to cover a whole bleeding corner of humanity. The reader feels the sobs rising in his throat, and the miseries of the lowly and the poor speak to interest, to emotion, to pity, as loudly as the miseries of the great and rich. In a word, the tears that are wept below by the people—this world beneath a world—provoke weeping like those that are wept above. His novels have that religion which is called by the wide vast name of "Humanity." He had had a very laborious life. He lived in a garret, and did not stir out for weeks, but to go to the nearest grocer's to buy coffee, which he consumed at night, while he read or wrote, from midnight to nine in the morning, clad in his monastic habit which he had adopted as his dressing gown. When not writing, he spent his nights walking the streets of Paris. Money was his great aim in life, he slaved for it, he dreamt of it, and when he was about to enjoy it, happy in his marriage with the Polish Countess Eveline de Hanska, his herculean labour killed him in the height of his fame in 1850. M. Taine says of him:—"Balzac is with Shakespeare and St. Simon (the author of *Memoirs on the age of Louis XIV*), the greatest store-house of documents we possess on human nature."

In his '*Massimilla Doni*', which is a delicate study, he establishes the correlation of Music with the other Fine Arts. "The Raulade (trilling) is, says he, 'the highest expression of Art.' It is the arabesque which adorns the best apartment of a mansion: a little less and it is nothing, a little more and it is all a confusion. Charged with awakening a thousand latent ideas in one's soul, it shoots forth and traverses space, strewing germs in the air which collected by the ear, blossom in the depth of the heart. Raphael, in executing his St. Cecile, has given priority to music over poetry. He is right. Music addresses itself to the heart, poetry to intelligence. Rapid as the aroma of flowers or of perfumes, music communicates its ideas. The voice of the singer sets vibrating in us not the chord of thought, not the chord of memory of our happiness, but of the elements of thought, and touches the principles of our sensations. Sounds find within us something analogous to what begets in us the phenomena of light, and which produces ideas. There are chords within us affected by sounds, which correspond to our nervous centres, whence go forth our sensations and our ideas. The Fine Arts are but a collection of means by which man can put himself

through exterior nature in harmony with the marvellous nature of his own inward life. Imagine a sublime creation, where the marvels of Nature are reproduced with a grandeur, a lightness, rapidity, an immeasurable extent, where the sensations are infinite, and where certain privileged organisations alone, which possess a divine faculty, can penetrate, and you will then have an idea of the ecstatic joys of an enthusiast of music. Modern music which calls for profound peace, is the language of tender and impassioned souls disposed towards a noble internal exaltation. This language, a thousand times richer than that of mere words, is to feeling what thought is to speech. It awakens ideas and sensations within us, in those depths where they take birth, with a definite form peculiar to each one of us. The other arts impose definite creations on our mind. The creations of music are indefinite. We are obliged to accept the ideas of the poet, the picture of the painter, the statue of the sculptor; but each one of us interprets music at the will of his joy or his grief, his hope or his despair. Where other arts encircle our thoughts and enchain them to something definite, music unchains them and lets them loose over all nature which it has the power of interpreting to us.

With what art has Rossini, like a great painter, employed all the brown colours of music and all that there is of sadness on his musical pallet in his "*Moses*"? There never was such a grand synthesis of natural effects, such a complete idealisation of nature. In great national misfortunes, each one complains, individually long, then it breaks loose upon the mass, cries of grief more or less violent are heard, till when the misery is felt by all, it breaks forth into a tempestuous roar. Egypt is ravaged by a plague. What chilling darkness! What fogs! What mourning! You are convinced of the reality of a dark cloud overspreading the scene. Dark shadows envelope nature. There are neither the Egyptian palaces, nor pictures, nor landscapes. All eyes are turned to Moses. "Those profoundly religious notes of the celestial doctor, who goes to cure this cruel plague, what good do they not do to the soul? How everything is graduated to arrive at that magnificent invocation of Moses to God! By a judicious thought, this invocation is accompanied by brass instruments. Not only is the artifice admirable, but the genius is fertile in resources throughout.

He has reserved his string instruments for the break of day succeeding that terrible darkness, to arrive at one of the most powerful effects in music. The poet sustains himself by the force of thought, by the vigour of images, by the truth of his declamation. That scene of grief, that night profound, these cries of despair, that musical tableau, are like the deluge of the great Poussin. Art here attains its apogee. No musician can go further. Egypt awakes after a long torpor. Happiness slips in everywhere with the light of day. In what ancient or contemporary work is there such a grand page? The most splendid joy opposed to the most profound sadness. What cries, what skipping notes! How the oppressed soul breathes! What delirium, what tremour

in that orchestra, and all so beautiful. It is the joy of a people saved. What a thrill of pleasure! The most beautiful sun bathes with his torrent of light a country so mournful and cold till now. Light is a single and even substance. It is the same everywhere varied in its effects by the objects it meets with. The musician selects for the base of his music an unique motive, a simple accord. The sun appears at first and pours his rays on the summits of the hills, and then into the valleys. Even so the accord breaks upon the first string of the first violin with a warm softness. It then spreads in the orchestra, it animates the instruments one by one and unfurls itself there. As light goes on coloring the objects gradually, the accord goes on awakening every source of harmony till all stream into one whole. The violins give the signal by their soft tremors vaguely agitated like the first luminous waves. Then the wind instruments softly mingle in raising the general accord. The brass instruments resound brilliantly, the trumpets blaze forth in flashes. Light the source of harmony, inundates all nature; all the musical riches are therefore displayed with a violence, or eclat like to the rays of an oriental sun. A Rossini alone knows how to say so many things with clarionets and trumpets. Music is painting with sounds. It is to awake within our hearts certain souvenirs and in our intelligence certain images, and those have their colour, they are sad or gay. Every instrument has its mission and addresses itself to certain ideas, as every colour answers in us to certain sentiments. In contemplating gold arabesque on a blue ground, have we the same thoughts as those excited by red arabesque on a black or green ground? In the one, as in the other, there are no figures nor sentiments expressed; it is pure art, and yet no soul will remain cold while regarding them. The hautboys,\* have they not the power of awakening images of the country and so almost all the wind instruments. The brass instruments have they not something warlike, do they not develop in us animated and somewhat furious sensations? The stringed instruments founded on organised creation speak to the most delicate fibres of our organism and go to the heart's core. In diction, we have the nervous style, the animated, the insipid and the coloured. Art paints with words, with sounds, with colours, with lines, with forms. If the means are diverse, the effects are the same. In their grand efforts the arts are but an expression of the grand spectacles of nature."

"Music" says Beethoven, "is a revelation more sublime than all wisdom, than all philosophy. God is nearer to me in my art than in all the others. There is something in it eternal, infinite and indiscernible. It is the unique incorporeal introduction into the superior world of knowledge, it is the presentiment of celestial things." The crowds that flock to a concert seek there an edification, a comfort for the soul. In that compact human mass, we find dreamy faces, mute unknown poets of the crowd, who abandon themselves here to their dreams. Here are pious and unquiet souls, weary of their nar-

\* This is a reed musical instrument something like the native "Sanai."

row church, anxious to communicate with living humanity. Here are thinkers weary of thought, who find in that vibrating crowd a sort of religious emotion, which demands of the accents of this grand music a breath of the *lost beyond*. It is in a crowd generally that man feels himself most lonely. Here, in the profound meditation of each one with himself, is produced an instantaneous and mysterious communication of each one with all.

PESTONJI DORABJI KHANDALWALA.

### RAGHU NATH GOSVAMI.

WE propose to trace the account of Saptagram, commonly called Satgaon, the historical and commercial city of great antiquity in Lower Bengal, which enjoyed a world-wide reputation as far back as the Roman period. For fifteen hundred years it enjoyed, without any interruption, a splendour which the less important cities of India were destined to envy. When Satgaon rose to importance, the adjacent town of Hugli was at best a mere obscure village. It was the Mohammedan rulers, who, taking a fancy to Hugli, thus removed thereto all the public offices, and abandoned Satgaon. The latter began to gradually decline till it sank down into an insignificant village. It was as late as 1845 or thereabouts, that the process of rapid decline reduced it to the state of a deserted hamlet then inhabited by a number of native paper-makers. Like the ruins of Gour, the ruins of Satgaon have now become the abode of the wild denizens of the forest, of which a glimpse may be caught from the train at Trisbigah, or at Magrah, on the East India Railway. Of the most renowned followers of Chaitanya, the founder of the Vaishnavite sect, Raghu Nath Gosvami, deserves something more than a mere mention. And, among the popular Vaishnavas, whose names find insertion every year in the Bengali Almanacs, he is decidedly one of the most prominent. He was born in Satgaon in about Sak 1424, which corresponds with the Christian year 1502. His father's name was Gobardhone Das Dutta. The very addition of the term 'das,' which means a slave, to the patronymic 'Dutta' shows without the shadow of a doubt that he was a Kayestha, as Kayesthas alone are entitled to be the slaves or servants of the Brahmins in recognition of the menial services done by them to the five Brahmins, who were invited by Ballal Sen, the author of Kulinism in Bengal. So Raghu Nath's full name was Raghu Nath Das Dutta Gosvami. Now the question naturally arises: How is the Gosvami to be accounted for? It was a title conferred on him for his past ascetic Vaishnavite life, as the spiritual guides of the Vaishnavas, with whom it has become hereditary, are similarly honoured even in these days. It will be thus seen that the ancients did not grudge the Hindus of lower castes the distinction, to which the recipients were entitled by dint of the pious and religious life led by them, be he a Kshatriya, Vaisya or Sudra. Nor was this all.

They even went the length of raising to the status of a Brahman, one who had a superior knowledge of Param-Brahma.

Raghu Nath's father and uncle, Hiranya Dutta by name, were both Collectors to the Newab. They were as opulent (masters of lakhs as they were) as they were liberal and religious-minded. The sole heir of so much wealth and honour, young Raghu Nath, still under his teens, relinquished all and left the protection of those near, though not dear to him, in search of the supreme spiritual treasure that lay in store for him, notwithstanding all the obstacles that had been studiously put in the way. What had wrought this sudden change in him? One day he heard the *Yaban*, devotee, Haridas, taking the name of Lord Hari and singing his glory. This unsettled his mind and whetted his desire to live an ascetic life. Both Gobardhone Dutta and Hiranya Dutta were very well known to Chaitanya's grand-fathers—father of his father and father of his mother. So they were well-known to Raghu Nath too. When Raghu Nath came to Chaitanya for the first time, he summarily dismissed him with a few kind words of advice, considering the tenderness of his age and the immense wealth and honour that he was heir to. Thus did he pass some time in this painful state of mental unrest. In the meantime Chaitanya had left for Puri. Raghu Nath followed him shortly after. His father managed to bring him back with great difficulty, and put him under strict surveillance. On Chaitanya's return from a pilgrimage to Jagannath to the house of Adaitya Acharya at Santipore, he begged that he might be allowed to see him. A goodly number of attendants was engaged to wait on him all the way, and during his stay at Santipore, which he was enjoined to make as short as possible. After having passed not less than a week's time with his *guru*, he returned home to the joy of his parent, and could not but abide by the instructions given to him. Chaitanya set out once more for Puri. Now that their son was restored to their affection, concluded his parents, they could dispense with the services of the watchmen, and their services were accordingly dispensed with, and the management of their vast princely estate was entrusted to Raghu Nath. This made him doubly miserable. The news of the arrival of Chaitanya at Puri, *via* Brindeban, reached him. Forthwith he arranged to set out for that place, when some misfortune befell his father and uncle, which deterred him from giving effect to the longings of his heart, and detained him longer at home than he wished. Prior to his abrupt departure in the depth of night to join his spiritual guide at Puri, he visited Nityanand, one of the earliest preachers of Vaishnavism, at Panihati. Here, at his bidding, Raghu Nath celebrated for the first time a festival, which has since then been known to us as the parched rice festival on account of the Vaishnavas, who had gathered themselves from the neighbouring villages on the occasion, having been entertained with sweets, milk, curd and other products of milk and parched rice that characterised the festival. Hence the name. Be that as it might, his parents became disconsolate, when they came to

learn of his sudden, unexpected, stealthy departure. They lost no time in sending out messengers in all directions. But in vain. In order to escape detection, he marched with all haste through impassable jungles, hills and dales, taking little or no food. On the twelfth day he reached his destination. He found Chaitanya seated in the yard of the house he had put up in, in the midst of his followers, and instantly fell prostrate at their feet. Chaitanya rose and embraced him, saying things in disparagement of the avaricious conduct of his father and uncle. Who can adequately describe the meeting? Damodar and Govinda—the former his disciple, the latter his servant—were told to look after Raghu Nath. Here he practised rigid asceticism, lived on alms and subsequently on stinking rejected rice. One day he begged of Chaitanya to be enlightened as to the aim and object of life and as to his duty. The following is the advice given by the great teacher in response :—

AVOID INDULGING IN USELESS VULGAR GOSSIP. NOR IS IT TO BE LISTENED TO. ABSTAIN FROM RICH ARTICLES OF FOOD. ABSTAIN FROM RICH WEARING APPAREL. IN HONOURING OTHERS DO NOT COVET HONOUR YOURSELF. TAKE OFTENTIMES THE NAME OF HARI; AND WORSHIP IN HEART, ESCHEWING ALL OUTWARDLINESS, RADHA KRISHNA.

The above was his religious instruction and sage advice. It brings into a nut-shell all the sublime truths which constitute sanctity of body and soul.

The Car Festival of Jagannath being over, the Bengali pilgrims returned home. From them, especially from Shibanand Sen, Raghu Nath's father heard all about his son, which much grieved him and his wife. They accordingly sent men and money for him. But he declined both. Having got a thorough mastery over passion, he passed his days in *Sankirtam*, in discourse on religion with Chaitanya, and in contemplation. He would never taste good edibles, living as he did on the cheapest and simplest fare. He would put on the homeliest tattered dress. In this way he passed sixteen years at Puri. What had fallen from Chaitanya in course of conversation with him, Raghu Nath Gosvami collected and wrote out in his *Kadcha* (Vaishnavite *Snriti*), which was subsequently made use of by Chaitanya's biographer, Kishna Das Kabiraj, in his far-famed "Chaitanya-Charitamrita." On the death of Chaitanya at Puri, he joined Rup Sonatan at Brindaban, where, after a stay of nearly half a century, he died in Sak 1504, at the ripe age of 80 years.

Raghu Nath Gosvami was not only a *Sadhu Bairagi*, but a profound Sanskrit scholar. He was the author of the "Chaitanya-stabkalpa-vriksha," "Mana-Shik-Sha," "Gunalesh-shekar" and other Sanskrit Vaishnavite works. Among the Vaishnavas he won for himself a high place. Of their first six *gurus* he was one. Among them he is known as the Das Gosvami.

The religious observances of the Vaishnavas compare favourably

with those of the Buddhists. In regard to structure the temple of Jagannath at Puri bears close resemblance with the temple of Buddha at Gya.

NAKUR CHANDRA BISWAS.

### WISDOM OF THE UPANISHADS.

MAN HERE, AND HEREAFTER.

(Continued from page 230.)

I SHALL now comment upon the translation with which the last article closed. This *Shruti* introduces two important elements of man—the mortal and the immortal. Some say that nothing remains of this man after death. Not so, says the Upanishad. The man that appears to be destroyed by death is but a habitation. The real man, the lord of this habitation, is the immortal spirit, the unborn, unchanging Consciousness. Just as in a city there are door-keepers and Governors, &c., so there are similar functionaries in the city-like habitation known as the human body. The gross body represents the outer wall of the town. This town has eleven gateways, with, of course, a door-keeper stationed at each inlet or outlet. The door-keepers of the body are the various powers, which are located at each of the portals enumerated. The door-keepers of the eyes let in colours; those of the ears let in sounds, and so on; every one of these doors is meant for the entrance or exit of something into or out of the body. Being let into the house by the various door-keepers, all these visitors tell their tales to the page who attends upon the Governor, and it is only through him that they are introduced into his presence. In this allegory, the gross body is the habitation, the powers of the plane of objects are the door-keepers at the various portals; the *manas* is the page, and the *buddhi* the Governor. The Governor, the page, the door-keepers, all of them are necessary in the economy of the human constitution. Each performs his functions in the preservation of the working order in the human body. But, why does all this work go on? Why do these functionaries join in the administration? It is all for the sake of the King, and that King is the immortal spirit, the unborn, unchanging Consciousness.

Why should the phenomena which we have recognised as the *buddhi*, the *manas*, the *arthas* and the *indriya* join together to maintain the body? They must all have a nucleus round which they gather to appear as the body. That nucleus is the unborn, unchanging Consciousness. It is for the purpose of a soul,—a something other than the phenomenal world—that the phenomenal world takes various forms. The body, by contrast, is both born and changing. The body is but a tenement, a habitation in which all are the servants of the King, the *purusha-avyakta-mahat*.

This, as the Commentary says, is the *Isvara*, the lord-god in his cosmic aspect, and the personal god of every individual man, and, in fact,

the real man in every case. It is this personal god—this true man—who is the real creator of every man: the lower self, as it is called, the *buddhi-manas-artha-indriya*. The only salvation of the lower self lies in its identifying itself with the higher, the god in man—or we might as well say the god-man.

When the *buddhi* learns to identify itself with the god-in-man, there is no sorrow left for it. Why? Because there remains nothing for the *buddhi* to sorrow about. When consciousness becomes centred in the *mahat*, it becomes impossible for the then man to look upon anything as separate from himself. The mind never has occasion to feel the want of anything, because then it is conscious of itself being the actual source of everything, as indeed it is.

When released from all sorrow, it is spoken of as being free. It is restored to its own true state of perfect freedom, which is a necessary index of omnipotence and omniscience.

This is the answer of Yama to Nachiketa. Death is but a change, a passing again and again into the grasp of Yama. It is not destruction. The real man never dies. The business in life of man consists in the identification of the *buddhi* with the *mahat*. This being accomplished, then the man has no longer to pass through the gates of death. He has passed them once for all. He is for ever free.

I have said that man is released from sorrow, because he becomes conscious of being himself the actual source of everything. And this the next *Shruti* lays down in continuation of the former. Not only, it says, is the *mahat* the soul of man, but the soul of all phenomenal creation. Thus we have:—

“It is the mover that lives in the bright sky; it is the dweller that fills space; it is the caller that is present on the altar; it is the unexpected (comer) that lives in the habitation; in lives, in men, in gods, in truth, in the sky; it is born in water, in earth; it comes forth as sacrifice (*yajna*); it comes out of the mountains; it is the unchanging, the greatest.

“And that subject (*A'tmá*) is not manifested in one habitation only—that of the body; it is manifested in all habitations. How? The mover (*hansa*) is so called, because it moves (from the root *han* to move); he who lives in the bright sky is the divine sun. The dweller (*vasu*) is so called because it lives in all in the shape of air. It is spoken of as living in space. The caller (*hota*) is the fire, because the *Shruti* speaks of the *hota* (caller) being fire. It lives on the altar, that is the earth, because (the earth) is so spoken of in such texts as the following:—

“‘This altar is the other end of the earth.’

“The unexpected comer (*atithi*) is the *sama* (water), the sacred sacrificial water which lives in its habitation—the jar. Or, the unexpected comer might be the Brahm in the shape of the guest, who resorts to householders. “.....Notwithstanding that he is the *átmá* of all, he is in his own nature the one law, the unchanging truth. He is the greatest, because he is the cause of all.

“Although the *mantra* speaks of the sun only, there is no contradiction in understanding it as explaining the nature of Brahm, because the sun

"also has been accepted as being the *ātmā*. Anyhow the *atma* of the universe is but one; there is no variety of *ātmās*. This is the meaning of the "*Mantra*."

This text, as the Commentary says, refers originally to the sun. A Vedic *Shruti* says:—

"The sun is the *ātmā* of all that moves and moves not."

The word *ātmā* here means, of course, the subjective life. I have explained in many places how the sun is the source of all the phenomena of life on this earth. The astral body is the representative of the sun in the human constitution. All the phenomena of physical life which have been specified in the text—and they are both inorganic and organic—owe their existence as such to the sun.

Taking the same analogy, the text is applied in the Upanishad to the Logos, the ultimate source of all phenomenal life. The principle of egoity is the source of all phenomenal life—it runs evidently through sensation, mentality, and objectivity. It is the cause of all, the life of all, and although it vivifies all, and thus, if looked up to from below, would appear as distinct for every individual organism, it is really but one on its own plane. The *ātmā* of the entire universe is but one, just as the one sun is the *ātmā* of all planetary organisms.

There could be no more pronounced assertion not only of the universal brotherhood of Humanity, but of the absolute unity of the whole of nature.

The next *Shruti* continues the same idea.

"Upwards does it raise the *prāna*, and throws *apāna* the other way; all the gods worship the worshipful that sits in the middle." 3. II.

The Commentary runs as follows:—

"The sign is now described for the purpose of explaining the nature of "the *ātmā* (subject.)

"'Upwards' from the chest does it raise—carries above—the *prāna*, 'the air upon which the force of *prāna* acts. Similarly does it throw *apāna* 'the other way—downwards. 'He who'—these words,—are understood here "as completing the sentence. He who sits in the middle—the *ākāśa* of the "lotus of the heart—the worshipful, revered one, whose self-consciousness "manifests itself in the *buddhi*. All the gods—the vision and other similar "powers—worship by offering presents in the shape of the cognitions of "colour, &c., as do subjects to their kings. The meaning is that they cease "not from their actions which are meant for him.

"The meaning of the sentence is that he for whom the vital forces and "organs function is proved to be distinct."

The next *Shruti* completes the idea.

"When the embodied one that lives in the body falls off—when it is separated from the body, what does there remain? This is that." 4. V.

The Commentary is as follows:—

"And when this *ātmā* that lives in the body—this embodied one—this "possessor of the body falls off,—goes away, is separated from the body—

"(this explains the meaning of falling off), what then does there remain in "this group of *prāna*, &c. Nothing remains in this body, just as no inhabitant remains in a city where no ruler remains.

"The *ātmā* in whose absence all this group of causes and effects loses "force and dies—disappears—is proved to be another."

The next *Shruti* also might be studied with advantage in this connection.

Says the commentary in introducing the text:—

"It might be opined that the mortals live by *prāna* and *apāna* only, and "that therefore this (the body) is destroyed simply by the separation of *prāna* "and *apāna*, and not by the separation of a distinct *ātmā*.

Therefore, (is it said):—

"No mortal lives by *prāna*, nor by *apāna*; all live by another, in whom "both these have their support." 5. V.

The Commentary explains:—

"And, neither by *prāna*, nor by *apāna*, nor by eye, &c., does any "mortal—an embodied human being—live. No one lives in this way. "They cannot be the (final) cause of life, because they fulfil another's "purposes, inasmuch as they perform (a distinct) function by many "coming together. It has never been seen that things which have come "together should stand as a group, without being kept together by another "besides themselves, and simply for their own purposes. As is the case "with houses, &c., in the external world, so it would be proper that it "should be in regard to *prāna*, &c., coming together. Therefore all live—carry "life—by another than the grouping *prāna*, &c., keeping them together

"The purport is that the *ātmā* separate from the group, and in whom "take their support the *prāna* and the *apāna* as they are grouped, together "with the eye, &c., and for whom, being out of the group, the *prāna* and the "apāna, &c., being grouped together, perform all functions, is proved to be other than they."

The teaching in brief is as follows. Man is a septenary being.

Purusha	...	...	...	1	} Immortal.
Avyakta	...	...	...	2	
Mahat	...	...	...	3	
Buddhi	...	...	...	4	} Mortal.
Manas	...	...	...	5	
Artha	...	...	...	6	
Indriya	...	...	...	7	

The *Purusha* is the highest *ātmā*; the others besides the lowest are all *ātmās* relatively. Man's present experience consists, the whole of it, in the changes of the lower tetrad. The lower tetrad has its origin in the upper triad. This, therefore, is the real *Ātmā* of the changing universe which, in its microcosmic aspect, forms the lower man. This is the nucleus round which all changes take place. Whatever change take



place in the lower tetrad, hinges upon this nucleus. The coming together of *prāna*, *apāna*, sensation, passion, &c., for the purpose of appearing as the lower man must, from its very nature, depend upon the centre of *Mahat*. All those changes of state in the lower forms of matter, which put forth organized human life, must have their origin in the nucleus of all life. Hence it is said that no mortal lives by the phenomena of life which are called by the various names of *prāna*, &c. All life hinges upon *Mahat*, the nucleus of all phenomenal putting forth.

The *purusha* of the above classification is the unknown substance which is the basis of all the darkness, which is the source of all light. The *Avyakta* is the first putting forth of this substance. The *Purusha-avyakta* is the Sat—the Beness—the “*am*,” of human consciousness. The *Mahat* is another phenomenon of the “*am*” the colour of egoity, which is but the index of individuality. The *Purusha Avyakta-mahat* is the ‘*I am*’ of the human constitution. In other words it is existence on the point of individualization, or differentiation. The differentiated phenomena consist in mentality, sensation, passion, and the objectivity which causes sensation. All our experience consists in the action and interaction of sensation, mentality and objectivity. The gross universe is but a putting forth of this action and interaction, or to use the terminology of Shankara, of *prāna*, &c., coming together. The consciousness of mentality, sensation and objectivity in man always takes the form—

I see a colour, I hear a sound, I compare this, I judge that, and so forth. All these pre-suppose the existence of the “*I am*”. It is impossible for them to exist without that. The “*I am*” is therefore necessary for the lower tetrad, which groups together the phenomena of sensation, mentality and objectivity. The “*I am*” is in fact the nucleus of all these phenomena. The latter being upon the former. The “*I am*” being the common elements of all phenomena remains, as it must remain, unchanged; while all its phenomena act and re-act upon one another. Hence the *prāna* and *apāna*, and the eye, &c., are not, cannot be responsible for all the *Skandhas* coming together. It is another—the ‘*I am*’—that brings all these together.

RAMA PRASAD.

## Reviews.

### OUR MAGAZINES.

*Lucifer*.—The “Watch Tower” signals the outgoing of some well-known Theosophists to foreign parts; and among other items of interest, reviews the historical position of the Society of Jesus, concluding with the well-advised comment upon this Order that, “as an engine for imposing spiritual tyranny it has no rival, and it is willing to be in name the Servant of Servants if it can thereby wield a power greater than that of Kings.” Bro. G. R. S. Mead concludes his excellent essay on Simon Magus, which has already appeared in book-form. *Lucifer* may well congratulate itself in having produced an essay which has won the Subba Row Gold Medal. “A Hindu Play,” as witnessed and recorded by Bro. S. V. Edge must be of

great interest to all who have never seen an Indian drama performed. The incidents in the present case remind one very forcibly of the long-suffering Job. “The Religion of the Puranas” gives a clear synthetic view of the Hindu scriptures, and the comparisons made between these and parallel teachings in Western scriptures should be particularly useful to dispassionate researchers, above all to sincere Hindus. “The Natural and Artificial in Morality” points a maxim useful to all, but particularly so to the Christian Healer who, by continually postulating, “There is no evil,” &c., as continually affirms these. The present view is that of “patiently ignoring the germs of evil, and rousing and developing the germs of good,” which is certainly a good substitute. Bro. Rai Lahiri’s translation of the *Uttara Gita* is concluded, and adds another useful tribute of Yoga Shastra to the pages of our western contemporary. Charlotte E. Woods, F. T. S., concludes a very able article on “the Religious Basis of Theosophy,” dealing with the evolution of the religious impulse in man, and its relations to philosophical and ethical systems. W. Main, F. T. S., contributes a pleasing little monograph upon “Alchemy,” indicating its mystical application to human evolution. “On the Infinite Universe and Worlds” by Giordano Bruno, is the translation by W. R. Old, of one of the many Dialogues comprised in Bruno’s works. As a hero, Bruno is well-known,—to none better perhaps than the Roman Church,—but as a philosophic reformer he has been most ungraciously ignored. Just as the Crucifixion has engulfed the teachings of the Nazarine, so, for the world at large, Bruno’s philosophy went up to the clouds with the smoke of the faggot. Consequently we are grateful to see this translation, and though the style is somewhat involved and difficult to follow, yet we shall know more of the real Bruno by this reading than ever we knew before.

*The Path*.—“Illusions” are thick upon the *Path* in December, for articles on this subject are contributed by two writers. The identity of thought pervading them gives cause for regret that they should both appear in juxtaposition. The use of the word “illusion” in the first article is somewhat strained, being extended to cover erroneous mental concepts, which are *delusions* if anything. A child’s toys are not “illusions” as said, for they are very real, and its feelings in regard to them, persisting after the destruction of the toys, must be still more so; while only from the standpoint of a higher and wider consciousness can these latter be called even delusive. Katharine Hillard commences a series of “three letters to a child” which, from the example before us, will admirably serve the purpose of the writer. First ideas of matter and motion are certainly best received by a child from the lips of a sympathetic and intuitive woman. “Prophecies by H. P. Blavatsky” give substance and shape to the hope held by all Theosophists, that it is only a question of time for the *Secret Doctrine* and its author to be vindicated before the world. Dr. J. D. Buck contributes a perspicuous article on “Problems in Psychology.” Alexander Fullerton gives some good reasons why “Interference by Adepts” in the affairs of human life should be a tenable belief with the Theosophist. “Rounds and Races” by Alpha, gives a useful outline of this most complex subject. “Imagination” by W. Q. Judge, as showing the part played by this faculty in the production of occult phenomena, will be read with interest and profit. The “Tea Table Talk” cites one or two instances of telepathic communications.

*Theosophical Siftings*.—No. 13 of Volume V. includes a very interesting digest by P. W. Bullock of the “Hermetic Philosophy”; and reprints “The

Occultism of India" from the *Theosophist*, a summary of a discussion with the late T. Subba Row, B., A. B.L., at Adyar.

*Le Lotus Bleu*.—No. 9. (November 1892) contains a reprint from "Letters that have helped me", a very useful report of a discussion on "Personality and Individuality," held at the Ananta Lodge T. S.; the conclusion of Dr. T. Pascal's excellent article on "Man"; and Chap. VI of "Introduction to the Study of the Secret Doctrine," which is illustrated by an excellent synoptic table of the "occult" and "scientific" systems of evolution. The "Key to Theosophy" is continued.

*The New Californian*.—No. 4, Vol. II; contains an able article by G. E. Wright on "Astrologia Sana," which deals chiefly with the historical importance of this subject. "The Message of the King" is a poem containing a beautiful sentiment which might well have borne a fairer setting. Jerome A. Anderson, M. D., discourses on "Hells and Devils" in very interesting style, growing even comic in some of his passages, as in the phrase, "the lakes of fire and brimstone have ceased to terrify even the mildest maid that ever doted on a curate." "The Astral Plane-Magnetism" by H. T. Patterson is a very graphic treatment of this alluring, but at times dangerous ground. "A Scientific Analysis of the Units of Matter" by Dr. W. H. Masser continues a most interesting comparative survey of experimental science in regards to molecular unitation. The subject is a most useful one to the Theosophic student, and is well treated in this instance.

*The Irish Theosophist*.—No. 2 deals with "Occultism and Modern Science;" "Father Clarke and Theosophy;" while G. A. H. Johnston has some versed remarks on "Work," which we think could better have been said in prose by the same writer. No. 3 opens a series of articles on "Theosophy in Plain Language," and reprints the lecture of Annie Besant on "Problems of Death and the after life."

*The Vahan*.—No. 5, Vol. II; replies to a question as to the existence of a 'personal devil,' explains, or rather explains away, the "cursing of the fig tree"; deals with the power of thought in the production of crime; gives some Theosophic views as to the habitability of the planets of the solar system; treats of the supposed "illusions" of Devachanic life, in which, happily, the Editor sets the reader straight upon the use of the word *illusion*, an intellectual 'thimble-rig' with some Theosophists; and concludes with a few views concerning "Hell."

*Theosophia*.—(Amsterdam); No. 7 continues its useful series of reprints from Theosophical works, led by an article by "Afra" on the "World-soul" from the pen of G. R. S. Mead.

*The Buddhist Ray*.—Nos. 11—12, Vol. V continue the useful work of their predecessors. The answers to questions are pointed, and at times witty, if not always conclusive.

#### ADHYĀTMA MĀ'LA'.

*A new Theosophical Monthly in Guzarati*.—Adhyātma Māla is a Guzarati Theosophical Monthly, published at Surat by Bro. Harpatram Harmukham Mehta of the Surat Branch T. S. The first number issued in the beginning of December last consists of an Editorial, translations of articles from English Theosophical Monthlies, and a translation of the Bhagvatgītā

into Guzarāti verses. The translated articles are on the Theosophical Society (*Indian Mirror*) Universal Brotherhood (*Pauses*) and Vasudeva Manana (*Lucifer*).

The Magazine is published in Guzarāti and is specially intended for the Guzarāti Public. Its primary object is to spread the knowledge of Theosophy and kindred subjects, and to stimulate independent thought and research generally, among the Guzarātis unacquainted with the English language, and particularly among Guzarāti Theosophists. The Editor does not intend to make money hereby, since the balance, if any is left at all after the expenses of its publication are paid, will go to make a Theosophical Publication Fund.

This number begins with an Editorial explaining the purpose and scope of the Magazine and deals very shortly with the history of the Society and of the Theosophical movement, and points out how the Hindus, whose duty it was to have hailed the advent of the Society, have, to their shame, remained cold and indifferent.

The second article, headed the Theosophical Society, is a translation into Guzarāti of an article of the same name from the *Indian Mirror*. It gives somewhat in detail the history of the Society as also what it has done for the public and shows the connection of H. P. B., Col. Olcott and Annie Besant with the Society.

The third article, on Brotherhood, translated from the *Pauses*, clears the current mis-conceptions as regards the real nature of Brotherhood and urges the necessity of its being practically observed here, in India.

Then follows the translation of the Bhagavatgītā into Guzarāti verses, by Prince Harisinghi of Bhavnagar.

The fifth and the last is a translation of Vasudeva Manana, an English version of which appeared in *Lucifer*.

The Magazine is conducted under the auspices of Prince Harisinghi of Bhavnagar, to whom it mainly owes its existence.

The second issue comes forth with the Society's seal on the cover. It begins with an Editorial under the heading of Miscellanies, in which, after making some remarks upon the nature of Mahatmas and their relation to the T. S., the Editor tries to solve the questions; Is the Theosophical Society Buddhistic? Is it a modern innovation? The second article is a translation of 'What is Theosophy' from the Theosophist. Prince Harisinghi's Guzarāti version of Bhagavat Gītā is continued, and the article on Brotherhood is finished. The next article on Chitra Gupta is translated from the 'Theosophist.' Vasudeva Manana from *Lucifer* is continued.

The Editorial is rather too long and betrays want of method in arranging the ideas. A fair attempt is made, in the translations, to keep together the original ideas. The translation of Gītā ought to be made with greater care.

#### FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.\*

Among the numerous Christmas numbers of the season, Mr. Stead's stands out as the most original. It is instinct with what the French call *actualité*, and nowhere is this better shown than in the mystic and occult

\* Being the Christmas number of the 'Review of Reviews.' By W. T. Stead. Price 1 shilling.

flavour which runs through it. All that concerns the "Night side of Nature" is now, even more than ever, exciting the attention of the reading public and being, therefore, seized upon by authors as suitable matter for their books. But Mr. Stead is among the first to actually introduce the phenomenon of "automatic writing," as an incident of his story, and not only to give some of the communications so received, but further to vouch in the strongest manner for the absolute reality of the facts as related. Such communications as these raise some very difficult and interesting problems, especially in their relation to some of the rather hard and fast doctrines laid down by Theosophical writers. But space forbids any discussion of the problem here, and it is only mentioned in order to call the attention of our readers to the pressing necessity for (1) a most careful and candid discussion of such of the evidence as is unimpeachable; and (2) for careful, accurate and scientific experimental *research* into these matters.

### ORIENTAL MUSIC IN EUROPEAN NOTATION.\*

It is not generally known, either in India, or Europe, how far India's music could be utilized to suit the requirements of Western taste.

This is owing to the fact that hitherto there has been but little effort made to render oriental music in European notation, or stave as it is called.

Although in the North much has been done to commend the theory, on which the different systems of Native music are based, to the appreciation of Western Masters, *e. g.* by Sir W. Jones, the father of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta and the renowned Sanscrit Scholar. But the credit of rendering Eastern music into European notation has been reserved for Raja Sourendra Mohan Tagore.

In the Southern Presidency, the prevailing system of music has been historically credited with having caused the musical renaissance in upper Hindustan, previous to which the indigenous music had suffered a temporary decadence, owing to the political convulsions caused by constant invasions from the North.

Despite this historical engrafting, on the music of Northern Hindustan of the old stem of Dravidian music, a fact vouched for by able historians; still in many respects the Northern music is as different from the music of the South, as either of them is from that of the West.

But for all practical purposes, the music of the South has hitherto had no votaries to put forth its claims before the musical world of the West.

The almost insurmountable barriers of the opposing difficulties have at last been overcome by the unaided efforts and indefatigable energy of a single individual, in the person of Mr. Chinnaśawmi Mudaliar, M. A.

The enlightened scientific musical public is now afforded a much needed opportunity to make a beginning in the study of the Dravidian School of Hindu music.

A Monthly Journal entitled "Oriental Music in European Notation" is placed within the easy reach of the public under the able guidance of the gifted author just named, and will be found as attractive in its "get up" as in the matter it contains.

\* By A. M. Chinnaśawmi Mudaliar, M. A., Pudupet, Madras.

It now remains to be seen how the practical execution of the Native musical pieces as annotated in the journal would effect an unprejudiced ear.

It is presumed that a few musical entertainments will shortly be given from pieces chosen out of the new journal in order to appeal to the public discernment as to the success of the undertaking.

At this experimental stage, if the performance were to fall short of the public expectation, yet we hope it will not fail to serve at any rate as an incentive to bring about the desirable object of leading people to listen to the Dravidian melodies as set to the scientific harmony of the West.

Music has exerted a great influence over the countries and nations of the world and there is something distinctly national and characteristic in the cadence and harmony in vogue in different countries. No country should allow its music to die out.

It was for want of a systematic effort that it has not been hitherto possible to perpetuate the melodious arrangement of tunes of performers of genuine style, who, in the course of nature, are fast fading away.

Europeans have by their researches into literature, history and antiquities of India brought to light rich treasures of oriental thought and speculations, and in like manner Hindu music with its subtle yet scientific modulations, notes and harmony has an equal claim on the attention and respect of the European mind.

There may be found in India numerous persons supremely eminent both in the theory and practice of Hindu music who can never conceive the idea how musical sounds and times could be exactly expressed on paper with pen and ink.

The system of notation as given in Sanscrit is unsuited and hardly ever practised; it is therefore desirable that the European of notation (with additional symbols where necessary) which is universal, should be adopted throughout the country.

We wish every success to Mr. Chinnaśawmi in his valuable undertaking.

### LO QUE ES LA TEOSOFIA.\*

The Spanish edition of W. R. Old's "What is Theosophy?" is the work of Señor Jose Melian, F. T. S., and in regard to printing and binding is an improvement on the English edition. The translator assumes a more positive title for his work than the author was disposed to venture, for he boldly advances his translation with the title "What Theosophy is!" Whether the work contains more than a bare outline, by way of illustrating, rather than defining Theosophy, or whether that outline is in itself accurate in all respects, is a matter we should first decide before objecting to the Translator's new departure. As a typographical product, the work is all that could be desired, and it will be a useful hand-book for propaganda in Spain.

### THE GOLDEN STAIRS.†

This is a collection of fairy tales, prettily written, but bearing the mark of laboured allegory. The author lacks spontaneity in this direction, however able his literary work may be in others. The descriptive portions of

\*Madrid—1892.

†By Arthur Edward Waite; London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi.—W. C.

these tales are in better style, if a little too "mellifluous" in diction. The stories are all worth reading, but with the "Arabian Nights" and the stories of Hans Anderson and Grim, fairy-land is nearly exhausted and there is little for any one to tell. Candidly, we prefer Mr. Waite in his greater capacity as a compiler of Occult literature. The book under review is nicely printed, but we are sorry to be unable to praise the design on the cover, which irresistibly suggests the idea that a fire has broken out in some hotel, and that one of its lady guests, aroused from her slumbers, has snatched her bed-sheet as covering, and taking wings to assist her flight, has jumped out of an upper window, while seven more in similarly light costumes are rushing down the fire-escape!

### HINDU ETHICS AND THEOLOGY.\*

This book, written by R. Sivasankara Pandiari, B.A. F. T. S., is an introductory Text-book of 180 pages, the 13th of the Hindu Excelsior series, and published by the Hindu Welfare Advancement Association of Madras, for the use of Aryan Moral and Religious Classes in India. It is a book that we can confidently recommend to all Theosophists, as it gives the substance of Shastra teachings upon the daily moral and religious life of the Hindus in simple language; the quotations being in Sanskrit, Telugu and English. A more intimate knowledge of the essentials of Hinduism can be gained from a single reading of this orderly compendium, than could possibly be obtained from exhaustive reading of long and isolated Hindu Scriptures.

## Correspondence.

### THEOSOPHY IN WESTERN LANDS.

[From our London Correspondent.]

LONDON, December 1892.

One of the principal features of our home propaganda during the last month or two, has been the initiation of lectures to Working Men's and other Clubs, in London and its immediate districts. The movement was started by a hard-working and enterprising F. T. S., sending out hundreds of Circulars to the abovementioned Clubs, offering a free lecture on Theosophy for their forthcoming Winter Session. The response to these notices, though not very large in proportion to the number sent out, has been encouraging on the whole, a few of those Clubs which have already had their one lecture, "asking"—like the immortal Oliver—"for more". Some of our Fellows have made their *début* as lecturers through this means, and with very marked success in one or two instances.

The Blavatsky Lodge is issuing a new Syllabus for next year, to begin from January 5th. The complete list is not yet made up, but I took down the following for your benefit, from the rough copy:—

- January: 5. *The Beautiful*.  
 „ 12. *Western Idols and Eastern Ideals*.  
 „ 19. *The Logos*.  
 „ 26. *Mohammed and his Religion*.

\* Madras: 1892. Price 12 annas.

- February. 2. ....  
 „ 9. *Devachan*.  
 „ 16. *The Poetry of the Bible*.  
 „ 23. *Theosophy in America*.  
 March. 2. ....  
 „ 9. *Materialists and Materialism*.  
 „ 16. *Free Will and Necessity*.  
 „ 23. *Some Modern Superstitions*.  
 „ 30. *Christo-Theosophy*.

You may remember that I have already sent you one of the titles, viz., "Western Idols and Eastern Ideals," but that particular lecture was put on one side for the special one on Lord Tennyson's death, and has therefore not yet been given. The concluding lecture of the course will be particularly interesting, as being delivered by the Rev. W. G. Allen, the President and originator of the *Christo-Theosophical Society*.

The *Irish Theosophist* for December, prints the beautiful lecture which Mrs. Besant recently delivered in Dublin, in its entirety; this is really a great boon, both to those present, who might otherwise be unable to recall much that was said, and as placing on permanent record valuable matter which would otherwise be lost.

The *League of Theosophical Workers* recently elected two new Secretaries in place of Mrs. Oakley (gone to Australia) and Mr. Hargrove, who has other and more pressing work on hand. Their substitutes are the Countess Wachtmeister and Mr. Moore; and there are already signs that the League will not suffer by the change; fresh activities being started, and old ones revived, prove the valuable work the League has accomplished in the past, and is still continuing to carry on.

Miss A. T. Willson has been appointed Librarian in place of Bro. Old, and finds that her work, on entering her new duties, has been much lightened by the voluntary labours of Miss Fagg, who has thoroughly re-arranged and re-catalogued the Library, during the short time in which she has had the temporary charge thereof.

The Dutch Branch T. S. reports well; crowded meetings of the Lodge, regular studies, Theosophical Works in process of translation, and increased interest shewn by outsiders, proves the steady growth of the movement in Holland. Our Dutch brethren are catering for the children, too, and hold weekly classes which prove most satisfactory, and also that others might do well to follow their example; for the children of to-day are the Theosophists—or otherwise—of to-morrow, and we should look to it, I think, that they are not "otherwise", if we can help it.

Good news reaches us of Mrs. Besant and of her lecturing tour in the States, now in full swing. She had a terribly rough passage to New York last month, and writes that she was scarcely able to be on deck at all; indeed they were battened down for two days, so severe was the weather.

\* \* \* \* \*

With the advent of Christmas comes the usual plethora of so-called "seasonable" literature, not a little of which deals with matters occult. Do not suppose that I refer to the "common or garden" ghost story; by no means! Tales in which hypnotism, mesmerism, thought-transference, and so forth, play a not inconsiderable part are what I have in my mind's eye when I here use the term "Occult". Mr. Stead's Christmas number of the *Review of*

*Reviews* is really the best example of the kind; but the *Idler* is not far behind, having notes on "Ghosts", by both Mrs. Besant and Mr. Sinnet, which cover quite three pages of the Christmas number. One of the heroes in Mr. Stead's story, by the way, quotes H.P.B. on Ireland:—"Madame Blavatsky.....in her 'Secret Doctrine' tells us that Ireland is a forlorn fragment of an earlier continent,..." (and so on) he says, in conversation with a spiritualistic friend, who is represented as being a great authority on the astral plane, a locality with which some of Mr. Stead's *dramatis personæ* seem to be tolerably familiar.

The Christmas number of *Punch*, too, has honoured Re-incarnation with a little tale, founded on the tenet, about a toy's successive lives and adventures, we might add. Truly "the world," even the little world of comic papers, "is ruled by ideas."

I came across rather an interesting little article a short time ago, on "Miracles of Science," in the London *Figaro*, oddly enough. The writer most pertinently and justly calls attention to the fact that we too often forget, in our open-mouthed acceptance of the dicta of modern scientists, how those same dicta would have been jeered at—e. g., "as the irresponsible ravings of an imaginative journalist"—coming from the lips of any but the accepted leaders of scientific thought. True enough, but there is more to follow:—

"From time immemorial, there has been a widespread belief in the occurrence of phenomena, which science could not and cannot explain, and which, therefore, she denounces as being either fraudulent, or the product of a diseased imagination. At the present day, such phenomena are believed in by the spiritualists, the Theosophists, and even by the more or less Eminent Scientists who are the shining lights of the Society for Psychical Research. They are, moreover, supported by the medical hypnotists who have been so much *en evidence* of late years."

The writer, then, noting the fact that each of the abovementioned classes has "its own explanation of its own alleged phenomena," suggests that really there would not be much difficulty in reconciling them all "if it were admitted that brain and brain could communicate with each other at a distance by some means other than the recognised media of sight and sound." And he winds up by calling upon science to explain for what reason the belief in such a means of communication is to be rejected, when we are expected to accept her own admittance of "the possibility of telephonic conversation without a connecting wire." For all which let us be thankful.

The *Daily Chronicle* recently reviewed a Dutch "Sensitivist" Novel, by Louis Couperns, of which the Reviewer apparently had not formed a very high opinion—possibly because he had not understood it. I have only seen the review in question as yet, but, judging even from that, am inclined to think that there is much method in the alleged "madness" of M. Couperns. To quote but one sentence of the Reviewer's—not from the book even:—"Surely no human being ever felt a bugle-call as scarlet, or a thunderclap as indigo, or the murmur of a breeze as pale blue." Only another instance, you see, of the modern spirit which shews itself from the Huxley on the (scientific) throne, to the journalistic Reviewer in the Suburban Villa; that spirit which promptly condemns as "sheer nonsense" (a phrase culled from the review) that which it does not—though possibly after much ineffectual striving—understand. Probably our Reviewer has not studied Galton, or the term "sheer nonsense" might never have been written.

Dr. A. Carroll, who has, for some time past, been studying the inscriptions on the gigantic figures of Easter Island, believes that he has now succeeded

in obtaining a key to the former, and has—so states a recent notice in a London daily—actually translated from those inscriptions which he has studied two prayers to the sun. He believes that Easter Island was early colonized "by emigrants from Western America, who were in possession of a written or hieroglyphic language, the use of which was", he thinks, "ultimately prohibited in America by the Incas." Dr. Carroll promises a grammar and lexicon of the inscriptions, so, who knows what further confirmation of the "Secret Doctrine" teaching may not be in store for us.

The *Westminster* for last month notices a new book to which the author gives the significant title "Atomic Consciousness," with the sub-title, "An explanation of Ghosts, Spiritualism, Witchcraft, Occult Phenomena, and all Supernormal Manifestations." Vulgarly speaking, a very large order, is this. So far as the Reviewer seems "able to make out," the theory developed in the book is, he says, that "the material atmosphere in which we are plunged, call it ether or what you please, is endowed with consciousness, and is capable of transmitting mental phenomena; yet itself is destitute of will, emotion, or conscience." With modifications, so far, so good, we might comment; but it seems anything but good to the Reviewer, who, after a few semi-contemptuous paragraphs, briefly dismisses it. All the same, the book is one of the many straws which shews how the wind is steadily blowing up in our direction.

There is a curious little description given by Lady Burton, in an article in the *New Review*, of an incident in connection with her husband's death. Speaking of Sir Richard's last moments, after Extreme Unction had been administered, she says that she sat by her "insensible husband all that day," and believes that she saw "the mouth and left eye" move, although the doctor told her it must have been her imagination. "But," she goes on to relate, "what was no imagination was that the brain lived after the heart and pulse were still.....for, on lifting up the eyelids, the eyes were bright and intelligent as in life, like those of a man who saw something unexpected and wonderful and happy, and that light remained in them till towards sunset." What Theosophist will not here recall that memorable passage beginning, "Speak in whispers, ye who assist at a death-bed, and find yourselves in the solemn presence of death;" for this little incident related of Sir Richard Burton, by his wife, but confirms the teaching we have already, and long since, received. The same number of the *New Review* contains another article, by Frederick Greenwood, on "The Study of Dreams." He has, apparently, I should say, been studying Carl Du Prel's *Philosophie der Mystik*, for this article runs very much on the same lines, e. g., the "dramatic sundering of the ego"—as Baron Du Prel calls it—in dreams, which is dwelt on at some length by Mr. Greenwood.

Mr. Stead has many things interesting to us as Theosophists in both the current, and the November number of the *Review of Reviews*; but there is not space to notice them all. He gives a most interesting extract from Lady Archibald Campbell's article in one of the magazines for December on "The Men of Peace—A Highland Tradition"; and remarks that "Lady Archibald seems to be very sound on spooks"! For the "Men of Peace" are Fairies, who are evidently lumped all together with astrals, &c., and included under the term "spooks," in Mr. Stead's mind.

## AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, 12th December, 1892.

Sister Annie Besant has been and gone, so, what else shall we chat about? She has lectured, talked, and been interviewed. But, let us draw ourselves away from one whom we love to others, and to other things we love also. For she only leaves this Atlantic coast for a short time, to visit the interior and the Pacific shore and then return again. What a big "little world" it is! Even India, Australia, Europe, America, far away from one another as they are, are not very distant either.

Brother Old may use the columns of *Lucifer* to tell us of "Tao," but the outside world does not propose to permit us Theosophists, to monopolize. So they simultaneously take advantage of a more popular magazine than *Lucifer* as their *vade-mecum*, and there give their views of the conceptions of the Ineffable of "a Chinese mystic." This mystic is Lao T'sze, the founder of 'taoism. We have thus from Theosophical and non-Theosophical sources similar teachings. The article just referred to, and which was published in "The Arena," says:

"Whether or not the commercial world is deriving the advantages it anticipated from the free intercourse with the Oriental World, literature and knowledge are reaping valuable harvests." It continues:—

"As to what Tao means there has been considerable dispute. It is the crux of Lao Tsze's philosophy. For the doctrine of Tao is the centre about which his thought revolves, and the interpretation of Tao determines the character of his whole system."

"'There was an existence,' says the twenty-third chapter (of the Tao-Te-King), 'incomprehensible and perfect, which existed before heaven and earth. So still! So transcendent! It stood alone and was not changed. It pervades everything and has not been endangered. If I designate it, I call it Tao!'"

"It is invisible and inaudible, formless and figureless. It is empty, yet in operation, exhaustless. Whose son it is, is not known. It seems to have existed before the Supreme Lord, Shangti. It gives the law to heaven, but finds its law in itself. Any name that can be given to it is not its eternal name. It is the mother abyss from which all things have proceeded. To it everything returns. Nevertheless, itself thus unchanging, it creates, forms, perfects, nourishes, sustains, and protects all existence. It is the identity of the passive and the active. It is the foundation of virtue, the bringer of peace, the jewel of good, the forgiver of sin."

Are these quotations from the literature that sells on the new stands at hotels and railway stations too frequent? No, for they show, more perhaps than any other one thing, the drift here. When a great travelling public—and we are a travelling people—fill up their spare moments with such reading, it indicates in what direction the thought of the mass of the people begins to turn. Why! just listen to this other quotation from the same article:

"Even before activity and existence came into being, there must have been something preceding them—the inactive, the non-existent. The extended creation must have had, anterior to it, the empty space in which it may find room. Creation, becoming, implies a void which it may fill up. The Manifested Universe, yea, the manifested and active Deity, involves some secret unmanifested Power, some primal stillness still more ancient than itself. And even this Passivity, this Emptiness, had this no origin? We may ask even of this, whence came it? There must be a source behind even this, something, in short, which is the original Possibility, the ultimate Process and origin of all things, Source of matter and mind, God and Devil, the Something and the Nothing."

"This deepest mystery, this Unknown, Unknowable First Cause, this Unfathomable Abyss, from which all things proceeded, before both creation and time and the Creator himself, this was called by Lao-Tsze, Tao."

With such like baubles and trivial toys the busy unthinking West amuses itself when heavier duties give leisure. Strange, is it not, such frivolity as a national characteristic?

The article just quoted from, culminates in a funny little anti-climax and a misconception. The anti-climax consists in the statement—after a masterly delineation of the Tao "The Tao that can be named,....., not the real Tao"—that Lao-Tsze's teachings were "deficient, certainly, at least, in his conception of the Divine." For, "grand as his delineation of Tao is, he fails to recognize the personality of the Supreme"!

The misconception is about ourselves. Here it is. "The later disciples of Lao-Tsze degraded his lofty transcendentalism into a childish system of magic, his pure abstractions into the most fantastic schemes and superstitions. They became the *Theosophists* and necromancers of the Middle Kingdom. Their talk was now of spells, of amulets, of gifts of second sight, of elixirs that rescued from the grasp of death." But we can stand it. First, misconception, then full recognition of the truth.

In the same magazine is another article about "Occultism in Paris." It gives the impression that Adepts are about as numerous there as merchants here. But the facts do not warrant such a belief. But, as they say, it all goes.

Branch work and other akin to it moves ahead without slackening its gait. "More branches" is the monotonous though not disagreeable report. The sixty-nine now may be seventy before this letter is mailed, and not unlikely two or three more before it is published. And most of those already founded grow. The little shoot from the small seed becomes ever a greater plant, and the greater plant casts ever a widening shadow.

From Iowa, from Minnesota, from Louisiana, from Massachusetts are heard the same accounts. In Massachusetts in the city of Boston, at Harvard University—the largest in the country—a branch has been formed amongst the students. It applied for its charter on the seventeenth of last month, beginning with fourteen members. If some of those who dream dreams and see visions prognosticate correctly, the future of the Theosophical movement is dependent on the younger element. But without such foretellings common sense and judgment indicate the same. So, all hail! to the young men with whom we are recruiting our ranks.

From the town of Clinton in Iowa, from the India branch, words of courage and determination come in. Organized about two years since, largely through the efforts of a visitor, Mrs. Julia Y. Bessac of San Diego, California, it has had—as what branch has not?—up-hill work. "The Voice of the Silence" cautions the Lanoo that such is his path from the start, and what is true for him is true for a branch. And so the India branch works and works, because they know the sowing must be done before the crops can be grown and gathered. They have been fortunate in having a multiplicity of types of thinkers amongst their members—Spiritualists, Universalists, Infidels, Agnostics, Theists, Episcopalians. When such heterogeneous elements can work together, there must indeed be genuine fraternity.

The Ishwara Theosophical Society, the branch at Minneapolis, Michigan, is doing well. Though they have but twenty members, their weekly meet-



ings at times call together at least fifty people. They always have some carefully prepared or selected paper for the evening and a general discussion following the reading of it. They have two prominent clergymen of the city interested, both of whom dare to speak of Theosophy freely from their pulpits. The newspapers are also by no means standing aloof. One of the clergymen referred to made Theosophy the subject of a sermon. It, as was inevitable, attracted wide attention and caused much controversy. The papers speaking of it the next day, said: "Rev. S. W. Sample spoke to a large and interested congregation at All Soul's Church yesterday morning on the subject of Theosophy. He said he spoke not as a priest at the altar nor as a proselyte at the gate, but as a lover of truth and justice, in sympathy with every movement which fosters humanity and breadth.....for him who can investigate judicially the field proffers rich reward. In the message of Theosophy to us, there are five great words. The first is truth,.....The second is reincarnation.....The third is karma.....The fourth great word of Theosophy, its central burden and song, is universal human brotherhood. There is its heart.....The fifth word of Theosophy's message was indirection. This meant self-sacrifice.....for the sake of service." So, you see, if some misunderstand, others make amends. Of course, Annie Besant's visit to this town and her lecture of the 19th instant are looked forward to with eager interest.

But again the subject-matter outruns the space. In short we are doing well, most excellently well. The lectures delivered by Mrs. Besant here at Chickering Hall drew full houses; fuller than ever before. The audiences were good; good in the best sense of the word, intelligent and earnest. The lecturer never did better and the daily press is friendly. The meetings for the members of the Society only, that they might become better acquainted with Mrs. Besant, have been most enjoyable and beneficial. We are perceptibly becoming knit more and more closely together, and the nucleus is drawing in new blood and sending it through the living organism with a stronger and a steadier flow.

H. T. PATTERSON, F. T. S.

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# THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XIV. NO. 6. MARCH, 1893.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.\*

CHAPTER XII.

I SHALL now redeem my promise (See Chap. VIII) to say something about Mrs. Hardinge Britten's "Art Magic," and its production. It has been mentioned above that the book was launched almost coincidentally with the formation of the Theosophical Society, and the circumstances are a little curious. Mrs. Britten was particularly struck by them, and testifies to her surprise in the following passages in a letter to the *Banner of Light* :—

"So amazed and struck was I with the coincidence of *purposes* (not *ideas*), expressed in the inauguration of the Theosophic Society, at which I was present, with some of the purposes, though not the ideas put forth in my friend's work, that I felt it to be my duty to write to the President of that Society, enclose a copy of the still unpublished advertisement, and explain to him that the publication of the book in question anticipated, without concert of action or even personal acquaintance, with the parties concerned, whatever of Cabalistic lore the said Theosophic Society might hereafter evolve."

The coincidence consisted in the fact that the book and our Society simultaneously affirmed the dignity of ancient Occult Science, the existence of Adepts, the reality of, and contrast between, White and Black Magic, the existence of the Astral Light, the swarming of Elemental races in the regions of air, earth, etc., the existence of relations

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

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