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सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

MANSEL ON THE PROBLEM OF THE INFINITE.

(Being an extract from the second of his Bampton
Lectures.)

THERE are three terms familiar as household words in the vocabulary of philosophy, which must be taken into account in every system of Metaphysical Theology. To conceive the Deity as He is, we must conceive Him as First Cause, as Absolute, and as Infinite. By the *First Cause*, is meant that which produces all things, and is itself produced of none. By the *Absolute*, is meant that which exists by itself, and having no necessary relation to any other Being. By the *Infinite*, is meant that which is free from all possible limitation—that than which a greater is inconceivable, and which consequently can receive no additional attribute or more of existence, which it had not from all eternity.

The Infinite, as contemplated by this philosophy, cannot be regarded as consisting of a limited number of attributes, each unlimited in its kind. It cannot be conceived, for example, after the analogy of a line infinite in length but not in breadth, or of an intelligent being, possessing some one or more modes of consciousness in an infinite degree, but devoid of others. Even if it be granted, which is not the case, that such a partial infinite may without contradiction be conceived, still it will have a relative infinity only, and be altogether incompatible with the idea of the Absolute. The line limited in breadth is thereby necessarily related to the space that limits it; the intelligence, endowed with a limited number of attributes, coexists with others which are thereby related to it, as cognate or opposite modes of consciousness. The metaphysical representation of the Deity as absolute and infinite, must necessarily, as the profoundest metaphysicians have acknowledged, amount to nothing less than the sum of all reality. "What kind of an Absolute Being is that," says Hegel, "which does not contain in itself all that is actual, even evil included?" We may repudiate the conclusion with indignation, but the reasoning is unassailable.* If the Absolute and Infinite is an object of human conception at all, this and none other is the conception required. That which is conceived as absolute and infinite must be conceived as containing within itself the sum, not only of all actual, but of all possible modes of being.

* Mansel does not show the reason why. We do not endorse all his conclusions. We invite the Pantheists of India to meet these arguments, if they can, that is to say, we prefer to hold over a critical examination of these views, and while we admire the masterly reasoning, we shall show why we object to the inferences.

For if any actual mode can be denied of it, it is related to that mode, and limited by it; and if any possible mode can be denied of it, it is capable of being more than it now is, and such a capability is a limitation. Indeed it is obvious that the entire distinction between the possible and actual can have no existence as regards the absolutely infinite; for an unrealized possibility is necessarily a relation and a limit. The scholastic saying, *Deusest actus pures*, ridiculed as it has been by modern critics, is in truth but the expression in technical language, of the almost unanimous voice of philosophy both in earlier and later times.

But these three conceptions, the Cause, the Absolute, the Infinite, all equally indispensable, do they not imply contradiction to each other when viewed in conjunction as attributes of one and the same Being? A cause cannot, as such, be absolute: the absolute cannot, as such, be a cause. The cause, as such, exists only in relation to its effect: the cause is a cause of the effect; the effect is an effect of the cause. On the other hand, the conception of the Absolute implies a possible existence out of all relation. We attempt to escape from this apparent contradiction, by introducing the idea of succession in time. The Absolute exists first by itself, and afterwards becomes a Cause. But here we are checked by the third conception, that of the Infinite. How can the Infinite become that which it was not from the first? If Causation is a possible mode of existence, that which exists without causing is not infinite; that which becomes a Cause has passed beyond its former limits. Creation at any particular moment of time being thus inconceivable, the philosopher is reduced to the alternative of Pantheism, which pronounces the effect to be mere appearance, and merges all real existence in the Cause. The validity of this alternative will be examined presently.

Meanwhile, to return for a moment to the supposition of a true causation. Supposing the Absolute to become a cause, it will follow that he operates by means of free will and consciousness. For a necessary cause cannot be considered as absolute and infinite. If necessitated by something beyond itself, it is thereby limited by a superior power; and if necessitated by itself, it has in its own nature a necessary relation to its effect. The act of causation must therefore be voluntary; and volition is only possible in a conscious being. But consciousness again is only conceivable as a relation. There must be a conscious subject, and an object of which he is conscious. The subject is a subject to the object, the object is an object to the subject; and neither can exist by itself as the absolute. This difficulty, again, may be for the moment evaded, by distinguishing between the absolute as related to another, and the absolute as related to itself. The Absolute, it is said, may possibly be conscious, provided it is only conscious of itself. But this alternative is, in ultimate analysis, no less self-destructive than the other. For the object of consciousness, whether a mode of the subject's existence or not,

is either created in and by the act of consciousness, or has an existence independent of it. In the former case, the object depends upon the subject, and the subject alone is the true absolute. In the latter case, the subject depends upon the object, and the object alone is the true absolute. Or if we attempt a third hypothesis, and maintain that each exists independently of the other, we have no absolute at all but a pair of relatives; for co-existence whether in consciousness or not is itself a relation.

The corollary from this reasoning is obvious. Not only is the absolute, as conceived, incapable of a necessary relation to anything else; but it is also incapable of containing, by the constitution of its own nature, an essential relation within itself; as a whole, for instance, composed of parts, or as a substance consisting of attributes, or as a conscious subject in antithesis to an object. For if there is in the absolute any principle of unity, distinct from the mere accumulation of parts or attributes, this principle alone is the true absolute. If, on the other hand, there is no such principle, then there is no absolute at all but only a plurality of relatives. The almost unanimous voice of Philosophy, in pronouncing that the absolute is both one and simple, must be accepted as the voice of reason also, so far as reason has any voice in the matter. But this absolute unity, as indifferent and containing no attributes, can neither be distinguished from the multiplicity of finite beings by any characteristic feature, nor be identified with them in their multiplicity. Thus we are landed in an inextricable dilemma. The absolute cannot be conceived as conscious, neither can it be conceived as unconscious: it cannot be conceived as complex, neither can it be conceived as simple: it cannot be conceived by difference, neither can it be conceived by the absence of difference: it cannot be identified with the universe, neither can it be distinguished from it. The one and the many, regarded as the beginning of existence, are thus alike incomprehensible.

The fundamental conceptions of Rational Theology being thus self-destructive, we may naturally expect to find the same antagonism manifested in their special applications. These naturally inherit the infirmities of the principle from which they spring. If an absolute and infinite consciousness is a conception which contradicts itself, we need not wonder if its several modifications mutually exclude each other. A mental attribute, to be conceived as infinite, must be in actual exercise in every possible object: otherwise it is potential only with regard to those on which it is not exercised, and an unrealized potentiality is a limitation. Hence every infinite mode of consciousness must be regarded as extending over the field of every other, and their common action involves a perpetual antagonism. How, for example, can Infinite Power be able to do all things, and yet Infinite Goodness be unable to do evil? How can Infinite Justice exact the utmost penalty for every sin, and yet Infinite Mercy pardon the sinner? How can Infinite Wisdom know all that is to come, and yet Infinite Freedom be at liberty to do or to forbear? How is the existence of Evil compatible with that of an Infinitely perfect Being, for if he wills it he is not infinitely good, and if he wills it not, his will is thwarted and his sphere of action limited? Here, again, the Pantheist is ready with his solution. There is in reality no such thing as evil: there is no such thing as punishment: there is no real relation between God and man at all. God is all that really exists: He does, by the necessity of his nature, all that is done: all acts are equally necessary and equally divine: all diversity is but a distorted representation of unity: all evil is but a delusive appearance of good. Unfortunately, the Pantheist does not tell us whence all this delusion derives its seeming existence.

Let us, however, suppose for an instant that these difficulties are surmounted, and the existence of the Abso-

lute securely established on the testimony of reason. Still we have not succeeded in reconciling this idea with that of a cause; we have done nothing towards explaining how the absolute can give rise to the relative, the infinite to the finite. If the condition of causal activity is a higher state than that of quiescence, the absolute, whether acting voluntarily or involuntarily, has passed from a condition of comparative imperfection to one of comparative perfection; and therefore was not originally perfect. If the state of activity is an inferior state to that of quiescence, the absolute, in becoming a cause, has lost its original perfection. There remains only the supposition that the two states are equal; and the act of creation, one of complete indifference. But this supposition annihilates the unity of the absolute, or it annihilates itself. If the act of creation is real, and yet indifferent, we must admit the possibility of two conceptions of the absolute, the one as productive, the other as non-productive. If the act is not real, the supposition itself vanishes, and we are thrown once more on the alternative of Pantheism.

Again, how can the Relative be conceived as coming into being? If it is a distinct reality from the absolute, it must be conceived as passing from non-existence into existence. But to conceive an object as non-existent, is again a self-contradiction; for that, which is conceived, exists, as an object of thought, in and by that conception. We may abstain from thinking of an object at all, but if we think of it, we cannot but think of it as existing. It is possible at one time not to think of an object at all, and at another to think of it as already in being; but to think of it in the act of becoming, in the progress from not being into being, is to think that which, in the very thought, annihilates itself. Here, again, the Pantheist's hypothesis seems forced upon us. We can think of creation only as a change in the condition of that which already exists; and thus the creature is conceivable only as a phenomenal mode of the Being of the Creator.

The whole of this web of contradictions (and it might be extended, if necessary, to a far greater length) is woven from one original warp and woof, namely, the impossibility of conceiving the co-existence of the infinite and the finite, and the cognate impossibility of conceiving a first commencement of phenomena, or the absolute giving birth to the relative. The laws of thought appear to admit of no possible escape from the meshes in which thought is entangled, save by destroying one or other of the cords of which they are composed. Pantheism or atheism are thus the alternatives offered to us, according as we prefer to save the infinite by the sacrifice of the finite, or to maintain the finite by denying the existence of the Infinite. Pantheism thus presents itself to all appearance as the only logical conclusion, if we believe in the possibility of a Philosophy of the Infinite. But Pantheism, if it avoids self-contradiction in the course of its reasoning, does so only by an act of suicide at the outset. It escapes from some of the minor incongruities of thought only by the annihilation of thought and thinker alike. It is saved from the necessity of demonstrating its own falsehood, by abolishing the only conditions under which truth and falsehood can be distinguished from each other. The only conception which I can frame of substantive existence at all, as distinguished from the transient accidents which are merely modes of the being of something else, is derived from the immediate knowledge of my own personal unity, amidst the various affections which form the successive modes of my consciousness. The Pantheist tells me that this knowledge is a delusion; that I am no substance, but a mode of the absolute substance, even as my thoughts and passions are modes of me; and that in order to attain to a true philosophy of being, I must begin by denying my own being. And for what purpose is this act of self-destruction needed? In order to preserve inviolate certain philosophic conclusions, which I, the non-existent thinker, have drawn by virtue of my non-existent powers

of thought. But, if my personal existence, the great primary fact of all consciousness, is a delusion, what claim have the reasonings of the Pantheist himself to be considered as anything better than a part of the universal falsehood? If I am mistaken in supposing myself to have a substantial existence at all, why is that existence more true when it is presented to me under the particular form of apprehending and accepting the arguments of the pantheistic philosophy? Nay, how do I know that there is any argument at all? For if my consciousness is mistaken in testifying to the act of my own existence, it may surely be no less mistaken in testifying to my apparent apprehension of an apparent reasoning. Nay, the very arguments, which appear to prove the Pantheist's conclusion to be true, may, in reality, for aught I know, prove it to be false. Or rather, no Pantheist, if he is consistent with himself, can admit the existence of a distinction between truth and falsehood at all. For if God alone exists, in whatever way that existence may be explained, He alone is the immediate cause of all that takes place. He thinks all that is thought, He does all that is done. There can be no difference between truth and falsehood, for God is the only thinker; and all thoughts are equally necessary and equally divine. There can be no difference between right and wrong; for God is the only agent, and all acts are equally necessary and equally divine. How error and evil, even in appearance, are possible;—how the finite and relative can appear to exist, even as a delusion,—is a problem which no system of Pantheism has made the slightest approach towards solving.

Pantheism failing us, the last resource of Rationalism is to take refuge in that which with reference to the highest idea of God is speculative Atheism, and to deny that the infinite exists at all. And it must be admitted that so long as we confine ourselves to only one side of the problem, that of the inconceivability of the Infinite, this is the only position logically tenable by those who would make man's power of thought the exact measure of his duty of belief. For the infinite, as inconceivable, is necessarily shown to be non-existent, unless we renounce the claim of reason to supreme authority in matters of faith, by admitting that it is our duty to believe what we are altogether unable to comprehend. But the logical advantage of the atheistic alternative vanishes, as soon as we view the question from the other side, and endeavour positively to represent in thought the sum total of existence as a limited quantity. A limit is itself a relation; and to conceive a limit as such, is virtually to acknowledge a correlative on the other side of it. By a law of thought, the significance of which has not yet perhaps been fully investigated, it is impossible to conceive a finite object of any kind, without conceiving it as one out of many,—as related to other objects, co-existent and antecedent. A first moment of time, a first unit of space, a definite sum of all existence, are thus as inconceivable as the opposite suppositions of an infinity of each. While it is impossible to represent in thought any object, except as finite, it is equally impossible to represent any finite object or any aggregate of finite objects as exhausting the universe of being. Thus the hypothesis which would annihilate the Infinite is itself shattered to pieces against the rock of the Absolute; and we are involved in the self-contradictory assumption of a limited universe, which yet can neither contain a limit in itself, nor be limited by anything beyond itself. For if it contains a limit in itself, it is both limiting and limited, both beyond the limit and within it; and if it is limited by any thing else, it is not the universe.

To sum up briefly this portion of my argument. The conception of the Absolute and Infinite, from whatever side we view it, appears encompassed with contradictions. There is a contradiction in supposing such an object to exist, whether alone or in conjunction with others; and there is a contradiction in supposing it not to exist,

There is a contradiction in conceiving it as one; and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as many. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as personal; and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as impersonal. It cannot without contradiction be represented as active; nor, without equal contradiction, be represented as inactive. It cannot be conceived as the sum of all existence; nor yet can it be conceived as a part only of that sum. A contradiction thus thoroughgoing, while it shows the insufficiency of human reason as an *a priori* judge of all truth, yet is not in itself inconsistent with any form of religious belief. For it tells with equal force against all belief and all unbelief, and therefore necessitates the conclusion that belief cannot be determined solely by reason. No conclusion can be drawn from it in favour of universal scepticism; first, because universal scepticism equally destroys itself; and secondly, because the contradictions thus detected belong not to the use of reason in general, but only to its exercise on one particular object of thought. It may teach us that it is our duty, in some instances, to believe that which we cannot conceive but it does not require us to disbelieve any thing which we are capable of conceiving.

WHY TROPICAL MAN IS BLACK.

THERE are few subjects the explanation of which has taxed the ingenuity of man more than the existence of extremes of colour in different sections of the human race. Tradition has attributed the dark race to one of three brothers, the other two being progenitors of the opposite hue, without at the same time offering any solution of the variation from a common stock.

Physiologists have vaguely asserted that a black skin is best suited to a hot climate, but do not attempt to reconcile the fact that a black coat is certainly the least adapted to the same condition. Evolutionists would doubtless say that in those early days when man in the dense forests of the time was fighting his brave struggle of brain against fangs and claws, the dark skin mingling with the shadows of the overhanging foliage gave him a chance of survival; but this reaches the conclusion that the first men were black, and that all white men proceeded out from these.

Yet even if this be so, and if the dark skin served only for concealment, why on the burning table-lands and treeless undulations of central and southern Africa, where there is scarce a bough to shelter him, has man for so many thousand years preserved a colour which has become a standard of all blackness? Surely there must be some other explanation of the fact that man beneath the vertical rays of a tropic sun has persisted in maintaining a hue of skin which would appear to have the effect only of absorbing and accumulating the intense heat of his surroundings. Some reason why the ryot of India can labour in the plains clad only in the scantiest loin cloth, and why the African can limit his full dress to a few inches of monkey-tails.

The rapidly accumulative evidence of the practical utility of every peculiarity, and the proofs that nature, by hoarding up a little of each individual advantage through countless generations, has arrived at the best condition for each environment, compel us to realize the fact that in the tropics darkness of skin contributes to survival.

That this colour will absorb heat more than any other is as true of the skin of a man as of the roof of a house; therefore the anomaly is reached that in the tropics he is fittest who is hottest, so long as heat is regarded as the only factor in the consideration. But that one cannot live by heat alone is as true of the animal kingdom as of the whole vegetable world. Light, the twin stimulant of life, because perceptible to our consciousness by its action on a specialised nerve, has been too much limited in our conceptions of its influence to that duty only.

The gigantic processes of nature by which the great vegetable world, past and present, has been built up, the oxygen of water divorced from its hydrogen in the leaves of plants, and carbonic acid resolved into its constituents, were and are accomplished by the light waves of the sun; and yet in the animal kingdom the action of these waves upon the eye is held to be almost their sole effect.

The craving offshoot of a window plant, the twisted leaves of an indoor flower, are sufficient evidence of the resistless power of light, and the proof of its effect on the man are as numerous as those of its action on plants; the mode only of that action is the mystery, and yet if this can be even partially explained, enough may be attained to show why those in whom a portion of the rays of the glaring tropic sun are blocked at the surface are best adapted for survival beneath its vertical beams.

As has been expressed by Prof. Tyndall: "We know that all organic matter is composed of ultimate molecules made up of atoms, and that these constituent atoms can vibrate to and fro millions and millions of times in a second." Nerve is organic matter, and "whether we meet with nerve tissue in a jelly fish, an oyster, an insect, a bird or a man, we have no difficulty in recognising its structural units as everywhere more or less similar. These structural units are microscopic cells and microscopic fibres, the function of the fibres is that of conducting impressions (represented by molecular movements) to and from the nerve cells, while the function of the cells is that of originating those of the impressions," which are conducted by the fibres outwards.

We can conceive then that the way in which a nerve-fibre conveys to a more central nerve-cell an impression from the surface is by rapid vibration of its component molecules. Such vibrations can be rudely originated by contact, pressure, or such like stimuli, till they give rise to feeling, or, if severe, to pain, but they can be not only impoverished, they can be communicated. The simplest illustration of vibrations being communicated is when a piano is opened and sung into; whereupon the string, whose tension coincides with the uttered note, will take it up and pass it on in sound. If then vibrations were taking place in the immediate vicinity of the sentient extremities of nerves all over the surface, the same would be expected to occur.

The waves of light and heat follow each other at similar rates through the luminiferous ether.

Man lives at the bottom of a measureless ocean of this subtle medium, and is, in common with all else in the universe, permeated by it. "When, therefore, light or radiant heat impinge, like the waves of sound just adverted to, their waves select those atoms whose periods of vibration synchronise with their own periods of recurrence, and to such atoms deliver up their motion. It is thus that light and radiant heat are absorbed." (Tyndall).

Is it not from this easily intelligible how heat-waves notify their existence and intensity along the surface fibre to the central nerve cell, and so enable the animal to avoid their action, if excessive, or seek their increase, when deficient? And shall it be said that while the heat-waves are thus received, and responded to, through every instance of existence, their fellow-workers, the waves of light, are practically inert except for the stimulation of the one specialised nerve of the eye?

By going from the complicated and compound to the structureless and simple, the question can be answered in no uncertain way.

In some of his recently published experiments, Engelmann found that many of the protoplasmic and unicellular organisms are affected by light, and when the first animals possessed of organs of special sense, viz., the jelly-fish (Medusæ), are reached, it is found that one particular Medusæ (*Tiaropsis polybiademata*) always responds to strong luminous stimulation by going into a spasm or cramp (Ramanes).

But there is a still stronger argument in favour of the powerful action of light on the nerves of the skin in the fact that, as Prof. Haeckel says, "the general conclusion has been reached that in man, and in all other animals, the sense organs as a whole arise in essentially the same way, viz., as parts of the external integument, or epidermis." In fact, that nerves which now see could once but feel. That the highly sensitive optic nerves are but nerves of the skin, whose molecules once could vibrate only in consonance with the large ultra-red waves of heat, whereas now their molecules have become attuned to the shorter waves of the visible part of the spectrum.

Surely, then, if any one of the nerve-endings of the skin indiscriminately can be specialised for the recognition of light, whether at the margin of the swimming disk in the jelly-fish, at the point of the ray in the star-fish, on the fringe of the mantle in the shell-fish, or on the back in some species of snail, it must be conceded that in the first instance all surface nerves must feel the influence of that agent by which they are to be hereafter exalted. And this has been reduced to a demonstration by Mr. Darwin in his investigations on earthworms, which, although destitute of eyes, are able to distinguish with much rapidity between light and darkness, and as only the anterior extremity of the animal displays this power, he concludes that the light affects the anterior nerve-cells immediately, or without the intervention of a sense-organ. But a yet more wondrous lesson is to be learned from the steps which Nature takes for the exaltation of a heat-responding nerve into one capable of vibrating in harmony with the shorter waves of light.

The only external agents available are heat and light, and by these, with such local adaptations as are possible, the conversion must be brought about.

Seeking again from the lowest organism the secrets of the highest, it has been found by Engelmann that the simplest creature which responded to luminous stimulation was the protoplasmic *Englena viridis*; moreover, that it would only do so if the light were allowed to fall upon the anterior part of the body. Here there is a pigment spot, but careful experiment showed that this was not the point most sensitive to light, a colourless and transparent area of protoplasm lying in front of it being found to be so.

From this, the most rudimentary, through the pigmental bodies round the margin of the swimming disk of medusæ, and the pigmented ocelli at the tips of the rays in star-fish, to the lowest vermes, in which Professor Haeckel finds the usual cells sensitive to light separated by a layer of pigment cells from the outer expansion of the optic nerve, we meet with the same arrangement ever progressing upwards, viz., transparency immediately in front of the part to be exalted, and pigment immediately behind it, and are left to infer from the object ultimately attained what is the reason of this primary adaptation.

Nature has made the most of her two factors, by exposing the selected tissue to the continued impinging upon it of the waves of light; while at the same time securing not only the transmission through it of the waves of heat, but their constant accumulation behind it, thereby causing the molecular constituents of the protoplasm to be thrown into the highest rates of vibration possibly obtainable with the means at disposal, and undoubtedly more rapid than those of any protoplasm not so situated; till little by little, by the survival here and there of individuals who had derived some benefit from inherited increase of sensitiveness in the exposed parts, the time arrived when the advantage became permanent in the species, and the foundation was laid in a transparent atom of protoplasm lying in front of a speck of pigment, of those wondrous organs which in æons of ages afterwards were to enable man to look upon the universe and to behold that it was good.

Such is what light and heat in unison have wrought, and is it to be supposed that their action on the surface

nerves is less powerful now than ever? Is it not more reasonable to think that a large number of specialised nerves not being an advantage have not been developed, and that though we are unconscious of the power of light upon our bodies, yet that analogy points to the fact that to it, when combined with heat, we owe the highest exaltation of our keen sense?

Recognising thus the effects of simultaneous light and heat when their influence is concentrated by a local peculiarity on a peculiar part, must it not be evident that in an individual unprotected by hair and unscreened by clothes, living beneath the vertical rays of an equatorial sun, the action of these two forces playing through a transparent skin upon the nerve endings over the entire surface of the body, must be productive of intense, but at the same time disadvantageous, nerve vibrations, and that presumably such individuals as were least subject thereto would be best adapted to the surroundings?

Nature, therefore, having learned in ages past that pigment placed behind a transparent nerve will exalt its vibrations to the highest pitch, now proceeds upon the converse reasoning, and placing the pigment in front of the endangered nerve, reduces its vibrations by so much as the interrupted light would have excited, a quantity which, though apparently trifling, would, when multiplied by the whole area of body-surface, represent a total of nervous action that, if continued, would soon exhaust the individual and degrade the species.

Thus it is that man, though so many generations have come and gone since the days of his weaponless struggles with the beasts of the forest, still retains in its full strength that colour of skin which, while it aided him materially in his early escapes, is now continued because it has a more important office to fulfil in warding off the millions of vibrations a second, which would otherwise be poured in an uninterrupted stream upon his exposed nervous system.

Again, the chemical power of light expressed in degree is, according to Professor Bunsen, in Berlin, on the 21st of June at 12 o'clock, 38°; while at the same place and time on the 21st of December it is but 26°; that is, that the difference in the angle at which light strikes the same spot in December and in June causes its chemical effect to be almost doubled. What then must be its potential difference all the year round in the latitude of London and in that of Sierra Leone?

If, therefore, light be a necessary factor in the development of animal life, and be of sufficient intensity to attain the required end in the northern position of England, it must of necessity be at the equator immensely in excess, all other things being equal of what is needed, and it would be a reasonable expectation that, could unclothed man be traced through the parallels of latitude northwards in distinct tribes that never intermingled with those beyond, the colour of the various sections would lessen in direct proportion to their distance from the equator, modified only by such local conditions as materially influenced the effect of light, or the action of light and heat combined.

And this is forcibly corroborated by the facts put forward in Carpenter's "Physiology," p. 985: "It may be freely admitted that among European colonists settled in hot climates, such changes do not present themselves within a few generations; but in many well-known instances of earlier colonisation they are very clearly manifested." "Thus the wide dispersion of the Jewish nation and their remarkable isolation, maintained by their religious observances from the people among whom they live, render them peculiarly appropriate subjects for such observations, and we accordingly find that the brunette complexion, and dark hair, which are usually regarded as characteristic of that race, are frequently superseded in the Jews of Northern Europe by red or brown hair and fair complexion, while the Jews who settled in India some centuries ago have become as dark as the Hindoos around them."

Finally, there is in a foot-note to the same page an extraordinary physiological demonstration of the truth of the proposition that skin colour is in direct proportion to light-rays, which is as follows:—

"A very curious example of change of colour in a negro has been recorded on unquestionable authority. The subject of it was a negro slave in Kentucky, at forty-five, who was born of black parents, and was himself black until twelve years of age. At that time a portion of the skin an inch wide encircling the cranium just within the edge of the hair gradually changed to white, also the hair occupying that locality, a white spot next appeared near the inner canthus of the left eye, and from this the white colour gradually extended over the face, trunk, and extremities until it covered the entire surface. The complete change from black to white occupied about ten years, and but for his hair, which was crisp and woolly, no one would have supposed at this time that his progenitors had offered any of the characteristics of the negro—his skin presenting the healthy vascular appearance of a fair-complexioned European. When he was about twenty-two years of age, dark copper-coloured or brown spots began to appear on the face and hands, but these remained limited to the portions of the surface exposed to light."

May it not therefore be claimed that there is much foundation for the suggestion that the black skin of the negro is but the smoked glass through which alone his wide spread sentient nerve-endings could be enabled to regard the sun?

NATHANIEL ALCOCK,
Surgeon-Major,
Army Medical Department.

"Nature."

PAUL VARGAS: A MYSTERY.

(From the English Illustrated Magazine, London).

DURING the course of my professional career I have met with strange things. The strangest, the most incomprehensible of all, I am about to narrate.

Its effect upon me was such, that, without pausing for investigation or inquiry, I turned and fled from the town—even from the country in which I witnessed it. It was only when I was some thousands of miles away that I recovered from my terror sufficiently to think calmly over what had happened. Then I vowed a self-imposed vow that for many, many years I would mention the matter to no one. My reasons for secrecy were these:—

In the first place I was, as I am now, a doctor. Now I am fairly well-to-do, and have little anxiety about the future. Then I was struggling hard to make a living. Such being the case, I argued that the telling of an incredible, monstrous tale—the truth of which, however, I should be bound to uphold in spite of everything and everybody—would do little towards enhancing my reputation for common sense, or improving my professional prospects.

In the second place I determined to wait, in the hope that, some time or another, matters might be explained to my satisfaction.

So it is that for twenty years I have kept my own counsel. My first reason for silence no longer exists; whilst, as to the second, I have now given up hoping for an elucidation. The one person, who might make things clear, I have never since seen.

Although nearly a third of a man's allotted years has passed, there need be no fear of my magnifying or mystifying anything. The circumstances are still fresh in my mind; moreover, in the fear that memory should play me false, I wrote down, at the time, all that happened—wrote it with a minuteness and technical detail which would be out of place here.

My story concerns a man whom I saw but thrice in my life time; or, I should rather say, saw during three brief periods of my life time. We were medical students together. His name—I do not change it—was Paul Vargas.

He was a tall, dark-haired, pale-faced young man: strikingly handsome in his own peculiar style. His nose was aquiline and well-formed: the broad forehead betokened great intellectual power, and the mouth, chin, and strong square jaw, all spoke of strength of will and

resolution. But had all these features been irregular and unpleasing, the eyes alone would have redeemed the face from plainness. More luminous, eloquent and expressive eyes I have never seen. Their dark beauty was enhanced by a distension of the pupil, seldom met with when the sight is perfect as was Vargas's. They possessed in a remarkable degree the power of reflecting the owner's emotions. Bright as they always were, they sparkled with his mirth, they glittered with his scorn, and when he seemed trying to read the very soul of the man he looked at, their concentrated gaze was such as few could bear with perfect ease.

This is a description of Paul Vargas as I remember him when first we met. I may add that in age he was two years my senior; in intellect a hundred.

Of Vargas's family and antecedents his fellow-students knew nothing. That he was of foreign extraction was clearly shown by his name and general appearance. It was supposed that Jewish blood ran in his veins, but this was pure conjecture; for the young man was as reticent concerning his religious opinions as he was about everything else connected with his private history.

I cannot say he was my friend. Indeed, I believe he had no friends, and I think, may add, no enemies. He was too polite and obliging to make foes; although there was usually a calm air of superiority about all he said and did, which at times rather nettled such an unlicked lot of cubs as most of us were in those days.

Yet, if we were not bosom friends, for some months I saw a great deal of Paul Vargas. He was an indefatigable student, and, as the prescribed course of study was not enough for him, was engaged during his leisure hours on some original and delicate experiments, conducted simply for his own pleasure. Wanting some one to assist him, he was good enough to choose me. Why, I never knew. I flattered myself it was because he thought me cleverer than my fellows; but it may have been that he thought me duller and less likely to anticipate or forestall his discoveries.

Under this arrangement I found myself two or three nights in every week at his rooms. From his lavish expenditure in furniture and scientific apparatus, it was clear that Vargas had means of his own. His surroundings were very different from those with which the ordinary medical student must be contented.

All our fraternity looked upon Paul Vargas as abnormally clever; and when the closer intercourse began between us, I found at first no reason to differ from the general opinion. He seemed to have all the works of medical and surgical authorities at his finger ends. He acquired fresh knowledge without effort. He was an accomplished linguist. Let the book or pamphlet be English, French, or German, he read it with equal ease, and, moreover, had the valuable knack of extracting the gist of the matter, whilst throwing aside any worthless lumber which surrounded it. From my average intellectual station I could but admire and envy his rapid and brilliant flights.

He made my visits to him pleasant ones. Our work over for the evening, it was his custom to keep me for an hour or two smoking and chatting; but our talk was not the confidences between two friends. Indeed, it was little more than scientific gossip, and the occasional airing of certain theories: for Vargas, if silent about himself and his private affairs, at least, expressed his opinions on the world in general openly and freely.

He had resolved to become a specialist. He poured out the vials of his scorn on the ordinary general practitioner—the marvellous being who, with equal confidence, is ready to grapple with fever, gout, consumption, blindness, deafness, broken bones, and all the other ills and accidents which afflict mankind.

"It is absurd!" he said. "As well expect the man, who made the lenses for that microscope, to make the brass work also—as well ask the author of this treatise to print and bind it! I tell you one organ, one bit of the

microcosm called man, demands a life's study before the cleverest dare to say he understands it."

Certainly the organ selected by Vargas for his special study was the most complex and unsatisfactory of all—the brain. Any work, new or obsolete, which treated upon it—anything which seemed to demonstrate the connection between mind and body, he examined with intense eagerness. The writings and speculations of the veriest old charlatans were not beneath his notice. The series of experiments we were conducting were to the same end. I need not describe them, but something of their nature may be guessed at, when I say it was long before the time when certain persons endeavoured to persuade the world that scientists were fiends in human shape, who inflicted unheard-of tortures on the lower orders of animals, solely to gratify a lust for cruelty.

We had been engaged on our researches for some weeks—Vargas's researches I should call them, as by this time my conjectures as to what he aimed at had come to an end. I grew tired of groping in the dark; and was making up my mind to tell him he must enlighten me or seek other assistance. Besides, I began to think that, after all, my first estimate of his ability was not quite correct.

He certainly talked at times in the strangest and most erratic way. Some of his speculations and theories were enough, if true, to upset all the recognised canons of science. So wild, indeed, that at times I wondered if, like many others, his genius was allied to madness.

At this time a wave of superstition crossed the country—one of those periodical waves, which, whether called mesmerism, clairvoyance, electro-biology, spiritualism, or thought-reading, rise, culminate, and fall in precisely the same manner.

Paul Vargas, although ridiculing the new craze, read everything that touched upon it, even down to the penny-a-liner's accounts of mysterious occurrences.

"The truth may be found anywhere," he said; "if there is a diamond in the ground, the most ignorant boor may, unwittingly, dig it out."

One night I found him in a strange pre-occupied mood. He did his work mechanically, and I could see that his thoughts kept straying away. We finished earlier than usual, and for a while he sat opposite to me in silence. Then he raised his eyes and asked me a question.

What that question was I have never been able to remember. I have racked my brain again and again, and have never recalled the purport of it. All I know is, it was, from a scientific point of view, so supremely ridiculous that I burst into a peal of laughter.

For a moment Paul Vargas's eyes positively flamed. Feeling that our relations were not friendly enough to excuse the indiscretion on my part, I hastened to apologise. He was himself again directly, and, with his calm superior smiles on his lips, assured me I had done nothing which demanded an apology. He then changed the conversation, and during the remainder of my stay talked as rationally and instructively as the most methodical old lecturer in the schools.

He bade me good-night with his usual politeness, and sent me away glad that my ill-timed mirth had not offended him. Yet the next morning I received a note saying he had decided to discontinue that particular series of researches in which I had given him such invaluable assistance.

I was somewhat nettled at this summary dismissal. Vargas asked me to his rooms no more, and he was not the man to call upon uninvited. So, except in the schools and in the streets, I saw nothing more of him.

It was predicted, by those who should know best, that Paul Vargas would be the scholar of the year. I alone dared to doubt it. In spite of his great talents and capacity for work, I fancied there was that in his nature which would defeat these high hopes. There was something wrong—something eccentric about him. In plain

English, I believed, if not mad now, Vargas would end his days in a mad-house.

However, he never went up for his last examination. He had a surprise in store for us. Just before the final trial in which he was to reap such laurels he vanished. He went without a word of warning—went bag and baggage. He left no debts behind him. He defrauded no one. He simply, without giving a reason for his departure, went away and left no trace behind him. Some-time afterwards it was reported that he had come into a large fortune. This explanation of his conduct was a plausible one, and was generally accepted as correct.

After the nine days' wonder had died away, I, like others, ceased to think about the missing man. The years went by, I passed my examination creditably, and was very proud and hopeful when duly authorised to place M. D. after my name.

I have narrated how I first met Paul Vargas. I had no expectation of again seeing him, nor any great wish to do so. But we met a second time. It was in this wise.

When I took my medical degree I was far from being the staid, sober man I now am. Having a little money of my own, I resolved to see something of the world before I settled down. I was not rich enough to be quite idle, so I began by making one or two voyages as doctor to an emigrant ship. I soon grew tired of this occupation, and being in England, but not yet cured of roving, I cast about for something professional to take me abroad. I had not long to wait. Cholera was raging in the East. A fund had been raised to send out a few English doctors: I tendered my services which were accepted.

At Constantinople I was detained several days waiting instructions. One day, whilst idly strolling through the streets, I came face to face with Paul Vargas.

Although he wore the fez and was in appearance more Turkish than English, I knew him at once and accosted him by his name. Surprised as he looked at my salutation, he had evidently no wish to deny his identity. As soon as he recognised me, he greeted me cordially, and, having learnt what brought me to Constantinople, insisted that I should pay him a visit. I willingly consented to do so. I was most curious to ascertain why he had thrown up the profession so suddenly. The day being still young, I started then and there with him for his home.

Naturally, almost my first question was why he left us so mysteriously.

"I had my reasons," he said,

"They must have been powerful ones."

He turned his dark eyes full upon me.

"They were," he said. "I grew sick of the life. After all, what did it mean? Work, work, work, only to find out how little one really knew or ever could know by study. Why, in one half-hour I learned more by pure chance than any one else has yet dreamed of."

I questioned him as to the meaning of his arrogant assertion, but he evaded me with all his old adroitness; then we reached his house, and I forgot all save admiration.

His house was just outside the city. House! it might be called a small palace. Here he lived in true Oriental luxury. Judging from the profusion which surrounded him, and from the lavish scale on which his establishment was conducted, I felt sure that the report of his having inherited a fortune was quite correct. All that money could buy, all that an intellectual Sybarite could desire, seemed to be his. Books, paintings, statuary, costly furniture, rich tapestries, the choicest dishes, and the rarest wines. Only a man in the enjoyment of a princely income could live in such style and splendour.

He led me from room to room, until he opened the door of one more beautifully garnished than any of the others. A girl was sitting at the window. As we entered, she sprang forward with a cry of joy, and threw her arms round Vargas.

He returned her passionate embrace; kissed her, whispered some words of love in a strange, musical language, then gently disengaging himself, said—

"Myrrha, welcome an old friend of mine, an Englishman."

She turned towards me. Her beauty absolutely dazzled me. She was tall and majestic, coil upon coil of jet black hair crowned her well-poised queenly head. Her cheek had the clear brown tinge of the south. Her eyes were glorious. Never before had I seen such a splendid creature. The perfection of her form, the look of splendid health and glowing vitality, would have been enough to make her an object of the greatest interest to any one of my own profession.

The bright colours of her rich dress well became her. Although in years she was but a girl, the gold and jewels which covered her hands, arms and neck, seemed quite in keeping with her beauty. As I looked at her, I felt that Paul Vargas's earthly paradise ought to be complete.

She came forward with unembarrassed grace, smiled a bright smile, and giving me her hand, bade me welcome in English, correct enough, although tempered by a slight foreign accent.

After a little while Vargas suggested that I should walk round the gardens with him. As we left the room, the look which passed between him and the girl was quite enough to show the complete love they bore one another.

"Your wife, I suppose?" I said, when we were alone. "She is very beautiful."

"My love, my life, my very soul!" he exclaimed passionately. "But not my wife in your sense of the word."

I said no more, feeling the subject was a delicate one to handle. Who Myrrha was, or why she should live, unmarried, with him was none of my business.

I had not been long in his society before I discovered that Paul Vargas was, in some ways, much changed—I may say improved. He seemed altogether a better sort of fellow than the man I had known of old. No less polite, but more natural. His invariably charming manners were enhanced by the addition of something like friendliness. In an hour's time I felt that I had made more progress with him than I had in the whole of our previous intercourse. I attributed this change to the power of love, for, wife or no wife, it was plain that the man loved his beautiful companion with all the force of his strong nature.

Yet it shocked me to discover that all the old ambition was dead. I mourned that such a highly-gifted man could at his age withdraw completely from the battlefield, and seem only to strive to make life as soft and sensuous as it might be possible for wealth to make it. I spoke once or twice to this effect, but the darkness of his brow and the shortness of his answers told me I trod on forbidden ground. For his own sake I hoped that the day would come when he would weary of his voluptuous existence and long for the bracing tonics of hard work and the struggle for success.

I was detained in Constantinople three days longer. Vargas pressed me to take up my abode with him. It was not worth while to do this, as at any moment I might be ordered away. But I spent several hours of each day with him. He was always glad to see me. Perhaps the sweetness of his seclusion was already beginning to pall upon him, and the occasional sight of a common-place work-a-day face was a welcome one.

The route came at last. I bade my friend good-bye, and sighed as I thought how grimly the scenes of death and misery to which I was about to pass would contrast with the Elysium I was quitting. Vargas accompanied me to the steamer by which the first part of the journey was to be made.

"Do you mean to live here all your life?" I asked.

"No, I shall grow weary of it—very soon, I expect."

"And then?"

"Then I shall sell everything and try another land."

"You must be rich to live as you do."

"I was rich. I had sixty thousand pounds—but in the last year or two I have spent two-thirds of my fortune."

"Two-thirds of your capital! What folly!"

He shrugged his shoulders, and smiled that old superior smile. Then a deep gloom settled on his handsome face.

"I have plenty left—plenty to last my time," he said.

"What nonsense do you talk! What do you mean by your time?"

He leaned towards me, placed his hand on my arm, and looked at me with an expression in his eyes which thrilled me.

"I mean this," he said, slowly. "I could, if I chose, tell you the exact day—if not the exact hour at which I shall die. You see how I live, so can understand that if I have money to last my time, that time is short."

"My dear fellow!" I exclaimed, "have you any complaint—any secret malady?"

"None—I am hale and sound as you. Nevertheless I shall die as I have said."

His absolute conviction impressed me more than I cared to show. "A man must die of something specific," I said. "If you can predict your illness, can you not take steps to prolong your life?"

"Prolong my life!" he echoed as one in a dream. "Yes, I can prolong my life—but I will not."

I could only conclude that Paul Vargas meditated self-destruction.

"Why should you not care to live?" I urged.

"Care to live?" he cried bitterly. "Man, I revel in life! I have youth, strength, love—fame I could have if I wished for it. Yet it is because I may have fewer temptations to prolong my life that I am squandering my wealth—that I let ambition beckon in vain—that, when the moment draws near, I shall forsake the woman I love."

It was as I guessed years ago, Paul Vargas was mad!

He sank into moody silence, broken only when the moment of my departure came. Then he roused himself, shook hands with me and bade me good speed.

"We shall meet again some day," I said cheerfully.

His dark eyes gleamed with all the old scorn they were wont to express when any one, whose words were not worth listening to, opposed him in argument.

"We shall meet no more," he said, curtly and coldly, turning away and retracing his steps.

He was wrong. We met again!

I worked through the cholera: saw many awful sights: gained much experience and a certain amount of praise. On my way home I inquired for Vargas, and found he had disposed of his house and its entire contents, departing, no one knew whither.

Two years went by: I was still unsettled: still holding roving commissions. I blush to say that I had been attacked by the gold fever, and in my haste to grow rich had lost, in mining, nearly all I possessed. I cured myself before the disease grew chronic, but ashamed to return all but penniless to England, I sojourned for a while in one of those mushroom towns of America—towns which spring up almost in a night, wherever there is a chance of making money.

I rather liked the life. It was rough but full of interest. The town held several thousand inhabitants, so there was plenty of work for me and another doctor. If our patients were in luck, we were well paid for our services; if, as was usually the case, they were out of luck, we received nothing and were not so foolish as to expect more. Still, taking one with another, I found the heal-

ing art paid me much better than mining. My studies of human nature were certainly extended at New Durham. I met with all sorts of characters, from the educated gentleman who had come out to win wealth by the sweat of his brow down to the lowest ruffian who lived by plundering his own kind; and my experiences were such that when I did return to England I was competent to write as an authority on the proper treatment of gunshot wounds.

One evening I met the other doctor. We were the best of friends. As our community was at present constituted, there was no occasion for professional rivalry. Our hands were always full of work. Indeed, if we manoeuvred at all against each other, it was with the view of shunting off a troublesome patient.

"I wish you'd look in at Webber's when you pass," said Dr. Jones. "There's a patient of mine there. He's going to die, but for the life of me I can't tell what ails him."

I promised to call and give my opinion on the case.

Webber's was a mixture of drinking bar, gambling hell, and lodging house. Its patrons were not of the most select class, and the scuffles and rows that went on there made the house a disgrace even to New Durham. By this time I was too well known to fear insult even in the lowest den of infamy, so I entered boldly and asked to be conducted to Dr. Jones's patient.

A blowsy, sodden-faced, vicious-looking woman led me upstairs and turned the handle of a door.

"He ought to be dead by now," she said. "If the doctor can't cure him, or he don't die in two days, out he bundles."

I walked into the room, taking no notice of the brutal threat. There, on a wretched apology for a bed—with a look of heart-rending despair in his large dark eyes, lay Paul Vargas!

I thought I must be dreaming. The man I had seen little more than two years ago, lapped in absurd luxury—spending money like water to gratify every taste, every desire—now lying in this wretched den, and if Jones's view of the case was correct, dying like a dog! I shuddered with horror and hastened to his side.

He knew me. He was conscious. I could tell that much by the light which leapt into his eyes as I approached.

"Vargas, my poor fellow," I said; "what does this mean?"

As I spoke I remembered how he had predicted his own death. He must have remembered it too, for although he made no reply, and lay still as a log, there was a look in his eyes which might express the satisfaction felt by a successful prophet, when one who has laughed at his forecast is bound, at last, to realise its correctness.

I addressed him again and again. Not a word did he answer; so at last I was compelled to think that his power of speech was gone. Then I went to work to thoroughly inspect him and ascertain the nature of his complaint.

I sounded him, tested every organ, examined every limb; but like my colleague was utterly unable to find the cause of his illness. Of course I laboured under the great disadvantage of being unable to get a word of description of his pains from the patient himself. I satisfied myself that he had absolutely lost the power of moving his limbs. This utter helplessness made me fancy the spine might be broken, but it was not so. Paralysis suggested itself, but the obviously clear state of the mind as shown by those eloquent eyes was sufficient to send this idea to the background. At last I gave up fairly baffled. I could give no name to his ailment—could fix no seat for it. His bodily weakness was great; but weakness must be caused by something. What was that something? So far as my knowledge went there was no specific disease; yet I was as certain as Dr. Jones that Paul Vargas, if not dying, was about to die.

And underneath us was the din of drunken men and unsexed women. Ribaldry and blasphemy, oaths and shrieks, laughter and shouts, rose and penetrated the frail planks which bounded the small, dirty room in which the sufferer lay. At all cost he must be moved to more comfortable quarters.

I went downstairs and questioned the Webbers as to how he came there. All they knew was that late one night the man entered the house and asked for a bed. He was accommodated with one, and for two days no one troubled about him. Then some one looked him up and found him in his present deplorable state. One of the inmates, who had a grain of kindness left, fetched Dr. Jones. That was all they knew of the affair.

I managed to secure the assistance of four strong and almost sober men. I paid what reckoning was due at Webber's, then set about removing the poor fellow. He was carried carefully downstairs, laid on an extemporised stretcher, and borne to my house, which, fortunately, was only a few hundred yards away. During the transit he was perfectly conscious, but he spoke no word, nor, by any act of his own, moved hand or foot. I saw him safely installed in my own bed, and having satisfied myself that no immediate evil was likely to result from the removal, went out to look for some one to nurse him.

I was obliged to seek extraneous aid, as my household consisted of an old negro who came of a morning to cook my breakfast and tidy up the place. Except for this I was my own servant.

Decent women in a place like New Durham are few and far between, but at last I found one to whom I thought I might venture to entrust my patient, and who, for a handsome consideration, consented to act as sick-nurse. I took her back with me and instructed her to do what seemed to me best for the poor fellow. She was to give him, as often as he would take them, brandy and water and some nourishing spoon meat.

Vargas was now lying with his eyes shut. Except that he undoubtedly breathed, he might be dead. I watched him for more than an hour, yet found his state a greater puzzle than ever. So utterly at sea I was that I dared not prescribe for him, fearing I might do more harm than good.

It was growing late. I had a long hard day before me on the morrow. I had to ride many miles, and doubted whether I could get back the same day. Yet, late as it was, I did not retire to rest before I had thoroughly examined the clothes and other personal matters which I had brought from Webber's with the sick man. I hoped to come across the name of some friend to whom I could write and make his state known. Money or articles of value I had little expectation of finding—such things would soon disappear from the person of any one who lay dying at Webber's!

The only scrap of writing I met with was a letter in a woman's hand. It was short, and although every word showed passionate love, it ended in a manner which told me that a separation had taken place.

"You may leave me," it ran; "you may hide yourself in the farthest corner of the world: yet when the moment, you know of, comes and you need me, I shall find you. Till then, farewell."

On the fly leaf was pencilled, in Vargas's peculiar handwriting, "If I can find the strength of will to leave her, my beloved, surely I can die in secret and in silence."

There was no envelope, no date, no address, no signature to the letter. All it showed me was that Paul Vargas still clung to his morbid prophecy—that he had made up his mind he was to die, and, it may be, had been driven into his present state by his strange monomania. The mystery was—why should he leave the woman he loved and come here to die alone and uncared for? It was, of course, just possible that in some way he had

learnt that I was in New Durham, and when illness overtook him, was making his way to me.

This could only be explained by the man himself, and he was without power of speech.

After giving the nurse strict instructions to call me if her charge's condition showed any change, I went to the bed I had rigged up in my sitting room, and in a minute was fast asleep. After I had slept for about three hours, a knocking at my door aroused me. I opened it and found the nurse standing outside. Her bonnet and cloak were on, and by the light of the lamp she carried with a tremulous hand I saw that her face was ghastly pale, but nevertheless, wearing a defiant, injured look.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I'm going home," she said, sullenly.

"Going home! Nonsense! Go back to the sick room. Is the man worse?"

"I wouldn't go back for a hundred pounds—I'm going home."

Thinking some sudden whim had seized her, I expostulated, commanded, and entreated. She was inflexible. Then I insisted upon knowing the meaning of such extraordinary conduct. For a while she refused to give me any explanation. At last, she said she had been frightened to death. It was the man's eyes, she added, with a shiver. He had opened them and stared at her. The moment I heard this I ran to his room, fearing the worst. I found nothing to excite alarm; Vargas was quiet, apparently sleeping. So I returned to the stupid woman, rated her soundly and bade her go back and resume her duties.

Not she! Horses would not drag her into that room again—money would not bribe her to re-enter it. The man had looked at her with those fearful eyes of his, until she felt that in another moment she must go mad or die. Why did she not move out of the range of his vision? She had done so; but it was all the same, she knew he was still looking at her—he was looking at her even now—she would never get away from that look until she was out of the house.

By this time the foolish creature was trembling like a leaf; and, moreover, had worked herself up to a pitch bordering on hysteria. Even if I could have convinced her of her folly, she would have been useless for nursing purposes, so I told her to get out of the house as soon as she liked; then, sulkily drawing on my clothes, went to spend the rest of the night by Vargas's bed.

His pulse still beat with feeble regularity. He seemed in want of nothing; so I placed a low chair near the bed and sat down. As I sat there, my head was just on a level with his pillow. I watched the pale still face for some time, then I fell into a doze. I woke, looked once more at Vargas, then again closed my eyes, and this time really slept; feeling sure that the slightest movement of his head on the pillow would arouse me, I did not struggle against drowsiness.

Presently I began to dream—a dream so incoherent that I can give no clear description of it. Something or some one was trying to overpower me, whether mentally or physically I cannot say. I was resisting to the best of my ability, the final struggle for mastery was just imminent, when, of course, I awoke to find Paul Vargas's luminous eyes, with strangely dilated pupils, gazing fully into mine. The whole strength of his mind, his very soul, seemed to be thrown into that fixed gaze.

I seemed to shrivel up and grow small beneath it. Those dark, masterful eyes held me spell-bound; fascinated me; deprived me of volition or power of motion; fettered me; forbade me even to blink an eyelid. With a strong steady stroke they pierced me through and through, and I felt they meant to subjugate my mind even as they had already subjugated my body, and as their gaze grew more and more intense, I knew that in another moment I must be their slave!

With this thought my own thoughts faded. For a while all seemed dim, misty, and inexplicable, but even through the mist I see those two points glowing with dark sustained fire. I can resist no longer, I am conquered, my will has quitted me and is another's!

Then thought came quickly enough. I am ill—dying in a strange place. There is one I love: She is miles and miles away; but not too far to reach me in time. A burning desire to write to her comes over me. I must and will write before it is too late! Yet I curse myself for the wish as in some dim way I know that some fearful thing must happen if she finds me alive.

Then all consciousness leaves me, except that I have the impression I am out of doors and can feel the night air on my brow. Suddenly I come to myself. I am standing, bareheaded, close to the post-office, with a kind of idea in my bewildered brain that I have just posted a letter. I feel battered and shaken, large beads of perspiration are on my forehead. In a dead way I walk back to my house, the door of which I find left wide open—an act of trustfulness scarcely due to New Durham. I enter, throw myself into a chair, and shudder at what has taken place.

No—not at what has taken place, but at what might have taken place. For I know that Paul Vargas, although speechless and more helpless than an infant, has by the exercise of some strange weird mental power, so influenced me that I have identified myself with him, and done as he would have done. His unspoken commands may have worked no evil, but I shudder as I feel sure that had he ordered me, whilst in that mesmeric state, to murder my best friend, I should have done so.

It was only when annoyance and anger succeeded fear, I found myself able to return to him. I felt much mortified that I, in the full vigour of manhood, had been conquered and enslaved by the act of a stronger will than my own. I went back to the sick-room, and found Vargas lying with closed eyes. I laid my hand on his shoulder, bent down to his ear and said:—

“When you recover I will have a full explanation of the jugglery you have practised upon me.”

I resumed my seat, fearing his strange power no longer. Now that I knew he wielded it I was armed against it. I flattered myself that, only by attacking me unawares, could he influence me in so mysterious a manner. When next he opened his eyes I did not shun them. I might well have done so—their expression was one of anguish and horror—the expression one might imagine would lurk in the eyes of a conscience-stricken man to whom had just come the knowledge that he had committed some awful crime. Every now and then they turned to me in wild beseeching terror, but they bore no trace of that strange mesmeric power.

Paul Vargas, if he was to die, seemed doomed to die a lingering death. For some ten days longer he lay in that curious state—his symptoms, or rather absence of symptoms, driving Jones and myself to our wits' end. We tried all we could think of without beneficial results. Every day he grew a little weaker—every day his pulse was rather feebler, than on the preceding day. Such stimulant and nutriment as I could force down his throat seemed to do no good. Slowly—very slowly—his life was ebbing away, but so surely that I was fain to come to the sad conclusion that in spite of all our efforts he would slip through our fingers. By this time he had grown frightfully emaciated, and although I am convinced he suffered little or no bodily pain, the look of anguish in his staring dark eyes was positively painful to encounter.

I had obtained the services of another nurse, and was thankful to find that, to her, the dying man was not an object of dread; although, after my own experiences, I could not blame her predecessor.

Hour after hour, day after day, Paul Vargas lay, unable to move or speak; yet, I felt sure, in full possession of his mental faculties. Several times I noticed, when the

door was opened, a look of dread come into his eyes. He breathed freer when he saw that the new-comer was the nurse or myself. This puzzled me, for if, as I suspected, he had willed that I should write a letter and send it to the proper place, his look should have been one of hope and expectancy, instead of its displaying unmistakable signs of fear.

Although Vargas often gave me the impression that he was trying to subject me again to that strange influence, it was only once more that he attained anything like success. One day, grown bold at finding I had as yet avoided a repetition of my thralldom, and, perhaps egged on by curiosity, I met his strange fixed gaze half-way and defied him to conquer me. In a moment or two I found I had miscalculated my powers, and—although I blush to say it—I felt that in another second I must yield to him, and as before, do all he wished. At that critical moment the nurse entered the room and spoke to me. Her voice and presence broke the spell. Thank God, it was so! Vargas was sending an impulse into my mind—urging me in some way which I knew would be irresistible—to perform, not some harmless task, but to go to my medicine chest and fetch a dose of laudanum heavy enough to send him to sleep for ever. And I say, without hesitation, that had the woman not entered the room at that very moment, I should have been forced to do the man's bidding.

Yet I had no wish to cut his few last days short! If I had given him that poison it would have been suicide, not murder!

Although he had predicted his own death, why was Paul Vargas so anxious to die, that he had endeavoured to make me kill him? Unless their tortures are unbearable, few dying persons seek to precipitate matters; and this one, I am sure, suffered little or no pain. His death was lingering and tedious, but not painful.

After this fresh attempt to coerce me, I was almost afraid to leave him alone with the nurse. I even took the precaution of being present when Dr. Jones, out of professional curiosity, paid him an occasional visit.

The tension on my nerves grew unbearable. I prayed fervently for the man's recovery, or, if recovery was out of the question, for his death. At last the time came when the latter seemed to be drawing very very near—so near that Jones, whose interest in the case was unabated, said, as he left me in the evening—

“He will die to-night or before to-morrow is over. I believe he has only kept himself alive the last few days by sheer force of will and determination not to die.”

I assented gloomily, wished my colleague good-night, and went to rest.

Next morning, just after breakfast, I heard a rap at my door. I opened it and found myself face to face with a woman. She was tall, and even the long black coat she wore did not hide the grace and symmetry of her figure. A thick veil covered her face. Thinking she had come for advice I begged her to enter the house.

I led her to my sitting-room. She raised her veil and looked at me. I knew her in a moment. She was the lovely girl who had shared with Vargas that luxurious Eastern paradise—the girl whom he called Myrrha.

She looked pale and weary, but still very beautiful. Her sombre attire could not diminish her charms. My one thought, as I gazed at her, was, how any man, of his own free will, could tear himself from such a creature? Yet, for some unknown reason, Paul Vargas had done so.

It was clear that I was entirely forgotten. No start of recognition showed that my face was anything but that of a stranger. I did not wonder at this. I was much changed; bronzed and bearded; was, in fact, as rough looking a customer as many of my own patients.

For a moment she seemed unable to speak. Her eyes looked at mine as though they would anticipate what I had to tell her. Her lips trembled, but no words came from them.

At last she spoke. "There is a gentleman here—dying."

"Yes," I replied. "Mr. Vargas is here."

"Am I in time?—is he still alive?"

"He is very, very ill, but still alive."

A wretch reprieved on the scaffold could not have displayed more delight than did Myrrha when she heard my words. A look of indescribable joy flashed into her face. She clasped her hands in passionate thankfulness and tears of rapture filled her eyes. Poor girl, she had little enough to rejoice at! She was in time—in time for what? To see her lover die. That was all!

"Take me to him at once," she said, moving towards the door.

I suggested a little rest and refreshment first. She declined both, peremptorily.

"Not a moment must be wasted. I have travelled night and day since I received his letter. Quick, take me to him, or it may be too late!"

I asked her to follow me. She threw off her long cloak, and I saw that her dress beneath it was plain black. No ribbon, jewel, or ornament, broke its sable lines. With a look of ineffable joy on her face she followed me to Vargas's room.

"Let me go first and prepare him," I said.

"No," she replied, sternly. "Let me pass."

She laid her hand on the door, opened it, and preceded me into the room.

Paul Vargas's eyes were turned—as, indeed, they had for the last few days been mostly turned—towards the door; yet the look which leapt into them was not one of joy and welcome. It was a look of woe—of supreme agony. A convulsive shudder ran across his face, and I expected his next breath would be the last.

Why should the advent of his beautiful visitor so affect him? Had he treated this woman so evilly, that he dreaded lest she came to his death-bed to heap reproaches on his head? Yet, he himself had summoned her—brought her from afar—by the letter which he had willed me to write.

Injured or not, Myrrha came to console, not reproach. My doubts on this point were at once set at rest. With a cry of passionate grief she threw herself on her knees beside the bed: clasped the poor wasted hand in hers, and covered it with tears and kisses. In a strange tongue—one unknown to me—she spoke words which I knew were words of fervent love. The musical voice, the thrilling accent, the gestures she used, were interpreters sufficient to make me understand that she was rejoicing that death had spared her lover long enough for her to see him once more.

A soft look, a look that echoed her own, came over the sufferer's face—a look of infinite tenderness and deathless love. But it was transient. His eyes grew more stern. I fancied they tried to drive her away; then, as she heeded not his commands, they besought and appealed to her. In vain—the strange girl laughed joyfully as a bride who welcomes her bridegroom. She kissed her lover again and again. Then, with a weary sigh, Paul Vargas closed his eyes—never, I thought, to reopen them. I went to his side.

He was not dead; but he bore infallible signs of approaching dissolution. Practically, it was of little moment whether he died now or in an hour's time. Nothing could save him. Still, the wish one always feels to prolong the faintest flicker of life prompted me to speak to Myrrha.

"The excitement will kill him," I whispered.

She sprang to her feet as if stung. She threw me a glance so full of horror that I started. Then, bending over Vargas, she satisfied herself that he still breathed.

"Go," she whispered, fiercely. "Leave me alone with my love. Take that woman with you."

I hesitated. I wanted to see the end. But I could not dispute the sacred claims of love and grief, or help sympathising with the girl in her desire to be alone with

the dying man. My duties were ended. I had done all I could; but death in his present mysterious garb had conquered me. The man must die. How could he die better than in the arms of the woman he loved?

I motioned to the nurse to leave the room. I followed her through the door; then turned to take my last look at Paul Vargas.

He was lying apparently unconscious. Myrrha had thrown herself on the bed by his side. His poor pale face was drawn close to her full red lips. Her bosom beat against his. Her arms were wreathed around him, holding him to her. The contrast between life and death—between the rich, strong glowing life of the young girl, and that of the man now ebbing away to its last few sands, was startling. I closed the door reverently. My eyes filled with tears and I sighed for the sorrow which was about to fall on the devoted, passionate creature. How would she bear it! Then I went about my duties, knowing that when I returned home, I should have a patient the less.

I rode some miles into the country, to see a miner who had met with an accident which would most likely prove fatal. Just as I reached his cabin my horse fell suddenly lame. I led him the rest of the way and, having done all I could for the injured man, started to return home. There was nothing for it but to leave my horse to be fetched the next day, and walk back to New Durham.

I strode on as briskly as the nature of the track would allow. As I trudged along I thought of Myrrha and Paul Vargas, and wondered if by any chance I should find him alive on my return. I was so pre-occupied with these thoughts that, not until I was close to him, did I notice a man lying on the side of the track.

At first I thought it was one of the common sights of the neighbourhood; a man dead-drunk, but as I stood over him I found, for a wonder, it was not so. The man's back was towards me; his face was buried in the herbage; but I could hear him sobbing as if his heart was about to burst. As he lay there, he threw his arms out with wild gestures of despair—he dug his fingers into the ground and tore at it as one racked by unbearable torture. He was evidently a prey to some fearful bodily or mental distress. Whichever it might be, I could not pass without proffering my assistance.

His agitation was so great that he had no idea of my proximity. I spoke, but my words fell unheeded. Sob after sob burst forth from him.

I stooped and placed my hand on his arm. "My poor fellow," I said, "what is the matter?"

At my touch he sprang to his feet. God of Heaven! Shall I ever forget that moment! Before me stood Paul Vargas, well and strong, as when we parted some years ago in Constantinople!

What saved me from fainting I cannot tell. The man stood there before me—the very man I had left an hour or two ago at his last gasp! He stood there and cast a shadow. He did not fade away or disappear as a vision or hallucination should do. There was life and strength in every limb. His face was pale, but it was with the pallor of grief; for, even now the tears were running from his eyes, and he was wringing his hands in agony.

Speak! I could not have fashioned a word. My tongue clave to my palate. My lips were parched and dry. All I could do was to stare at him, with chattering teeth, bristling hair and ice-cold blood.

He came to my side. He grasped my arm. He was still flesh and blood. Even in that supreme moment his strong convulsive clutch told me that. He spoke. His voice was as the voice of a living man—yet as the voice of one from whom all joy of life has departed.

"Go home," he said. "Go home and learn how the strongest may tremble at death—at what a cost he will buy life—how the selfish desire to live can conquer love. You asked me once if I could not prolong life.

You are answered. You brought her to me—you yielded then, but not the second time when I would have undone the deed. Go home, before I kill you."

Something in his whole bearing struck me with deadly terror—a natural human terror. I turned and fled for my life, until my limbs refused to bear me farther. Then I sank on the ground and, I believe, lost consciousness.

When I recovered I made the best of my way home, telling myself as I walked along that overwork and want of sleep were acting on me. I had dreamed an absurd horrible dream. Nevertheless I trembled in every limb as I opened the door of the room in which I had left Paul Vargas, dying in the arms of the woman who loved him.

Death had been there during my absence. I knew the meaning of that long shapeless form stretched out on the bed, covered by the white sheet. Yet I trembled more and more. The words I had heard in my supposed dream came to me clear and distinct. It was some time before I could summon courage enough to move the covering from the dead face. I did so at last and I believe shrieked aloud.

Lying there in her black funeral dress, her fair hands crossed on her breast, her waxen face still bearing a smile, lay the girl whom I knew only by the name of Myrrha—dead!

HUGH CONWAY.

THE ATMA BODH, OF SRIMAT SANKARA- CHARYA.

(Translated from the Sanscrit by B. P. Narasimiah,
F. T. S.)

THE plan adopted in the following translation is, that the marginal numbers shall denote the respective numbers of the slokams in the original, and that the rendering shall be as literal and verbatim as possible.

1. The work called ATMA BODHA, which is desired by religious observers, and by sinless and dispassionate seekers after Moksham, will now be written.

2. Question :—Of so many ways to Moksham, why should knowledge, or wisdom, or Gnyanam alone be the chief?

Answer :—That relationship which exists between the fuel, &c., and the fire itself, in the culinary process, exists also between Tapas, &c., which are the several means of attaining Moksham, i. e., Nirvana and Gnyanam itself. As fire is the most important of all the materials necessary for cooking, so Gnyanam is the most important of all the means for attaining Moksham.

3. Ques :—Karma, i. e., ritual, has got wonderful power. While a small portion of such Karma can wash off all Agnyanam or darkness, how is Gnyanam necessary?

Ans :—Since Agnyanam and Karma are not hostile to each other, the latter cannot destroy the former, e. g., as dirt cannot wash off dirt, so no amount of such Karma or ritualistic observances can dispel that (spiritual) darkness—Agnyanam. But Gnyanam or Light (spiritual) alone, which is self-shining, can remove Agnyanam as the Sun drives off his opponent Darkness.

4. Ques :—How is it possible to attribute Kevalatvam, i. e., Oneness, to Atma which appears as different in different individuals?

Ans :—The sun is far away from the clouds, and is larger than the largest of them all. Still each patch of a cloud, screening the sun from us, gives him a distorted and a special aspect. This distortion and difference in appearance is due, not to the sun who is all-shining and has a uniform existence, but to the nature of such clouds. And no sooner the clouds vanish than the orb of light is seen to be one and the same. This analogy holds good in the case of Atma peeping out through so many loop-holes of bodies. When the cloud-like

Agnyanam or spiritual darkness disappears, that one Atma shines everywhere.

5. Ques :—How can Atma have the quality of oneness, i. e., non-duality, inasmuch as he has the knowledge of actions, which knowledge establishes Dwaitam or Duality?

Ans :—The knowledge of things in their true light (Vastu-tatwa-gnyanam), liberating Jiva from the fetters of ignorance, renders it pure, and dies away with that fetter-like ignorance, just as the particles of the water-purifying seed sink down with the sediment which they separate from the impure water in the process of purifying the same.

6. Ques :—How can one consistently deny the reality of this worldly-life, this material existence, this samsaram, while we are enjoying it?

Ans :—Just as a dream, which seems to us to be a reality while we are dreaming, is not so after waking, so the world of pride—Ahankara-prapancham—which is samsaram, to one who is blinded by love and hatred, appears to be all real or substantial so long as that one is involved in it, or enamoured of it; but no longer so after the acquisition of true knowledge or Gnyanam.

7. So long as the All-supporting Adwytam—non-dual—Brahma is not recognized, so long this world is believed in as a reality as mistakeably as one who discovers the real silver in the brightness of a pearl-shell.

8. As the water bubbles rise, exist, and burst in an ocean, so the worlds appear, exist, and disappear in Upadané Paraméswaré or Material-cause-like Paramés-wara or God.

9. Although the ornaments are of different shapes, yet they do not differ from gold in their quality; similarly the creatures, though of diverse forms, are not different from the Creator—the all-pervading, omnipresent, Sachchidananda-swarûpa Atma.

10. The Ruler of mind and all other senses, the all-pervading Paramâtma, under the cloaks of Sthula, Sûkshma, and Kârana Sariras, seems divided. This divided appearance ceases with the destruction of such cloaks. This is like the bits of the Akasas of different vessels, or finite spaces, becoming commingled with the universal Akasa, or Infinite Space, when such vessels are destroyed.

11. As to the water itself, which is naturally white and sweet, the qualities of bitterness, yellowness, &c., resulting from its contact with different soils, are attributed; so, to Atma who is Sachchidananda and who is casteless, nameless, and professionless, are assigned some caste, name, and profession, only through the Upâdhis—or causes or under the colour—of Sthula, Sûkshma, and Kârana Sariras.

(To be continued.)

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR STUDENTS OF OCCULTISM.

VII.—INTUITION.

Faith and Discrimination.

"Without Faith there is no excellence in this world."—

SIR BULWER LYTTON.

Every human being has the germ of certain occult powers in himself. In the majority of mankind they are latent and undeveloped. To develop them and bring them into activity man has to pass successively through three stages: Study, Understanding and Work, or as Eliphaz Levi has it: Theory, Realisation and Adaptation. Study may lead to comprehension and understanding; if it does not, it will have not the desired result and true realisation will be impossible. Knowledge without work adapted to the object in view will be a dead letter; but work, guided by knowledge and strengthened by frequent Experience and Practice, develops will and establishes permanent Power.

The greatest enemies of Power are Doubt and Fear; its great assistant is Faith. Our daily occupations, such

as walking and moving our limbs, are only successfully performed, because we have full and unwavering faith in our ability to perform them. There are occasionally cases met with, in which the Will is paralysed through doubt, and the patient is unable to walk, simply because he has not sufficient confidence in his power to do so, while, on the other hand, an indomitable will, strengthened by full faith in success, will accomplish marvellous deeds. The orator or the physician, who has no confidence in his own ability, will make many blunders, and if his clients or patients share his doubts, his usefulness will be seriously impaired, where even the ignorant fanatic or quack may succeed, because his faith communicates itself to the others and the conditions become more favourable to success.

Faith, therefore, even without perfect knowledge, may be more useful than knowledge without faith and consequently without action. Strong faith, even if resting upon an erroneous conception, may act powerfully in producing results. The "spiritual medium," who is fully convinced that his "spirits" can produce manifestations, does not doubt their ability to do so "if conditions are good" and the "spirits" are willing; but if he attempts to produce these manifestations through his own will-power, the efficacy of which he doubts, he will generally fail unless he has recourse to fraud. The only true efficacy of prayer and ceremonies consists in the establishment or strengthening of faith. Faith produces an exalted state of the imagination which banishes pain, cures disease, leads to heroism, and transforms hell into heaven.

Sir Bulwer Lytton says: "The victims of the ghostly ones are those that would aspire and can only fear." Fear and Doubt are the hell-born daughters of Ignorance that drag man down to perdition, while Faith is the white-robed angel that lends him her wings and endows him with power. "Samsayatna Vinasyati" (The Doubter perishes) said Krishna to Arjuna, his favourite disciple. There are two other enemies of success; their names are *Forgetfulness* and *Neglect*. The soul, that not fully realises the object it desires to accomplish, will often grow weary unless rendered strong by a continuous effort. Faith like Will and Imagination needs constant practice. The more an idea is cultivated, the more will it be realised, and to assist in its cultivation and realisation is the object of the various signs, symbols and words that are used in religious ceremonies and other performances of Magic.

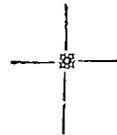
A sign like a letter or a word is useless, unless it conveys a meaning and unless that meaning is realised by him who uses the sign. The more the difficulty encountered in comprehending the meaning of the symbols and allegories, letters and signs, and the more the study required to understand them correctly, the more will the efforts used for that purpose strengthen the will and assist to realise the idea. The poetry of *Shakespeare* or *Schiller*, the eloquence of *Demosthenes* or the logic of *Plato* will have no effect on him who listens to them without understanding their language, and the most potent magical signs are useless drawings to him who cannot realise what they mean; while to him who is versed in occult science, a simple geometrical figure, even a line or a point, conveys a vast meaning.

Let us for instance examine the *Pentagramm* or the five-pointed star. Superstitious and credulous people believed once that at the sight of this sign wicked demons would fly away in terror, that it would protect houses against the sorcerer and the witch. The sign is found almost everywhere, on dry goods boxes as trademarks, on whiskey shops and houses of vice as ornaments, and the State of Texas has adopted it for its seal. Ununderstood it is nothing but an ordinary geometrical figure, and still through its use—if used with wisdom—man becomes a god.



It represents (amongst other things) the Microcosmos of Man and his power over the forces of Nature. The four lower triangles represent the four elementary forces of Nature with their correlations and interrelations, the dangers which threaten him from the physical and astral planes, and the temptations to which he is exposed through the senses. But all these triangles are interrelated with the triangle at the top, the seat of Wisdom and Intelligence, upon which they all act and which acts upon them all and can govern them by its will. By the right use of that sign, that is, by governing the lower instincts through wisdom, man gains mastery over the forces of nature. We must take care, that the figure is well drawn and leaves no open place; that means we must constantly have *all* our passions under control, because if one single pet-desire is permitted to enter the temple unguided, the harmony of the whole will be disturbed, but by drawing up all the elements of the lower triangles into the higher ones, and making them subservient to it, equilibrium will be established, power and immortality will be the result. The circle of triangles will then form into a square, the symbol of perfection, and man's destiny will be fulfilled.

To him who has knowledge, a single sign may express more than can be expressed in imperfect language. To the "Christian" the sign of the Cross represents an instru-



ment of torture and death, to the Occultist it represents the two dominant energies of Nature, Attraction and Repulsion, Matter and Spirit, the male and the female principles; and the point of intersection of the two lines, the Centre of Wisdom, the *Rose of the Cross*, the Central Sun of the Universe. He who has that sign, that means he who has wisdom [the central point] and knows how to guide the opposing forces of nature, will be victorious. *In Hoc Signo Vincas*, does not mean that in order to be successful in life we must hang on our clothes the sign of a cross, but that we must understand the meaning of the sign, and know how to employ it.

One of the most important signs, whose realisation gives power, is that of the double interlaced triangle, surrounded by a snake who bites his tail.



He who has thoroughly comprehended that sign knows the laws of evolution and involution; the laws of the descent of spirit into matter and the reascension of matter to spirit. He knows the never-ending cycles of eternity with its days and its nights. Six points are seen in the star, but the seventh in the centre cannot be seen. From this invisible centre, the great spiritual sun radiates its forces, forming a circle whose periphery is without limits and beyond comprehension, evolving systems of worlds and reabsorbing them into its bosom.

A sign represents an idea, and helps us to realise that idea; but no sign can be efficacious, unless it is properly applied. An old proverb says: "The road to hell is paved with good intentions." An intention is useless as long as it is not put into action. To *will* effectively

is to act. Active will, guided by wisdom, is represented in cabalistic language as the *Word*. "In the beginning was the word," means that *Wisdom* manifesting itself through *Power* came into *Activity* and called the universe into existence. A word or a language is an expression of thought, and to be perfect it must give perfect expression to the thought it is intended to express. In our present state of civilisation words are used for the purpose of concealing our thoughts, or to convey a false impression, and as the words are false, so are the acts which follow; words without wisdom and acts without justice. To give perfect expression to an idea is *Magic*; to act upon the imagination so as to create a false impression, is witchcraft, deception and lie, provided it is done for the purpose of gaining personal advantages through deception.* Such witchcraft is practised every day and in almost every station of life, from the orator in the pulpit who wheedles his audience into a belief that he possesses the keys of heaven and hell, down to the merchant who cheats with his goods. Such practices are publicly denounced and silently followed, and as the intellectual development of the race advances and its morality lags behind, these practices will be followed by others, that will finally end in Black Magic and bring destruction upon the nation.† Such has been the fate of former civilisations, and we can trace the action of that law at the present day.

As the power of good increases, so increases the power of evil, for neither good nor evil have any absolute existence by themselves. They are only relative terms and either exists only in relation to the other. It is therefore often extremely difficult to distinguish good from evil, and the first power which it is necessary for the student of occultism to acquire, is the power of proper *Discrimination*. If the primitive equilibrium had never been disturbed, there would be no life, if the poles of the magnet neutralise each other, there is no magnetism; if love and hate are equal, indifference is the result.

In the planes of relativity excess in any direction is bad; in the *absolute* there can be no excess, because it is infinite in itself. There can be no excess in *absolute Justice, Wisdom or Truth*, but on the lower planes all things must be weighed in the scales by the power of discrimination.

If we are able to discriminate properly and to appreciate everything according to its true value, we are then in possession of true occult power. If we wish to produce a mechanical or chemical effect, we must know how to discriminate between the forces of Nature. If you wish to control a man, you must study him and identify yourself with his feelings and yet remain mentally and spiritually above him. If you want to control a spirit, you must enter into the sphere of his prevailing thought, then rise morally above him, and you will attract him and drag him wherever you like.

Only an intelligent and well balanced mind can discriminate properly and be able to distinguish between the real and its ever-changing forms, and only such a mind is fit to dive into the hidden mysteries of Nature and Mind, to have his inner sight opened, and greater powers conferred upon him by the process of *Initiation*.

* A Parliamentary decree was passed and registered under King Louis XV: "Whoever by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips, shall seek to entice into the bonds of marriage any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft and declared incapable of matrimony."

† It may be said that under the above definition all sleight of hand performers might be considered wizards. This is, however, not the case; for although such performances deceive the senses and are produced for the purpose of gain, still they take place with the consent of the audience, who know that they are to be deceived, and the essential element of fraud is wanting. If the audience at public seances insults the "mediums," it is because they believe themselves victims of fraud. Sleight of hand performers are not usually subject to such attacks.

He who has reached that stage need not search for an *Adept* to instruct him; the *Adept* will be attracted to him, and become his instructor, in the same manner as a man may be attracted by the beauty of an animal or of a flower.

He, who ascends to the top of a high mountain, need not inquire for somebody to bring him pure air. Pure air surrounds him there on all sides. The realm of wisdom is not limited by space, and he whose mind is receptive will not suffer from want of divine influx, to feed his inspiration. Inspiration presupposes Aspiration and *the best way to aspire is to act*.

The power to discriminate properly, or, in other words, to perceive the truth clearly and without doubt, is called *Intuition*. It is the highest degree of Intellection and is the result of practice and growth either in a previous birth or in the present existence. It is itself the highest *Reason*, and can therefore not be opposed to the results at which we arrive by reasoning, provided we reason on the highest plane of unselfish thought. On the lower planes our personal interests may clash with the dictates of our intuition, and by a continued disregard for the voice of *Intuition* and *Conscience* the perception of the spirit becomes clouded and the higher *Intuitions* are lost.

The school in which the occultist graduates has many classes, each class representing a life. The days of vacation may arrive before the lesson is learned, and what has been learned may be forgotten during the time of vacation; but still the impression remains and a thing once learned is easily learned again. This accounts for the different talents with which men are endowed, and for their propensities for good or for evil. No effort is lost, every cause creates a corresponding effect, no favors are granted, no vicarious atonement takes place. Blind and deaf is the law of justice, dealing out to every one according to his merits or demerits; but he who has no selfish desire for reward and no cowardly fear of punishment, but who dares to act rightly because he cannot act wrong, identifies himself with the law and in the equilibrium of the law will he find his *Power*.

A. B.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF SERPENT-BITE.

(From the Maharatta, Poona.)

Horatio—Oh! day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet—And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

I am a Joint Subordinate Judge here at Rahimutpur which is a Taluka station about 15 miles from Sattara. On Tuesday last, 16th September, 1884, I witnessed a spectacle which has filled me with astonishment and which mightily strengthened my belief in the mysterious ways of Nature. My residence here is just opposite to the Court house. There is a fine Dharamsala to the left of my house, where a Mahar woman called Sarja was brought in the evening and was announced as having been bit by a serpent. She was surrounded by her Mahar relations who were in a fright. The Mahar woman who was pregnant and who was more than 30 years old was bitten by a large serpent in her own hovel, which is in the Maharwada or the place where the Mahars live. She was doing some domestic work in the house and while yet there was left some daylight outside the house, inside it was dark and she began to light the lamp.

In the corner was lying at ease a large serpent that coiled itself round her right leg, the toe of which was bitten by the animal. Well, when she was brought to the Dharamsala, some of the villagers assembled there—and I too, actuated by an intense feeling of curiosity, went to see the spectacle. Two Mantrees, or persons who are well versed in the art of curing the serpent-bite by charging water with the potency of some Magic words which they chant, were present on the spot. I personally knew both of them before this time. One is a clerk in the Sub-Judge's Court and is a pious Brahmin by caste. His name is Vishnu R. Dandekar. The other is

also a Brahmin and a resident of this village. He is reputed to be a most powerful Mantree or magician, who calls the serpent's self and compels it to speak through the instrumentality of the person bitten. From all the surrounding villages, persons bitten by serpents are brought to him, and if the patient exhibits the least marks of life, it is said, he never fails in his cure. This man's name is Balkoba Gizre. There was present also a kumbhee, a third Mantree, a tall bold Patell, who is known in the village as Ganu Naikavde. The patient, Sarja, was firmly tied by cords to one of the pillars of the Dharamsala by her relatives. She had no consciousness whatever. Her eyes were open and she wildly looked into the air. Gradually she opened her mouth and began to move about or flourish her tongue, presenting a very horrid appearance. Then she began to throw out foam. These were the symptoms—so far as I could see from a short distance. Of course I am not a doctor by profession. Nor had I ever before seen a person bitten by a venomous serpent. But the people, who were present there and who had seen several cases of Serpent-bite, said that but for the Mantrees, she would have died within an hour or two. I will now describe in detail the process of the Mantrees. Although there were three Mantrees present, they elected one of them to disenchant the patient. That was the clerk in my court—Mr. V. R. Dandekar. A few branches of Kadu (bitter) Limb tree were ordered for and a large pot filled with stream water was also procured. On the branches of the tree, the large Tambia (brass pot) with water in it was placed. The clerk began to mesmerise or enchant the water and soon after commenced to throw it with force by the palm of his hand against the bare face of the woman, who was tied down, who was completely unconscious and whose tongue and eyes were rolling about and whose mouth was foaming. Within about 15 minutes she began to move about her head to and fro and shortly after began to grumble. The second Mantree, who was simply squatting by the side of Mr. Dandekar, said in a high tone, "Speak you out. Who are you? Aha! perhaps you are the Málée." With a horrid smile, staring eyes, the woman nodded but said nothing. Soon she said, upon Balkoba's asking her if the Málée wanted bread and Methee vegetable; "I am not Málée, I am serpent." The Mantrees said, "Nag or Sap?" (Cobra or other serpent). She said, "Sap" (serpent). "Why did you bite her?"—said the Mantrees. "I bit her because I wanted to take her away as a prey that I liked." After a good deal of trouble and manipulation and threats, &c., the woman said—"I am a Mahar, my name is Sabha Mahar, I am a father-in-law of this woman. I did good to my sons. But they never gave me any thing. My elder son married twice and in all there were four marriages in the house, but no 'Nivada' or gift of food was made to me. I wished to come to the loins of this woman. I wished that my name should be given to my grand-son. But they did not do so." The serpent said he would not go as he liked the pregnant woman to be his prey or victim. The words were: "Potce-seela konee Sodatal?" "Will any wise person leave or let go such a fine prey as a pregnant woman?" Although the Mantrees, of whom Mr. Dandekar who was actually operating upon and Mr. Balkoba who was advising him, repeatedly told her or rather the serpent who was speaking in her, to leave her, the serpent was obstinate and repeatedly said that he was extremely unwilling to let go such a prey and he had made his mind to take her away, that is, "to kill her." "What is the good to you if you take her away?"—said the Mantrees. The serpent said: "I will get a name: they all will say the serpent took away a pregnant woman: so I will get fame." The Mantrees said: "You shall not get the prey, you shall not take it away. Ask for some other gift, such as food to eat and you will get it". The serpent said it did not want any. "Where are you?"—said the Mantrees. "I am sitting under the Kangee (a large Bambu or thatch basket to store corn in)", said the serpent. In fact, this scene was going on for about two hours. I had my watch with me. When I went to the Dharamsala, which is only next door to my house, it was about half past 7 p. m. And when the cure was actually completed, it was 10 minutes past 10. But let me proceed. Mr. Dandekar at last could not exert sufficient power over the serpent so as to compel it to leave her. But, by the bye, I forgot to state one important circumstance, and that was the serpent actually told which toe and which leg it was that was bitten and after some expostulation the serpent was persuaded to lick back the poison. Again and

again the serpent promised to leave her and go away and actually commenced to lie down and move on like a creeping thing in a pretence of leaving. The surrounding people thought now the serpent would leave her; but again it came and the woman waved about her palm on the ground in the fashion of a moving serpent. At last the third kumbhee Mantree came forward, brought another large vessel filled with stream water and began to mesmerise or influence it by breathing on it. In the meantime, the Mantree ordered the woman to be taken aside and deprived of her greenish Lugda (cloth or lower garment) and put on a white cloth—which they did. The woman was again brought to the pillar and tied down, three or four of her relatives holding her tightly. The Mantree commenced with a considerable force to throw the enchanted water against her face which was muffled in a portion of the white cloth. The serpent felt stifled or suffocated, as the woman breathed heavily, and at last left the woman. Seeing that she fell down, the Patell Mantree asked her relatives to call her by her name. Thereupon one of the nearest relatives of the woman, who was by her side and who was holding her, called her out by her name "Sarja get up;" the woman answered the call and slowly got up and regaining consciousness said to the man, "Why are you here?" To the surprize of all present she was completely cured and free to stand. Some Limb leaves were given her by the Patell Mantree to eat, and when she was asked "How do you taste?"—she said "Bitter!" "There it is," said the Mantree; "you can take her away, but before you take her away, let her drink some water from the Tambia." She drank the water and she was soon taken away to her house, walking on her own legs. Dear Editor, all this I saw with my own eyes. So far as my wits could imagine, I could not possibly detect any humbug or imposture. I have read and heard and seen a great deal about the Theosophists as I was in Bombay then when Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky first landed in India and for many years afterwards.

I had myself very little faith in mesmerism, occultism and *Mantrism*. But I must frankly confess—during the last week here at Rahimutpoor I saw three instances of what I call "*Mantrism*" and in the three instances there was scarcely any ground for suspicion. The one principal instance has already been described above with details. Of the two other instances one was a similar cure effected by means of water enchanted by Balkoba Gizre. Mr. P. V. Gupte is the permanent Subordinate Judge of this place. He has kept a tonga. About 8 days ago, one of his ponies was bitten by a cobra while the pony was in the stable. It was in the afternoon Mr. Gupte was in the court doing his work. When he got the information that his pony was bitten by a serpent he went home and requested his friends to go to Balkoba Gizre and fetch him. Mr. Balkoba simply prepared the water and sent it to be given to the pony. The symptoms were—the snout of the pony was enormously swollen, it would not eat any thing and was thoroughly inactive. By administering the water to the pony as directed by Mr. Balkoba, the Mantree, within about two days the pony became better and is now doing well. On Saturday last, the 14th September 1884, my cook was bit by a scorpion. The cook is a young man of tall stature and very strong. So for a while he patiently suffered the pain. When I heard it (it was 7 or 8 o'clock in the night) I went down to see how the cook was doing. I sent for Mr. Dandekar, who came after a short time, and asked for some Ash (Rakli). He chanted the mantra—or muttered some words and threw the ash on the part affected, and, to my great surprize, within about twenty minutes, the part affected by the poison became less and less so and at last the pain was confined to the toe of his right leg, which was in fact the part bitten by the scorpion. The pain was removed. That night my cook slept soundly. I have simply stated the facts to you as I saw them and leave your readers to believe or disbelieve them. These Mantrees are the doctors of the villagers. In these villages, there are no dispensaries—no doctors. Men live and die entirely at the mercy of the Mantrees and the so-called quacks. But when in the civilized towns serpent-bitten patients have no hopes whatever and doctors quietly bend down their heads and sit idle, the Mantrees, if the patient only has some life left in him, boldly commence their attacks on the poison. It is a pity there is not as much sympathy for the cause of *Mantrism*, on the part of those

who can promote the cause of science, because instances such as those I have seen are not brought to their notice. These Mantrees are generally men of no education. And consequently it is so difficult to induce them to show their wonderful skill to the world. They do their performances, no doubt, in the midst of a crowd of villagers, but if they are asked, for instance, to go to Bombay and submit themselves to be tested before a Committee of learned doctors, it will require a deal of trouble to persuade them to do so. However that may be, it is quite certain that the learned and the Government do not do their best to unravel these secrets. The Mantrees are not mere humbug and imposture; I already believe it and I hope to be more and more convinced of the fact in course of time.

GOVIND WASUDEV KANITKAR,
Joint Subordinate Judge,
Rahimulpur.

21st Sept. 1884.

We testify to the facts described in the above letter by Mr. G. W. Kanitkar, as we both were present on the occasion in question when the Mahar woman "Sarju" was bitten by a serpent and was cured by the Mantrees of our village.

GOPAL BABAJI PARANJPE,
English Pleader in the Sub-Judge Court.
TUKARAM SUYAJI LELEY,
Super. Vernacular School.

21st Sept. 1884.

Note.—Was the woman bitten by a poisonous snake, or was she in a fit of hysterics?

THE BORDER LAND BETWEEN MATTER AND SPIRIT.

(By a Hindoo.)

MATTER is a term, the definition of which is so well known that it need not be defined here anew. All that is *not* matter, nor a *condition* of matter, nor a *force* which cannot be conceived separately from matter, but at the same time the *existence of which is undisputed*, we call *spirit*. *Time and space*, we exclude from the above definition, because they are mere *voids* which we limitedly appropriate for certain purposes. The above definition of *spirit* is, we are aware, very imperfect and unscientific. By the very nature of the subject it *must* be so. Until, however, a more correct and scientific one could be framed, that definition will answer all purposes we have before us.

That there is *existence* and yet not *matter* we all know and admit. Some of these existences are manifest to our external senses. Others are known from their effects. There is no *material* difference between a living man and one recently dead. But yet what a great difference! What is the factor, which by being present in the one and absent in the other makes the difference? You think, calculate, judge and feel in your waking moments. There is a disorderly caricature of these in your dreams. What a vast difference between the two? What is the factor that makes the difference? It does not come under the definition of *matter*. Yet it is not independent of matter. If independent, a man shot or strangled should not die. A man who in dream ineffectually belabours his adversary should not pant and perspire.

The moon is known to influence tides in the sea. Why should this be? Every day every point on earth faces the moon—its dark or bright surface. Why should the bright surface act on tides, and that in proportion to its brightness? It is *not* the *light*, for solar light is much stronger, and the moon's light is only a reflection of the solar light which does not itself affect tides. What is it then? It is notorious that certain bodily ailments—asthma particularly—exhibit paroxysms when the moon is full or new. It is a fact that the blossoms of the mango tree drop off largely during the "last quarter," when the moon rises between midnight and day-break. What connection is there between the moon and bodily ailments, or between the moon and mango flowers? No material link is conceivable. Yet matter is affected by *something*. Rats desert a house about to fall, and certain species of leech show great commotion when a storm is impending. In neither case man sees immediate sign of the approaching event. How is this to be accounted for?

Light and sound stand on the verge of the material world. What is light? It is not matter in itself, but it becomes perceptible when it touches matter. Also it must emanate from matter. The theory of light is that it is the effect of waves produced by luminous or light-producing matter on

ether which is said to fill all space. What is this *ether* again? The chemist calls certain gaseous or liquid substances by the name of *ether*. That is, however, *matter* which can be tested. The ether of the Light-theorists is quite another thing. It cannot be matter for various reasons. *Impenetrability* is one of fundamental laws of matter. If ether and atmospheric air are both matter they cannot co-exist—each manifesting its qualities distinctively. But light and air do co-exist, independently of one another so far as their main characteristics go. Air causes refraction—glass too causes refraction. The very fact of air and glass and other *matter* allowing light to *pass through*, only bending the rays more or less, would show that one or the other is not matter. A ray of light does not pass through a pane of glass on the same principle that a jet of water passes through a cloth or filter. In the latter case it is a subtler matter passing through a less compact one. So is the passing of air and gases through liquids. But a ray of light which easily passes through a disc of thick plate glass is intercepted by a disc of thin metal or wood or paste-board. Yet, the fact of refraction would show that there is *something* material in light or light-conveying ether. What is it then?

Again, light analyses itself into *colors*. That is, when light falls on a body, a portion of its component parts is absorbed by that body, and the rest is reflected. The reflected portion is its *color*. What is this absorption—Chemical? Mechanical? Neither. The body is the same in quality and quantity both in a dark room and in light. It neither undergoes a chemical change nor changes in weight and dimensions by being brought from a dark room to light. But there are instances in which light *does* chemically affect matter. Photography for instance. Thus, light displays *some* properties of matter and transgresses other laws of matter.

Speaking of reflection and color, is it not queer that two substances of the same chemical constitution should absorb entirely different parts of light? Think of diamond and charcoal—both carbon. The leaves of a plant—say, geranium—are of the same chemical composition as its blossoms. Yet, the leaves reflect green rays, while the flowers reflect pink, scarlet, yellow, &c.

Light is a positive existence. Is it matter? If we accept it as matter we must greatly remodel the present theory of matter. But can we say that light is *not* matter? That too is very hard.

Let us turn to *sound*. Sound is produced by air in motion. But it is not *all* motion of air that produces sound. A strong gust of wind, *in itself*, has hardly any marked sound. It whistles, it rustles, it howls and it moans according to the nature of the trees it passes, but those sounds are *not* the effect of the *main* motion of the air. Sound is produced by the *vibratory* or *tremulous* motion of the air. When a hurricane produces hardly any definite sound, the cracking of one of your knuckles gives a sharp and well defined sound. A close room keeps out a hurricane, but it only partially intercepts *sound*.

These vibratory and sound-producing air waves are of *infinite* variety. The *directions* in which they vary are two—quantity, and quality or *pitch*. From the tick of a lady's watch to the mighty thunder you find the range of *quantity*. From the first bass key in an organ or harmonium to the last treble key, you find the range of *pitch*. Quantity or loudness of sound is determined by the vigor and volume of vibration. *Pitch* depends upon the shortness or length of vibration. The greater the tension of a wire or other sound-producing matter the shorter is the vibratory wave. So also, tension being the same, the shorter the length, the higher is the pitch.

The reader is presumed to know something of the *Gamut* whether in Hindu or European music. What can be more remarkable than that the fundamental note, after gradual intermediate variations (six according to the musical scales of all nations) should re-exhibit itself as its *octaves*? That the identity between the fundamental note and its octaves is not a conventional or fanciful one is abundantly evident enough from their extreme harmony. Stronger proof exists, not only to show the identity but symphonic activity. Most readers know the Hindu musical instrument *Tambur*. It is a mere accompaniment to other instruments or vocal music. It has one brass and three steel wires raised on bridges at either end. The movable bridge on the larger or "pot" end is flat—about an inch in breadth and well polished. The wires, when struck, slightly rub against this surface. To increase the continuity of the vibration small cotton or silk

threads are introduced between each wire and the bridge at such points as would raise the wire so as to just touch the edge of the bridge while vibrating but not while at rest. The first or brass wire is tuned C. The second steel wire is tuned G. The third and fourth steel wires are alike tuned C C octave.

Now, ordinarily when one wire is struck, it is only that wire that vibrates. But in the above instrument, provided it is a well made one, when one of the C C octaves is struck and immediately stopped with your finger, the other continues to vibrate feebly and emit a feeble note. This does occur only if the two wires are tuned to exactly the same pitch. Otherwise the fellow wire is perfectly mute. Again, the bass C, when struck and stopped, vibrates the octave C C if they are tuned to its exact octave, but not otherwise. The reverse also may be produced. Is it not extraordinary that a sound wave should move, when near enough, inert matter prepared to emit one exactly like itself or exactly its octave higher or lower, and be inoperative otherwise?

The reflection of a sound wave is called *Echo*. This occurs under certain conditions of substance and surface resisting the original sounds. Under certain conditions all sounds are reflected or echoed, but under others only sounds of certain pitch are reflected. Is not this extraordinary?

When we pass on from light and sound to *Electricity*, its mysterious intermediateness between matter and spirit is even more striking. Electricity, whether frictional, thermal, voltaic or magnetic, is, in principle, the same. The wonders which have been achieved through its agency need hardly be recounted. It not only conveys, instantaneously over thousands of miles, to one end motion of identical kind induced at the other, as in the case of the telegraph, but reproduces, at a more limited distance, the finest sound waves as in the case of the telephone. Why certain substances should produce but not convey electricity, why others should transmit but not produce it, is, in itself, a wonder.

Why should a magnet attract iron, and that so powerfully as to overcome even terrestrial gravitation? Magnet is *chemically* not very different from iron itself. What is it then that makes one piece of iron so immensely powerful over another? When a magnetic needle is freely suspended, why should one end invariably point to the north and the other to the south? It may be said that the earth itself is magnetic and smaller magnets correspond to its magnetic polarity. That will only shift the question one step further. Why should the earth possess this polarity?

To all such questions it will be urged, we are aware, that the province of *science* recognises only the careful and comprehensive collection of facts and phenomena, the collation, comparison and analysis of those facts and phenomena, the elimination of false analogies and false conclusions, and the evolution of certain unerring laws and principles from well ascertained facts. As for pushing the *reason why*, science has always recognised and submitted itself to a Statute of Limitation. Perfectly so. It is only contended that because a Statute of Limitation, imposed by nature or Nature's Author, bars the researches of science, sciences should not dogmatically deny the existence of what it cannot ascertain and solve.

Hitherto we have been speaking of things universally acknowledged and seen as affecting matter. Having followed us so far, the reader is requested to do so further. In doing so, further indulgence is requested not to turn away from facts which have not received the stamp of science.

Take a child to a mixed company of strangers. From one of them the child turns away with instinctive horror. Another it looks on with suspicion. Another it is indifferent to. To another it gives a stealthy glance of pleasure. With another it smiles, prattles and fondles freely. What is it that creates these varieties of impression upon the infantile mind. Is it matter? A grown up man may, after close examination and long experience, find differences of inner character. But any two strangers are also the same to him at first sight. Indeed in the case of a grown up man there is the excuse that from previous experience of the association of attractive or repulsive features with attractive or repulsive characters he makes ready inferences. A child has no such experience to fall back upon. Is it matter? No. At the same time we cannot say that it is *not* matter for it is the contour and expression of the faces of the different strangers that creates the different impressions in the child.

Mr. Herbert Spencer in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review* relates an anecdote in the way of illustration to a

certain political dictum of his. He once saw a child looking unconcernedly at a hideous mask when it was on the table or in its parent's hand, but no sooner was it worn on that parent's face than the child screamed and bolted off. Why should this be so?

We have read of orators and actors who had kindled anger, sorrow and other passions, unboundedly in the hearts of the audience, and of others whose efforts have fallen flat, though the cause in each case was equally good. What is this power of mind upon mind?

The bending of the ends of slender creepers and tendrils from one direction to another by sheer mental force is an ordinary practice among Indian Magicians. This is done in a manner which excludes all chances of trickery.

Our readers must be familiar with snake-charmers. They must have seen how the reptiles listen with absorbed attention to their piping and are completely at their command. The writer of this has known a very extraordinary North India Jogi belonging to this class but far above the ordinary run. He would *summon* snakes from the unlikeliest places—not only from trees and groves and bushes but from the roof, ceiling, casements, cornices and cellars of inhabited houses, from rice fields, from sluices and drains, from holes on the face of laterite cliffs and from the retiring wave of the sea itself. One day the writer of this was walking with him in an avenue of old Banyan trees, knarled and exhibiting holes in their huge trunks and roots. The snake-charmer never knew previously that we would both walk that way that day. As we passed each tree, he was asked whether it contained a snake and he continued to reply in the negative, till suddenly he said "yes" when one of the trees was pointed out to him. He was asked to prove it. That day being a religious fast he refused to summon and catch the snake but poked the hole with the little switch he had with him, and instantly there issued the clear hiss of the deadly cobra! How did he know it? Let us suppose that he had previously deposited the snake in the hole. Why should the snake remain there to abide his orders? This man was sent up to a sceptical European friend for trial; and he summoned and caught three snakes from places pointed out by that European friend.

The powers of mesmerism are too fully acknowledged, especially in America, to be summarily denied. Ancient India knew its counterpart. The *Tántrikas* and *Mántrikas* make certain mysterious passes with their hands over the body they mean to influence. The most orthodox Vaidik performs the *Nyása* pass over his own body before performing Japan of any *Sukta* or *Kavacha*.

Astrology, so much scouted by moderns, has still its hold upon mankind, and belief in it may often be seen in the most unexpected quarters. A European friend told us the other day that some years ago he was going to a timber depôt in the heart of forests and situated on an islet formed by two branches of a large river. It was perfectly dry weather and the streams were quite dry. Happening to meet an astrologer on the way, he was warned that three days hence there would be heavy rain and a terrible flood in the river. There was not a speck of rain-cloud in the sky; and poo-hooing the prediction he went on to the timber depôt. The result was, rain came in torrents on the predicted day, the river was inundated, shutting out all passage and washing away much valuable timber, and compelled him to live most miserably in an improvised log-hut on the most elevated part of the islet for several days. *He*, for one, professes belief in *astrology*, however much *astrologers* may be impostors in many cases. We have known instances in which the date of child-birth and the sex of the child have been foretold with perfect correctness.

A certain Collector of a certain district in the Madras Presidency had a family of several daughters but not a single son. Having had, in the course of his official life, to associate with Native gentlemen of all shades of faith, he was advised by several natives to take sea-baths at Ramesvaram to get a son! Of course, he derided the proposal, but thinking that a sea-bath could do no harm he did bathe at Dhavamkoti. *And he had a son shortly after!*

From time to time Mr. Pogson, our Government Astronomer, has placed before the public his observations of sun spots and other manifestations of the solar photosphere, and given his predictions founded thereon of cyclones and droughts. As it must be in all such cases, some of these predictions have been borne out by events and others falsified. But, of course, when the Government Astronomer predicts

rain it is charged to science. When your Kuppaswami Josyar predicts rain from the position of planets and so forth it is imposture!

The writer of this has often actually received a letter or telegram soon after the idea of the coming in of one had occurred. Is not this mysterious telegraphy far more wonderful than the electric telegraph? He has on two occasions had what is called "second sight," both fatal to the men so seen. The first occurred more than 12 years ago. There was a servant of his family whom he used to see very often during his boyhood, but only very occasionally latterly. One day he saw the man distinctly on the road as he was taking his morning drive. That very day or the next he heard that the man was dead, but on enquiring where and when he died he was told that he died in his village (40 miles distant) where he had been confined to bed for about a month! The second occurred only last year. A certain man of some respectability took leave of him to go to his village (some 22 miles off) whither he had to proceed by boat. The next morning he saw him distinctly at a particular place where he used to be every day. He thought the man did not go although he took leave of him. On the morning following that day he heard that the poor man left town on the very day he took leave of him, his boat capsized in the way and he found a watery grave. There is not a shadow of doubt of his having seen the two men as described. What is the cause of this?

The May number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a paper on the "Personal Recollections" of the late Prince Leopold by Frederic Myers. The writer repeats a story told to him by the Prince.

"It was at Cannes, he said, in boyhood; he was standing on the beach, awake and in day light, when suddenly the beach at Cannes became the beach at Osborne, and every well-known detail was re-produced with exactness, even to the presence of two labourers, a father and son, whom he had sometimes seen on the rocks of the English shore. The scene, he said, was not dreamlike, but real; but even as he stepped forward to accost the labourers it melted away."

Again; the foot note at the conclusion of the article runs thus:

"The last time I saw him to speak to," writes a friend from Cannes, March 30, 'being two days before he died, he would talk to me about death, and, said he would like a military funeral, and, in fact, I had great difficulty in getting him off this melancholy subject. Finally, I asked, 'Why, Sir, do you talk in this morose manner,' as he was about to answer he was called away, and said, 'I will tell you later.' I never saw him to speak to again, but he finished his answer to me to another lady, and said, 'For two nights now Princess Alice has appeared to me in my dreams, and says she is quite happy, and that she wants me to come and join her: that is what makes me so thoughtful.'"

Dreams certainly have a well traceable physical origin. Indigestion, feverishness, irritation of the kidneys, over-exertion of the brains and other causes produce dreams. In fact, in the great majority of cases some such physical cause is absolutely necessary to produce the *dreaming condition*. But there their functions end. Most dreams are kaleidoscopic groupings and disintegrations of thoughts and perceptions which the dreamer owned at one time or other of his life. They fade away almost the next instant after they bud out. But there are dreams which one sometimes can never forget during the rest of his life owing to the depth and vividness of the impression. *These* are surely not the involuntary efflorescence of brain activity under physical causes. They are psychical and not physical.

The Theosophists have given us records of their experiences. It is hard to believe that men of honor, enlightenment and liberal education like Colonel Olcott, Mr. Sinnett and Mr. Hume would stoop to utter falsehoods. Even supposing that in their enthusiasm they have been led to overestimate man's control over occult powers and occult phenomena, and granting that their assertions of such control should be accepted with reservation, we are, by no reason, justified in denying the very existence of those powers and phenomena. The oldest of physical sciences recognise phenomena, as we have already observed, which they fully perceive but cannot explain and reduce to exactitude. In the case of those there is the major and determined part, and there is the minor undetermined part. The *ratio* between these two parts must considerably vary according to the nature of the subject. Lord Macaulay has somewhere observed that Physiology is a

science, but Phrenology is charlatanry. On calm thought the true meaning of this will be found to be that in Physiology the determined is the major portion and the undetermined the minor portion, but in Phrenology it is *vice versa*.

The facts which we have stated in this paper, and many more which we might have enumerated, if space permitted, must convince any unprejudiced person that there is a world of existence of which we have only glimpses to the extent that it influences, or is influenced by, *matter* under our observation and known to us. To use a geological term, there is going on a most gradual disintegration of this mysterious,—let us call—*spiritual* world, and a transition of the unknown to the known, just as particles of quartz, felspar, hornblende, mica and various minerals and metallic ores which ages ago formed the hard masses of mountains, may be found in the beds of rivulets of populated and cultivated plains. It would be as unreasonable to deny the existence of those mountain masses either from the paucity or the unknown qualities of these particles as to deny the existence of a world unknown to us, because we cannot correctly understand and explain the facts and phenomena lying in the border land between matter and spirit or, in other words, between the known and the unknown.

The greatest discovery, since that of the universal gravitation by Newton, is that of organic evolution and natural selection by Darwin. What a flood of light has it thrown upon Cosmogony! Creation, in relation to that void which we call time, has been retrojected to infinity. Geology had done this before Darwin, so far as *inorganic* nature was summoned to give evidence. Darwin has added wonderful corroboration drawn from organic nature. He has shown that the highest developed mammals, including man, have been evolved during countless ages from the simplest protoplasm. Sir William Denison, one of our former Governors, in a controversial pamphlet, gave leave to Mr. Darwin to seek his remote ancestor in the wilds of Central Africa, and thought that that was a capital hit. But Sir William need not have summoned the Gorilla to his aid. The simplest larvæ of insects would have furnished the type of ancestry not only of himself and Mr. Darwin but of the whole animal kingdom!

The real difficulty in the theory of evolution and natural selection is that of accounting for the *spiritual* development hand in hand with the *material* one. The development of matter itself is easy to understand. But the matter *alone* is not the universe. If Darwin, Huxley and others have been reviled as atheists, it is partly their own fault, inasmuch as they have treated *spiritual* evolution as *ultra vires*. How much would an acknowledgment on their part of *spiritual* evolution have harmonised the theory of the economy of the universe and reconciled science with religion!

So far as *matter* is concerned, the distinction of *organic* and *inorganic* is simply one of *condition*. What is *organic* matter to-day, may become *inorganic* matter to-morrow. What is the factor which is found in *organic* and not found in *inorganic* matter? That is what we make ourselves bold to call *spirit*. Hence, the evolution of organic nature *must be dual and concurrent*.

Material and spiritual. Just as *material* evolution has gone on from the simple monad to the highly elaborate human body, *spiritual* evolution has gone on from the *life* or *energy* (or whatever makes it *organic*) to the human soul itself. But while *matter*, unconnected with *spirit*, is incapable of evolution, *spirit*, unconnected with matter not only not sinks into inertness, but from all that is known to us, becomes all the more active. That there are existences, not *material* in themselves but observable as influencing matter, has been clearly shown. Some of these existences are perceptible to our external senses so far as they affect matter; and to a certain extent science has evolved the laws of their operation. Other existences there are, which are not cognisable by our external senses but are equally beyond doubt. Science can do little about them, though it has pretended to do much in the negative way of cavilling! There are others which, even to our internal senses, are not uniformly manifest but take their own good time for manifestation. There is no reason whatever to deny *still other* existences, *entirely* unknown to us. Thus, there is a *world* of *spiritual* existence as surely as there is a world of *material* existence—the one intimately connected with the other.

Natural or material evolution is said to be effected by the parent's leaving in the germ all the development attained by itself with power to develop further. Now, as regards

spiritual evolution it will be objected that we are at a loss to conceive the relation of parent and germ in *spirit*. Let us remember that in what is called natural or material evolution it is not simple inert matter that develops, for we don't see any development in *inorganic* matter. It is matter *acted upon by spirit* that is capable of evolution. However, though matter is dependent upon spirit for evolution, spirit is not dependent on matter. In other words, although we ordinarily perceive only the *co-evolution* of matter and spirit, we have no right whatever to deny purely spiritual evolution.

It is here that the theory alike of the Hindu and Buddhist religions beautifully fits in. That theory recognises the existence of *Linga Deha* or atomic and non-material *body* or sheath of pure spirit. This body is not relinquished when the connection between spirit and matter ceases. It retains the spiritual germ of past and future development. It is even like the real picture formed by the lens of a camera but not received on a solid material surface. *It exists*, but is not perceptible to material senses, until it manifests itself again when it vivifies matter. Such combinations and separations between spirit and matter occur *ad infinitum*—*spiritual* evolution going on both in its free and combined states and *material* evolution going on only when in its combined or organic state. The law of *selection*, too, perfectly harmonizes with the evolution of *spirit in Linga Deha*—it always preferring for the next manifestation such combination of matter as is in evolutionary continuity with its *previous* combination.

If it is possible to conceive spiritual existences which are sometimes latent and at other times manifest in their combinations with matter, it is possible also to conceive other spiritual existences which never directly combine with matter, but nevertheless have their influence upon matter. Thus, it is conceivable that there are beings, having their *Linga Dehas* but no *material* bodies, superior to all organic beings, and exercising their influence on the seen world. It is conceivable, in short, that there is a mighty world of existence around us, both near and afar.

We maintain that *all creation*, material and spiritual, proceeded from One Source, which has no beginning and which has no end. All *matter* came to existence from Its Will. All *spirit is Itself*, under varying conditions of *Linga Deha*. When *spirit* frees itself from its *Linga Deha* bond, it becomes *one with its Great Original*.

How man has to work towards this, what knowledge he has of the spiritual world, what influence it is possible for him to obtain over it, are questions which we cannot enter into here.

We know that what we have ventured to assert in this paper will naturally be fiercely assailed. However, our aim is not to do justice. We only wish to set the public a-thinking on the *most important subject* which we ought to think upon.—(*People's Magazine*.)

CIVILIZATION AND MORALITY COMPATIBLE WITH INFIDELITY.

BY AN AMERICAN F. T. S.

MANY misguided Christians are in the habit of asserting that "Infidelity" and "Immorality" are merely synonymous terms. In fact, even in America, not forty years ago, an avowed infidel was always looked upon with mistrust, although as a matter of fact he was invariably of as good, and frequently of better, morals than those who mistrusted him. It was the fate of poor Thomas Paine to be hounded in that way. But times and men have changed since then, so that it is now admitted that an infidel may be as good a man as a Christian. For all that, however, bigotted Christians still exist in some number, who regard infidels with suspicion, and who seem to suppose that morality and progress can only be secured under the Christian dispensation. They forget that great empires existed, flourished, were moral, and enacted laws under the beneficent effect of which we even now live, and yet they were not Christian, nor had the smallest idea of Christianity.

In order to illustrate this in our own time, I wish to refer your readers to an example to be found in the United States, in the Western State called Minnesota.

Here in 1854, some Germans from the city of Chicago founded a city in a very pleasant valley and called it

"New Ulm." A few years later, the Turner Societies of Chicago, Cincinnati and other large cities, whose members are what Christians call godless, sent out searchers for a new city, and hit upon New Ulm. They bought a controlling interest in it and there set up their "infidel" form of government. They thrived, although they had some bad experiences as had other towns. But the President of the town said the other day that in fifteen years he had not seen a street fight, while such things—and worse—are of daily common occurrence in our *god-fearing* cities. And now they are prosperous, happy and tolerant, for Christians may and do live there. They had an awful tornado once which did much damage, and some Christians called it a warning; but the Ulmites said that if God was a beneficent ruler he would not thus afflict his creatures. So the argument seemed to cut both ways.

The case of Utah—the Mormon territory, unchristian and polygamous—may also be taken into account. It is a territory where there is a better average of honesty than in other states, and its prosperity is proverbial.

We must, therefore, conclude that a belief in Christianity is not absolutely essential for the securing of morality, peace, progress and happiness.

ST. LOUIS, August 16, 1884.

THE FOUNDERS IN EUROPE.

[From *The Graphic* of August 16th, 1884: editorial.]

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY ?

For some time past an impression, more or less vague, has been abroad that a new and strange propaganda is being carried on in London. For three years or more, the Anglo-Indian press has excitedly discussed certain remarkable phenomena, said to have been produced in Simla and elsewhere by Madame Helene P. Blavatsky, a Russian lady naturalised in the United States. The excitement spread to London. Casual references to the Theosophical Society and its leaders, mostly of a derisive or contemptuous kind, have been made in the Press; excited talk about it has been heard at æsthetic teas and intellectual luncheons. More than once lectures have been delivered in London by one of the Theosophical leaders. Finally the large gathering at Prince's Hall, in July, held in honour of Madame Blavatsky herself and of Colonel Olcott, though unreported in the Press, brought the matter prominently before intellectual London.

What is it then, that the Theosophical Society has to teach? Nothing more nor less than a new view of science, man and the universe,—a new philosophy, a new religion.* It would be a long story to tell in all its details; but the outline may be stated in a few words.

The whole discovery is due in the first instance to Madame Blavatsky. This remarkable woman is at present on a visit to London. An observer would guess her age at sixty-five or more, and no one could fail to notice the unusual power revealed in her face. For forty years past Madame Blavatsky has devoted herself to "occult" studies, and she at last became aware (in what precise manner has not yet appeared) of the existence, in a remote part of Thibet, of a secret association or Brotherhood, endowed with extraordinary knowledge, and possessing what appear to be miraculous powers over the forces of nature. To Thibet Madame Blavatsky journeyed. Seven long years she remained with the Brothers, and undergoing a training of extraordinary severity; and at the end of that period she returned to the world, not indeed a fully trained adept, but an initiate, possessing powers of an altogether abnormal kind. Acting under the guidance of the Brothers in the Himalayas, Madame Blavatsky visited America, and there, (in conjunction with Colonel Olcott, whose spiritual apprenticeship was then set on foot) founded the Theosophical Society, whose aims are to promote the universal brotherhood of mankind, to foster the study of Aryan literature, and to explore

* New to the West; old to the East as time.—Ed. *Theos.*

the latent psychological powers of man. Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott subsequently returned to India to establish the Society among the natives there. In India, Madame Blavatsky made the acquaintance of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the gentleman who has written most on the theosophical movement. After distinguished work as a journalist in England, Mr. Sinnett had gone to India to assume the editorship of the *Pioneer* at Allahabad, and it was under his roof (in the year 1880) that Madame Blavatsky produced those remarkable series of phenomena which set all India talking, and which Mr. Sinnett has recorded in "The Occult World." These phenomena were neither more nor less than a series of what, for want of a more precise name, the ordinary mind must class as "miracles." Flowers fell from blank ceilings; letters were instantaneously transported through the air from Madame Blavatsky at Simla to the Brothers in Thibet, and answers were at once returned; cups and saucers lacking at picnics were at once "created" by Madame Blavatsky; a lady's brooch long lost was restored under the most remarkable circumstances; a piece was invisibly broken off from a plaster cast in Madame Blavatsky's house at Bombay, and was conveyed through the air to Mr. Sinnett, then at Allahabad. Nor were these miracles performed only in the presence of Madame Blavatsky, for Mr. Sinnett was himself admitted to the privilege of psychological telegraphy, and he received by this means many letters from a Brother, or Mahatma, named Koot Hoomi. All this, and much more, with the evidence for each phenomenon, with many of Mahatma Koot Hoomi's letters, may be read by the curious in Mr. Sinnett's "Occult World." Mr. Sinnett returned to London, a branch of the Theosophical Society (now numbering some hundred persons) has been founded here, and Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott and Mr. Mohini Mohan Chatterjee (a pupil of the Mahatmas) are now in London. Such are the chief external facts of the Theosophical movement up to the present time, as stated by believers.

Speaking at the Prince's Hall meeting, last week, Colonel Olcott strongly protested against the idea that the Theosophical Society was to be regarded as an institution for "Miracle-mongering." This feature of the movement, indeed, has for long been studiously kept in the back-ground by the leaders, though it is not unnaturally that which is most talked about. Abnormal powers over nature are possessed by no one save the Mahatmas themselves and their initiates. These have been merely occasionally displayed as evidences for the truth of the vast body of knowledge concerning nature, man, and the universe, which the Brothers have acquired during centuries of seclusion and contemplation—knowledge which has hitherto been kept profoundly secret, but glimpses of which the Brothers have now granted to Mr. Sinnett for transmission to the world. "Esoteric Buddhism" is the name of the book in which Mr. Sinnett expounds so much of the learning of the Brothers as they are at present willing to reveal. It is a book of much more importance than the "Occult World." The two do not, indeed, stand upon the same plane, for whereas the "Occult World" is to a great extent a narrative of events, "Esoteric Buddhism" is an exposition of a complete and very original view of man and the universe. Many features in it will not be unfamiliar to the student who has examined Buddhism through the ordinary authorities; others are strikingly new. Whatever may be thought of the genuineness of the sanctions on which the teaching claims to rest (and on this point the present writer offers no opinion), there can hardly be two opinions as to the value of the book as a contribution to religious, and we are tempted to say, scientific literature. It presents a complete theory of evolution for the soul of man, corresponding to the scheme of evolution in physical nature.

Such, stated in barest outline, are the history and aims of the Theosophical Society. It is among the

strangest of the strange "movements" of these perplexed times. In India, where the ground is well prepared for the reception of such seed as the Theosophists have to scatter, the Society flourishes. Here it has been received in Society with considerable interest and in some cases with respectful sympathy; but in the press it has been scarcely noticed. Sceptics of course question the whole thing: the existence of the Brothers, the value of the teachings, the sincerity, and even the morality of its European professors.

THEOSOPHY.

WHAT THE FRENCH THINK OF US.

(Translated from "La Nouvelle Revue.")

I.—THEOSOPHY OR DIVINE WISDOM.

THIS is certainly a grand title, which may not please the Deists at all and about which Atheists will perhaps laugh. A great deal of talk is going on in Paris in regard to this new doctrine, and people are whispering to each other about it with an air of mystery and exaltation, as if a new discovery had been made concerning the spirits of Allan Kardec, or the flying tables of Mr. Home.

That which created the most sensation in regard to this new philosophic society, was that its presiding genius is a distinguished lady, *Lady Caitness, Duchess of Pomar*, and still more sensation was created by the appearance of a Russian stranger, *Madame Blavatsky*, arriving from the interior of India, bringing with her a great deal of enthusiasm and many mysterious Buddhistic doctrines.

The *Theosophical Society* was founded under the auspices of Indian sages, called Mahatmas or Adepts, persons living in the mountain recesses of Tibet. Eight years ago this Society was established in America by Madame Blavatsky, the author of *Isis Unveiled*, and by Colonel Olcott, an American officer, who distinguished himself by services rendered to his country in the Northern Army during the War of Secession.

But before we proceed further, it will be necessary to quote the essential fundamental articles of the rules of the Theosophical Society. They are as follows:—

1. There is a Society instituted in Paris under the following name: "*Société Théosophique d'Orient et d'Occident.*"

2. This Society adopts the programme of the Theosophical Society at Madras (India), which is contained in the following paragraphs:—

First.—To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed or colour.

Second.—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religious and sciences, and vindicate its importance.

Third.—To investigate the hidden mysteries of Nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The Society appeals for support to all who truly love their fellow-men and desire the eradication of those hateful barriers created by race, creed or colour, that have so long and so sadly impeded human progress; to all scholars, all sincere lovers of Truth, *wheresoever it may be found*, and all philosophers alike in the East and in the West; to all who love India and would see a revival of her ancient glories, intellectual or spiritual; and, lastly, to all who long for glimpses of higher and better things, than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life, and are prepared to make the sacrifices by which alone such knowledge can be attained.

The Society represents no particular religious creed, interferes with no man's caste, is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths. It only claims from each member that toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires each and all of his brother-members to exhibit in regard to his own faith. It includes members who take a merely philanthropic or intellectual interest in its aspirations, as well as those who, believing that Oriental Philosophy embodies truths worthy of a life's devotion, seek, through its instrumentality, access to those innermost recesses of ancient culture to which such devotion affords the only passport.

As far as the first and the second paragraphs are concerned, it is by no means astonishing to hear the theory of Universal Brotherhood once more brought forward. But if race and color are of little importance in the human family and do not prevent a friendly feeling and sympathy between individuals, is it not extravagant to

dream, that a brotherhood may be established without distinction of belief?

Do you suppose for a moment, that the Mohammedans are inclined to look upon the Christians as brothers?—upon the Christians whom they call *Christian dogs*? Do you think that a devout Catholic can truly sympathise with a Buddhist, or that an ecstatic Dominican monk will treat an Atheist like an erring child? Let us not forget that religions always were and still are one of the greatest causes of dissensions in the world. It is absolutely necessary to rise above all creeds and dogmas, to realise the superior principle of human fraternity. This is exactly what Free-Masonry has done. The very name of God has been effaced from the temples of the French lodges, and a passing misunderstanding has thereby been caused between them and those which keep up the the Scottish Rite, and which obstinately refuse to dismiss the “grand architect of the universe.”

The theosophic brotherhood, presupposing the existence of a great deal of latent good will in humanity, proposes to unite all souls, without asking them to renounce the doctrines of Mohammed or of any other Church, and to do this without a belligerent spirit seems to be a difficult problem. I shall call to witness Madame Blavatsky herself. In 1879 she went to preach in India with Col. Olcott “the glory of the ancient religions,” and to warn the Singalese, the Hindus and Parsis, against having a new creed substituted for the ancient teachings of the Vedas, Tripitakas or Zend-Avesta.

These *missionaries* (in a sense opposite to our habitual interpretation of the term) intended to oppose violently the dissemination of Protestant or Catholic doctrines, which shows that they did not have sufficient confidence in the so-called disciples of Christ, to teach peace and fraternity. Freemasonry, based upon an independent moral, and upon the principle of inherent justice, does, as we all know, not recruit her followers amongst ardent Catholics; their teachings are rather paganistic or, to express it better, positivistic, and everything that alludes to theogony or religious myths, seems to them an obstacle to the spirit of charity and unity, which they constantly proclaim.

And yet, although the Freemasons with their commonality of opinions are supposed to furnish material for a union of all, peace has not yet conquered all hearts, because it is difficult and troublesome to organise the sympathising groups into one. Love and friendship in the abstract sense is difficult for mortals to attain.

In fact, we know that after the war of 1870 there was an open rupture between the Alsatian and the French sages on one side, and the German sages on the other. The German Freemasonry sacrificed the principles of her old national pride. She might have said with the poet:

Video meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor.

They seemed to think—contrary to the Masonic teachings—that conquests are superior to fraternity, force superior to justice.

The problem of humanity proved to be too difficult for Masonry to solve. Will the Theosophists succeed better? In the name of what superior principle will they succeed to suppress amongst nations those divergencies, founded upon religious questions, upon belligerent appetites and upon conflicts of material interests?

Girardin, who was a great sceptic, expected to see universal brotherhood and peace to result from the extension of rail roads, from the multiplicity of facilities of international exchange, from the ties formed between peoples by the common interest of all. Perhaps he was right. He was a great financier and speculator, he knew that the majority of men are guided by their immediate instincts and by the profound interest they have in personal conservation, and that altruism on account of the very greatness of its moral can only be understood and comprehended and practised by superior minds, and that it will therefore be restricted to a very

limited number. It is possible that, in spite of the force of the ideal and in spite of the power of justice rail-roads will hasten the advent of an era of fraternity, and that steam engines will prove to be stronger than ideas in demolishing the *despicable barriers between nations*, of which the Theosophists speak with a very just indignation.

In regard to the second paragraph, relative to the study of the literature, religions and sciences of the East, the field is very large and forms a sufficient basis for several separate societies. India, the cradle of humanity, contains evidently the germs of the Greek mythologies, in the same manner as the moral philosophy of Buddha has inspired the religion of Christ. We cannot follow Mr. Jacolliot in his anti-scientific vagaries, when he pretends to have discovered an Indian Jesus Christ, more ancient than the Catholic saviour; but it is beyond doubt that we find in Buddhism a rare example of religious toleration preached several centuries before the Christian era. What is more evagelical than the maxims of the great king Asoka:—“We must never blame others for their belief. We shall then not wrong anybody. Under certain circumstances we should even honor a belief which we do not share. By acting in this manner we strengthen our own belief and are useful to others.” We may now understand the enthusiasm of Col. Olcott, who sees a great future for *Buddhism* as being the religion “which conforms most with nature and with the law.” He even makes the teachings of Buddha’s moral philosophy accessible to all by the publication of his *Buddhist Catechism, according to the Canon of the Southern Church, approved and recommended for use in Buddhist schools by H. Sumangala, High Priest of the Sripada (Adam’s Peak) and Galle, and Principal of the Widyodaya Parivena (Buddhist College.)*

Pompous as this title may appear to our French sceptics, the work is nevertheless interesting and written in a remarkably simple style. We first observe that it speaks of the *Southern Church*. In fact, two great schools exist in Buddhism, that of the North, whose centre is Tibet, and that of the South, whose focus is Ceylon. The difference between the two schools consists in their different solutions of the question, of what remains of man after the last particle of the physical body has been dissolved. The doctrines of the Southern church approach our *Materialism*, those of the Northern church have some resemblance to our *Spiritualism*. The latter admits that individuality still continues to exist in *Nirvana*, but both systems agree: 1, that we all are the artisans of our misery or of our happiness according to our bad or good actions (*Karma* is the term, which designates the general result of these actions); 2, that we are subject to successive reincarnations, to a certain kind of evolution of the soul, whose law is regulated by our merits or demerits; and 3, that there is no extra-cosmic Deity to govern men and things, and that therefore the most efficacious prayer is a good action.

In regard to *Nirvana* we must well remember that this term does not signify extinction or annihilation, as the philosophers of the nineteenth century have believed. *Nirvana* is that peaceful and serene state of the spirit, in which it enters after having freed itself from the bonds of matter by successive incarnations and trials. As far as shape or figure is concerned, we will then be annihilated; but we live as spirits, and spirit alone is not an illusion (*Maya*). After *Nirvana* is attained, man is not born again, he exists in the world of the highest truth, he attains a kind of divine unfolding, a state of continuous beatitude, where no desire exists, the reward for his fights and his troubles.

The Buddhism of the South is therefore a high school of moral philosophy. Buddha is not looked upon as a god, and if it is asked: “Do the Buddhists not bow before the statues of Buddha, before his relics and before the monuments which contain those relics?”—it is

answered in the Catechism: "Yes, but not in the spirit of an idolator." The pagan looks upon such images as the visible representations of God or of invisible Gods; but the idolator thinks that the idol contains in its substance a portion of that divinity which is everywhere present. The Buddhists honor the statue of Buddha and other objects in memory of a man, who was the greatest, the best and the wisest, and the most charitable one that ever lived. Buddha furthermore recommends not to believe in any revelation, except in that of one's own conscience, and he appears to us on the whole as the highest incarnation of independent moral.

But if we accept Buddha's teachings in regard to non-revelation, how can we accept without reserve certain special teachings of the adepts of Tibet, of those who have directly inspired the Theosophical movement, and who may give us yet more information about the secret doctrine and draw away the veil that hides their mysterious science? Occultism, the mysterious part of Theosophy, has been to a certain extent divulged by the permission of the adepts through their *Chelas* or disciples. Lady Caitness gives us a curious summary of those revelations. What strikes us most in them, is their character of *à priori* affirmation. There are no hypotheses, no conjectures in their doctrines, they simply affirm; and they seem to have great reason to keep secret the method by which they arrive at their conclusions. I cannot exactly see upon what experiences their conclusions are based.

There is for instance the division of the seven principles which according to them belong to the human constitution.

1. *The Physical body.* 2. *Vitality.* 3. *The Astral body (Perispirit)* 4. *Animal Soul.* 5. *Human Soul.* 6. *Spiritual Soul.* 7. *Spirit.* Death, they say, affects only the first three principles, which are equally possessed by men and by animals. The fifth (or the human soul) is yet very little developed in our present race, the sixth (the spiritual soul) exists only in germ as far as the majority of people are concerned, and the seventh (Atma) is the divine spark or spirit.

As a philosophical conception, this analysis of man's constitution is certainly grand; but how can we obtain proof that it is true? The same may be said about the theory of our planetary chain or the evolution of man through the different planets. We are told that there is a system of worlds through which the human monad has to pass before it can arrive at perfection, and this passage constitutes the evolution of man. As far as the terrestrial development of humanity is concerned, it is divided into seven circles or seven periods, each of which corresponds to a degree on the road to perfection. We have not yet arrived at the sixth circle; the seventh will introduce us into a divine existence. The fifth period, according to the Adepts, began over a million of years ago, and is not yet near its end. The number seven plays a great part in this philosophic dream; we know that the ancients regarded it as a sacred number. They did not know more than seven planets, the *Bible* speaks of the seven candlesticks, and in the majority of cosmogonic or magic conceptions, this number is very important. But however perfect and mysterious the number seven may be, I cannot see where the proof of the seven circles of the planetary chain or of the seven elements that compose man, is based.

I must confess the same inability of comprehension in regard to the doctrine of the *Dhyān Chohans* or planetary spirits; which—so say the Adepts—are the guardians of the planets. They are working in harmony with the principle of evolution and yet they are not omnipotent; they can for instance not hinder us to do an evil act, which will cause us suffering according to the law of Karma. However great my respect may be for these doctrines, which are undoubtedly very ancient, whatever charm may possess these successive incarnations, leading us towards a supreme ideal, I cannot without reserve

consent to believe in this sublime theory of cosmic evolution. I have therefore submitted the following questions to one of these *Chelas* or disciples of the Adepts, who is at present in Paris:—

Q. If you accept the doctrine of planetary spirits, you must be a Spiritualist and you believe in revelation?

Answer. The *Dhyān Chohans* are not spirits in the sense which the *Spiritualists* attach to that term. The views of the *Occultists* and those of the *Spiritualists* differ widely on this particular point.

Q. 2. A new-born child has no knowledge. Only little by little and by education does it acquire the power to discriminate between good and evil. How can such a child reincarnate in an individuality, and at what period of its evolution?

Answer. This is a subject which cannot be answered in a few words. Occultism admits that the new-born body can only poorly express the real man who inhabits it. The potentialities are there, but they are latent.

Q. 3. If my consciousness dies with me, provided the sum of my vices exceeds that of my virtues, if I have to expiate, by suffering, the evil acts committed, is it just that in a new incarnation I should be punished without having a consciousness of my previous personality, without any remembrance of my previous faults and my crimes?

Answer. The question you ask refers to human justice alone, which is not at all perfect. In exercising human justice, the offender is informed why he is punished; because it is necessary that he should gain confidence in the tribunal of human justice. But in the universe there is no punisher [a person charged with duty of punishing people]; we only know the law of causality or compensation, which, if applied to moral conduct, is called the law of Karma. The *Ego* itself being an incarnation of that law, there can be no injustice.

I confess that these answers have not entirely satisfied my mind, and my principal objection to the Theosophists is, that they do not prove their assertions. So far we do not know more about planetary spirits and reincarnations than we know about the man in the moon. It is absolutely impossible for the public or for scientists at present to accept new theories without having them proved by experiment.

(To be continued.)

Answers to Correspondents.

GAINDAN LALL, F. T. S. (*Meerut*.) The "specifics for snake-bites and hydrophobia," are hardly practicable.

Reviews.

THE DIVINE PYMANDER

OF

Hermes Mercurius Trismegistus, in XVII Books.

Translated out of the original Arabic by the learned Divine Doctor EVERARD. Republished by ROBT. H. FRYAR, 8, Northumberland Place, Bath.

No more welcome book could have been sent for our review than the seventeen books of *Hermes*, and to do it justice, in the pages of the *Theosophist*, it would be necessary to reprint it from beginning to end, but we must content ourselves by giving description of their contents and their origin.

The Greeks applied the name and term of *Hermes Trismegistus* to the Egyptian *Thot*. He was believed to be the origin of everything formed or produced by the human mind; the inventor of all arts and sciences and the contriver of the hieroglyphics. He was called by the Egyptians *Tat*, *Taut*, *That*, the counsellor and friend of *Osiris*, and was left by *Osiris* to assist *Isis* with his counsels in the government of the country, when *Osiris* embarked in the design of regenerating the earth. *Jamblichus* attributes to *Hermes* 1,100 books, and *Seleucus*

reckons not less than 20,000 of his works before the period of *Menes*. *Eusebius* saw but forty-two of these "in his time." That portion of the writings ascribed to *Hermes Trismegistus*, which is best known, and which is most beyond dispute, forms the greater part of the translation before us.

The above mentioned myths alone are sufficient to prove that *Hermes* was not—as has been supposed by certain scientists—a man who lived 2,000 years before the Christian era, a real personage and inventor of alchemy. Neither was he the "Joseph of the Bible" or the "Enoch of Canaan." *Buddha* in Egypt was called *Hermes Trismegistus*. According to the *Secret Doctrine* a *Buddha* visits the earth at the beginning of each of the seven races of the great planetary period, to impress the first truths of philosophy on a sufficient number of receptive minds. The first *Buddha* of the series, of which *Gautama Buddha* is the fourth, was therefore a Divine Being in human form, a planetary spirit, and this explanation may give us a clue as to who was *Hermes Trismegistus*.

In a treatise attributed to *Albertus Magnus*, we are told that the tomb of *Hermes* was discovered by *Alexander the Great* in a cave near *Hebron*.

In this was found a slab of emerald, and upon which were inscribed in Phœnician characters the precepts of the great master. The inscription consisted of thirteen sentences, as follows:—

1. I speak not of fictitious things, but of that which is certain and most true.

2. What is below, is like that which is above, and what is above is like that which is below: to accomplish the miracle of one thing.

3. And as all things were produced by the one word of one Being, so all things were produced from this one thing by adaptation.

4. Its father is the sun, its mother the moon, the mind carries it in its belly, its nurse is the earth.

5. It is the father of all perfection throughout the world.

6. The power is vigorous if it be changed into earth.

7. Separate the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross, acting prudently and with judgment.

8. Ascend with the greatest sagacity from the earth to heaven, and then again descend to the earth, and unite together the powers of things superior and things inferior. Thus you will obtain the glory of the whole world, and obscurity will fly away from you.

9. This has more fortitude than fortitude itself, because it conquers every subtle thing, and can penetrate every solid.

10. Thus was the world formed.

11. Hence proceed wonders which are here established.

12. Therefore I am called *Hermes Trismegistus*, having three parts of the philosophy of the whole world.

13. That which I had to say concerning the operation of the sun is completed.

This inscription is frequently alluded to in alchemical literature, and there have not been wanting men of extraordinary capacity, who have labored long to prove its authenticity, to interpret it, and to show that it is a marvellous revelation, full of sublime secrets and full of importance to mankind.

To tell our readers that the seventeen books of *Hermes* are full of Divine Wisdom, would be like informing them that the ocean contains water. We can therefore not do better than to open the book at random and cite a few sentences of what we find. Accordingly on page 102 we find:

"Truth is the most perfect Virtue and the highest Good itself, not troubled by Matter, not encompassed by Body, naked, clear, unchangeable, venerable, unalterable Good. But the things that are here, are visible, incapable of Good, corruptible, possible, dissolveable, changeable, continually altered, and made of another.

The things therefore that are not true to themselves, how can they be true? For everything that is altered, is a lie, not abiding in what it is, but being changed it shows us always other and other appearances."

"As far forth as man is a man, he is not true; for that which is true, hath of itself alone its constitution, and remains and abides according to itself, such as it is. But man consists of many things and doth not abide of himself, but is turned and changed, age after age, Idea after Idea or form after form, and this while he is yet in the Tabernacle."

The seventeen books are printed in one neat volume on excellent paper, embellished with a colored title page, and a fine engraving as frontispiece and elegant head-pieces. If the edition is exhausted, we hope it will be reprinted again.

At the end of the work is added the following notice:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Students of Occult Literature, searchers after truth and Theosophists, who may have been disappointed in their expectations of Sublime Wisdom being freely dispensed by *Hindoo Mahatmas*, are cordially invited to send in their names to the Editor of this work, who, if found suitable, can be admitted, after a short probationary term, as Members of an Occult Brotherhood, who do not boast of their knowledge or attainments, but teach freely and without reserve to all they find worthy to receive.

N.B.—All communications should be addressed

"Theosi," C. O. ROBERT H. FRYAR; Bath.

This will be "News" to our fellows of the Theosophical Society; and any one, who now believes that his qualifications have not been duly appreciated by the Himalayan Mahatmas, may find a way to redress. But we will leave them to follow their own intuitions.

UNIVERSAL ATTRACTION AND ITS RELATION TO THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS: *A key to a consistent Philosophy*, by W. H. SHARP: (*E. & S. Livingstone, Publishers, Edinburgh*).

This is a courageous little work. It is a protest, in the region of physical science, against the universal application of the Newtonian Law of Gravitation. It is the aim of the writer to show that the Newtonian Law is inapplicable in the present stage of advancement of physical science, and to find a law applicable to all cases. He says:—"The physical sciences all purchase their order at the terrible cost of assuming elementary disorder as regards the atoms which Nature gives them to work with," and also "gravitation being measured by mass, mass measured by weight, and weight dependent upon first knowing the values of mass and gravitation, we presently argue of them in a circle, so far as the law of gravitation itself is concerned." The work tries to show the falsity of the doctrine that "mass always varies directly as weight." The investigation evinces great earnestness. It shows that inductive methods alone will not give a consistent philosophy, nor will they satisfy the higher faculties which deal with essences and Being. Referring to Newton, the writer concludes as follows:—"I hold fast to that which is true, reject that which is not, but remember that the history of science shows that nothing has been more detrimental to its progress, nothing more destructive to its highest interests, and therefore more prejudicial to the welfare of humanity than the servile worship of names and the attempt to drag as *all-sufficient* into the present and perpetuate into the future the authorities of a dead though venerable past." The author's chief argument is drawn from the fact, as he states it, that we find among chemical substances the law of gravitation not applying to the phenomena, compelling the use of another called "affinity."

While we do not agree with Mr. Sharp's mode of argument, and must confess that his style is most confusing, and often really obscure, we yet fully concur with his view that the law of gravitation is inadequate and incomplete. This is not the first time it has been attacked. Gen. Pleasonton, in America, some years ago, in his book on the influence of the Blue Ray, calls Newton's centripetal and centrifugal forces and law of gravitation, "fallacies." And in *Isis Unveiled*, at p. 271, Vol. I, it

has been already asserted that there is no gravitation in the Newtonian sense, but only magnetic attraction and repulsion, and that it is by their magnetism that the planets of the solar system have their motion regulated in their respective orbits by the still more powerful magnetism of the sun and not by their weight or gravitation.

In the present work the author says: "You will ask, if you admit the fallacy underlying Newton's law, * * how has it fitted so well hitherto the phenomena of nature?—I reply: because it has so happened that a product of matter and force simulated mass in most cases, and when this was not the case, and gravitation did not fit nature, why, nature was just made to fit nature."

MADAME BLAVATSKY AND HER SLANDERERS.

The *Christian College Magazine*, after finding itself in a pretty mess of its own creation, thus tries to hood-wink the Theosophists:—"It is neither with Theosophy nor with the Theosophists that we have any quarrel even now. We fully recognize the right of the Theosophical Society to cultivate its chosen field. We recognize that something like what it proposes with regard to the ancient literature and religions of India is an absolute necessity at the present time... In bringing forward, as we have done, proofs that Madame Blavatsky's Mahatmas are a myth and her phenomena but feats of jugglery, we claim to be doing a greater service to earnest and thoughtful Theosophists than to any one else." Whence this sudden love for us (stubborn Heathens), ye reverend Preachers of an infallible Gospel? Why waste your energy, and your silver, for us, who never invited your opinion?

Let us examine the Christian evidence consisting of 15 letters* supposed to have been written by Madame Blavatsky to the Coulombs.

A perusal of the first letter shows that Madame Blavatsky is speaking of genuine phenomena. Writing from *Upper India* she says that "she saw the cigarette at 3 in the morning" on the Prince of Wales' statue at *Bombay*. How did she see except by her clairvoyant power? She says that she would drop again a cigarette at *Bombay*—from a distance, of course, of several hundred miles. To make this letter look suspicious, a note on a fly leaf and some words on a separate slip of paper, are brought forward by the Coulombs, and the missionaries say the writing on the slip is "undoubtedly in Madame Blavatsky's hand." It seems as if the missionaries themselves had doubt regarding this handwriting which is made to fit in with the letter in a clumsy manner.

The second letter is made to show that Mr. Padsha and Mr. Damodar, two ardent Theosophists, who cared very little for phenomena, whose devotion to the cause, and whose friendship for, and adherence to, Madame Blavatsky had been proved beyond doubt under trying circumstances, were subsequently deceived by Madame Blavatsky from *Upper India*. Mr. Padsha, in a long letter to the *Pioneer*, has sufficiently well exposed the Coulombs, and asserted that the genuine communications, that he got in the unmistakable handwriting of one of the Mahatmas, were received by him under circumstances which point out the spuriousness of the alleged letter.

The third alleged communication is said to form the fag-end of a long letter written by Madame Blavatsky from *Poo-na*. Two-thirds of the letter is said to be in French. Then comes a long English para. which ends in the following words: "Many things to say, but no time or room." All at once, after this, come the following words of a new and highly suspicious para. :—

"Now, dear, let us change the program." What need of writing about any "programme" or change of programmes when it was a well understood thing between the confederates that tricks of various sorts were to be resorted to as occasion arose? Mark, again, that Madame Blavatsky is made to dictate a telegram, with instructions to send it in the name of "Ramlinga Deb," and yet she is made to write as follows:—"Will you go up to the Shrine, and ask K. H. (or Christofolo) to send me a telegram... worded thus: "If K. H. was well known to the confederates to be a myth, why should Madame Blavatsky write to the woman Coulomb to go to the

Shrine to ask K. H. and explain that name by putting a parenthesis with the word "Christofolo" in it. Here there is an attempt to prove too much, and that attempt fails ridiculously. The facts regarding the telegram are again quite against the purport of the letter, which is conveniently placed at the extreme end of a long letter, different in style and purport from the spurious para.

The fourth letter is a little scrip written in French with four suspicious words in English inserted in the middle.

In the fifth Madame Blavatsky is made to speak of the Maharaja of Lahore, a person who does not exist, and the woman Coulomb is given instructions to hide H. P. B.'s hair in the old tower of Sion or in some place in Bombay. The letter is so highly ridiculous, that only a mind, brimful of blind prejudice, could suppose it genuine. It is again a fact to be noted that Madame Blavatsky never showed any phenomena with respect to her hair.

The sixth letter is made to look suspicious by a long missionary commentary, but contains next to nothing.

Neither the 2nd, 4th, 5th or 6th letters bear the name of a place or date or even the day of the week, and the same is the case with the 7th, which is also undeniably a forgery. Mr. Srenivasa Rao, to whom it refers, knows the facts regarding his phenomena so well, that he clearly showed his friends how this letter could never have been written by Madame Blavatsky.

The 8th and 9th letters are made to refer to Mr. Raghunath Rao. They do not bear any date or the day of the week. Here again the circumstances completely upset the letters and show that the Coulombs stole the Sanskrit letter of the Mahatma. The Missionaries and the Coulombs foolishly attempt in this case to make the public believe that Madame Blavatsky wrote a letter in Sanskrit, of which language she knows not a word.

In the 10th letter again Col. Olcott is represented as a dupe, and shown as not having been allowed to examine the Shrine, when it is a well known fact that he examined the Shrine several times. The 10th letter is a puerile attempt to abuse the Theosophists residing at Headquarters.

The 11th letter, with reference to General Morgan, has not only been pronounced a forgery by that gentleman and three others who inspected the original, but there is the woman Coulomb's own letter at Adyar written by her to Madame Blavatsky at Ootacamund, on the very day the saucer phenomenon occurred, which she has minutely described as genuine.

The 12th letter does not at all refer to any trick: it is a most ungentlemanly and mean attempt on the part of the missionaries to mention the names of two high officials with regard to a private conversation with Madame Blavatsky, so as to set the former against the latter. The letter, even if genuine, cannot prove the other letters genuine, as the gullible padres try to show.

The 13th letter speaks of Christofolo as having been killed by the woman Coulomb, who says that Christofolo was an arrangement of mask, bladders and muslin. This letter bears no date, so we don't know when the poor woman killed her own fancy.

The 14th and 15th letters are very vague and refer to Christofolo in a haze of mist which made the woman sick, and induced her to go to the padres for holy consolation and help.

Such is the missionary fable, in support of which the reverend gentlemen have, in their October number, published a second batch of letters that cut the ground from under their own feet. Like Mr. Funky, the junior counsel in *Pickwick's* case, they have adduced evidence which goes to help the case of their opponent rather than their own. Madame Blavatsky, when she heard from the Madras Theosophists regarding the strange behaviour of the Coulombs, wrote to them from Paris a long letter on the 1st of April last. Let us quote a few sentences from this letter, which the missionaries, unfortunately for themselves, have given to the public:—"Is it then because I have really said and repeated to you before Olcott and the others, that you both, being Theosophists and friends, had a right to spend the money of the Society for your dress and necessary expenses that you are saying to them (Hartmann and others) that M. Coulomb has constructed secret trap-doors, &c. . . How can I believe that Madame Coulomb will so dishonor her husband and herself. . . . You (M. Coulomb) are too honest a man, too proud to do such a thing... You (Mme. Coulomb) are truly sick.

* Published in the September number of the *Madras Christian College Magazine*.

You must be so to do so foolishly as you are doing. Understand then that you cannot at this hour of day injure any one. That it is too late. That similar phenomena, and more marvellous still (letters from Mahatma Koot Hoomi and from our Master) have happened when I was a thousand leagues away. That Mr. Hume at Simla, Colonel Strange in Cashmir, Sinnett in London, Queensbury in New York, and Gilbert in Australia, have received the same day and the same hour a circular letter in the writing of the Mahatma when all were alone in their rooms. Where then were the *trap-doors* constructed by M. Coulomb? Find one out really and it will reflect at most on you the principal actors and on poor me. People who have seen the Mahatma before them in Australia and London as at the Adyar, who have received from him letters in his handwriting in reply to their letters written two hours before, *will not believe you*. Nor could they believe you...I will spend myself for that cause which you hate so much. And who then has been the *fraud* when (I being 1,000 leagues away) Harreesingji has a reply to his letter which he had put into the Shrine, and Shrinivas Rao also, as they have written to me from Adyar. Is it you who have written in the hand-writing of the Mahatma, and you also have taken advantage of a trap-door? All the evil proved will be that you have never wished to believe that there were *true* Mahatmas behind the curtain. That you do not believe the phenomena real, and that is why you see tricks in every thing. If you compromise me before Lane-Fox or Hartmann and others—ah well, I shall not return to the Adyar but will remain here or in London, where I will prove by phenomena more marvellous still that they are true and that our Mahatmas *exist, for there is one here at Paris and there will be also in London*. And when I shall have proved this, where will the trap-doors be then? Who will make them?"

Is this language of the trickster and impostor that the missionaries, in their simplicity, want to make out Madame Blavatsky to be? This lady, when for the first time she heard good many things regarding the vile behaviour of the Coulombs, thought that the woman Coulomb—weak, hysterical and medianimistic as she is—had gone wrong in her head, and therefore wrote to her and her husband a long letter so as to bring her to her senses. The pacific tone of this letter is a sin in the eyes of the obtuse, and that fact is made much of. But such thoughtless persons forget that in this letter Madame Blavatsky distinctly asserts that the Mahatmas (of whose existence she is represented—in one of the spurious letters—as making a joke) exist, and she could prove their existence, that she could show marvellous phenomena even in strange lands, and that she challenges the dastardly pair to find out a real trap-door.

The missionaries have unwittingly proved the innocence of Madame Blavatsky.

As long as the real character of the Coulombs had not been found out, some charitable Theosophists were willing to give them handsome sums to help them. When, however, their hostility to the Society was exposed at Head-quarters, the offers were withdrawn; the dastardly pair then said they could show how Madame Blavatsky played tricks, and M. Coulomb pointed to the half-finished slides placed by him in three or four places, but when he was asked to work them he could scarcely do so, and, above all, completely failed to show what connection these slides had with the Shrine. The pair were asked to give some further proof of Madame Blavatsky's deceit, but they had not the letters ready then and therefore could bring forward nothing.

In proof of the genuineness of the alleged letters, the missionaries say that the Coulombs gave them the letters once for all, and that when they were asked to give illustrative documents of the Simla cup phenomenon, the Coulombs said they had none, that, had these people been forgers, they would have produced other letters as well. The Coulombs, it seems, had more sense than the missionaries, who wanted them to produce letters regarding phenomena in which the Coulombs in Bombay could not by the remotest probability be expected by any one to take a part. Plausible facts in a few instances within their knowledge were perverted by them; and the handwriting of Madame Blavatsky was imitated it seems by a process about which a criminal, sentenced not very long ago by the Bombay High Court, could enlighten the missionaries. A few letters were got up and taken from place to place. No one would buy them till at last the *Christian College Magazine* people were induced to take them up for the sum of Rs. 150. That was a paltry sum for the

Coulombs, but as there was no better market for their wares they had to accept that pittance. Why should they bother themselves more with a stingy pay-master. Regarding the Simla cup they had given a hint in connection with the Adyar saucer, and that ought to satisfy a not over-generous missionary.

The "discoveries" of the missionaries, far from being able to prove that the Mahatmas are a myth and Madame Blavatsky's phenomena mere jugglery, have, on the contrary, shown that the Mahatmas exist, and that Madame Blavatsky is able to show most wondrous phenomena. Several Theosophists have seen phenomena during Madame Blavatsky's absence and have had the most convincing proofs of the existence of the Mahatmas.

POONA, October 1884.

N. D. K... P. T. S.

THE BOMBAY THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.
TO COLONEL H. S. OLCOTT, *President-Founder of the Theosophical Society.*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—We, the undersigned members of the Bombay Branch of the Theosophical Society, beg to express, in connection with the recent scandalous publications in the *Christian College Magazine*, affecting the reputation of our most esteemed and respected Madame Blavatsky, our firm conviction that the allegations of fraud brought against her are pure fabrications of the Coulombs whose action has excited our strongest contempt. These publications, along with all the adverse but ill-judged criticisms, passed by several of the Anglo-Indian papers, have only served to strengthen our conviction in her honourable motives and to increase our sympathies for, and to draw us closer to, the venerable lady, towards whom our devotion continues unflinching, and our faith in her perfect sincerity and honesty has not, in the slightest degree, been shaken by these calumnious writings. If ever any doubt arose in the minds of any of us, we beg to assure you that it has been completely removed by the explanations and refutations which have been boldly put forward by various individuals and most effectively by the clear and thorough exposition of the real facts rendered by Dr. Hartmann in his pamphlet entitled "Report of Observations made during a nine months' stay at the Head-quarters of the Theosophical Society." To all these writers we take this opportunity of tendering our sincerest thanks.

Our admiration and love for Madame Blavatsky do not rest on her ability to perform phenomena, nor has she ever shown the least desire to minister in this way to the idle curiosity of individuals. On the contrary, every candidate is informed at his initiation that the Society does not profess to perform miracles but to teach a philosophy which is as sublime as it is absolutely true, and, through its means, to advance the regeneration of mankind.

Our love for Madame Blavatsky is based on her lofty and noble character, on her varied accomplishments, and on her self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of truth.

The nervous anxiety and convulsive haste, with which the shameless proceedings have been pushed through by the Missionaries of the Christian College, the avoidance on their part of the very precautions which every rational critic would consider himself bound, in such cases, to adopt before giving such blind credence to the tale of two self-condemned wretches, the unmanliness of their attack made during the absence of their strictures from India, all these indicate the narrowness of their resources and their helplessness against the powerful enemy whom, failing to vanquish by better means, they have foolishly supposed they could crush down once for all by frail and crumbling instruments which they have mistaken for destructive weapons and have thus exposed their true position of a drowning man catching at straws.....

Yours fraternally,

PIEROZESHAW RUSTOMJI,
FAKIRJI R. BONESETTER, L. M. AND S.,
MARTANDROW BABAJEE NAGNATH,
BAL NILAJI PITALE,
TOOKARAM TATTA,
POORNO CHANDRA MOOKERJI,
NAGINDAS BAKTIDAS SAKAI,
U. L. JUAN DE SILVA,
RUSTOMJI MANCHERJI MOBEDJINA,
JANARDAN DAMODAR KOLHATEKAR,
RUSTOMJI ARDESHIR MASTER (and other).

BOMBAY,
17th October 1884. }

MR. GRIBBLE'S PAMPHLET.

Mr. J. D. B. GRIBBLE has just issued a "Report of an Examination into the Blavatsky Correspondence." Mr. Gribble claims to be an expert, and I cannot follow him through all his dexterous and intricate vermiculations by which he tries to convince himself that the alleged letters have been written by Madame Blavatsky. I will therefore only refer to what he says in regard to the letter in which my one hand-writing is forged. He says that the difference between that hand-writing and my own is so striking, that either the person who wrote this letter had never seen my hand-writing or had no opportunities of copying it, or else the person writing intended that the receiver should at once detect the forgery.

I have shown the said letter to a good many people (non-experts) who were acquainted with my hand-writing, and they all mistook that hand-writing at first sight as that of mine own.

Mr. Gribble further states that Col. Olcott, when he saw the endorsement on the back of the letter, "assumed it to have been made by the 'Master' and then sent the letter to Dr. Hartmann, who at once recognised the hand-writing of the endorsement to be not of the 'Master' but of a Mahatma, with whose writing he was acquainted."

This is a distinction without a difference, because the Mahatma and Col. Olcott's "Master" are one and the same person, as every Theosophist knows.

F. HARTMANN, F. T. S

Notice.

Subscribers to the *Theosophist* who may prefer the Magazine sent them under a plain wrapper, will kindly notify the Manager at once. The address of the paper is printed on the cover for convenience of settling accounts with the Post Office; but if any subscribers are so circumstanced that this causes them inconvenience, plain wrappers will be substituted in their cases.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(I.) No anonymous documents will be accepted for insertion, even though they may be signed "A Theosophist."

(II.) Any contributor not desiring his name to be made public, should give the necessary intimation to the Editor when forwarding his contribution.

(III.) Contributors are requested to forward their articles in the early part of the month, so as to allow the Editor plenty of time for correction and disposal in the pages of the THEOSOPHIST.

(IV.) All correspondence to be written on one side of the paper only, leaving clear spaces between lines and a wide margin. Proper names and foreign words should be written with the greatest care.

The Manager calls particular Notice to the fact that all Money-orders must now be sent payable at ADYAR (not Madras), P. O. India.

Great inconvenience is caused by making them payable to Col. Olcott or Mme. Blavatsky, neither of whom has to do with financial matters, and both of whom are often for months absent from Head-quarters.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

It is now evident that the THEOSOPHIST offers to advertisers unusual advantages in circulation. We have already subscribers in every part of India, in Ceylon, Burmah, China and on the Persian Gulf. Our paper also goes to Great Britain and Ireland, France, Spain, Holland, Germany, Norway, Hungary, Greece, Russia, Australasia, South Africa, the West Indies, and North and South America. The following very moderate rates have been adopted:—

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Subscription price at which the THEOSOPHIST is published barely covers cost—the design in establishing the journal having been rather to reach a very wide circle of readers than to make a profit. We cannot afford, therefore, to send specimen copies free, nor to supply libraries, societies, or individuals gratuitously. For the same reason we are obliged to adopt the plan, now universal in America, of requiring subscribers to pay in advance, and of stopping the paper at the end of the term paid for. Many years of practical experience have convinced Western publishers that this system of cash payment is the best and most satisfactory to both parties; and all respectable journals are now conducted on this plan.

The THEOSOPHIST will appear each month. The rates, for twelve numbers of not less than 48 columns Royal 4to. each of reading matter, or 576 columns in all, are as follows:—To Subscribers in any part of India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, China, Japan, and Australia, Rs. 8; in Africa, Europe, and the United States, £ 1. Half-year (India, &c.) Rs. 5; Single copies Rupee 1. Remittances in postal stamps must be at the rate of annas 17 to the Rupee to cover discount. The above rates include postage. No name will be entered in the books or paper sent until the money is remitted; and invariably the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the term subscribed for. Remittances should be made in Money-orders, Hundis, Bill, Cheques, (or Treasury bills if in registered letters), and made payable only to the PROPRIETORS OF THE THEOSOPHIST, ADYAR, P. O., (MADRAS) India. Subscribers wishing to have receipts, in acknowledgment of their remittances, should send reply post-cards for the purpose.

The Supplement to the "Theosophist" or, as it is now called, the "JOURNAL OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY," is given free of charge to our Members who are subscribers to the "Theosophist." Members who subscribe only for the Supplement are charged Rs. 2-0-0 per annum.

To Subscribers who are not Members of our Society, the charge for the Supplement only is Rs. 5; for the "Theosophist" with Supplement, Rs. 13 per annum.

Subscribers for the Second Volume (October 1880 to September 1881) pay Rs. 6 only in India; Rs. 7 in Ceylon; Rs. 8 in the Straits Settlements, China, Japan, and Australia; and £ 1 in Africa, Europe and the United States. Vol. I is now entirely out of print; but a second Edition is in press. As soon as it is ready for sale, the fact will be duly announced.

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OF THE

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1884.

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JOURNAL OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

VOL. I. No. 11.

MADRAS, NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 11.

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ELIPHAS LEVI.

X.

Magnetic Irregularities and Crimes against Nature.

MAN ought to direct and correct nature, but he must never violate her laws. If man, by combating nature, attempts to become God in opposition to God, he falls lower than the brute and deserves to be called a demon.

Men's vices and consequently their misfortunes are caused by their want of magnetic equilibrium, because without wishing it, they become subject to attractions or repulsions of such a violent nature, that they are unable to regulate them according to the laws of justice. Such men become slaves and love their servitude, they are drunk with a deadly wine and love the poison that kills them; they are in love with death and will not suffer anything to separate them from their cold and terrible bride. They will have what they crave. They wish to perish and perish they will; and their destiny, produced by natural laws, will change in no way the calmness of eternal order.

Man is exactly worth as much as he makes himself worth. To nature his body is not worth more than that of a fly, only it causes somewhat more infection when it decomposes. Certain believers think that an eternal intelligence, which rules the infinite universe with its suns and worlds, pays attention to their stupidities, and gets extremely offended by their foolishness; as if Divinity could be insulted by the infirmities of a crank or by the filthiness of a dog. A man without reason and equilibrium is below the animal; because he cannot like animals depend upon his instinct for guidance and advice. Do those people think that God is offended when they sneeze, or that a divine providence keeps a book to register the names of hysterical patients? Why should a great painter blush when he looks at the imperfect sketches he made in his youth? His reputation will not suffer through them. But what human glory can ever produce such a vanity as is exhibited by those pretended saints, when they boast of their faults having been noticed by God. "My God, I humiliate myself before you, but how can I get rid of my mountain of sins? Can you ever forgive me for having put my will into opposition to yours? I would be doomed to despair, if not the blood of a God had been shed for my sake, etc." This is what they call humility. Look at that abortion that bends its back, so that God may not think it too big. Look at that pigmy, that has mixed his spittle with a little dust and thinks he has created a mountain, big enough to endanger Jupiter. Look at that insect that believes that nothing less can buy it than the blood of a God. After his stupid and arrogant confessions and prayers he lies down and dies satisfied and contented with himself and smiling beforehand at the angels who are certainly on the way to receive him.

The Bible says: "Cease to do evil and begin to do good; and if the filth of your sins were as red as scarlet, you shall become white as snow." This is common sense and reason in all its simplicity; but it is too simple for dunces, it is too natural and does not sufficiently flatter their vanity.

If one departs from the law of nature and reason, he can only go with folly and crime, even if he is supported by faith. *Auto-da-fé* means "act of faith" and the holy inquisition was always most indisputably orthodox. She did not allow any doubts, and yet what is faith without doubt? If science were not able to doubt anything, we would not need to believe, we would know. Faith is a sentimental reason of hope in doubt, and it is perfectly reasonable to doubt things which are unknown, and which are not even known to exist. What strength to a belief can be furnished by the supposed authority of these good people who like ourselves simply believe without being convinced? "Do you know whether such and such a thing is true?" "I believe it." This answer means:—"I know nothing about it, but I am willing to suppose it to be true." There is nothing so absurd, that it may not be supposed by the ignorant to be true, and may not therefore become an article of faith. The folly of madmen consists in not realising the incongruity of their fancies; they are to them articles of faith; those who do evil believe to be doing good, or at least to accomplish something which will bring them something good. A man habituated to follow nature is less liable to err, than one who has been taught to defy her. Pretend-

ed virtues and crimes against nature are born under the same roof and go hand in hand. The *Jordan* is a sacred river which flows at last in the lake of Sodoma.

To make faith in dogmas reasonable, it is necessary that science and reason should approve of the motives which induce that belief. He that believes anything unreasonable is an idiot, and if he insists on believing it, a fool.

Such is the character of the ancient dogmas, whose spirit is now hidden under the already worn out veil of Christianity. Indiscreet science is lifting the veil on all sides and tears out pieces. According to her, it is time to destroy that veil and to substitute for it the veil of Isis, the eternal but transparent veil of Nature.

But whatever efforts may be made, they will not tear the veil of the sanctuary, they will only destroy themselves, when the earth begins to tremble, when the sun grows dark and when strange voices will be heard amongst the groanings of the mer: "The great Pan is dead."

The death of Jesus, as told by the evangelists, presents something terrible. His last words seem to be an expression of doubt and deep despair. Then a terrible cry and nothing more. His head sinks and he expires. Did he perhaps see the new world that was about to be born and did that sight fill him with horror?

It is said that Voltaire died after terrible convulsions; but his last regret was that he had not yet finished the work he was preparing for the dictionary of the Academy. "My friends"—he said to his faithful ones, a short time before he expired—"I recommend to you to..." He stopped; they bent their heads to listen to his last recommendation. "I recommend to you"—said he at last,— "the twenty-five letters of the alphabet"—and he died. There are some, who find his death ridiculous. We will not tell them that we find it sublime, because such persons could not understand us. Yes. The letters of the Alphabet; this is something which is truly important for the world, something durable, something which will help to save humanity.

The *Hebrew Kabalists* say that through letters God has created everything and that through them miracles of all kinds can be wrought. This however we must understand *with a grain of salt* as the hermetic philosophers say.

Rousseau says that the death of Jesus was the death of a God. We do not know in what manner gods die, who are said to be immortal, but it is certain that Voltaire died as a sage and *Rousseau* died like a poor beggar. The children of Voltaire in the French Revolution were *Mirabeau* and the *Girondines*; those of *Rousseau* were hypocrites, the "virtuous" *Robespierre* and "philanthropical" *Marat*. Voltaire was a man of genius, *Rousseau* an imitator. Voltaire was an apostle of civilisation, *Rousseau* a fanatical lover of nature.

Irreligion and fanaticism are two crimes against nature. Humanity is religiously inclined, but inhuman sectarians are fanatical, and society being forced to contend with religious systems opposed to nature, the greatest longing of humanity must remain unsatisfied.

We now understand, why the slow suicide of the cloister, forced celibacy, abnegation of reason, hate against love, are crimes against nature; that priestly confession, which sacrifices the modesty of young girls to the lecherous curiosity of a young clergyman filled with impure temptations, is a most revolting immorality; that the traffic with sacred things is an abomination.

We understand this, and as the church alone refuses to understand it, we can no longer go with the church.

The age of intelligence and justice is coming slowly but surely. Its advent is retarded by the want of equilibrium in human organisations. Perfect man is not yet born, and perfect man alone will be fully responsible. Man has the power to choose between those things that attract him. His attraction becomes deadly if it drags him along the current of passions.

The card-table attracts the gambler, liquor and opium are powerful despots, heartless women destroy the youthful fire; it is necessary to learn in time how to avoid the whirlpools and to battle against currents, if we desire to pilot ourselves safely through the stormy waters of life.

Passions are only magnetic intoxications. If we dream while awake, we can have visions and evoke phantoms; but the difficulty is to send them away if we do not desire them. If they are called too often, they become our masters.

There are individuals who seem to radiate dreams. Their presence makes one dizzy and their hallucinations are catching. They are commonly called *Mediums* and are suffering from magnetic irregularities.

Mr. St. GEORGE LANE-FOX IN CEYLON.

(From the *Philosophic Inquirer*, Madras.)

A LARGE number of Theosophists and Buddhists gathered at the wharf to receive Mr. Fox on the 21st ultimo when he was expected, but the crowd dispersed at sunset on learning that the steamer had not arrived.

Two days after, the 'S. S. Ellora' brought the distinguished visitor to the Colombo Roads about 3 P.M., when the officers of the Theosophical Society went on board and accompanied him to the Jetty where he was greeted as a brother by the other members of the Society, and as a friend by the Buddhists who gathered at the wharf to welcome him. Mr. Fox then drove down to the Head-Quarters of the Society at Maliban street, where till a late hour, visitors of all denominations began to pour in to have a glimpse of a jewel of the Theosophical Society.

The next day after his arrival, he paid a private visit, in the morning, to his cousin Sir Arthur Gordon, with whom he had a long conversation, especially on the grandeur and sublimity of Theosophy. In the afternoon he was the guest of His Excellency at dinner, and on the following morning, Mr. Fox accompanied Sir Arthur to the Mountain Capital where they spent a day in "sight seeing" and returned to Colombo in time to make preparations for his departure to Europe.

During Mr. Fox's short stay in Colombo, it was arranged by him to deliver a lecture at the "Horal Hall," but as time did not permit him to do so, the hope of those, who were eager to hear him, was frustrated, and I trust that those who had the honor of having formed his acquaintance had really enjoyed the lively conversation in which Mr. Fox took a leading part.

We wish our good brother a "bon voyage" and trust he will impress the truth of Theosophy on English minds.

P. DE. A.

CINNAMON GARDENS,
September 4th, 1884. }

SHORT NOTES ON PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES.

Thought Transference, or Mind Reading.

By W. Q. J.

A WRITER in the *Saturday Review*, in 1882, said:—"We had thought we had heard the last of thought reading." It seems, however, that he was mistaken, albeit he was then expressing the current scientific opinion, as more definitely expressed by the senior physician of Westminster Hospital, who said he was amazed that any one with the slightest pretensions to scientific knowledge would have the hardihood to put forth any evidence in favor of thought reading.* The cycle moves on however, and dogmatic scientists are powerless to arrest it or to prevent its bringing to light what have been called "exploded fallacies." There are many ways of transferring thought and of reading minds. The clairvoyant can see and thus read your thoughts; but we cannot all be clairvoyants. The adept can read any one's thought, and with ease transfer what thought he desires to another brain; but "the adept is the efflorescence of his age." The mesmeriser can transfer a thought to his subject's mind, but just now we are not treating of mesmerism.

In 1882, Professor Barrett, of the Royal College of Science for Ireland, and others, presented to the Psychological Research Society, a report on this subject, from which we quote—"Is there or is there not any existing or attainable evidence, that can stand fair physiological criticism, to support a belief that a vivid impression or a distinct idea in one mind can be communicated to another mind, without the intervening help of the recognised organs of perception? And if such evidence be found, is the impression derived from a rare or partially developed and hitherto unrecognised sensory organ, or has the mental percept been evoked directly without any antecedent sense-percept?"† There is plenty of such evidence as Professor Barrett calls for. Thought reading and transference are as old as man. Even little children have a game in which one goes out of a room so that the others may select a word of which they are to think intently. The absent one returns, stands among the others, all of whom in silence are thinking hard of say, "trees." In a few minutes the experimenter suddenly thinks of trees and shouts it out. This is thought transference. The investigation of this subject may be made interesting. The researches of the Psychological Research Society are of great interest, and were pursued by the scientific men, who formed its committees, with pleasure as well as ardour. In 1875, one Dr. Corey made experiments in America, which were thus described

in the *Detroit Medical Review*:—"Bringing himself into direct physical contact with some person, Mr. Corey was enabled to discover objects which that person had secreted, and to select from a multitude of objects the one upon which the willer was intent. He usually placed the other person's hand upon his forehead."

The person who is to make the experiment ought to sit down quietly. Another person, who sits in front, takes hold of the hands of the first, looks intently into the eyes and concentrates his thoughts upon an object or a place or a person: such as, upon "dog," "the pulace," "the temple," a geological strata, a flower, or what not. In a few minutes then he asks the sitter, "what flower do I think of, or what place, or what person here, or what ornament or thing in this room, or what King of England or what geological strata," and so on. It will be found that in the majority of cases the answers will be correct, without fraud and without collusion.

Any company of persons can verify this, and if some of our members pursue this line of inquiry, which was not above the minds of some of the greatest scientific lights of England, reports of the experiments furnished to the THEOSOPHIST will be of great interest and value.

Another way is to blindfold the subject. Then take his hand, and draw yourself upon a piece of paper a simple figure or a face, no matter what. The subject then repeats with a pencil that which comes before his mind. Many experiments of this character have been made with great success, in some instances it was seen that the subject reversed the picture, or turned it topsy turvy.

Another mode is for the subject to remain seated and blindfolded while one of the party goes outside and draws a simple figure on a piece of paper, concentrating his mind upon it for a few minutes so as to get a vivid picture of it before his mental eye. Then he returns and concentrates himself upon the sitter who takes up pencil and paper and reproduces what he sees mentally. This is all done without contact. Many curious and startlingly accurate results may be obtained.

In making these drawings, it is best to use a soft pencil, drawing the lines very coarsely or boldly, so that you may produce upon your own mind a very strong impression of the form. In this way your thought, which is actually dynamic, will the more easily affect the sitter.

A third and easiest mode I will mention is, to sit quietly with some one who is to think steadily, while you rapidly relate what you find passing through your brain. It can be done either with or without contact. Contact with the other person of course will make it easier, but you will be surprised to find how often you report exactly what the other person is thinking of.

In drawing pictures, or setting down words to be guessed, it will be found much easier to concentrate the mind if a piece of paper or a black board be used as a back ground before which is placed the object to be guessed, as the contrast between the two causes a sharper image to be conveyed by the eye to the brain.

THE TAE OF THE FAITHISTS.

THIS is the beginning of a community, but unlike anything that has been tried before in any part of the world. It is to be built up with children, and for the purpose of raising them. The following clause taken from their Charter of Incorporation, issued by the State of New York, is somewhat explanatory: viz., "The object of our Association is to gather in, and care for, foundlings and orphans, and other unprotected infants, and to found them in a colony or colonies on western lands, where we shall procure a tract of sufficient size, to prohibit the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, and where the children may be educated and raised out of sight of drunkenness and profanity, so common in our large cities."

But benevolence is not all that is aimed at. The children are to be taught all kinds of occupations, mechanical, agricultural, etc., etc., educating them on the kindergarten plan, until they arrive at maturity. And even here the work is not to stop, but homes are to be provided for them within the colonies, where they may live as long as life lasts if they so choose. The inquirer would suggest that it would require an immense sum of money to carry out this enterprise successfully. But such is not the case. Each colony is to be self-supporting; raising, growing and manufacturing everything within itself that may be required. To accomplish this, a new government (fraternal) is laid down, and it is different from either monarchy or republic, and on a higher plane. A new religion is back of all this, and yet not a new religion, in fact, but the putting into practice of religion founded upon the Commandments, revealed in all the religions of the world. The Faithists are a religious people, but they worship no Lord nor Saviour, but only Jehovah, the Creator.

Their rites and ceremonies are more imposing than any that have ever been practised, and yet they are given only as a matter of education and discipline. Angel communion is also taught, with instructions as to the condition of the spirits of the dead. But in no case do the Faithists place themselves under the guidance of the spirits. They weigh mortal and spiritual knowledge, and take only what can be fully proved.

* July No. *Nineteenth Century*, 1882.

† Proceedings of Psychological Research Society, 1882, p. 13.

These communities are never to exceed 3,000 inhabitants each, and all things are to be held in common. To this the children are to be trained from their infancy up, and to assist one another, understanding that all things belong to Jehovah, given into our trust.

The name of this organization is "THE TAE," and it is composed of an Outer and Inner Council.

Any of the homes or Colonies will constitute an Inner Council, but there is to be only one Outer Council. Its members and lodges are to be in all our large cities. Each of the Inner Councils will control its own home or colony. Their wants, requirements, capacities, etc., will be made known to the Outer Council.

The members of The Tae, either of the Outer or Inner Council, draw no pay or stipend for their services. All the members that go into these homes or colonies, if accepted, will be provided with food and clothes, and a home during their natural lives, but receive no pay for their labours.

Neither can they be accepted until they give in all their earthly possessions and isolate themselves from the customs, usages, and vanities of the world. It is only a few months since The Tae was started. A call for volunteers has been responded to from nearly all parts of the United States. A gathering-in home was begun the 1st of May, 1884, near Pearl River, Rockland Co., N. Y., and a sufficient number of volunteers have gathered in and consecrated their lives and fortunes to the work to insure success.

The rites and religious ceremonies were not only interesting and instructive, but of the most imposing kind imaginable.

DISCIPLINE.

The Faithists are vegetarians, using neither fish, flesh nor animal product, save honey; either celibacy or monogamic marriage, nothing else. Work is divided into groups, with a teacher or chief to each, and these change weekly or monthly, so that all members take turns as chiefs. These chiefs are absolute for the time being. And over these is a C'chief, also absolute for his term. But all members of the Inner Council take turns as C'chief also. They are a happy people.

The temple of worship is opened awhile in the morning at sunrise, but in subdued light, for all who choose to come in and pray, quietly, and then to pass out. Sabbath service embraces imposing ceremonies, processions, prayers, responses, lecture or sermon, and music.

One evening each week is devoted to lessons; one to education in rites and ceremonies, as practised in all religions, and sometimes in regalia; one to music, one to prayer, one to dancing and etiquette, but even this is opened with prayer, though music is practised nearly every evening.

Liberty is preserved. No criticising, fault-finding or complaining against one another is practised within the home.

They have no constitution and bye-laws.

For further information the reader is referred to OAHSEE, the New Bible. All communications should be addressed to

DR. H. S. TANNER,

Secretary of the Inner Council.

Camp Hored, Pearl River, Rockland Co., N. Y.

August 1st, 1884.

A FEW REMARKS SUGGESTED BY THE ARTICLE "THE COLLAPSE OF KOOT HOOMI."

The Padres.

We pity the poor Padres of the Christian College. Miserable indeed is their plight when they are compelled to resort to these doubtful means to overcome their opponents. The Padres never meet the Theosophist's lecture on the open platform and defend their sectarian views orally or in writing. They denounce them as atheists and political humbugs behind their backs, where they have no fear of being contradicted.

These letters have been published in the name of public morality. If this is the Padres' standard of public morality, then public morality becomes polluted when its name is uttered by the mouths of the Padres. In her name they have become willing dupes of a woman who has lost her ballast in the reverses of fortune, the vile instruments for the perpetration of a greedy woman's revenge.

The Occult Room.

There was only one large room upstairs when the Society purchased the Adyar House. To one end of this room was attached a bed-room with a partition between it and the sitting room. From the bed-room, a door led to a verandah. This doorway was shut up and the verandah was converted into a room called the Occult Room.

In closing up the doorway a hollow space was allowed to be left in the middle that the weight of the new addition upon the beam of the ceiling might be as little as possible. I have seen both sides of this wall, both when it was being built and when it was finished. I have seen it also when it was papered.

Originally it had no sliding panels at the back or front. When I saw it again a few days after the expulsion of the Coulombs, I found in various parts of the wall in the rooms upstairs small panels recently constructed in places where there were none before. I know every part of this room, having been in it by day and slept in it by night during our stay in Madras. The mischief workers were evidently disturbed in the middle of their work.

The Shrine.

The shrine is a movable cupboard hung on the recently closed up wall of the Occult room. This portion of the wall is left still intact.

The shrine is something like a psychological telegraph office. It is connected by a current of akas with the Asram of the Mahatmas. Whatever is put into it will at once be known to them. But it should be distinctly understood that this is not the only means of communication; nor, if the shrine were removed to-day, will all communications be stopped. The shrine is simply a matter of convenience.

The Coulombs.

Out of respect for Mme. Blavatsky, the Coulombs were treated kindly by all of us. Mme. Coulomb's numerous peccadilloes were freely forgiven. She was considered an irresponsible medium, the willing instrument of any strong-willed person that circumstances may throw in her way. Last December when I gave Mme. Blavatsky a curiosity in the shape of a petrified plant that we came across in a cave in one of our rambles in the Papannassum Hills, Mme. Coulomb examined it and pretended to see clairvoyantly heaps of gold coins treasured up near the place in the cave where we got the article. We all then had fine jokes on her say. But when a few days later she took us aside and seriously insisted on her being taken to the spot and asked for a loan to make the necessary preparations for a journey, we plainly told her we would have nothing to do with her treasures or her journey.

The Mahatmas.

It is too late in the day for the Padres to deny the existence of the Mahatmas. There are several Englishmen of the Civil Service, who have had correspondence with them when Mme. Blavatsky was far away and knew nothing of the matter, not to speak of scores of other gentlemen, European and native. I too can claim the honor of having had an interview with one of them in his physical body outside the precincts of a lamasery near Sikkim on the road leading to it from Darjeeling. The interview took place at eleven in the forenoon and lasted for about two hours. I have seen him and several of his pupils in the astral body on many occasions. Many of our friends who happened to be with us at the time have seen them like ourselves. Mme. Blavatsky is now in Europe, Colonel Olcott too is there. Our communication with the Mahatmas still continues uninterrupted. If Madame Blavatsky can do this, why then, verily she is a Mahatma.

Phenomena.

At this day, only those, who have had neither the time nor the inclination to search into psychical laws, join with the theologians and raise a feeble cry against the existence of such powers. The only question is whether such powers are brought into play in particular occurrences. The best witnesses to prove such things are those who have seen them and not the Padres who deliberately keep away, attributing them all to the machinations of their friend, the Devil. The Padres say that all phenomena have been produced by trickery by Madame Blavatsky with the aid of the Coulombs. I shall mention two instances, out of several, that have come under my personal experience. An American gentleman of a well known firm, who is not in any way connected with the Society, wrote a letter to me asking certain questions in Aryan philosophy. On opening it as soon as the postman gave it to me at my place in Tinnevely we found that the answers to the *more intricate* questions were already entered opposite each of them, under the well-known initials of my revered Guru. The letter is still with me and Madame Bla-

vatsky to this day knows nothing of it. One day in my place at Tinnevely, a learned Pandit of the Shaktaya sect was speaking to us in flowing terms of the advantages of the Shaktaya ceremonies over all others in the development of psychical powers. I noted down in his presence the salient points of his argument on paper, put it into an envelope, addressed it to my Guru, and placed it in my box. This happened in the evening. The next morning I saw on my table, along with other papers, the same cover unopened but with my address written over the previous superscription. I opened it and found written between the lines of the original letter a crushing answer to all the false logic of the Pandit, with quotations in Sanskrit from the Upanishads neatly written in the Devanagari characters. Madame Blavatsky was in Madras then and to this day she is ignorant of this letter or its reply. Scores of letters of this kind received by us from our Venerated Master, when we were far away from Madame Blavatsky or Colonel Olcott, are in our possession. Many of our friends have seen several of them. Some of them contain Tamil quotations written in neat characters.

If the Padres say we and several others, who had the same experience, are labouring under some hallucination, we may as well retort that the definition of that word will have to be considerably altered. They cannot under any circumstances, hallucinate away the letters in our possession. If they question our veracity, not only can we produce better credentials, but we are in a position to challenge the public to catch us misrepresenting one fact for the hundred facts about which the Padres have been caught fibbing deliberately.

The Padres mislead the public when they assert that the Society is founded on phenomena. No phenomenon is shown for its own sake. The Masters belong to a higher plane of existence and they get hold of the easiest method in their plane for communication with their pupils and others.

Conclusion.

Dr. Hunter, the Director-General of Statistics, says that the proportion of jail going population in Bengal as compared with England for an equal area and population is one-third for the male and one seventeenth for the female. He does not say how much of the Bengal crimes are traceable to the influx of evangelical civilization. The Padres have done many a crime in the name of Evangelical morality. They have torn by wives husbands from wives, children from parents. Their Karma now overtakes them and impels them to do questionable actions like the present publications which will ultimately result in their going home bag and baggage, leaving the heathen Hindu to the simple, unsophisticated, sublime morality of his sage forefathers, the authors of the Upanishads.

MADURA.

S. RAMASWAMIER.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

EVERY student of history knows that when Christianity was in the ascendant in Europe, persecution, torture, murder, imprisonment, and burning of heretics—unbelievers in the Bible—were the chief glories of Christendom. One need but open the pages of the history of the Middle Ages, to know how under the name of the Inquisition, millions of human lives were put to the rack and faggot, imprisoned, burned, and murdered to appease the wrath of the all-merciful God of the Bible. One need but read the history of our ruling country, especially the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, to know how in the name of the *very god* of the Bible, the Catholic and Protestant Christians exchanged massacres. Facts are abundant in the famous books of Buckle, Draper, and Lecky, and even in the history of the Christian Mosheim, to show that the Christians were ever buried in darkness, guilty of manifold crimes even in those ages when the influence of the teachings of Christ had not quite faded away; that they revelled in luxury, licentiousness, and what not; and to crown all, they gloried in putting every possible barrier to intellectual and moral progress. Read the lives of Galileo, Bruno, Vanini, Campanella, Voltaire, Paine, Diderot, Hypatia, D'Holbach, David Hume, Volney, Bradlaugh, Holyoake, Besant, Bennett and Foote—the unbelievers—who spurned at the inhuman Christian creed. Has Christianity ceased to do the glorious deeds enumerated above? Has it given up those barbarous measures meted out to Freethinkers up to the end of the past century? No! The prime object of Christian teachers and preachers,

in every land they tread, is to choke the intellectual freedom of the land; to persecute the freethinking pioneers of the land; to print ingenious falsehoods against them, to slander them and impeach their honesty, and accuse them of insincerity in their several professions. We do not and cannot wonder if the Protestant Christians strive their best, perhaps in good faith, to excel in calumny, their good master Luther, who out of true Christian spirit called the great Greek philosopher Aristotle, "*truly a devil, a horrid calumniator, a wicked sycophant, a prince of darkness, a real Apollyon, a beast, a most horrid impostor on mankind, one in whom there is scarcely any philosophy, a public and professed liar, a goat, a complete epicure, this twice execrable Aristotle.*" This undying tribute was paid to Aristotle because, according to Macaulay, "he was the great fashioner of the intellectual chaos; he changed its darkness into light, and its discord into order." Need we wonder therefore that Christians should after Luther's fashion persist in calling non-Christians all names they please? Christians have tried their worst in England; and enough of persecutions have they counted in the names of the Free-thought leaders of that land; but they could not intellectually and morally succeed in winning over their lost sheep; they could not establish the claims of their beloved creed on true foundations; they could not gain a single freethought leader to their flock by reason, argument, and true conviction; they could not, with all the united power of the Bishops of the land, stem the torrent of infidelity that is raging in every creek and corner of civilized Europe. Despairing in their failure, they have fallen upon the two famous Founders of the Theosophical Society. Dreading the remarkable influence of their teachings over the minds of the rising generation of our country-men, they have begun to traduce their character, and to pronounce that the whole Society is based upon mere fraud and sham. They have not however had the manliness to meet the male founder of the Society—Colonel Olcott—upon a public platform and show the superiority of their creed to Theosophy. More than five years have passed, since the arrival of the founders in India; not a single Christian missionary has up to date in India—so far as we are aware—dared to debate with the President-Founder on the relative merits and claims of Christianity and Theosophy. They have, however, to give vent to their rancour, found a mouthpiece in the *Christian College Magazine*. We beg permission on behalf of public morality to review, in good faith, the Editorial in the current issue of the 'Magazine,' that has appeared under the curious heading—"The Collapse of Koot Hoomi."

The editorial above referred to has caused no doubt some sensation among intelligent Indian circles...but the thinking portion of the Hindu public, and such of the Hindus, as are already acquainted with the ways and manners of the Christian Missionaries and their modes of conversion, are not so easily, as the Editor imagined, to be led astray by the interpretations put by a Christian journalist upon letters and documents alleged to have been in Madame Blavatsky's own hand-writing, and found out of "strange recklessness" on Madame Blavatsky's part, in possession of the very irresponsible persons, the Coulombs. The Editor in substantiation of the very peculiar, not to say questionable, title of the Editorial observes:—

In these latter days, the Mahatmas have spoken again through their chosen vessel Madame Blavatsky and with such power and authority that their words have not been in vain. From end to end of India the fame of Koot Hoomi has been spread, and the marvels done in his name have had all the effects of miraculous seals upon the utterances of his agent. One by one, *Indian Sceptics* have bowed their heads before the Mahatmas, and a distinguished Indian Journalist—Mr. Sennett, rather a noted man in unbelieving circles, has humbled himself to be the inspired redacteur of Koot Hoomi's Cosmogony.

The italics are ours.

What of that? The Indian sceptics are sceptics still in so far as Theism is concerned; but they have not the bigotry and stupidity to ignore that there are mysterious things which need exploration; they have not denied in virtue of philosophy proper, that there are higher powers attainable by man, and that persons of higher intelligences and psychic powers do exist. The belief in the existence of Mahatmas is rather native in the cultured Indian mind; the Indian philosophy teaches the same grand truth. But it matters not and it concerns very little with Theosophy, if the bigots among sceptics do not believe in the existence of Mahatmas, for the truth of occultism rests upon its own merit. The Editor adds that "it is not to Madame Blavatsky's skilful and persuasive words but to the evidence of his senses that Mr

Sinnett ascribes his conversion." Now this kind of accusation is evidently questioning the sincerity of Mr. Sinnett, who, in the Editor's own words, was 'rather a noted man in unbelieving circles.' We leave however Mr. Sinnett to speak for himself, and turn to the Editor's sneering observations founded upon the fidelity of the Christian Coulombs. The whole and the only conclusion, which the Editor makes and very ingeniously indeed teaches the public to draw from his Editorial and the number of letters imputed to Madame Blavatsky, is simply that Madame Blavatsky had been producing fraudulent phenomena with the help of the honorable Coulombs. The Editor however, relieving Colonel Olcott from this accusation, has had the goodness to remark that "just in proportion as the Colonel gains his esteem for his honesty, does he lose in his reputation as a man of sense." Why, upon an unfounded charge which the Editor was made to believe that the Colonel was shut out from the shrine! Do not the intelligent think that Colonel Olcott has evidently more sense in believing in the existence of the Mahatmas, and in the higher intelligences of man than the Christian Editor who believes that Baalam's Donkey spoke inspired? Now the sole conclusion, whatever it may be, which is to be drawn from the publication of the letters above referred to, is as regards their genuineness and nothing else. Whether they are genuine, or as genuine as the Gospels themselves, or whether any interpolations were made in them by somebody to throw dirt at Madame Blavatsky, are points which could be decided by Madame Blavatsky alone. But the public can arrive at one safe conclusion in the meanwhile, that Madame Blavatsky could not have been a person to live by, and gain fame upon fraudulent means, considering the character of the Coulombs, which is fully and exhaustively set forth in Dr. F. Hartmann's "Report of Observations made at the Head Quarters of the Theosophical Society." Those, who have had the fortune to be acquaintances of both Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, would not scruple to pronounce that the former is more candid and open in her avowal of opinions than the latter; and those, who have patiently read the chapter on the Theosophical Society in Mr. Sinnett's *Occult World*, could have learned in full the noble life and career of the Founders of the Theosophical Society, and that, at the sacrifice of their own interests, they have come out to India, and have been working in this land for the cause of Truth, for the bettering of humanity, for the regeneration of India, and the world at large. The disproof of the genuineness of the documents published in the *Christian College Magazine*, being left entirely to the discretion of Madame Blavatsky, we have to consider, seriously too, the character of the Coulombs..... We could not, one whit, charge Madame Blavatsky with the least fraudulent intent, having seen personally the clever but clumsy imitation of Dr. Hartmann's handwriting which has been already pronounced in the *Madras Mail* by the Doctor to be a "forgery." When one letter of Dr. Hartmann's had been so boldly pronounced a forgery, the unprejudiced public have a fair inference to draw in the matter of Madame Blavatsky's letters. How Madame Coulomb was misrepresenting the objects of the Theosophical Society; how she was charging the Society as inimical to true religion; how she was telling that the phenomena occurring at the Head Quarters of the Society were frauds and works of the devil, notwithstanding her own declaration that the phenomena were true and genuine, made in her letter dated Adyar, 13th August 1883, and published in Dr. Hartmann's report; how she was attempting to extort money from rich members of the Society; how she was lying and backbiting, were proved by affidavits from respectable persons before a General Council of the Society on the 13th May last.... But as the proverb goes 'repentance comes too late;' and it remains to be seen whether the Christian Editor deceived himself by the 'skillful and persuasive' words of Madame Coulomb or that he is firm in his conviction that the documents are genuine.... Be that as it may. Now as regards the back doors, trap doors, and sliding panels near the shrine, which the Editor made so much of, as having been the mediums for productions of 'occult phenomena' at the shrine, we have a word to say. It was last Sunday that we, accompanied by our own brother and a respectable friend of ours, called at the Head Quarters of the Theosophical Society, with an honest intent of satisfying ourselves as to the existence or non-existence of the above machinery. After a short conversation with Dr. Hartmann, Mr. Judge and others, we expressed

our desire to see the Shrine, and were taken up there. To our great surprise and to our admiration too, we saw the clever and ingenious contrivances of Mr. Coulomb—left in an unfinished state—which were not in existence up to the last day. Madame Blavatsky was at Adyar, we knew; and we came unanimously to the one and only conclusion, that the contrivances were made by Mr. Coulomb himself during Madame Blavatsky's absence from Madras, to serve the plot. Whatever opinion the public may form from this account of ours, we have had our say in the matter; and we beg to conclude with a word, that even if Madame Blavatsky's veracity can be questioned, the calumnies and slanders of the Theosophical Society's enemies cannot affect its progress in the least, its objects being good.—*Philosophic Inquirer, Madras.*

MISSIONARY "COLLAPSE."

It is a matter of no small surprise and regret to well disposed members of the Theosophical Society that an outside public, least informed with reference to its internal working, should so credulously yield themselves to every bubble of alleged fraud set afloat by inveterate enemies of the movement. But the members generally are able to judge the merits of the case from a better stand-point.

2. The lines on which the Parent Society is working have nothing whatever to do with witnessing or promoting occult phenomena in the world. That work moreover is carried on independently of the founders. The members also are not interested in magic or conjuring tricks, but are better employed in the study and investigation of all ancient philosophies lost to the sight of modern learning. A lively interest has thereby been thoroughly roused to look into Aryan and other literature, religions and sciences, find out the excellencies in them, vindicate their importance, and uphold the truth.

3. With these objects in view and with a view to divide the labour, branches of the Theosophical Society have been everywhere formed, which are working independently, but holding together as one Society for the interchange of knowledge.

4. Designing enemies need not flatter themselves with the hope that their petty schemes of destruction can possibly affect this Society or interrupt the good work going on, for it would be absolutely absurd to suppose that the stability of the Society depends upon the genuineness or otherwise of petty phenomena which can be easily imitated or surpassed by the lowest of native jugglers.

5. Outside foes do not know what is learned within the Society. Truths as old as the hills are absolutely repulsive and distasteful to their minds because to them they are new; for what could be more distasteful to a Materialist than the assertion of the existence of invisible spiritual worlds, or to the bigoted Christian than the fact that a miracle is but the "natural result" of "exceptional causes," and that mesmerism plays a large part in the production of the phenomena superstitiously called "miracles?"

6. The instructions received at the hands of the Theosophical Society are full from beginning to end with positive information, altogether new to the European mind, and both interesting and consistent with reason. "In short," says a learned and impartial critic, "we have a cosmogony embracing all things and all questions of heaven, earth, and intermediate states of existence, mundane and extra-mundane. Mr. Sinnett has done this in excellent style and nothing can be more lucid or well arranged." But Mr. Sinnett does not arrogate to himself the authorship of this cosmogony but ascribes it to the Mahatmas, the truth of which I have had opportunities of personally judging while filling the Office of Secretary of the Eclectic, when the founders of the Theosophical Society were far away, and the Coulombs never heard of.

7. The manifestations of psychic, and occult, mesmeric, clairvoyant and other forces, possessed by certain Yogis of India and sometimes by Western spiritualists—have been sufficiently proved and tried under test conditions, based on the evidence of reliable men of intelligence, learning, and integrity, to defy all the arguments of bigoted and unintelligent scepticism. To the mind of a careful thinker, the evidence is sufficiently conclusive to enable intelligent men to honestly conclude that fraud and collusion are not necessary to the production of occult phenomena; therefore

every well informed Theosophist and all students of mesmerism and occultism generally have good reason to doubt the genuineness of the charges brought against a lady we know to be most learned in this department of science. Nor would a trick, if played by any one in any part of the world, affect the occult sciences or the knowledge possessed concerning them.

8. In conclusion, I should say, without fear of contradiction, that no right thinking Theosophist, who has had the pleasure of Madame Blavatsky's acquaintance and the opportunities of personally judging her character, will surrender his own good judgment into the hands of expelled members of the Society, or those of her bitterest enemies.

SIMLA, 5th October 1884. W. D. TILDEN, F. T. S.

ONE MORE WITNESS.

THEOSOPHY.

IN regard to the charge made in the *Christian College Magazine* for September 1884 against Madame Blavatsky that occult phenomena, produced at Adyar (Madras), India, are fraudulent ones, done by means of a back-door, attached to the shrine at that place, permit me to make the following observations.

I make bold to make them as I am personally acquainted with the lady, whose character was traduced in that journal, and I am very familiar with the place which has been a subject of much slanderous misrepresentations.

The facts relating to this matter, so far as I know them, are these:—I have known the shrine at Adyar since February 1883. But it was in September 1883 that I had actually an opportunity of closely examining the structure of the shrine, so as to see whether the trickery, now pretended to be exposed, had ever any existence. I may say that I entered the room containing the shrine with the mind of an out-and-out sceptic, indeed, all this time, I may say I was an unbeliever, though I had constantly met the Founders of the Theosophical Society, and read much of their writing. What struck me about the doings of the Theosophists was, "What necessity is there for these modern Theosophists to perform their phenomena in a particular locality, and that in a shrine, while our ancient sages did all we have known in open places." I was soon quieted by an invitation on the part of Madame Blavatsky to inspect the shrine, and satisfy myself about it.

I shall now give a brief description of the shrine and its situation in order that the outside public may see whether it is possible that the enlightened members of the Society could have been subjected to the trickery that the Coulombs now boast of exposing.

Madame Blavatsky had her sleeping apartment in the hall upstairs in the Adyar premises. There is a door-way leading from this hall to a room where the shrine is suspended, the shrine itself (a cup-board as they call it) being on the wall about four feet above the ground. I opened the doors of this shrine, and found in it some photos and a silver cup and a few other things. I clearly examined every portion of this shrine from within, topping with my hands every part of it, and nowhere could I find room for suspicion. Not satisfied with this, I examined the outside of the shrine, the front and the sides, and the top; and they stood the test. For fear of disarranging the things, I did not move the shrine about, but what was more satisfactory, I examined the back portion of the wall on which rested the shrine (which was inside the hall containing Madame Blavatsky's sleeping apartment) and found that there could not be the slightest room for suspicion in any direction, so far as the matter of the structure of the shrine is concerned.

After this Madame Blavatsky had the kindness to ask if any of us (we were then about five there) had any letter to send to Mahatmas. One of us immediately produced a letter; I took up the cup from the shrine, having carefully examined it, and the gentleman dropped the letter into it. I placed the cup with the letter in the shrine, and closed it, as desired by the above lady. Two or three minutes after, Madame Blavatsky, who was standing about two yards off from the shrine, said she felt an answer came, and on opening the shrine we found a letter addressed to the sender, containing four pages with not less than 20 lines on each, which would occupy any mortal writer, simply to copy it in, not less than half an hour. It must be remembered that there must have been time for one to read the letter, and then to prepare an answer which may take up another 15 minutes. But all this took place in the course of two or three minutes.

I shall now give an account of the so-called trap-door. I found this trap-door in an incomplete state for the first time in June 1884, a few months after the departure of the Founders. It is so small a door that a thin spare boy of 10 or 12 years could hardly enter through it. It is intended to be understood the phenomenal letters were ushered into the shrine through this passage, but any one seeing the passage for himself, would be convinced of the impossibility of the thing being done.

I must, therefore, take this occasion to represent what I know of these matters to allow Truth to triumph; and I feel it specially necessary, now that every one of us should speak out his experience of the Theosophists and their doings, that they may furnish, however lightly it may be, answers to the attacks of the Coulombs upon the conduct of persons too far away to justify themselves.

T. C. RAJAMIENGAR.

MADRAS, 22nd September 1884.—(*Indian Mirror*, Oct. 1.)

Official Reports.

GERMAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

SECOND MEETING.

A SECOND meeting of the Branch Society convened at Am-bach, Starnberger See in Bavaria, on the 9th of August last, the following persons were duly received into membership: Baron and Baroness *du Prel*, Professor *Gabriel Max*, Fran Emma Max, Miss Kitzing, Count and Countess von *Spreti*, and Captain Franz Nubern, all of Munich, and Mr. Ernst von Weber, of Dresden.

The *President-Founder* then addressed the meeting at some length upon the present situation of intellectual affairs in Germany, and expressed very warmly his pleasure in being able to enrol as members two men so illustrious in their respective departments of literature and art as Baron *du Prel* the philosopher and Professor *Gabriel Max* the painter. He said that a cause, supported by such minds as were already won over to Theosophy in Germany, must be a success. We were at the very infancy of a movement now, which he hoped and believed would after a few years extend throughout not only the whole area of German thought but also of that of all the civilized world.

Upon motion of Dr. *Hülbe Schleiden*, the Branch then voted for officers; and *Baron du Prel*, being elected unanimously First Vice-President, accepted the office and was by the *President-Founder* declared duly installed.

Upon further motion, the executive officers were authorized to select members to form a *council* who should have the power to add to their number as circumstances might require it.

The session of the Society was then adjourned *sine die*
HÜLBE-SCHLEIDEN,
President of T. S. G.

Approved

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

GERMAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE following despatch was received at Adyar (Madras) on the 2nd of October:—

German Branch resolves that no evidence against Madame Blavatsky affects our belief in the Mahatmas; it being entirely independent of her.

Yet she has our full confidence. We despise Coulombs' slanders.

ELBERFELD, GERMANY, }
October 2, 1884. }

GEBHARD,
Secretary.

LONDON LODGE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE following telegram was received at Adyar (Madras) on the morning of the 4th of October from the *President* of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society:—

The Council of the London Lodge assure the Parent Society of their loyal support, under the unscrupulous attack on Madame Blavatsky; of their belief in her integrity; and of gratitude for her services in the cause of Theosophy.

LONDON, ENGLAND, }
3rd October, 1884. }

FINCH,
President.

THE MADRAS THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Extract from Minutes of Proceedings of the Madras Branch of the Theosophical Society, held on the 4th October 1884, at Royapettah, in the premises of the Society.

ON motion of P. Sreenivasa Row, it was unanimously Resolved, that the Madras Branch expresses hereby its confidence in Madame Blavatsky, notwithstanding the attack

recently made upon her; and the Secretary is directed to communicate the same to her and to the Head-Quarters of the Theosophical Society.

P. SREENIVASA ROW,
Secretary.

T. SUBBA ROW,
President.

TODABETTA BRANCH THEOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY (OOTACAMUND).

At a Meeting of the Todabetta Theosophical Society, at Ootacamund, on the 5th of October 1884, it was resolved that this Branch, notwithstanding the slanders of the *Christian College Magazine*, has full confidence in Madame Blavatsky and desires that she may be informed of the same.

This Branch also desires to record its full belief in the MAHATMAS notwithstanding the so-called disclosures brought forward by the expelled Coulombs.

(Signed) H. R. MORGAN,
President.

(True Extract.)
T. GOPAUL SINGH,
Asst. Secretary.

HIMALAYAN ESOTERIC THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

(EXTRACT.)

THE members have read with deep regret the vile insinuations, and the scurrilous defamatory articles that have appeared in many of the leading journals of the day, which are openly hostile to the cause of Theosophy. They recognise in this persecution the operation of occult laws which obtain alike in every department of nature, and they have no doubt that under the action of the self same laws, the eternal truths of Theosophy will be established on a firmer basis when the mist of calumny shall have yielded to the light of justice.

Though they entertain no fears as to the future of Theosophy, the members take this opportunity of offering their heartfelt sympathy to the Founders of the Theosophical Society and to Madame Blavatsky in particular, for the annoyance to which they have been subjected by the vile machinations of their avowed opponents; but they feel confident that the law of *Karma* will assert itself, and that the Founders will come off victorious from this ordeal. Thoughtful minds, they are sure, will not be deterred by such incidents from the pursuit of truths which the Masters are now, for the first time in the history of the world, prepared to impart through the instrumentality of the Theosophical Society.

KUMUD CHANDRA MUKERJEE,
SIMLA, the 9th Oct. 1884. *Honorary Secretary.*

THE BHIRIGU KSHETRA THEOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY (JUBBULPORE).

Telegram.

OUR confidence in Madame Blavatsky cannot be shaken by the foolish attacks of the Coulombs and their crew. Mahatmas and Occultism are no novelty with us, and we look upon missionary impositions with contempt.

AVINASH CHANDRA ROSE,
JUBBULPORE, Oct. 19, 1884. *Secretary,*
Bhriugu Kshetra Theosophical Society.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE VELLORE
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

- I. We fully believe in the existence of the Mahatmas.
- II. We likewise believe in the phenomena-producing powers of Occultists.
- III. From the testimony borne by men of high respectability in respect to the various phenomena produced by Madame Blavatsky, we have feelings of great veneration for her, and believe in her possessing such occult powers; but now that the genuineness of some such phenomena is called into question, all that we can say on the subject is what can be concluded from a perusal of the papers concerning it, namely, that the evidence against their genuineness is utterly unreliable, being that of admittedly dishonorable persons, while the evidence on the other side is that of highly respectable men.
- IV. We consider that the honor of our Society demands an authoritative refutation of the charges brought by the Missionaries against our respected Founder's character,

V. We earnestly beseech such legal steps being taken as may be found necessary.

A. MAHADEVA AITAR,
Corresponding Secretary.

VELLORE,
17th October 1884.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MADURA BRANCH
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

- I. THE members of the Madura Theosophical Society strongly disapprove of the recent publication, by the Editor of the *Christian College Magazine*, of letters of the private character they purport to be.
- II. They think that an unfair advantage, to say the least, has been taken by the said Editor of Mme. Blavatsky's absence in Europe to publish the said letters.
- III. The said letters, even if genuine, will not affect the cause of Theosophy, whose main object is to pursue truth and to expose all manner of sham and humbug.
- IV. The Hindu's faith in Mahatmas rests essentially on the immemorial tradition and philosophy of his remote ancestors, and not merely on Mme. Blavatsky's phenomena.
- V. The utterances of the *Christian College Magazine*, and the other papers that echoed its sentiments, betray, in the opinion of the Branch, both a sad want of logic and an ignorance of the high standpoint of Theosophy, its aims and ends.
- VI. The publication of the said letters is not warranted by sufficient grounds of public good or morality.
- VII. Such publication is referable to that misguided and often mischievous piety that has unfortunately been so frequently evinced by the Christian Missionaries in India.

MADURA,
7th October 1884. }

V. COOPPOOSWAMY IYER,
Secretary M. T. S.

THE CHITTORE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

"RESOLVED, that our regard and esteem for Madame Blavatsky are not in the least shaken by the Coulombs' slanders, and that our expression of sympathy be communicated to the Founders. Resolved also, that our faith in Theosophy will never be shaken, as it rests wholly on the rock of Truth."

Mr. N. Sreenivasa Chariar, F. T. S., was elected Vice-President of our Branch.

A. RAJU,
Asst. Secretary.

CHITTORE, October 12, 1884.

GOOTY SANSKRIT SCHOOL AND THEOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY.

WE feel glad to be able to say that in addition to Rupees 100 promised by M. R. Ry. T. Ramachandara Row Garu, B. A., B. L., F. T. S.; District Munsif, Gooty, and President of Gooty Sanskrit School, M. R. Ry. P. Kesava Pillai Avergal, Vice-President of Gooty Theosophical Society, and M. R. Ry. A. Nunjundappa Garu, B. A., B. L., District Court Pleader and a sympathiser of the Society, promised last week to donate, each, Rupees 100 to the Sanskrit School.

*We seize this opportunity to declare publicly that the members of the Theosophical Society, and non-members here, are carefully studying both sides of the present Theosophical controversy created by the piously devoted Christian Missionaries; that we assure you of our loyal adherence to Madame Blavatsky and to Theosophy, of our confidence in her veracity and uprightness and ability and intelligence, and of our full conviction that the Coulombs maliciously and rapaciously found some mischief for the idly-busy Missionaries to do—for which they are ere long sure to suffer by that Irrecoverable Law of Justice.

B. P. NARASIMMAH, B. A.,
Secretary of Gooty T. S. and a Member
of the Executive Committee of
the Gooty Sanskrit School.

GOOTY,
11th October 1884. }

At a meeting of the Gooty Branch Theosophical Society held this Sunday, 12th October 1884, the following Resolution was carried unanimously.

The Gooty Branch resolves to record that the recent attack on Madame Blavatsky, by the interested persons, has not shaken their confidence in her or in the stability of Theosophic truth.

J. SREENIVASA ROW,
President.

12th October 1884.

THE SECUNDERABAD THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Proposed by Bro. K. Vijiarungum Naidu and seconded by Bro. I. M. Ragoonayakula Naidu, and carried unanimously: that this Branch sincerely sympathises with the Founders of the Theosophical Society for the unjust and cruel treatment they have just received at the hands of the enemy of the Theosophical movement, and begs to assure them that our faith and trust in them and the Society in general have not, in any way, been shaken by the *dastardly attacks made behind their backs* in the current number of the *Christian College Magazine*; but that, on the contrary, Dr. Hartmann's pamphlet has, in our opinion, exposed the Coulobms and their confederates in their true colors, thereby dispelling all doubts, which a perusal of the article in the said Magazine and the hasty and one-sided views of some of the journalists thereon, had temporarily conjured up in the minds of some of our members.

BEZONJI ADERJI,
President.

C. V. LOGANADEN,
Joint Secretary.

SECUNDERABAD, 30th September 1884.

THE DURBHANGA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE members of our Branch have read with the greatest concern the recent so-called exposures of Madame Blavatsky and the collapse of Kuth Humi, and I have been ordered to communicate to you that their belief in the Mahatmas and faith in Madame Blavatsky have not been shaken in the least.

KALIPADA BANDYOPADHYAY.
Secy., Durbhanga Theosophical Society.

DURBHANGA,
12th October 1884.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE POONA BRANCH OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

POONA, 21st September, 1884.

To

COL. H. S. OLCOTT,
*President-Founder of the
Theosophical Society.*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

The *Christian College Magazine*, a sectarian journal of Madras, has, in its last number (published on the 11th instant), printed an article entitled the "Collapse of Koot Hoomi," and given in it several letters alleged to have been written by Madame Blavatsky to the Coulobms, who want to make out that they were her sole confederates in showing spurious phenomena; yourself and all the rest being dupes, and having been cleverly deceived, all along, for the last nine years.

To those who have carefully read the *alleged* letters, and who know something about the Founders and the affairs of the Theosophical Society, the absurdity of the concocted letters is quite apparent. Dr. F. Hartmann in his "Report of Observations made during a nine months' stay at the Head Quarters of the Theosophical Society," has prominently brought out several facts, as to how the Coulobms came to be expelled, how the plot that they were maturing was exploded, and how in chagrin and revenge, they have put forward suspicious letters, which the missionaries of the "Christian College Magazine" have been credulous enough to suppose to be genuine.

Dr. Hartmann deserves the thanks of our Society, for so ably and successfully drawing up a statement of facts, which cannot fail to show, to every impartial inquirer, the utter improbability of the allegations made by some of the missionaries and the Coulobms to ruin the reputation of one of the respected Founders of our Society.

Two of us know full well all the particulars of Madame Blavatsky's last visit to Poona; and the absurd letter that is made to hang upon a telegram, that was received by her at the time, simply deserves contempt. Madame Blavatsky never attempted even to place the telegram before any one at the time, much less tried to create any impression upon any one thereby.

It is well known to many Theosophists, as well as to some outsiders, that several persons have received letters in a mysterious way, principally from two of the adepts. One of these writes with red ink in a rough and rugged way, the

other with blue pencil, in a beautiful and remarkable hand. Both hand-writings are peculiar and unmistakable. According to the alleged letters of the Coulobms, Madame Blavatsky is supposed to write the red ink and blue pencil letters herself, but what would the doubters say if it were proved to them that letters in these same hand-writings have phenomenally been received by several, inside and outside the "Shrine," even when yourself and Madame Blavatsky have been in Europe and even since the Coulobms have been expelled? Note again that Madame Blavatsky is supposed to have written, in Sanskrit, a letter as an answer, in anticipation to a Sanskrit letter that was to have been placed at the Shrine!

Now all of us are aware that Madame Blavatsky knows nothing of Sanskrit and cannot write the language, nor form the letters. We know that one of our Bombay members received in December last phenomenally a letter addressed to him written in the Mahrathi language, in the *Modi* characters. Are we to believe therefore that Madame Blavatsky knows Mahrathi and could write in *Modi*, when she knows nothing of either?

We shall content ourselves by noting but one instance—of which neither yourself nor Madame Blavatsky are aware—which will satisfactorily show that letters have mysteriously been answered,—in the absence of both of you—in the very same blue pencil handwriting that is falsely attributed to Madame Blavatsky.

Mr. Nawtamram Ootamram Trivedi (a member of our Branch Society, now at Surat) went to the Head-Quarters at Madras simply to see a few friends. He asked brother Damodar to show him the "Shrine," but Damodar did not at that time accede to his request. After a night's rest, it occurred to him to note down a few questions, and he wrote them out on a sheet of white foolscap which was simply folded to the size of a fourth part of a sheet. He wanted Mr. Damodar to get these questions answered, but Mr. Damodar did not take any notice of them. At about noon he sat at a table with Mr. Damodar opposite to him, and his letter, placed upon the table, with only his questions and nothing else written on the paper. In a few minutes the paper disappeared, and, after a short while, a letter, placed in an envelope and addressed to Mr. Trivedi, was found lying on the floor. On opening the envelope, the foolscap sheet with the questions was found written over in several places in blue pencil in the excellent handwriting of Mahatma K. H. and signed with his initials. That paper is now before us.

Yourself and Madame Blavatsky left Bombay for Europe on the 21st of February last. The phenomenon mentioned above happened on or about the 20th of March last, by which time you were in Paris. The spurious letters of the Coulobms insinuate that Madame Blavatsky used to guess beforehand what an inquirer would ask and used to prepare answers accordingly, and get them cleverly placed in the "Shrine," through the Coulobms. But how about this letter of Mr. Trivedi, which was answered when Madame Blavatsky was in Paris, and the answers were written, not on a separate piece of paper, but on the question paper itself, and close to each of the questions of Trivedi?

We would fain call the attention of all Theosophists and impartial enquirers to this fact and also to the authentic letter of Mme. Coulomb (published in Dr. Hartmann's pamphlet) written by her on the very day, on which General Morgan saw at Adyar the saucer phenomenon. That letter shows that Mme. Coulomb was herself immensely surprised at seeing the phenomenon, while in one of the spurious letters it is insinuated that she and her husband were instructed to show a false phenomenon to General Morgan by trickery.

We need not say more. We have carefully examined the purport of the alleged letters along with several facts within our knowledge, and we are thoroughly well satisfied that the alleged letters are not genuine. To put it in the mildest form, we might say that the missionaries of the "Christian College Magazine" have been very indiscreet in publishing such suspicious letters behind the back of a highly respected lady, about whom they knew next to nothing.

We are extremely sorry to see this good, open-hearted and perfectly honorable lady maligned, during her absence from this country, for which she along with yourself has so unselfishly been working; giving up everything to promote the moral, intellectual and spiritual welfare of the inhabitants thereof. The cowardly attempt to misrepresent her

character to the public, cannot however harm her except causing a little annoyance at the ungratefulness of the persons, whom she had treated so kindly, and who sealed their own fate through their own misdeeds.

You will therefore on behalf of us (the undersigned members of the Poona Branch of the Theosophical Society) be so good as to convey to Madame Blavatsky the assurance of our unalterable respect, gratitude, and love for her irreproachable and high character and the truly unselfish and great work that she is trying to do for the welfare of this country. You will also inform her that we look with a feeling of contempt—engendered by the conviction of her innocence—upon the imbecile attempt to injure her character.

Yours fraternally,

(Signed)

N. D. Khandalvala, B.A., L.L.B.
A. D. Ezekiel,
Laxman N. Joshi,
Cowasji Dossabhoy Davar,
Rajana Linga,
P. Pallenji,
Manakji Kaikheshru,
Dhondo Balkrishna Sahasrabudde,
Balaji Babaji Gadbole,

Pandurang Janardan Purnik,
Ballaji Khandrav Adhav,
Gangaram Bhau,
Ganesh Krishna Garde, L. M. & s.,
Raghunath Ramchandra Gokhle,
(Sardar) Chintamanrao Vishvanath Natu,

And others.

(True Copy.)

N. D. KHANDALVALA,

Pres., Poona Branch Theosophical Society.

THE HYDERABAD THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

To COLONEL H. S. OLCOTT.

President-Founder, Theosophical Society.

DEAR SIR and BROTHER,—It is with feelings of very great regret that we have read the most unwarrantable slanderous article in the *Christian College Magazine* of last month conducted by Reverends: we have put before you as an humble mark of firm belief and unshaken fidelity in you as a President and Founder of the undefeasible and uncontroverted Theosophical Society—such false allegations and misstatements may affect the ignorant, the partial and the prejudiced, but we as brethren of the Society and the rest of the Societies who are thoroughly informed of the real truth and benefit that has risen and will ever rise more and more as time passes on, are not in the least affected by such foolish, ignorant and biassed assertions; on the contrary we firmly believe and are convinced that such antagonistic proceedings will spring up like bubbles only to burst, and will affect the masses and give them opportunities of enquiring into the Truths of Theosophy, which will become the means of spreading true knowledge of them and assist the cause that your goodself and Madame Blavatsky have so nobly and charitably undertaken; therefore we, as members, with the firm belief in the truths we have learned, heartily sympathize with the arduous labours of yourself and Madame Blavatsky and express the same. We further beg to add that the Coulombs, together with the publishers of and writers in the *Christian College Magazine*, through their prejudiced ignorance, lay so much stress on the occurrence of the phenomena—which is the secondary effect of the actual knowledge of the occult science, although the public, not being cognizant of the truths, may not be in a position to believe, notwithstanding that the impartial seekers of the Truth throughout the world have investigated the science for their own satisfaction, and will continue to do so with increased energy and numbers, as time passes. Therefore our humble request to yourself and Madame Blavatsky, and to all good and philanthropic associates in the cause, is to continue your labour with redoubled force and energy, increasing the brotherhood of man and spreading the knowledge and general Fatherhood of God.

With best wishes,

We beg to subscribe ourselves,

Yours fraternally,

DARANJEE,
W. W. R. NEMESIS,
R. B. VICCAJI,
MANSAB ALI,
BHIMAJI ROWJEE,
P. RANGANAYAKLU NAIDOO,
WALAETALLY,
HUNMUNT RAO,
G. RUGHONATH,
[And others.]

10th October 1884.

THE KATHIAWAR THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting held here of the members of the Kathiawar Branch of the Theosophical Society, the following propositions were laid before them and unanimously carried:—

1. That the scurrilous attempts made now in some quarters to vilify the character and integrity of the Founders of the Society, especially that of the esteemed Corresponding Secretary Madame Blavatsky, has in no way affected the confidence they have in her as a lady of eminent talents, integrity and honesty.
2. That her devotion to the cause of the Society continues and shall continue to be an object of profound admiration and respect to the members.
3. That the infamous attitude towards her of her enemies and the ingratitude of their imbecile accomplices, the Coulombs, deserve, the members think, the severest condemnation at the hands of all right-thinking men, whether Theosophists or non-Theosophists.
4. That their confidence in the existence of the Adept Brothers, the Mahatmas, is in no way shaken by the publication of the alleged letters, and that they fully endorse, from the internal evidence itself, the theory of Dr. Hartmann that some of Madame Blavatsky's letters have been copied out with interpolations that are meant to throw discredit on the high character and truthfulness of that esteemed Lady and to shake belief in the Mahatmas.
5. That some of the members, notably Rawal Shri Harisingji Rupsingji, know Madame Coulomb well; and the various subterfuges, before she was expelled from the Society, she employed for the purposes of "black mailing" were well known to them before the publication of the articles in the *Christian College Magazine*, so much so that the publication of the spurious letters has not taken the members of this Branch by surprise.
6. That letters from Guru Deva K. H. have been mysteriously received by Rawal Shri Hurreesingjee in the presence of, as well as in the absence of, Madame Blavatsky; and the members confidently believe that there was no fraud or trick on the part of that lady.
7. That the members cannot let this opportunity pass without recording their hearty thanks to Dr. Hartmann for the able manner in which he is repelling the attacks of the enemies of the Society in the absence of the Founders; and that a copy of these propositions be sent to the Head-Quarters for record by the Secretary.

(Signed) HARISINGJI RUPSINGJI.

Vice-President, Kathiawar Branch Theosophical Society.
BHAUNAGAR, 17th October 1884.

(True copy)

J. N. UNVALA,
Secretary, Kathiawar Branch.

TINNEVELLY THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Resolved,

- I. That this Branch is too firm in their belief in the existence of the Mahatmas, irrespective of any phenomena that may have taken place in the Adyar Shrine, to be shaken by the malicious slanders of evil disposed persons;
- II. That this Branch is of opinion that the *Christian College Magazine* has not succeeded in disproving the truth of any one of the phenomena that occurred at Adyar, not to mention the numerous ones which were seen elsewhere and under totally different circumstances;
- III. That this Branch deeply regrets the attack made on Madame Blavatsky by the *Christian College Magazine*, which has for its basis the ungrounded and slanderous statements of the expelled Coulombs;
- IV. That this Branch believes in the integrity and unshaken character of Madame Blavatsky and sincerely sympathises with her for the cruel treatment she has received at the hands of the enemies of this most useful movement—the Theosophical Society;
- V. And that this Branch further hopes that the rude attack made on truth will in time strengthen and enable it to spread its roots firmer and deeper.

TINNEVELLY,
20th October 1884. }

T. VEDADRISADASA MOODELIAR,
President.
S. RAMAGHANDRA SASTRI,
Asst. Secretary.

AYODHYA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Unanimously resolved that—

This Branch has read with due and merited contempt and disregard certain slanderous writings, published under the auspices of the Madras Missionaries, against Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophical movement.

This Branch believes with unswerving faith in the existence of our Reverend Masters, as well as the unimpeachable character, disinterested motives and kindly disposition of Madame Blavatsky. It also believes in the sincerity, benevolent and philanthropic motives of the President-Founder Colonel Olcott.

It further looks upon the alleged correspondence between the Coulombs and Madame Blavatsky, published by the *Christian College Magazine*, as spurious and false, inasmuch as the contents thereof are inconsistent and the composition unlike that of the author of "Isis".

It communicates its grateful and heartfelt thanks to Dr. Hartmann for his prompt and crushing reply to the allegations of these "enemies of man."

In conclusion it assures the President-Founder, Madame Blavatsky and all concerned that this Branch has confidence in the Founders and Promoters of Theosophy, and records and attests these few lines in testimony thereof.

(Signed.) CHANDRA MOHAN MUKERJI.
 (") RUSIK LAL BANERJI.
 (") JOKHOO RAM.
 (") KANHYA LAL SUKHYA.
 (") LAL GOPAL MUKERJI.
 (") BIPIN BIHARI DUTT, B. L.
 (") BIPIN BIHARI BANERJI, M. A.
 (And others).

(True copy.)

BIPIN B. BANERJI,
Secretary
Ayodhya Theosophical Society.

FYZABAD, the 16th October 1884.

BELLARY THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

As, owing to pressure of public business, Mr. C. E. Ranganadha Mudlyar has resigned the Secretaryship of the Branch, Mr. V. Soobroya Mudlyar has been elected Secretary instead.

VELLORE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of our Society held last month, Mr. A. Mahadeva Aiyar was elected the Corresponding Secretary and Mr. V. Subrahmanya Sastriar the Vice-President.

A Sanskrit School was started by this Branch Society for the benefit of the members of the Society and other gentlemen in the town.

11th October 1884. A. NARAINSAWMI,
President.

A THEOSOPHICAL VAIDIK HOSPITAL.

In the Vaidik Hospital opened at Lucknow by the *Satya Marga Theosophical Society*, the total number of patients, treated during the month of August 1884, was 623, of whom 499 were Hindus, 118 Mahomedans, and 6 Christians.

LUCKNOW, } JWALA PRASADA SANKHADHAR,
 11th October 1884. } *Secy., Satya Marga Theo. Socy.*

THE ADHI BHOUTIC BHRATRI THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY (BERHAMPORE).

At a meeting of the Adhi Bhoutic Bhratri Theosophical Society, Berhampore, on the 18th instant, in the Grant Hall at 7 p. m., the following resolutions were unanimously passed.

That the Mahatmas exist, is a tangible fact, and a matter of knowledge. No argument, no criticism, no slandering, no wicked wiles, however ingenious, can undo the conviction. Every sincere worker in the field of Theosophy is watched, protected, tried and aided in his thoughts and actions by them. The belief of our Branch, therefore, in the Mahatmas, is founded upon the rock of truth and cannot be shaken by any agitation or sensation created by the bigoted sectarian Padres.

2. That although much has been said in vile revengeful spirit against Madame H. P. Blavatsky, whose highly unselfish and magnanimous labours of love are too conspicuous to need any mention, and although all that could be made use of to injure her character in the estimation of the public was not left untried by the enemies of Theosophy, yet we hold as every right-minded dispassionate man would, that to conclude her to be an imposter in her back upon the sole testimony of two notorious traitors, and to put implicit faith upon their so called "terrible disclosures" as Gospel revelations, is really shameful to such as profess themselves to be Christians. We had ample opportunity of knowing Madame Blavatsky and better than any outsiders, and we confidently assert that she is far above the mark hinted at by her unscrupulous revilers. She is the object of our highest regard and she enjoys now, as heretofore, our full confidence. We would esteem it a great favour if you will kindly communicate to her our views; and it is matter of no less rejoicing for us to learn that amidst all the howl and cry that has been raised against her she holds her peace undisturbed.

DINA NATH GANGOOLY,
President Pro. tem.

THE KRISHNA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, (GUNTUR.)

THE so-called exposure of the occult phenomena and the silly manner in which the reckless editor of the *Madras Christian College Magazine* attempts to sully the irreproachable character of Madame Blavatsky, demands that every branch of the Theosophical Society should express its serious denunciation of the scurrilous slanders. The missionary editor has woefully miscalculated the nature, the aims and the solid foundation of Theosophy, as well as the sterling worth, the exalted character and the unimpeachable integrity of Madame Blavatsky, else he had not made such a desperate on-set on honorable names. His sectarian zeal to overthrow a formidable and unconquerable foe seems to have sadly blinded his judgment. We personally know Madame Blavatsky through the President of our Branch who attended the meeting convened for the purpose of expelling the Coulombs, we have come to know something of the character of the Coulombs. Several of us have witnessed phenomena while Coulombs were far away. We have seen writings of the Mahatmas occultly impressed in the body of letters during their transmission by post. One cannot fail to see from the various Theosophical publications that, in numerous cases, long communications, elaborate discussions on subjects of philosophy and science, letters of an entirely private character referring to one's own private experiences in life known only to the individual concerned, have been received from the Mahatmas in the different parts of the country written in different languages, while Madame Blavatsky and the Coulombs were a thousand miles away. To say that all this was done by Madame Blavatsky is to declare that she is omniscient and omnipresent. To suppose that thousands of men of all shades and creeds all the world over, scientists and philosophers, men of rare ability and intellect of the highest order have become Theosophists and believers in the existence of the Mahatmas, on the mere strength of a few conjuring tricks and jugglery feats performed in some corner of an Adyar or a Simla, is simply insane to say the least of it. The very moment that we went through the article in the *Christian Magazine*, the impression forced itself upon us that the letters published therein alleged to be Madame Blavatsky's could hardly be anything but forgery. It is impossible they could be otherwise. That this is the opinion not only of all the Theosophists but also of every impartial right-thinking man, is the sincere conviction of the Krishna Branch.

M. SINGARAVELU,
President.

J. PURNAYYA,
Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE RAPHYR HARMONY THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY (BEAULEAH.)

Resolved:

"That the charges, brought against Madame Blavatsky and others connected with the Theosophical Society, have not shaken our belief."

SREESH CHUNDER KAY,
Secretary.

THE GHAZIPUR THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

I AM directed by the members of the Ghazipur Branch Theosophical Society to inform you that we do not believe the imputations made by Madame Coulomb as published in the *Christian College Magazine* and quoted by other journals. Our confidence in Madame Blavatsky and our belief in the Mahatmas has not at all been shaken by the spurious articles and letters published in various journals to "blow up" the above. I beg also to inform you that there are many respectable gentlemen here who are not Theosophists, and who joined in the general laughter when the slanders first appeared, now feel convinced that the slanderous publications were made purely out of spite,—thanks to the pamphlet of Dr. Hartmann. We feel confident that this agitation will ultimately result in the good of the Theosophical movement.

GHAZIPUR, }
 The 18th October 1884. } KEDAR NATH CHATTERJI.

"THE SECRET DOCTRINE,"

A NEW VERSION OF "ISIS UNVEILED,"

WITH A NEW ARRANGEMENT OF THE MATTER, LARGE AND IMPORTANT ADDITIONS, AND COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTARIES,

BY

H. P. BLAVATSKY,

Corresponding Secretary of the Theosophical Society.

ASSISTED BY

T. SUBBA ROW GARU, B. A., B. L., F. T. S.,

Councillor of the Theosophical Society and President of its Madras Branch.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

NUMEROUS and urgent requests have come from all parts of India, to adopt some plan for bringing the matter contained in "Isis Unveiled," within the reach of those who could not afford to purchase so expensive a work at one time. On the other hand, many, finding the outlines of the doctrine given too hazy, clamoured for "more light," and necessarily misunderstanding the teaching, have erroneously supposed it to be contradictory to later revelations, which in not a few cases, have been entirely misconceived. The author, therefore, under the advice of friends, proposes to issue the work in a better and clearer form, in monthly parts. All, that is important in "Isis" for a thorough comprehension of the occult and other philosophical subjects treated of, will be retained, but with such a rearrangement of the text as to group together as closely as possible the materials relating to any given subject. Thus will be avoided needless repetitions, and the scattering of materials of a cognate character throughout the two volumes. Much additional information upon occult subjects, which it was not desirable to put before the public at the first appearance of the work, but for which the way has been prepared by the intervening eight years, and especially by the publication of "The Occult World" and "Esoteric Buddhism" and other Theosophical works, will now be given. Hints will also be found throwing light on many of the hitherto misunderstood teachings found in the said works. A complete Index and a Table of Contents will be compiled. It is intended that each Part shall comprise seventy-seven pages in Royal 8vo. (or twenty-five pages more than every 24th part of the original work,) to be printed on good paper and in clear type, and be completed in about two years. The rates of subscription to be as follow:—

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Report of Observations made during a Nine Months' Stay at the Head-Quarters of the Theosophical Society at Adyar (Madras) India; by F. Hartmann, M. D., F. T. S. (An American Adhish). Price five annas per copy, inclusive of Indian postage.

REPORT OF THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

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