

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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

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BOMBAY, OCTOBER, 1879.

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## THE THEOSOPHIST.

BOMBAY, OCTOBER 1st 1879.

For convenience of future reference, it may as well be stated here that the committee sent to India by the Theosophical Society, sailed from New York December 17th 1878, and landed at Bombay February 16th 1879; having passed two weeks in London on the way.

Under the title of "Spiritual Stray Leaves," Babu Peary Chand Mittra, of Calcutta—a learned Hindu scholar, psychologist and antiquarian, and a highly esteemed Fellow of the Theosophical Society—has just put forth a collection of thirteen essays which have appeared in the forms of pamphlets and newspaper articles from time to time. Some of these have been widely and favorably noticed by the Western press. They evince a ripe scholarship, and a reverence for Aryan literature and history which commands respect. The author writes of psychological things in the tone of one to whom the realities of spirit are not altogether unknown. This little work is published by Messrs Thacker Spink & Co, of Calcutta and Bombay.

Though the contributions to this number of the journal are not in all cases signed, we may state for the information of Western readers that their authors are among the best native scholars of India. We can more than make good the promise of our Prospectus in this respect. Already we have the certainty of being able to offer in each month of the coming year, a number as interesting and instructive as the present. Several highly important contributions have been laid by for November on account of want of space; though we have given thirty, instead of the promised twenty, pages of reading matter. The Theosophical Society makes no idle boasts, nor assumes any obligations it does not mean to fulfill.

Notice is given to Fellows of the Theosophical Society that commodious premises at Girgaum, adjoining the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, have been taken for the Library and Industrial Department, which are decided upon. The nucleus of a unique collection of books upon Oriental and Western philosophy, science, art, religion, history, archaeology, folk-lore, magic, spiritualism, crystallogamy, astrology, mesmerism, and other branches of knowledge, together with cyclopædias and dictionaries for reference, is already in the possession of the Society, and will be immediately available. Scientific and other magazines and journals will be placed upon the tables. There will be a course of Saturday evening lectures by Col. Olcott upon the occult sciences in general, with experimental demonstrations in the branches of mesmerism, psychometry, crystallogamy, and, possibly, spiritualism. Other illustrated lectures upon botany, optics, the imponderable forces (electricity, magnetism, odyle &c), archæology, and other interesting topics have been promised by eminent native scholars. Later—provided the necessary facilities can be obtained—Mr. E. Wimbridge, Graduate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, will lecture upon the best means of developing the useful arts in India; and, with models, drawings, or the actual exhibition to the audience of work being done by skilled workmen, demonstrate the principles laid down in his lectures. Due notice of the opening of the Library and Reading Room, and of the date of Col. Olcott's first lecture, will be sent. Fellows only are entitled to admission, except upon extraordinary occasions, when special cards will be issued to invited guests.

## NAMASTAE!

The foundation of this journal is due to causes which, having been enumerated in the Prospectus, need only be glanced at in this connection. They are—the rapid expansion of the Theosophical Society from America to various European and Asiatic countries; the increasing difficulty and expense in maintaining correspondence by letter with members so widely scattered; the necessity for an organ through which the native scholars of the East could communicate their learning to the Western world, and, especially, through which the sublimity of Aryan, Buddhistic, Parsi, and other religions might be expounded by their own priests or pandits, the only competent interpreters; and finally, to the need of a repository for the facts—especially such as relate to Occultism—gathered by the Society's

Fellows among different nations. Elsewhere we have clearly explained the nature of Theosophy, and the platform of the Society; it remains for us to say a few words as to the policy of our paper.

It has been shown that the individual members of our Society have their own private opinions upon all matters of a religious, as of every other, nature. They are protected in the enjoyment and expression of the same; and, as individuals, have an equal right to state them in the THEOSOPHIST, over their own signatures. Some of us prefer to be known as Arya Samajists, some as Buddhists, some as idolaters, some as something else. What each is, will appear from his or her signed communications. But neither Aryan, Buddhist, nor any other representative of a particular religion, whether an editor or a contributor, can, under the Society's rules, be allowed to use these editorial columns exclusively in the interest of the same, or unreservedly commit the paper to its propaganda. It is designed that a strict impartiality shall be observed in the editorial utterances; the paper representing the whole Theosophical Society, or Universal Brotherhood, and not any single section. The Society being neither a church nor a sect in any sense, we mean to give the same cordial welcome to communications from one class of religionists as to those from another; insisting only, that courtesy of language shall be used towards opponents. And the policy of the Society is also a full pledge and guarantee that *there will be no suppression of fact nor tampering with writings, to serve the ends of any established or dissenting church, of any country.*

Articles and correspondence upon either of the topics included in the plan of the THEOSOPHIST are invited; and while, of course, we prefer them to be in the English language, yet if sent in Hindi, Marathi, Bengali, or Gujarati, or in French, Italian, Spanish or Russian, they will be carefully translated and edited for publication. Where it is necessary to print names and words in Hebrew, Greek, and other characters (except Sanskrit and the Indian vernaculars) unlike the Roman, authors will kindly write also their phonetic equivalents in English, as the resources of our printer's office do not appear great in this direction. Manuscripts must be written legibly, upon one side of the sheet only, and authors should always keep copies at home as we will not be responsible for their loss, nor can we obligate ourselves to return rejected articles. Statements of fact will not be accepted from unknown parties without due authentication.

It is designed that our journal shall be read with as much interest by those who are not deep philosophers as by those who are. Some will delight to follow the pandits through the mazes of metaphysical subtleties and the translations of ancient manuscripts, others to be instructed through the medium of legends and tales of mystical import. Our pages will be like the many viands at a feast, where each appetite may be satisfied and none are sent away hungry. The practical wants of life are to many readers more urgent than the spiritual, and that it is not our purpose to neglect them our pages will amply show.

One more word at the threshold before we bid our guests to enter. The first number of the THEOSOPHIST has been brought out under mechanical difficulties which would not have been encountered either at New York or London, and which we hope to escape in future issues. For instance: We first tried to have Mr. Edward Wimbridge's excellent design for the cover engraved on wood, but there was no wood to be had of the right sizes to compose the block, nor any clamps to fasten them together; nor was there an engraver competent to do justice to the subject. In lithography we fared no better; there was not a pressman who could be trusted to print artistic work in colors, and the proprietor of one of the best job offices in India advised us to send the order to London. As a last resort we determined to print the design in relief, and then scoured the metal markets of Bombay and Calcutta for rolled metal plate. Having finally secured an old piece, the artist was forced to invent an entirely novel process to etch on it, and to execute the work himself. We mention these facts

in the hope that our unemployed young Indian brothers may recall the old adage, 'where there is a will, there is a way' and apply the lesson to their own case. And now, friends and enemies, all—*Namastae!*

#### WHAT IS THEOSOPHY.

This question has been so often asked, and misconception so widely prevails, that the editors of a journal devoted to an exposition of the world's Theosophy would be remiss were its first number issued without coming to a full understanding with their readers. But our heading involves two further queries: What is the Theosophical Society; and what are the Theosophists? To each an answer will be given.

According to lexicographers, the term *theosophia* is composed of two Greek words—*theos* "god," and *sophos* "wise." So far, correct. But the explanations that follow are far from giving a clear idea of Theosophy. Webster defines it most originally as "a supposed intercourse with God and superior spirits, and consequent attainment of superhuman knowledge, by *physical processes*, as by the theurgic operations of some ancient Platonists, or by the *chemical processes* of the German fire-philosophers."

This, to say the least, is a poor and flippant explanation. To attribute such ideas to men like Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus, Jamblichus, Porphyry, Proclus—shows either intentional misrepresentation, or Mr. Webster's ignorance of the philosophy and motives of the greatest geniuses of the later Alexandrian School. To impute to those whom their contemporaries as well as posterity styled "theodidaktai," god-taught—a purpose to develop their psychological, spiritual perceptions by "physical processes," is to describe them as materialists. As to the concluding sling at the fire-philosophers, it rebounds from them to fall home among our most eminent modern men of science; those, in whose mouths the Rev. James Martineau places the following boast: "matter is all we want; give us atoms alone, and we will explain the universe."

Vaughan offers a far better, more philosophical definition. "A Theosophist," he says—"is one who gives you a theory of God or the works of God, which has not revelation, but an inspiration of his own for its basis." In this view every great thinker and philosopher, especially every founder of a new religion, school of philosophy, or sect, is necessarily a Theosophist. Hence, Theosophy and Theosophists have existed ever since the first glimmering of nascent thought made man seek instinctively for the means of expressing his own independent opinions.

There were Theosophists before the Christian era, notwithstanding that the Christian writers ascribe the development of the Eclectic theosophical system, to the early part of the third century of their Era. Diogenes Laertius traces Theosophy to an epoch antedating the dynasty of the Ptolemies; and names as its founder an Egyptian Hierophant called Pot-Amun, the name being Coptic and signifying a priest consecrated to Amun, the god of Wisdom. But history shows it revived by Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the Neo-Platonic School. He and his disciples called themselves "Philaletheians"—lovers of the truth; while others termed them the "Analogists," on account of their method of interpreting all sacred legends, symbolical myths and mysteries, by a rule of analogy or correspondence, so that events which had occurred in the external world were regarded as expressing operations and experiences of the human soul. It was the aim and purpose of Ammonius to reconcile all sects, peoples and nations under one common faith—a belief in one Supreme Eternal, Unknown, and Unnamed Power, governing the Universe by immutable and eternal laws. His object was to prove a primitive

system of Theosophy, which at the beginning was essentially alike in all countries; to induce all men to lay aside their strifes and quarrels, and unite in purpose and thought as the children of one common mother; to purify the ancient religions, by degrees corrupted and obscured, from all dross of human element, by uniting and expounding them upon pure philosophical principles. Hence, the Bhuddistic, Vedantic and Magian, or Zoroastrian, systems were taught in the Eclectic theosophical school along with all the philosophies of Greece. Hence also, that pre-eminently Buddhistic and Indian feature among the ancient Theosophists of Alexandria, of due reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human race; and a compassionate feeling for even the dumb animals. While seeking to establish a system of moral discipline which enforced upon people the duty to live according to the laws of their respective countries; to exalt their minds by the research and contemplation of the one Absolute Truth; his chief object in order, as he believed, to achieve all others, was to extract from the various religious teachings, as from a many-chorded instrument, one full and harmonious melody, which would find response in every truth-loving heart.

Theosophy is, then, the archaic *Wisdom-Religion*, the esoteric doctrine once known in every ancient country having claims to civilization. This "Wisdom" all the old writings show us as an emanation of the divine Principle; and the clear comprehension of it is typified in such names as the Indian Buddh, the Babylonian Nebo, the Thoth of Memphis, the Hermes of Greece; in the appellations, also, of some goddesses—Metis, Neitha, Athena, the Gnostic *Sophia*, and finally—the Vedas, from the word "to know." Under this designation, all the ancient philosophers of the East and West, the Hierophants of old Egypt, the Rishis of Aryavart, the Theodidaktos of Greece, included all knowledge of things occult and essentially divine. The *Mercavah* of the Hebrew Rabbis, the secular and popular series, were thus designated as only the vehicle, the outward shell which contained the higher esoteric knowledges. The Magi of Zoroaster received instruction and were initiated in the caves and secret lodges of Bactria; the Egyptian and Grecian hierophants had their *aporrheta*, or secret discourses, during which the *Mysta* became an *Epopla*—a Seer.

The central idea of the Eclectic Theosophy was that of a single Supreme Essence, Unknown and *Unknowable*—for—"How could one know the knower?" as enquires *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*. Their system was characterized by three distinct features: the theory of the above-named Essence; the doctrine of the human soul—an emanation from the latter, hence of the same nature; and its theurgy. It is this last science which has led the Neo-Platonists to be so misrepresented in our era of materialistic science. Theurgy being essentially the art of applying the divine powers of man to the subordination of the blind forces of nature, its votaries were first termed magicians—a corruption of the word "Magh," signifying a wise, or learned man, and—derided. Skeptics of a century ago would have been as wide of the mark if they had laughed at the idea of a phonograph or a telegraph. The ridiculed and the "infidels" of one generation generally become the wise men and saints of the next.

As regards the Divine Essence and the nature of the soul and spirit, modern Theosophy believes now as ancient Theosophy did. The popular *Diu* of the Aryan nations was identical with the *Iao* of the Chaldeans, and even with the Jupiter of the less learned and philosophical among the Romans; and it was just as identical with the *Jahva* of the Samaritans, the *Tiu* or "Tiusco" of the Northmen, the Duw of the Britains, and the Zeus of the Thracians. As to the Absolute Essence, the One and All—whether we accept the Greek Pythagorean, the Chaldean Kabalistic, or the Aryan philosophy in regard to it, it will all lead to one and the same result. The Primeval

Monad of the Pythagorean system, which retires into darkness and is itself Darkness (for human intellect) was made the basis of all things; and we can find the idea in all its integrity in the philosophical systems of Leibnitz and Spinoza. Therefore, whether a Theosophist agrees with the Kabala which, speaking of En-Sophi propounds the query: "Who, then, can comprehend It, since It is formless, and Non-Existent?" Or, remembering that magnificent hymn from the Rig-Veda (Hymn 129th, Book 10th)—enquires:

"Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?  
Whether his will created or was mute.  
He knows it—or perchance even *He knows not.*"

Or, again, accepts the Vedantic conception of Brahma, who in the *Upanishads* is represented as "without life, without mind, pure," *unconscious*, for—Brahma is "Absolute Consciousness." Or, even finally, siding with the Svābhāvikas of Nepaul, maintains that nothing exists but "Svābhāvāt (substance or nature) which exists by *itself* without any creator—any one of the above conceptions can lead but to pure and absolute Theosophy. That Theosophy which prompted such men as Hegel, Fichte and Spinoza to take up the labors of the old Grecian philosophers and speculate upon the One Substance—the Deity, the *Divine All* proceeding from the Divine Wisdom—incomprehensible, unknown and *unnamed*—by any ancient or modern religious philosophy, with the exception of Christianity and Mahomedanism. Every Theosophist, then, holding to a theory of the Deity "which has no revelation, but an inspiration of his own for its basis," may accept any of the above definitions or belong to any of these religions, and yet remain strictly within the boundaries of Theosophy. For the latter is belief in the Deity as the ALL, the source of all existence, the infinite that cannot be either comprehended or known, the universe alone revealing *It*, or, as some prefer it, Him, thus giving a sex to that, to anthropomorphize which is *blasphemy*. True, Theosophy shrinks from brutal materialization; it prefers believing that, from eternity retired within itself, the Spirit of the Deity neither wills nor creates; but that, from the infinite effulgency everywhere going forth from the Great Centre, that which produces all visible and invisible things is but a Ray containing in itself the generative and conceptive power, which, in its turn produces that which the Greeks called *Macrocosm*, the Kabalists *Tikkun* or Adam Kadmon—the archetypal man, and the Aryans *Purusha*, the manifested Brahm, or the Divine Male. Theosophy believes also in the *Anastasis* or continued existence, and in transmigration (evolution) or a series of changes in the soul\* which can be defended and explained on strict philosophical principles; and only by making a distinction between *Paramātmā* (transcendental, supreme soul) and *Jivātma* (animal, or conscious soul) of the Vedantins.

To fully define Theosophy, we must consider it under all its aspects. The interior world has not been hidden from all by impenetrable darkness. By that higher intuition acquired by *Theosophia*—or God-knowledge, which carries the mind from the world of form into that of formless spirit, man has been sometimes enabled in every age and every country to perceive things in the interior or invisible world. Hence, the "Samadhi," or *Dyan Yog Samadhi*, of the Hindu ascetics; the "Daimonion-photi," or spiritual illumination, of the Neo-Platonists; the "Sideral consublation of souls," of the Rosicrucians or Fire-philosophers; and, even the ecstatic trance of mystics and of the modern mesmerists and spiritualists, are identical in nature, though various as to manifestation. The search after man's diviner "self," so often and so erroneously interpreted as individual communion with a personal God, was the object of every mystic, and belief in its possibility seems to have been cœval with the genesis of humanity

\* In a series of articles entitled "The World's Great Theosophists" we intend showing that from Pythagoras, who got his wisdom in India, down to our best known modern philosophers, and theosophists—David Hume, and Shelley the English poet—the Spiritists of France included—many believed and yet believe in metempsychosis or reincarnation of the soul; however unelaborated the system of the Spiritists may fairly be regarded.

—each people giving it another name. Thus Plato and Plotinus call "Noëtic work" that which the Yogas and the Shrotriya term *Vidya*. "By reflection, self-knowledge and intellectual discipline, the soul can be raised to the vision of eternal truth, goodness, and beauty—that is, to the *Vision of God*—this is the *epopteia*," said the Greeks. "To unite one's soul to the Universal Soul," says Porphyry, "requires but a perfectly pure-mind. Through self-contemplation, perfect chastity, and purity of body, we may approach nearer to It, and receive, in that state, true knowledge and wonderful insight." And Swami Dayānand Saraswati, who has read neither Porphyry nor other Greek authors, but who is a thorough Vedic scholar, says in his *Veda Bhāshya* (opasna prakaru ank. 9)—"To obtain *Deksha* (highest initiation) and *Yog*, one has to practice according to the rules...The soul in human body can perform the greatest wonders by knowing the Universal Spirit (or God) and acquainting itself with the properties and qualities (occult) of all the things in the universe. A human being (a *Dekshit* or initiate) can thus acquire a power of seeing and hearing at great distances." Finally, Alfred R. Wallace, F.R.S., a spiritualist and yet a confessedly great naturalist, says, with brave candour: "It is 'spirit' that alone feels, and perceives, and thinks—that acquires knowledge, and reasons and aspires...there not unfrequently occur individuals so constituted that the spirit can perceive independently of the corporeal organs of sense, or can, perhaps, wholly or partially quit the body for a time and return to it again...the spirit...communicates with spirit easier than with matter." We can now see how, after thousands of years have intervened between the age of the Gymnosophists\* and our own highly civilized era, notwithstanding, or, perhaps, just because of, such an enlightenment which pours its radiant light upon the psychological as well as upon the physical realms of nature, over twenty millions of people to-day believe, under a different form, in those same spiritual powers that were believed in by the Yogins and the Pythagoreans, nearly 3,000 years ago. Thus, while the Aryan mystic claimed for himself the power of solving all the problems of life and death, when he had once obtained the power of acting independently of his body, through the *Ātmān*—"self," or "soul"; and the old Greeks went in search of *Ātmē*—the Hidden one, or the God-Soul of man, with the symbolical mirror of the Thesmophorian mysteries;—so the spiritualists of to-day believe in the faculty of the spirits, or the souls of the disembodied persons, to communicate visibly and tangibly with those they loved on earth. And all these, Aryan Yogis, Greek philosophers, and modern spiritualists, affirm that possibility on the ground that the embodied soul and its never embodied spirit—the real self,—are not separated from either the Universal Soul or other spirits by space, but merely by the differentiation of their qualities; as in the boundless expanse of the universe there can be no limitation. And that when this difference is once removed—according to the Greeks and Aryans by abstract contemplation, producing the temporary liberation of the imprisoned Soul; and according to spiritualists, through mediumship—such an union between embodied and disembodied spirits becomes possible. Thus was it that Patanjali's Yogis and, following in their steps, Plotinus, Porphyry and other Neo-Platonists, maintained that in their hours of ecstasy, they had been united to, or rather become as one with, God, several times during the course of their lives. This idea, erroneous as it may seem in its application to the Universal Spirit, was, and is, claimed by too many great philosophers to be put aside as entirely chimerical. In the case of the Theodidaktōi, the only controvertible point, the dark spot on this philosophy of extreme mysticism, was its claim to include that which is simply ecstatic illumination, under the head of sensuous perception. In the case of the Yogins, who maintained their ability to see *Īśvara* "face to face,"

this claim was successfully overthrown by the stern logic of Kapila. As to the similar assumption made for their Greek followers, for a long array of Christian ecstasies, and, finally, for the last two claimants to "God-seeing" within these last hundred years—Jacob Böhlme and Swedenborg—this pretension would and *should* have been philosophically and logically questioned, if a few of our great men of science who are spiritualists had had more interest in the philosophy than in the mere phenomenalism of spiritualism.

The Alexandrian Theosophists were divided into neophytes, initiates, and masters, or hierophants; and their rules were copied from the ancient Mysteries of Orpheus, who, according to Herodotus, brought them from India. Ammonius obligated his disciples by oath not to divulge his *higher* doctrines, except to those who were proved thoroughly worthy and initiated, and who had learned to regard the gods, the angels, and the demons of other peoples, according to the esoteric *hyponia*, or under-meaning. "The gods exist, but they are not what the *oi polloi*, the uneducated multitude, suppose them to be," says Epicurus. "He is not an atheist who denies the existence of the gods whom the multitude worship, but he is such who fastens on these gods the opinions of the multitude." In his turn, Aristotle declares that of the "Divine Essence pervading the whole world of nature, what are styled the *gods* are simply the first principles."

Plotinus, the pupil of the "God-taught" Ammonius, tells us that the secret *gnosis* or the knowledge of Theosophy, has three degrees—opinion, science, and *illumination*. "The means or instrument of the first is sense, or perception; of the second, dialectics; of the third, intuition. To the last, reason is subordinate; it is *absolute knowledge*, founded on the identification of the mind with the object known." Theosophy is the exact science of psychology, so to say; it stands in relation to natural, uncultivated mediumship, as the knowledge of a Tyndall stands to that of a school-boy in physics. It develops in man a direct beholding; that which Schelling denominates "a realization of the identity of subject and object in the individual;" so that under the influence and knowledge of *hyponia* man thinks divine thoughts, views all things as they really are, and, finally, "becomes recipient of the Soul of the World," to use one of the finest expressions of Emerson. "I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect"—he says in his superb Essay on the *Oversoul*. Besides this psychological, or soul—state, Theosophy cultivated every branch of sciences and arts. It was thoroughly familiar with what is now commonly known as mesmerism. Practical theurgy or "ceremonial magic," so often resorted to in their exorcisms by the Roman Catholic clergy—was discarded by the theosophists. It is but Jamblichus alone who, transcending the other Eclectics, added to Theosophy the doctrine of Theurgy. When ignorant of the true meaning of the esoteric divine symbols of nature, man is apt to miscalculate the powers of his soul, and, instead of communing spiritually and mentally with the higher, celestial beings, the good spirits (the gods of the theurgists of the Platonic school), he will unconsciously call forth the evil, dark powers which lurk around humanity—the undying, grim creations of human crimes and vices—and thus fall from *theurgyia* (white magic) into *gōetia* (or black magic, sorcery.) Yet, neither white, nor black magic are what popular superstition understands by the terms. The possibility of "raising spirits" according to the key of Solomon, is the height of superstition and ignorance. Purity of deed and thought can alone raise us to an intercourse "with the gods" and attain for us the goal we desire. Alchemy, believed by so many to have been a spiritual philosophy as well as a physical science, belonged to the teachings of the theosophical school.

It is a noticeable fact that neither Zoroaster, Buddha, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Confucius, Socrates, nor Ammonius Saccas, committed anything to writing. The reason for it is obvious. Theosophy is a double-edged weapon and unfit for the ignorant or the selfish. Like every

\* The reality of the Yog-power was affirmed by many Greek and Roman writers, who call the Yogins Indian Gymnosophists; by Strabo, Lucan, Plutarch, Cicero (*Tusculum*), Pliny (vii. 2), etc.

ancient philosophy, it has its votaries among the moderns; but, until late in our own days, its disciples were few in numbers, and of the most various sects and opinions. "Entirely speculative, and founding no schools, they have still exercised a silent influence upon philosophy; and no doubt, when the time arrives, many ideas thus silently propounded may yet give new directions to human thought"—remarks Mr. Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie IX... himself a mystic and a Theosophist, in his large and valuable work, *The Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia* (articles *Theosophical Society of New York*, and *Theosophy*, p. 731).<sup>\*</sup> Since the days of the fire-philosophers, they had never formed themselves into societies, for, tracked like wild beasts by the Christian clergy, to be known as a Theosophist often amounted, hardly a century ago, to a death-warrant. The statistics show that, during a period of 150 years, no less than 90,000 men and women were burned in Europe for alleged witchcraft. In Great Britain only, from A. D. 1640 to 1660, but twenty years, 3,000 persons were put to death for compact with the "Devil." It was but late in the present century—in 1875—that some progressed mystics and spiritualists, unsatisfied with the theories and explanations of Spiritualism started by its votaries, and finding that they were far from covering the whole ground of the wide range of phenomena, formed at New York, America, an association which is now widely known as the Theosophical Society. And now, having explained what is Theosophy, we will, in a separate article, explain what is the nature of our society, which is also called the "Universal Brotherhood of Humanity."

#### WHAT ARE THE THEOSOPHISTS.

Are they what they claim to be—students of natural law, of ancient and modern philosophy, and even of exact science? Are they Deists, Atheists, Socialists, Materialists, or Idealists; or are they but a schism of modern Spiritualism,—mere visionaries? Are they entitled to any consideration, as capable of discussing philosophy and promoting real science; or should they be treated with the compassionate toleration which one gives to "harmless enthusiasts?" The Theosophical Society has been variously charged with a belief in "miracles," and "miracle-working;" with a secret political object—like the Carbonari; with being spies of an autocratic Czar; with preaching socialistic and nihilistic doctrines; and, *mirabile dictu*, with having a covert understanding with the French Jesuits, to disrupt modern Spiritualism for a pecuniary consideration! With equal violence they have been denounced as dreamers, by the American Positivists; as fetish-worshippers, by some of the New York press; as revivalists of "mouldy superstitions," by the Spiritualists; as infidel emissaries of Satan, by the Christian Church; as the very types of "*gobe-mouche*," by Professor W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S.; and, finally, and most absurdly, some Hindu opponents, with a view to lessening their influence, have flatly charged them with the employment of *demons* to perform certain phenomena. Out of all this pother of opinions one fact stands conspicuous—the Society, its members, and their views, are deemed of enough importance to be discussed and denounced: *Men slander only those whom they hate—or fear.*

But, if the Society has had its enemies and traducers, it has also had its friends and advocates. For every word of censure, there has been a word of praise. Beginning with a party of about a dozen earnest men and women, a month later its numbers had so increased as to necessitate the hiring of a public hall for its meetings; within two years, it had working branches in European countries. Still

later, it found itself in alliance with the Indian Arya Samaj, headed by the learned Pandit Dayánund Saraswati Swámi, and the Ceylonese Buddhists, under the erudite H. Sumangala, High Priest of Adam's Peak and President of the Widyodaya College, Colombo.

He who would seriously attempt to fathom the psychological sciences, must come to the sacred land of ancient Aryávrta. None is older than her in esoteric wisdom and civilization, however fallen may be her poor shadow—modern India. Holding this country, as we do, for the fruitful hot-bed whence proceeded all subsequent philosophical systems, to this source of all psychology and philosophy a portion of our Society has come to learn its ancient wisdom and ask for the impartation of its weird secrets. Philology has made too much progress to require at this late day a demonstration of this fact of the primogenitive nationality of Aryavárt. The unproved and prejudiced hypothesis of modern Chronology is not worthy of a moment's thought, and it will vanish in time like so many other unproved hypotheses. The line of philosophical heredity, from Kapila through Epicurus to James Mill; from Patánjali through Plotinus to Jacob Böhme, can be traced like the course of a river through a landscape. One of the objects of the Society's organization was to examine the too transcendent views of the Spiritualists in regard to the powers of disembodied spirits; and, having told them what, in our opinion at least, a portion of their phenomena are *not*, it will become incumbent upon us now to show what they are. So apparent is it that it is in the East, and especially in India, that the key to the alleged "supernatural" phenomena of the Spiritualists must be sought, that it has recently been conceded in the *Allahabad Pioneer* (Aug. 11th 1879) an Anglo-Indian daily journal which has not the reputation of saying what it does not mean. Blaming the men of science who "intent upon physical discovery, for some generations have been too prone to neglect super-physical investigation," it mentions "the new wave of doubt" (spiritualism) which has "latterly disturbed this conviction." To a large number of persons, including many of high culture and intelligence, it adds, "the supernatural has again asserted itself as a fit subject of inquiry and research. And there are plausible hypotheses in favour of the idea that among the 'sages' of the East...there may be found in a higher degree than among the more modernised inhabitants of the West traces of those personal peculiarities, whatever they may be, which are required as a condition precedent to the occurrence of supernatural phenomena." And then, unaware that the cause he pleads is one of the chief aims and objects of our Society, the editorial writer remarks, that it is "the only direction in which, it seems to us, the efforts of the Theosophists in India might possibly be useful. The leading members of the Theosophical Society in India are known to be very advanced students of occult phenomena, already, and we cannot but hope, that their professions of interest in Oriental philosophy...may cover a reserved intention of carrying out explorations of the kind we indicate."

While, as observed, one of our objects, it yet is but one of many; the most important of which is to revive the work of Ammonius Saccas, and make various nations remember that they are the children "of one mother." As to the transcendental side of the ancient Theosophy, it is also high time that the Theosophical Society should explain. With how much, then, of this nature-searching, God-seeking science of the ancient Aryan and Greek mystics, and of the powers of modern spiritual mediumship, does the Society agree? Our answer is:—with it all. But if asked what it believes in, the reply will be:—"as a body—Nothing." The Society, as a body, has no creed, as creeds are but the shells around spiritual knowledge; and Theosophy in its fruition is spiritual knowledge itself—the very essence of philosophical and theistic enquiry. Visible representative of Universal Theosophy, it can be no more sectarian than a Geographical Society, which represents universal geographical exploration without caring whether the explorers be of one creed or another. The religion of the Society is an algebraical equation, in which,

<sup>\*</sup> *The Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia of History, Rites, Symbolism, and Biography.* Edited by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie IX. (Cryptonymus) Hon. member of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, No. 2, Scotland. New York, J. W. Bouton, 766 Broadway, 1877.



so long as the sign = of equality is not omitted, each member is allowed to substitute quantities of his own, which better accord with climatic and other exigencies of his native land, with the idiosyncracies of his people, or even with his own. Having no accepted creed, our Society is ever ready to give and take, to learn and teach by practical experimentation, as opposed to mere passive and credulous acceptance of enforced dogma. It is willing to accept every result claimed by any of the foregoing schools or systems, that can be logically and experimentally demonstrated. Conversely, it can take nothing on mere faith, no matter by whom the demand may be made.

But, when we come to consider ourselves individually, it is quite another thing. The Society's members represent the most varied nationalities and races, and were born and educated in the most dissimilar creeds and social conditions. Some of them believe in one thing, others in another one. Some incline toward the ancient *magic*, or secret wisdom that was taught in the sanctuaries, which was the very opposite of supernaturalism or diabolism; others in modern spiritualism, or intercourse with the spirits of the dead; still others in mesmerism or animal magnetism, as only an occult dynamic force in nature. A certain number have scarcely yet acquired any definite belief, but are in a state of attentive expectancy; and there even those whose call themselves materialists, in a certain sense. Of atheists and bigoted sectarians of any religion, there are none in the Society; for the very fact of a man's joining it proves that he is in search of the final truth as to the ultimate essence of things. If there be such a thing as a speculative atheist, which many philosophers deny, he would have to reject both cause and effect, whether in this world of matter, or in that of spirit. There may be members who, like the poet Shelley, have let their imagination soar from cause to prior cause *ad infinitum*, as each in its turn became logically transformed into a result necessitating a prior cause, until they have thinned the Eternal into a mere mist. But even they are not atheists in the speculative sense, whether they identify the material forces of the universe with the functions with which the theists endow their God, or otherwise; for, once that they can not free themselves from the conception of the abstract ideal of power, cause, necessity, and effect, they can be considered as atheists only in respect to a personal God, and not to the Universal Soul of the Pantheist. On the other hand, the bigoted sectarian, fenced in, as he is, with a creed upon every paling of which is written the warning "No Thoroughfare," can neither come out of his enclosure to join the Theosophical Society, nor, if he could, has it room for one whose very religion forbids examination. The very root idea of the Society is free and fearless investigation.

As a body, the Theosophical Society holds that all original thinkers and investigators of the hidden side of nature, whether materialists—those who find in matter "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life," or spiritualists—that is, those who discover in spirit the source of all energy and of matter as well, were and are, properly, Theosophists. For to be one, one need not necessarily recognize the existence of any special God or a deity. One need but worship the spirit of living nature, and try to identify oneself with it. To revere that *Presence*, the ever invisible Cause, which is yet ever manifesting itself in its incessant results; the intangible, omnipotent, and omnipresent Proteus: indivisible in its Essence, and eluding form, yet appearing under all and every form; who is here and there, and everywhere and nowhere; is ALL, and NOTHING; ubiquitous yet one; the Essence filling, binding, bounding, containing everything; contained in all. It will, we think, be seen now, that whether classed as Theists, Pantheists or Atheists, such men are all near kinsmen to the rest. Be what he may, once that a student abandons the old and trodden highway of routine, and enters upon the solitary path of independent thought—Godward—he is a Theosophist; an original thinker, a seeker after the eternal truth, with "an inspiration of his own" to solve the universal problems.

With every man that is earnestly searching in his own

way after a knowledge of the Divine Principle, of man's relations to it, and nature's manifestations of it, Theosophy is allied. It is likewise the ally of honest science, as distinguished from much that passes for *exact*, physical science, so long as the latter does not poach on the domains of psychology and metaphysics.

And it is also the ally of every honest religion,—to wit: a religion willing to be judged by the same tests as it applies to the others. Those books which contain the most self-evident truth, are to it inspired (not revealed). But all books it regards, on account of the human element contained in them, as inferior to the Book of Nature; to read which and comprehend it correctly, the innate powers of the soul must be highly developed. Ideal laws can be perceived by the intuitive faculty alone; they are beyond the domain of argument and dialectics, and no one can understand or rightly appreciate them through the explanations of another mind, though even this mind be claiming a direct revelation. And, as this Society which allows the widest sweep in the realms of the pure ideal is no less firm in the sphere of facts, its deference to modern science and its just representatives is sincere. Despite all their lack of a higher spiritual intuition, the world's debt to the representatives of modern physical science is immense; hence, the Society endorses heartily the noble and indignant protest of that gifted and eloquent preacher, the Rev O. B. Frothingham, against those who try to undervalue the services of our great naturalists. "Talk of Science as being irreligious, atheistic," he exclaimed in a recent lecture, delivered at New York, "Science is creating a new idea of God. It is due to Science that we have any conception at all of a *living* God. If we do not become atheists one of these days under the maddening effect of Protestantism, it will be due to Science, because it is disabusing us of hideous illusions that tease and embarrass us, and putting us in the way of knowing how to reason about the things we see...."

And it is also due to the unremitting labors of such Orientalists as Sir W. Jones, Max Müller, Burnouf, Colebrooke, Haug, St. Hilaire, and so many others, that the Society, as a body, feels equal respect and veneration for Vedic, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, and other old religions of the world; and, a like brotherly feeling toward its Hindu, Sinhalese, Parsi, Jain, Hebrew, and Christian members as individual students of "self," of nature, and of the divine in nature.

Born in the United States of America, the Society was constituted on the model of its Mother Land. The latter, omitting the name of God from its constitution lest it should afford a pretext one day to make a state religion, gives absolute equality to all religions in its laws. All support and each is in turn protected by the state. The Society, modelled upon this constitution, may fairly be termed a "Republic of Conscience."

We have now, we think, made clear why our members, as individuals, are free to stay outside or inside any creed they please, provided they do not pretend that none but themselves shall enjoy the privilege of conscience, and try to force their opinions upon the others. In this respect the Rules of the Society are very strict. It tries to act upon the wisdom of the old Buddhistic axiom "Honour thine own faith, and do not slander that of others;" echoed back in our present century, in the "Declaration of Principles" of the Brahmo Samaj, which so nobly states that: "no sect shall be vilified, ridiculed, or hated." In section VI. of the Revised Rules of the Theosophical Society, recently adopted in General Council, at Bombay, is this mandate: "It is not lawful for any officer of the Parent Society to express, by word or act, any hostility to or preference for, any one section (sectarian division, or group, within the Society) more than another. All must be regarded and treated as equally the objects of the Society's solicitude and exertions. All have an equal right to have the essential features of their religious belief laid before the tribunal of an impartial world." In their individual capacity, members may, when attacked, occasionally break this Rule; but, nevertheless as officers they are restrained,

and the Rule is strictly enforced during the meetings. For, above all human sects stands Theosophy in its abstract sense; Theosophy which is too wide for any of them to contain but which easily contains them all.

In conclusion, we may state that, broader and far more universal in its views than any existing mere scientific Society, it has *plus* science its belief in every possibility, and determined will to penetrate into those unknown spiritual regions which exact science pretends that its votaries have no business to explore. And, it has one quality more than any religion in that it makes no difference between Gentile, Jew, or Christian. It is in this spirit that the Society has been established upon the footing of a Universal Brotherhood.

Unconcerned about politics; hostile to the insane dreams of Socialism and of Communism, which it abhors—as both are but disguised conspiracies of brutal force and sluggishness against honest labour; the Society cares but little about the outward human management of the material world. The whole of its aspirations are directed toward the occult truths of the visible and invisible worlds. Whether the physical man be under the rule of an empire or a republic, concerns only the man of matter. His body may be enslaved; as to his Soul, he has the right to give to his rulers the proud answer of Socrates to his Judges. They have no sway over the *inner* man.

Such is, then, the Theosophical Society, and such its principles, its multifarious aims, and its objects. Need we wonder at the past misconceptions of the general public, and the easy hold an enemy has been able to find to lower it in the public estimation? The true student has ever been a recluse, a man of silence and meditation. With the busy world his habits and tastes are so little in common that, while he is studying his enemies and slanderers have undisturbed opportunities. But time cures all and lies are but ephemera. Truth alone is eternal.

About a few of the Fellows of the Society who have made great scientific discoveries, and some others to whom the psychologist and the biologist are indebted for the new light thrown upon the darker problems of the inner man, we will speak later on. Our object now was but to prove to the reader that Theosophy is neither “a new fangled doctrine,” a political cabal, nor one of those societies of enthusiasts which are born to-day but to die to-morrow. That not all of its members can think alike, is proved by the Society having organized into two great Divisions,—the Eastern and the Western—and the latter being divided into numerous sections, according to races and religious views. One man's thought, infinitely various as are its manifestations, is not all-embracing. Denied ubiquity, it must necessarily speculate but in one direction; and once transcending the boundaries of exact human knowledge, it has to err and wander, for the ramifications of the one Central and Absolute Truth are infinite. Hence we occasionally find even the greatest philosophers losing themselves in the labyrinth of speculations, thereby provoking the criticisms of posterity. But as all work for one and the same object, namely, the disenthralment of human thought, the elimination of superstitions, and the discovery of truth, all are equally welcome. The attainment of these objects, all agree, can best be secured by convincing the reason and warming the enthusiasm of the generation of fresh young minds, that are just ripening into maturity, and making ready to take the place of their prejudiced and conservative fathers. And, as each,—the great ones as well as small,—have trodden the royal road to knowledge, we listen to all, and take both small and great into our fellowship. For no honest searcher comes back empty-handed, and even he who has enjoyed the least share of popular favor can lay at least his mite upon the one altar of Truth.

### THE DRIFT OF WESTERN SPIRITUALISM.

Late advices from various parts of the world seem to indicate that, while there is an increasing interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism, especially among emi-

nent men of science, there is also a growing desire to learn the views of the Theosophists. The first impulse of hostility has nearly spent itself, and the moment approaches when a patient hearing will be given to our arguments. This was foreseen by us from the beginning. The founders of our Society were mainly veteran Spiritualists, who had outgrown their first amazement at the strange phenomena, and felt the necessity to investigate the laws of mediumship to the very bottom. Their reading of mediæval and ancient works upon the occult sciences had shown them that our modern phenomena were but repetitions of what had been seen, studied, and comprehended in former epochs. In the biographies of ascetics, mystics, theurgists, prophets, ecstasies; of astrologers, ‘diviners,’ ‘magicians,’ ‘sorcerers,’ and other students, subjects, or practitioners of the Occult Power in its many branches, they found ample evidence that Western Spiritualism could only be comprehended by the creation of a science of Comparative Psychology. By a like synthetic method the philologists, under the lead of Eugène Burnouf, had unlocked the secrets of religious and philological heredity, and exploded Western theological theories and dogmas until then deemed impregnable.

Proceeding in this spirit, the Theosophists thought they discovered some reasons to doubt the correctness of the spiritualistic theory that all the phenomena of the circles must of necessity be attributed *solely* to the action of spirits of our deceased friends. The ancients knew and classified other supracorporeal entities that are capable of moving objects, floating the bodies of mediums through the air, giving apparent tests of the identity of dead persons, and controlling sensitives to write, speak strange languages, paint pictures, and play upon unfamiliar musical instruments. And not only knew them, but showed how these invisible powers might be controlled by man, and made to work these wonders at his bidding. They found, moreover, that there were two sides to Occultism—a good and an evil side; and that it was a dangerous and fearful thing for the inexperienced to meddle with the latter,—dangerous to our moral as to our physical nature. The conviction forced itself upon their minds, then, that while the weird wonders of Spiritualism were among the most important of all that could be studied, mediumship, without the most careful attention to every condition, was fraught with peril.

Thus thinking, and impressed with the great importance of a thorough knowledge of mesmerism and all other branches of Occultism, these founders established the Theosophical Society, to read, enquire, compare, study, experiment and expound the mysteries of Psychology. This range of enquiry, of course, included an investigation of Vedic, Brahmanical and other ancient Oriental literature; for in that—especially the former, the grandest repository of wisdom ever accessible to humanity—lay the entire mystery of nature and of man. To comprehend modern mediumship it is, in short, indispensable to familiarize oneself with the Yoga Philosophy; and the aphorisms of Patanjali are even more essential than the “Divine Revelations” of Andrew Jackson Davis. We can never know how much of the mediumistic phenomena we *must* attribute to the disembodied, until it is settled how much *can* be done by the embodied, human soul, and the blind but active powers at work within those regions which are yet unexplored by science. Not even proof of an existence beyond the grave, if it must come to us in a phenomenal shape. This will be conceded without qualification, we think, provided that the records of history be admitted as corroborating the statements we have made.

The reader will observe that the primary issue between the theosophical and spiritualistic theories of mediumistic phenomena is that the Theosophists say the phenomena may be produced by more agencies than one, and the latter that but one agency can be conceded, namely—the disembodied souls. There are other differences—as, for instance, that there *can* be such a thing as the obliteration of the human individuality as the result of very evil environment; that good spirits seldom, if ever, cause physia-

cal 'manifestations,' etc. But the first point to settle is the one here first stated; and we have shown how and in what directions the Theosophists maintain that the investigations should be pushed.

Our East Indian readers, unlike those of Western countries who may see these lines, do not know how warmly and stoutly these issues have been debated, these past three or four years. Suffice it to say that, a point having been reached where argument seemed no longer profitable, the controversy ceased; and that the present visit of the New York Theosophists, and their establishment of the Bombay Headquarters, with the library, lectures, and this journal, are its tangible results. That this step must have a very great influence upon Western psychological science is apparent. Whether our Committee are themselves fully competent to observe and properly expound Eastern Psychology or not, no one will deny that Western Science must inevitably be enriched by the contributions of the Indian, Sinhalese, and other mystics who will now find in the THEOSOPHIST a channel by which to reach European and American students of Occultism, such as was never imagined, not to say seen, before. It is our earnest hope and belief that after the broad principles of our Society, its earnestness, and exceptional facilities for gathering Oriental wisdom are well understood, it will be better thought of than now by Spiritualists, and attract into its fellowship many more of their brightest and best intellects.

Theosophy can be styled the enemy of Spiritualism with no more propriety than of Mesmerism, or any other branch of Psychology. In this wondrous outburst of phenomena that the Western world has been seeing since 1848, is presented such an opportunity to investigate the hidden mysteries of being as the world has scarcely known before. Theosophists only urge that these phenomena shall be studied so thoroughly that our epoch shall not pass away with the mighty problem unsolved. Whatever obstructs this—whether the narrowness of sciolism, the dogmatism of theology, or the prejudice of any other class, should be swept aside as something hostile to the public interest. Theosophy, with its design to search back into historic records for proof, may be regarded as the natural outcome of phenomenistic Spiritualism, or as a touchstone to show the value of its pure gold. One must know both to comprehend what is Man.

### ANTIQUITY OF THE VEDAS.

A journal interested like the THEOSOPHIST in the explorations of archæology and archaic religions, as well as the study of the occult in nature, has to be doubly prudent and discreet. To bring the two conflicting elements—exact science and metaphysics—into direct contact, might create as great a disturbance as to throw a piece of potassium into a basin of water. The very fact that we are predestined and pledged to prove that some of the wisest of Western scholars have been misled by the dead letter of appearances and that they are unable to discover the hidden spirit in the relics of old, places us under the ban from the start. With those sciolists who are neither broad enough, nor sufficiently modest to allow their decisions to be reviewed, we are necessarily in antagonism. Therefore, it is essential that our position in relation to certain scientific hypotheses, perhaps tentative and only sanctioned for want of better ones—should be clearly defined at the outset.

An infinitude of study has been bestowed by the archæologists and the orientalisks upon the question of chronology—especially in regard to Comparative Theology. So far, their affirmations as to the relative antiquity of the great religions of the pre-Christian era are little more than plausible hypotheses. How far back the national and religious Vedic period, so called, extends—"it is impossible to tell," confesses Prof. Max Müller; nevertheless, he traces it "to a period anterior to 1000 B.C." and brings us "to 1100 or 1200 B.C. as the earliest time when we may suppose the collection of the Vedic hymns to have been finished." Nor do any other of our leading scholars claim to have finally settled the vexed question, especially delicate as it is in its bearing upon the chronology of the book

of Genesis. Christianity, the direct outflow of Judaism and in most cases the state religion of their respective countries, has unfortunately stood in their way. Hence, scarcely two scholars agree; and each assigns a different date to the Vedas and the Mosaic books, taking care in every case to give the latter the benefit of the doubt. Even that leader of the leaders in philological and chronological questions,—Professor Müller, hardly twenty years ago allowed himself a prudent margin by stating that it will be difficult to settle "whether the Veda is 'the oldest of books,' and whether some of the portions of the old Testament may not be traced back to the same or even an earlier date than the oldest hymns of the Veda." The THEOSOPHIST, is, therefore, quite warranted in either adopting or rejecting as it pleases the so called authoritative chronology of science. Do we err then, in confessing that we rather incline to accept the chronology of that renowned Vedic scholar, Swami Dayánund Saraswati, who unquestionably knows what he is talking about, has the four Vedas by heart, is perfectly familiar with all Sanskrit literature, has no such scruples as the Western Orientalists in regard to public feelings, nor desire to humour the superstitious notions of the majority, nor has any object to gain in suppressing facts? We are only too conscious of the risk in withholding our adulation from scientific authorities. Yet, with the common temerity of the heterodox we must take our course, even though, like the Tarpeia of old, we be smothered under a heap of shields—a shower of learned quotations from these "authorities."

We are far from feeling ready to adopt the absurd chronology of a Berosus or even Syncellus—though in truth they appear "absurd" only in the light of our preconceptions. But, between the extreme claims of the Brahmins and the ridiculously short periods conceded by our Orientalists for the development and full growth of that gigantic literature of the Ante-Mahábháratan period, there ought to be a just mean. While Swami Dayánund Saraswati asserts that "The Vedas have now ceased to be objects of study for nearly 5,000 years," and places the first appearance of the four Vedas at an immense antiquity; Professor Müller, assigning for the composition of even the earliest among the Bráhmanas, the years from about 1,000 to 800 B.C., hardly dares, as we have seen, to place the collection and the original composition of the Saṁhitā, of Rig-Vedic hymns, earlier than 1200 to 1500 before our era!\* Whom ought we to believe; and which of the two is the better informed? Cannot this gap of several thousand years be closed, or would it be equally difficult for either of the two cited authorities to give data which would be regarded by science as thoroughly convincing? It is as easy to reach a false conclusion by the modern inductive method as to assume false premises from which to make deductions. Doubtless Professor Max Müller has good reasons for arriving at his chronological conclusions. But so has Dayánund Saraswati, Pándit. The gradual modifications, development and growth of the Sanskrit language are sure guides enough for an expert philologist. But, that there is a possibility of his having been led into error would seem to suggest itself upon considering a certain argument brought forward by Swami Dayánund. Our respected friend and Teacher maintains that both Professor Müller and Dr. Wilson have been solely guided in their researches and conclusion by the inaccurate and untrustworthy commentaries of Sayana, Mahidhar, and Uvata; commentaries which differ diametrically from those of a far earlier period as used by himself in connection with his great work the Veda Bháshya. A cry was raised at the outset of this publication that Swami's commentary is calculated to refute Sayana and the English interpreters. "For this" very justly remarks Pándit Dayánund "I cannot be blamed; if Sayana has erred, and English interpreters have chosen to take him for their guide, the delusion cannot be long maintained. Truth alone can stand, and Falsehood before growing civilization must fall.†" And if, as he claims, his Veda Bháshya is entirely founded on the old commentaries

\*Lecture on the Vedas.

†Answer to the Objections to the Veda-Bháshya.



of the ante-Mahābhāratan period to which the Western scholars have had no access, then, since his were the surest guides of the two classes, we cannot hesitate to follow him, rather than the best of our European Orientalists.

But, apart from such *prima facie* evidence, we would respectfully request Professor Max Müller to solve us a riddle. Propounded by himself, it has puzzled us for over twenty years, and pertains as much to simple logic as to the chronology in question. Clear and undeviating, like the Rhône through the Geneva lake, the idea runs through the course of his lectures, from the first volume of "Chips" down to his last discourse. We will try to explain.

All who have followed his lectures as attentively as ourselves will remember that Professor Max Müller attributes the wealth of myths, symbols, and religious allegories in the Vedic hymns, as in Grecian mythology, to the early worship of nature by man. "In the hymns of the Vedas" to quote his words, "we see man left to himself to solve the riddle of this world. He is awakened from darkness and slumber by the light of the sun"...and he calls it—"his life, his truth, his brilliant Lord and Protector." He gives names to all the powers of nature, and after he has called the fire 'Agni,' the sun-light 'Indra,' the storms 'Maruts,' and the dawn 'Usha,' they all seem to grow naturally into beings like himself, nay greater than himself. \*This definition of the mental state of *primitive* man, in the days of the very infancy of humanity, and when hardly out of its cradle—is perfect. The period to which he attributes these effusions of an infantile mind, is the Vedic period, and the time which separates us from it is, as claimed above, 3,000 years. So much impressed seems the great philologist with this idea of the mental feebleness of mankind at the time when these hymns were composed by the four venerable Rishis, that in his introduction to the Science of Religion (p. 278) we find the Professor saying: "Do you still wonder at polytheism or at mythology? Why, they are inevitable. They are, if you like, a *parler enfantin* of religion. But the world has its childhood, and when it was a child it spake as a child. (*nota bene*, 3,000 years ago), it understood as a child, it thought as a child....The fault rests with us if we insist on taking the language of children for the language of men...The language of antiquity is the language of childhood...the *parler enfantin* in religion is not extinct...as, for instance, the religion of India."

Having read thus far, we pause and think. At the very close of this able explanation, we meet with a tremendous difficulty, the idea of which must have never occurred to the able advocate of the ancient faiths. To one familiar with the writings and ideas of this Oriental scholar, it would seem the height of absurdity to suspect him of accepting the Biblical chronology of 6,000 years since the appearance of the first man upon earth as the basis of his calculations. And yet the recognition of such chronology is inevitable if we have to accept Professor Müller's reasons at all; for here we run against a purely arithmetical and mathematical obstacle, a gigantic miscalculation of proportion...

No one can deny that the growth and development of mankind—mental as well as physical—must be analogically measured by the growth and development of man. An anthropologist, if he cares to go beyond the simple consideration of the relations of man to other members of the animal kingdom, has to be in a certain way a physiologist as well as an anatomist; for, as much as Ethnology it is a progressive science which can be well treated but by those who are able to follow up retrospectively the regular unfolding of human faculties and powers, assigning to each a certain period of life. Thus, no one would regard a skull in which the wisdom-tooth, so called, would be apparent, the skull of an infant. Now, according to geology, recent researches "give good reasons to believe that under low and base grades the existence of man can be traced back into the tertiary times." In the old glacial drift of Scotland—says Professor W. Draper "the relics of man are found along with those of the fossil

elephant;" and the best calculations so far assign a period of two-hundred-and-forty thousand years, since the beginning of the last glacial period. Making a proportion between 240,000 years—the least age we can accord to the human race,—and 24 years of a man's life, we find that three thousand years ago, or the period of the composition of Vedic hymns, mankind would be just twenty-one—the legal age of majority, and certainly a period at which man ceases using, if he ever will, the *parler enfantin* or childish lisping. But, according to the views of the Lecturer, it follows that man was, three thousand years ago, at twenty-one, a foolish and undeveloped—though a very promising—infant, and at twenty-four, has become the brilliant, acute, learned, highly analytical and philosophical man of the nineteenth century. Or, still keeping our equation in view, in other words, the Professor might as well say, that an individual who was a nursing baby at 12 M. on a certain day, would at 12, 20, P.M., on the same day, have become an adult speaking high wisdom instead of his *parler enfantin*!

It really seems the duty of the eminent Sanskritist and Lecturer on Comparative Theology to get out of this dilemma. Either the Rig-Veda hymns were composed but 3,000 years ago, and therefore, cannot be expressed in the "language of childhood"—man having lived in the glacial period—but the generation which composed them must have been composed of adults, presumably as philosophical and scientific in the knowledge of their day, as we are in our own; or, we have to ascribe to them an immense antiquity in order to carry them back to the days of human mental infancy. And, in this latter case, Professor Max Müller will have to withdraw a previous remark, expressing the doubt "whether some of the portions of the Old Testament may not be traced back to the same or even an earlier date than the oldest hymns of the Vedas."

## ARYA PRAKASH.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DAYÁNUND SARASWATI, SWAMI.

[Written by him expressly for the Theosophist.]

It was in a Brahmin family of the Oudichya caste, in a town belonging to the Rājāh of Morwee, in the province of Kattiawar, that in the year of Samvat, 1881, I, now known as Dayánund Saraswati, was born. If I have from the first refrained from giving the names of my father and of the town in which my family resides, it is because I have been prevented from doing so by my duty. Had any of my relatives heard again of me, they would have sought me out. And then, once more face to face with them, it would have become incumbent upon me to follow them. I would have to touch money again,\* serve them, and attend to their wants. And thus the holy work of the Reform to which I have wedded my whole life, would have irretrievably suffered through my forced withdrawal from it.

I was hardly five years of age when I began to study the Devnagari characters, and my parents and all the elders commenced training me in the ways and practices of my caste and family; making me learn by rote the long series of religious hymns, mantrams, stanzas and commentaries. And I was but eight when I was invested with the sacred Brahmanical cord (triple thread), and taught Gáyatri Sandhya with its practices, and Yajur Veda Sanhita preceded by the study of the *Rudrádhyaṇya*.† As my family belonged to the Siva sect, their greatest aim was to get me initiated into its religious mysteries; and thus I was early taught to worship the uncouth piece of clay representing Siva's emblem, known as the *Pārthiwa Lingam*. But, as there is a good deal of fasting and various hardships connected with this worship, and I had the habit of taking early meals, my mother, fearing for my health, opposed

\* No Swami or Sanyasi can touch money, or personally transact any money business. [Ed. Theos.]

† *Rudrádhyaṇya* is a chapter about Rula (a name of Siva), [I id.]

my daily practicing of it. But my father sternly insisted upon its necessity, and this question finally became a source of everlasting quarrels between them. Meanwhile, I studied the Sanskrit grammar, learned the Vedas by heart, and, accompanied my father to the shrines, temples, and places of Siva worship. His conversation ran invariably upon one topic: the highest devotion and reverence must be paid to Siva, his worship being the most divine of all religions. It went on thus till I had reached my fourteenth year, when, having learned by heart the whole of the Yajur Veda Samhita, parts of other Vedas, of the Shabla Rupavali and the grammar, my studies were completed.

As my father's was a banking house and held, moreover, the office—hereditary in my family—of a Jamádár\* we were far from being poor, and things, so far, had gone very pleasantly. Wherever there was a Siva Purán to be read and explained, there my father was sure to take me along with him; and finally, unmindful of my mother's remonstrances, he imperatively demanded that I should begin practicing *Pārthiva Pája*†. When the great day of gloom and fasting—called Sivarátree—had arrived,‡ this day following on the 13th of Vadya of Mágh§ my father, regardless of the protest that my strength might fail, commanded me to fast, adding that I had to be initiated on that night into the sacred legend, and participate in that night's long vigil in the temple of Siva. Accordingly, I followed him, along with other young men, who accompanied their parents. This vigil is divided into four parts called *praharas*, consisting of three hours each. Having completed my task, namely, having sat up for the first two *praharas* till the hour of midnight, I remarked that the *Pujáris*, or temple desservants, and some of the laymen devotees, after having left the inner temple had fallen asleep outside. Having been taught for years that by sleeping on that particular night, the worshiper lost all the good effect of his devotion, I tried to refrain from drowsiness by bathing my eyes, now and then, with cold water. But my father was less fortunate. Unable to resist fatigue he was the first to fall asleep, leaving me to watch alone...

Thoughts upon thoughts crowded upon me and one question arose after the other in my disturbed mind. Is it possible—I asked myself,—that this semblance of man, the idol of a *personal* God, that I see bestriding his bull before me, and who, according to all religious accounts, walks about, eats, sleeps, and drinks; who can hold a trident in his hand, beat upon his *dumroo* (drum), and pronounce curses upon men,—is it possible that he can be the Mahádeva, the great Deity? The same who is invoked as the Lord of Kailása, ¶ the Supreme Being and the divine hero of all the stories we read of him in his Puránas (Scriptures)? Unable to resist such thoughts any longer, I awoke my father, abruptly asking him to enlighten me: to tell me whether this hideous emblem of Siva in the temple was identical with the Mahádeva (great god) of the Scriptures, or something else. "Why do you ask?" said my father. "Because," I answered, "I feel it impossible to reconcile the idea of an Omnipotent, living God, with this idol, which allows the ntee to run over his body and thus suffers his image to be polluted without the slightest protest." Then my father tried to explain to me that this stone representation of the Mahádeva of Kailása, having been consecrated by the holy Bráhmans, became, in consequence, *the* god himself; and is worshipped and regarded as such; adding that as Siva cannot be perceived personally in this Kali-Yug—the age of mental darkness,—hence we have the idol in which the Mahádev of Kailása is imagined by his votaries; this kind of worship pleasing the great Deity as much as if, instead of the emblem, he were there himself. But the explana-

tion fell short of satisfying me. I could not, young as I was, help suspecting misinterpretation and sophistry in all this. Feeling faint with hunger and fatigue, I begged to be allowed to go home. My father consented to it, and sent me away with a Sepoy, only reiterating once more his command that I should not eat. But when, once home, I had told my mother of my hunger, she fed me with sweetmeats, and I fell into a profound sleep.

In the morning, when my father had returned and learned that I had broken my fast, he felt very angry. He tried to impress me with the enormity of my sin; but do what he could, I could not bring myself to believe that that idol and Mahádev were one and the same god, and, therefore, could not comprehend why I should be made to fast for and worship the former. I had, however, to conceal my lack of faith, and bring forward as an excuse for abstaining from regular worship my ordinary study, which really left me little or rather no time for any thing else. In this I was strongly supported by my mother, and even my uncle, who pleaded my cause so well that my father had to yield at last and allow me to devote my whole attention to my studies. In consequence of this, I extended them to "Nighanta,"\* "Nirukta"† "Purvamimánsa,"‡ and other Shástras, as well as to "Kamakánd" or the Ritual.

There were besides myself in the family two younger sisters and two brothers, the youngest of whom was born when I was already sixteen. On one memorable night, as we were attending a *nauteh*§ festival at the house of a friend, a servant was despatched after us from home, with the terrible news that my sister, a girl of fourteen, had been just taken sick with a mortal disease. Notwithstanding every medical assistance, my poor sister expired within four *ghatikás*¶ after we had returned. It was my first bereavement, and the shock my heart received was great. While friends and relatives were sobbing and lamenting around me, I stood like one petrified, and plunged in a profound revery. It resulted in a series of long and sad meditations upon the instability of human life. 'Not one of the beings that ever lived in this world could escape the cold hand of death'—I thought; 'I, too, may be snatched away at any time, and die. Whither, then shall I turn for an expedient to alleviate this human misery, connected with our death-bed; where shall I find the assurance of, and means of attaining Muktee,|| the final bliss.....It was there, and then, that I came to the determination that I *would* find it, cost whatever it might, and thus save myself from the untold miseries of the dying moments of an unbeliever. The ultimate result of such meditations was to make me violently break, and for ever, with the mummeries of external mortification and penances, and the more to appreciate the inward efforts of the soul. But I kept my determination secret, and allowed no one to fathom my innermost thoughts. I was just eighteen then. Soon after, an uncle, a very learned man and full of divine qualities,—one who had shown for me the greatest tenderness, and whose favorite I had been from my birth, expired also; his death leaving me in a state of utter dejection, and with a still profounder conviction settled in my mind that there was nothing stable in this world, nothing worth living for or caring for in a worldly life.

Although I had never allowed my parents to perceive what was the real state of my mind, I yet had been imprudent enough to confess to some friends how repulsive seemed to me the bare idea of a married life. This was reported to my parents, and they immediately determined that I should be betrothed at once, and the marriage solemnity performed as soon as I should be twenty.

Having discovered this intention, I did my utmost to thwart their plans. I caused my friends to intercede on my behalf, and pleaded my cause so earnestly with my father, that he promised to postpone my betrothal till the end of that year. I then began entreating him to send me

\* The office of "Jamádár" answers to that of a town Revenue Collector, combining that of a Magistrate, at the same time.

† *Pārthiva Pája* is the ceremony connected with the worship of a lingam of clay—the emblem of Siva.

‡ The Vishnavites, or worshippers of Vishnu—the greatest enemies of the Sivaites or worshippers of Siva—hold on this day a festival, in derision of their religious opponents. [1b.]

§ The eleventh month of the Hindu year.

¶ A mountain peak of the Himálaya, where Siva's heaven is believed to be situated. [1b.]

\* A medical work. There is a treatise entitled Nighanta in the Vedas. [1b.]

† Another Vedic treatise.

‡ *Fit* mimánsa

§ Singing and dancing by professional women. [1b.]

¶ About half an hour. [1b.]

|| The final bliss of a liberated soul; absorption into Brahma.

to Benares, where I might complete my knowledge of the Sanskrit grammar, and study astronomy and physics until I had attained a full proficiency in these difficult sciences.\* But this once, it was my mother who opposed herself violently to my desire. She declared that I should not go to Benares, as whatever I might feel inclined to study could be learned at home, as well as abroad; that I knew enough as it was, and had to be married anyhow before the coming year, as young people through an excess of learning were apt to become too liberal and free sometimes in their ideas. I had no better success in that matter with my father. On the contrary; for no sooner had I reiterated the favour I begged of him, and asked that my betrothal should be postponed until I had returned from Benares a scholar, proficient in arts and sciences, than my mother declared that in such a case she would not consent even to wait till the end of the year, but would see that my marriage was celebrated immediately. Perceiving, at last, that my persistence only made things worse, I desisted, and declared myself satisfied with being allowed to pursue my studies at home, provided I was allowed to go to an old friend, a learned pandit who resided about six miles from our town in a village belonging to our Jamádáree. Thither then, with my parent's sanction I proceeded, and placing myself under his tuition, continued for some time quietly with my study. But while there, I was again forced into a confession of the insurmountable aversion I had for marriage. This went home again. I was summoned back at once, and found upon returning that everything had been prepared for my marriage ceremony. I had entered upon my twenty-first year, and had no more excuses to offer. I fully realized now, that I would neither be allowed to pursue any longer my studies, nor would my parents ever make themselves consenting parties to my celibacy. It was when driven to the last extremity that I resolved to place an eternal barrier between myself and marriage.

On an evening of the year Samvat 1903, without letting any one this time into my confidence, I secretly left my home, as I hoped forever. Passing that first night in the vicinity of a village about eight miles from my home, I arose three hours before dawn, and before night had again set in I had walked over thirty miles; carefully avoiding the public thoroughfare, villages, and localities in which I might have been recognized. These precautions proved useful to me, as on the third day after I had absconded, I learned from a Government officer that a large party of men including many horsemen, were diligently roving about in search of a young man from the town of—who had fled from his home. I hastened further on, to meet with other adventures. A party of begging Bráhmans had kindly relieved me of all the money I had on me, and made me part even with my gold and silver ornaments, rings, bracelets, and other jewels, on the plea that the more I gave away in charities, the more my self-denial would benefit me in the after life. Thus, having parted with all I had, I hastened on to the place of residence of a learned scholar, a man named Lála Bhagat, of whom I had much heard on my way, from wandering Sanyásis and Bairáges (religious mendicants). He lived in the town of Sayale, where I met with a Brahmachári who advised me to join at once their holy order, which I did .....

After initiating me into his order and conferring upon me the name of Shuddha Chaitanya, he made me exchange my clothes for the dress worn by them—a reddish-yellow garment. From thence, and in this new attire, I proceeded to the small principality of Kouthagángul, situated near Ahmedabad, where, to my misfortune I met with a Bairági, the resident of a village in the vicinity of my native town, and well acquainted with my family. His astonishment was as great as my perplexity. Having naturally enquired how I came to be there, and in such an attire, and learned of my desire to travel and see the world, he ridiculed my dress and blamed me for leaving my home for such an object. In my embarrassment he

succeeded in getting himself informed of my future intentions. I told him of my desire to join in the Mella\* of Kártik, held that year at Siddhpore, and that I was on my way to it. Having parted with him, I proceeded immediately to that place, and taking my abode in the temple of Mahádev at Neelkantha, where Darádi Swami and other Brahmacháris, already resided. For a time, I enjoyed their society unmolested, visiting a number of learned scholars and professors of divinity who had come to the Mella, and associating with a number of holy men.

Meanwhile, the Bairági, whom I had met at Kouthagángul had proved treacherous. He had despatched a letter to my family informing them of my intentions and pointing to my whereabouts. In consequence of this, my father had come down to Siddhpore with his Sepoys, traced me step by step in the Mella, learning something of me wherever I had sat among the learned pandits, and finally, one fine morning appeared suddenly before me. His wrath was terrible to behold. He reproached me violently, accusing me of bringing an eternal disgrace upon my family. No sooner had I met his glance though, than knowing well that there would be no use in trying to resist him, I suddenly made up my mind how to act. Falling at his feet with joined hands, and supplicating tones, I entreated him to appease his anger. I had left home through bad advice, I said; I felt miserable, and was just on the point of returning home, when he had providentially arrived; and now I was willing to follow him home again. Notwithstanding such humility, in a fit of rage he tore my yellow robe into shreds, snatched at my *tumbá*,† and wresting it violently from my hand flung it far away; pouring upon my head at the same time a volley of bitter reproaches, and going so far as to call me a matricide. Regardless of my promises to follow him, he gave me in the charge of his Sepoys, commanding them to watch me night and day, and never leave me out of their sight for a moment....

But my determination was as firm as his own. I was bent on my purpose and closely watched for my opportunity of escaping. I found it on the same night. It was three in the morning, and the Sepoy whose turn it was to watch me believing me asleep, fell asleep in his turn. All was still; and so, softly rising and taking along with me a tumba full of water, I crept out, and must have run over a mile before my absence was noticed. On my way, I espied a large tree, whose branches were overhanging the roof of a pagoda; on it I eagerly climbed, and hiding myself among its thick foliage upon the dome, awaited what fate had in store for me. About 4, in the morning, I heard and saw through the apertures of the dome, the Sepoys enquiring after me, and making a diligent search for me inside as well as outside the temple. I held my breath and remained motionless, until finally, believing they were on the wrong track, my pursuers reluctantly retired. Fearing a new encounter, I remained concealed on the dome the whole day, and it was not till darkness had again set in that, alighting, I fled in an opposite direction. More than ever I avoided the public thoroughfares, asking my way of people as rarely as I could, until I had again reached Ahmedabad, from whence I at once proceeded to Baroda. There I settled for some time; and, at Chetan Math (temple) I held several discourses with Bramhánd and a number of Brahmacháris and Sanyásis, upon the Vedánta philosophy. It was Bramhánd and other holy men who established to my entire satisfaction that Brahm, the deity, was no other than my own Self—my *Ego*. I am Brahm, a portion of Brahm; *Jiv* (Soul) and Brahm, the deity, being one. † Formerly,

\* *Mella* is a religious gathering, numbering at times hundreds of thousands of pilgrims.

† A vessel to hold water, made of a dried gourd.

‡ बडोदरे शहरमे आकर ठहरा। वहाँ चेतन मठमें ब्रह्मानन्द आदि ब्रह्मचारी और संन्यासियोंसे वेदान्त विषयकी बहुत बात की। और मे ब्रह्म हूँ अर्थात् जीव ब्रह्म एकहैं ऐसा निश्चय उन ब्रह्मानन्दादिने मुझको करा दिया प्रथम वेदान्त पढ़ते समय भी कुछ २ निश्चय हो गयाथा परन्तु वहाँ ठीक वृद्ध होगया कि मैं ब्रह्म हूँ।

\* Astronomy includes Astrology in India, and it is in Benares that the subtlest of metaphysics and so-called occult sciences are taught.

This passage is of such importance that the original is here appended for the consideration of the learned. [Ed. Theos.]

while studying Vedānta, I had come to this opinion to a certain extent, but now the important problem was solved, and I have gained the certainty that I am Brahma.....

At Baroda hearing from a Benares woman that a meeting composed of the most learned scholars was to be held at a certain locality, I repaired thither at once; visiting a personage known as Satchidānand Paramahansa, with whom I was permitted to discuss upon various scientific and metaphysical subjects. From him I learned also, that there were a number of great Sanyāsis and Brahmācharis who resided at Chānoda, Kanyāli. In consequence of this I repaired to that place of sanctity, on the banks of Nurbuda, and there at last met for the first time with real *Diksheets*, or initiated Yogs, and such Sanyāsis as Chidāshrama and several other Brahmācharis. After some discussion, I was placed under the tuition of one Parmānand Paramhansa, and for several months studied "Vedāntasār," "Arya Harimide Totak," "Vedānt Paribhāsha," and other philosophical treatises. During this time, as a Brahmāchari I had to prepare my own meals, which proved a great impediment to my studies. To get rid of it, I therefore concluded to enter, if possible, into the 4th Order of the Sanyāsis.\* Fearing, moreover, to be known under my own name, on account of my family's pride, and well aware that once received in this order I was safe, I begged of a Dekkani pandit, a friend of mine, to intercede on my behalf with a *Diksheet*—the most learned among them, that I might be initiated into that order at once. He refused, however, point-blank to initiate me, urging my extreme youth. But I did not despair. Several months later, two holy men, a Swami and a Brahmāchari came from the Dekkan, and took up their abode in a solitary, ruined building, in the midst of a jungle, near Chānoda, and about two miles distant from us. Profoundly versed in the Vedānta philosophy, my friend, the Dekkani Pandit, went to visit them, taking me along with him. A metaphysical discussion following, brought them to recognize in each other *Diksheets* of a vast learning. They informed us that they had arrived from "Shrungiree Math," the principal convent of Shankarāchārya, in the South, and were on their way to Dwārka. To one of them Purnānand Saraswati—I got my Dekkani friend to recommend me particularly, and state at the same time, the object I was so desirous to attain and my difficulties. He told him that I was a young Brahmāchari, who was very desirous to pursue his study in metaphysics unimpeded; that I was quite free from any vice or bad habits, for which fact he vouchsafed; and that, therefore, he believed me worthy of being accepted in this highest probationary degree, and initiated into the 4th order of the Sanyāsis; adding that thus I might be materially helped to free myself from all worldly obligations, and proceed untrammelled in the course of my metaphysical studies. But this Swami also declined at first. I was too young he said. Besides, he was himself a Mahārāshtra, and so he advised me to appeal to a Gujarāthi Swami. It was only when fervently urged on by my friend, who reminded him that Dekkani Sanyāsis can initiate even *Gowdas*, and that there could exist no such objection in my case, as I had been already accepted, and was one of the five *Dravids*, that he consented. And, on the third day following he consecrated me into the order, delivering unto me a *Dand*,† and naming me Dayānund Saraswati. By

\* *Sanyāsi*. There are different conditions and orders prescribed in the Shāstrā. (1) *Brahmachārit*—one who leads simply a life of celibacy, maintaining himself by begging while prosecuting his duties; (2) *Grhasthāshrama*—one who leads a married but a holy life; (3) *Vānaprastha*—who lives the life of a hermit; (4) *Sanyāsi* or *Naturthāshrama*. This is the highest of the four; in which the members of either of the other three may enter, the necessary conditions for it being the renunciation of all worldly considerations. Following are the four different successive stages of this life: (A) *Kutichaka*—living in a hut, or in a desolate place and wearing a red ochre coloured garment, carrying a three-knotted bamboo rod, and wearing the hair in the centre of the crown of the head, having the sacred thread, and devoting oneself to the contemplation of *Parabrahma*; (B) *Bahudaki*—one who lives quite apart from his family and the world, maintains himself on alms collected at seven houses, and wears the same kind of reddish garment; (C) *Hansa*—the same as in the preceding case except the carrying of only a one-knotted bamboo; D *Paramahansa*—the same as the others; but the ascetic wears the sacred thread, and his hair and beard are quite long. This is the highest of all these orders. A Paramahansa who shows himself worthy is on the very threshold of becoming a *Diksheet*.

† The three and seven knotted bamboo of Sannyāsis given to them as a sign of power, after their initiation.

the order of my initiator though, and my proper desire, I had to lay aside the emblematical bamboo—the *Dand*, renouncing it for a while, as the ceremonial performances connected with it would only interfere with and impede the progress of my studies.....

After the ceremony of initiation was over, they left us and proceeded to Dwārka. For some time, I lived at Chānoda Kanyāli as a simple Sanyāsi. But, upon hearing that at Vyāsāshram there lived a Swami whom they called *Yogānand*, a man thoroughly versed in Yog,\* to him I addressed myself as an humble student, and began learning from him the theory as well as some of the practical modes of the science of Yog (or *Yoga Vidya*). When my preliminary tuition was completed, I proceeded to Chhinour, as on the outskirts of this town lived Krishna Shastree, under whose guidance I perfected myself in the Sanskrit grammar, and again returned to Chānoda where I remained for some time longer. Meeting there two Yogis—Jwālānand Pooree and Shiwānand Giree, I practised Yog with them; also, and we all three held together many a dissertation upon the exalted Science of Yoga; until finally, by their advice, a month after their departure, I went to meet them in the temple of Doodheshwar, near Ahmedabad, at which place they had promised to impart to me the final secrets and modes of attaining *Yoga Vidya*. They kept their promise, and it is to them that I am indebted for the acquirement of the practical portion of that great science. Still later, it was divulged to me that there were many far higher and more learned Yogis than those I had hitherto met—yet still not the highest—who resided on the peaks of the mountain of Aboo, in Rajputāna. Thither then, I travelled again, to visit such noted places of sanctity as the *Arrada Bhawānee* and others; encountering at last, those whom I so eagerly sought for, on the peak of Bhawānee Giree, and learning from them various other systems and modes of Yoga. It was in the year of Samvat 1911, that I first joined in the Kumbha Mella at Hardwār, where so many sages and divine philosophers meet, often unperceived, together. So long as the Mella congregation of pilgrims lasted, I kept practising that science in the solitude of the jungle of Chandee; and after the pilgrims had separated, I transferred myself to Rhusheekesh where sometimes in the company of good and pure Yogis† and Sanyāsis, oftener alone, I continued in the study and practise of Yoga.

DAYĀNUND SARASWATI SWAMI.

(To be continued).

## THE LEARNING AMONG INDIAN LADIES.

[Written for the THEOSOPHIST by a Native Pandit.]

Much has been said about a certain Brahman lady named Ramābāi, and much surprise has been expressed that in such a society as that of the natives of this country a learned lady like this should have lived for so many years without attracting any attention. Not only the erudition of the lady, but her great talents, her parentage, and her social position have all astonished foreigners, in and out of the country. The way in which the newspapers announced her appearance in Calcutta, as if they had made a wonderful discovery, is only one among numerous examples that one may almost daily observe of what may be called a chief characteristic of Anglo-Indian society in India—much wisdom and teaching without knowledge, regarding social matters and reform thereof among the natives. With their ancient prejudices against the social system of the Hindus, Europeans do not often show much readiness to learn what accomplishments and virtues native ladies assiduously cultivate, and whether

\* A religious "magician," practically. One who can embrace the past and the future in one present; a man who has reached the most perfect state, of clairvoyance, and has a thorough knowledge of what is now known as mesmerism, and the occult properties of nature, which sciences help the student to perform the greatest phenomena; such phenomena must not be confounded with miracles, which are an absurdity.

† One may be a Yog, and yet not a *Diksheet*, i.e., not have received his final initiation into the mysteries *Yoga Vidya*.

there is really much ground for that universal belief that Hindu ladies are held in a state of thralldom. Exhibition, publicity and shining-out are things which our native ladies generally do not care for, and have no need to care for. Foreigners have an idea that Hindu ladies with whose very name they can but associate the notions of *sacer*, of co-wives, of tyrannical husbands, of want of literary acquirements and fascinating refinements, cannot be the mistresses of their households in anything like the sense in which that phrase is understood in Europe. These and similar notions are no doubt the result of the wide distance which natives and Europeans keep from each other in all but strictly official and business matters. But there is in fact a great deal in Hindu ladies that Europeans would admire if they but know how to sympathize with good things that are not their own. There is in a Hindu lady a devotion, to begin with, to her husband and children of which foreigners can have but little idea. This joined to the contentment which proverbially reigns supreme in a Hindu household, makes the Hindu wife of a Hindu man a source of continual happiness to all around without any of those hankerings after new pleasures, new fashions, and new friends which we see are the cause of much unhappiness in European families of moderate incomes. The devotion and contentedness of a Hindu wife enable her to rule easily over a family comprising not merely husband and a few children, but also of relations of her husband and her own. Thus a Hindu household is an admirable school where the great virtues of this life—unselfishness, and living for others—are very highly cultivated. Hindu ladies may not organize female charitable societies for attendance on the sick and the dying in war-hospitals, and may not be preparing and manufacturing articles for fancy Bazaars, the proceeds of which are applied towards the maintenance of orphans. But they do practise a good deal of charity in their own way—quiet, private, unobserved and not intended to be observed and remarked upon. The lame, the dumb, the infirm, and all others deserving of charitable support are the care of the Hindu woman. It is through her care that the poor of the country are fed and fed without any organized relief societies for the poor, or any poor-law made by modern legislatures.

Nor is it correct to say that Hindu ladies are uneducated or unenlightened. It is true they do not generally attend schools as yet, kept by European ladies who teach modern languages and impart a knowledge of modern sciences and arts. It is true they do not cultivate the art of letter-writing so useful to Western young ladies in quest of husbands. It is true that they do not read novels, a kind of literature which goes to teach lighter sentiment, studied love, delicate forms of address, and a liking for romance, among other things. But Hindu ladies are—a great many of them, learned in a sense; certainly educated. Many can read and explain the Purāṇs, the great repository of legendary lore and moral precepts; and most have read to them the great epics, the Purāṇs and the Hindu mythology in general, in whatever shape existing. All mythology is poetry grown old; and after it has ceased to be recognised as poetry, it is but used to inculcate a code of morals which is always ill taught by means of lectures.

The love of Hindu ladies for religious instruction is ancient, and Sanskrit literature is acquainted with many names of Hindu lady-scholars. The readers of Hindu philosophical works know very well the names of Maitreyī, Gārgī, Vāchaknavī, Gautamī, Āṅgīrasī, Ātreyaī, Prāthītheyī, Sulabhā, Satyawatī, and a host of others. Of ladies taking part in Purāṇic teachings as interlocutors and teachers, the number is legion. And to this day Hindu matrons discussing philosophical and religious matters with the fervour of the theologians are by no means rare. Many know Sanskrit but a larger number are well versed in Marāṭhī religious and moral literature, which they may often be found propounding to little religious gatherings, in a quiet and unpretentious but not the less impressive manner. Ladies knowing Sanskrit enough to be able to read the great epics of India in the original are not few either. We have heard of families of learned Sanskrit Brahmans, of which

every grown up member, whether male or female, can speak Sanskrit. To this class belongs Rāmābāi, the subject of this notice. This young lady is of a Dekkani Brahman family, settled in the Madras Presidency. We have not yet had the pleasure of seeing her. But she is known to be a very good Sanskrit scholar, an extempore poetess, and one who knows many thousands of Sanskrit verses by heart and is, in fact, a repository of ancient Sanskrit poetry. The extent to which Hindu boys cultivate their memory is truly wonderful. There are thousands of young Brahmans living at this day in India, who have in the course of some ten or more years learned, and retained, and made thoroughly their own, the text of one or two, or even three Vedas, and can repeat it all at the age of twenty-five from end to end without a single mistake in the quantity of the vowels or in the position or the proper stress of the accents:—and all that in a language of which they do not understand a word! In this very way, apparently, has Rāmābāi learned by rote all the Bhāgavata Purāṇa; and what is more, she can explain it, and can hold a sustained conversation in Sanskrit with learned scholars of the land, even native. Though Rāmābāis are not to be found in every household, they are not such rare beings as Western and Eastern foreigners may be inclined to imagine. But what is rare is their appearance in public. We have but a few days since heard of another Brahman lady who has appeared at Nasik, and who also expounds the Bhāgavata. Doubtless Rāmābāi and her sisters, whatever their number, are monuments of their country, and all honour be to them. But we would earnestly ask whether the English who rule the destinies of this vast continent can conscientiously say that they have hitherto given, or even shown any inclination to give in future, that encouragement to the cause of female education among the natives that it deserves? Have individual European gentlemen and ladies exercised their vast personal influence with a view to encourage the education and improvement of native females? It is but too true that the reply here, as to many questions regarding the welfare of India, is that individual Englishmen and Englishwomen in India cannot take any really genuine interest in such matters because, one and all feel that they are here as mere sojourners, enjoying even their short holidays in Europe, and eagerly looking forward to the day when they shall retire to their English homes with their pensions. And as regards the natives themselves, those that blame them for not promoting female education—of the modern type of course—have to bear in mind, that situated as the natives are, they have not much power to effect any great reforms. Many of the motive forces necessary for the purpose are wanting in them, and for ages to come natives will have to remain satisfied with such results of the cultivation of the faculty of memory, as Rāmābāi, the Marāṭhī Brahman lady, so well exemplifies.

### BRAHMA, ĪŚVARA AND MĀYĀ.

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In a paper printed in the "Pundit,"\* the impropriety was pointed out of comparing the Perfect and Supreme Brahma of the Upanishads to undeveloped thought, such as the Idea of the modern transcendentalist is represented† by Mr. Archibald E. Gough to be. Excluding, however, the notion of progressive unfolding, Mr. Gough continues to regard Brahma as a foreshadowing of the Idea, and accounts for the absence of that notion in the Vedāntic conception merely by the fact that 'the structures of positive and ideal science had not been then reared.'‡ Thus it is insinuated that the difference between Brahma and the Idea is only accidental not essential. Now such a view is altogether opposed to the spirit of the Vedānta. Not only is the notion of progress

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† Pioneer, October 14th 1878. Reprinted in Pundit, December 1st 1878.

‡ Pioneer, June 21st 1879.



or modification entirely unconnected with the conception of Brahma, but it is absolutely incompatible therewith. According to the Vedānta, Brahma is precisely the being which does not undergo any development or change, and that which is developed is precisely what is *not* Brahma, viz. Māyā. The Brahmanvādin, again, places his highest end, his supreme bliss in being one with Brahma. The transcendentalist, on the other hand, according to Mr. Gough, already believes himself to be a higher form of being than the primeval obscure idea out of which he is developed, and considers the chief end of man to be in the progressive development of social life. The former looks upon the phenomenal world, within and without, as a mere appearance, as a mere veil but dimly showing the Eternal Light which lies behind it. The latter regards the world as the ever progressive unfolding of a thought whose brightness or clearness shall never be perfected but ever be in the progress towards perfection. Mr. Gough writes of the idea that this 'obscure thought is a thought to become clearly and distinctly hereafter, and that it is obscurely and indistinctly now.' It is difficult to perceive the force of the adverbs used here instead of adjectives, unless it be to disguise, in some degree, the grossness of such a conception of the origin of things. It is evident that the Idea is meant to lie imperfect in its own undeveloped nature, though by a half-intelligible metaphor, it is said to be 'the locus for the eternal verities of reason.' It is not declared to be the Supreme Reality itself. Moreover it is to be noted that this idea is distinguished from God who is its perfection. In answer to the question I put—How has this idea, this imperfect intelligence suddenly helped itself to perfection in the case of God?—Mr. Gough says that "the statement of the transcendentalist is no more than this, that God is already in essence all that he shall be in manifestation." Is this 'God' then, as I suspected, really in the course of development, like the idea of which it is the perfect yet imperfect development? Is it then meant, in earnest, that God is in the course of creation? Is this then the being for which the designation of 'God' is carefully reserved, whilst the Omniscient Ruler of Nature (Sarvajña Īśvara) is held deserving of no higher name than Demiurgus? The distinction between essence and manifestation would not, as Mr. Gough but faintly hopes, save him from the aforesaid astounding conclusion; for, as we shall presently see, the world was likewise essentially in the idea all that it shall be in manifestation. Mr. Gough writes: 'The idea of modern philosophy already contains implicitly in itself all the forms that are to be progressively explicated out of it, in the universal *fiat*... All is in it implicitly which shall be manifested out of it at any time explicitly. Essence has to be unfolded into notion.' We thus see that there are two distinct series of developments going on—viz. the progressive unfolding of the idea in the shape of the world, and the subordinate unfolding of God into his progressive nature. I say 'subordinate,' for God himself is an unfolding of the idea. Has God then no share in the creation of the world, or is he the Cosmos or a portion thereof? The reader will note with astonishment that such a being is held deserving of the appellation of God which is denied to Īśvara.

I wrote: 'The idea in God with obvious inconsistency is said to be perfect and proceeding towards the perfect. Process or progress pre-supposes imperfection. How then can the perfect proceed towards the perfect?' Mr. Gough in reply tells me to 'remember that we are dealing with the concrete notions of the reason, not with the abstract notions of the understanding. The law of identity is a logical, not a metaphysical, principle. It applies to abstractions of thought, not to concretions of the reason. A concrete notion, a metaphysical idea is a synthesis of two contradictory factors, and, as such, holds position and negation in solution. There is a higher logic than that of the logicians. Try to define the origin of things how you will, try to define God how you will, you will find your expression contradictory; and so it ought to be, for it will

be a definition of the undefinable, an expression of the inexpressible...'

I confess that I am not gifted with this metaphysical sense which enables one to perceive the black-white, the luminous darkness, the perfect-imperfect and per chance the undivine God. But let me express my confusion and astonishment, for a third time, at the idea that a half-created being may be called 'God,' and Īśvara only Demiurgus!

It may be well to remark here that, were it not that Mr. Gough speaks of the Idea as an *obscure* thought *developing itself* into higher and higher concretions, were it not for his remark that 'it is only at a certain *height* that thought *rises* into the thought of this or that thinker,' I might admit its comparison to Brahma, comparing, at the same time, the 'implicit forms' of the world contained in the idea, to the 'undeveloped name and form' (*anyākṛite nāma-rūpe*) of the Vedānta, designated, Māyā, Śakti (power) and Prakṛiti (nature). As Mr. Gough, however, has represented the theory, the idea itself corresponds to the Māyā or Prakṛiti of the Vedānta, for Brahma is the Absolute Thought, perfect and immutable. Mr. Gough says I had "no right to replace the term idea by 'thought' in its lowest and crudest form, an embryo-intelligence." I am glad to find that Mr. Gough seems to have somewhat modified his conceptions, but in justification of myself, I have only to say that my expressions were precise equivalents to his own. Where is the difference between an embryo-intelligence, of course metaphorically speaking, and an undeveloped or obscure thought? The embryo is nothing but the undeveloped animal. Again, if thought must rise to some height, to be the thought of this or that thinker, it follows clearly that the primeval obscure thought before it had developed itself, was thought that had not risen to any height whatever, or it was thought in its lowest form. The reader will readily perceive that the Idea can no more be said to exist now, than the seed which has sprouted into a plant.

Mr. Gough wishes me 'to remember that Brahma is said to permeate and animate all things from a clump of grass up to Brahma,' but this permeation or animation of all things by Brahma is altogether different from the progressive development of the Idea. To put matters in a clear light, I would ask—are the 'forms contained implicitly in the idea, that are to be progressively explicated out of it in the universal *fiat*,' a part of the essential nature of the idea? If so, as Mr. Gough's language clearly intimates, such a theory is expressly condemned by the Vedāntin as *pariṇāmavāda*, the doctrine of modification. To avoid the position that Brahma is modified, (for development implies modification or change) the *vinartavāda* or the doctrine of manifestation, is taught by the Vedānta, which is another name for the doctrine of *māyā*. *Pariṇāma* is illustrated by the development of a germ into a tree or the transformation of milk into curd, in each case the entire nature of the original thing undergoing a change. *Vinarta* is exemplified by the appearance of the mirage in the refracted rays of the sun, or by the reflection of the sun itself in the waters. Here the fundamental substance remains unchanged, though it seems to wear a different aspect. This aspect is unreal in itself, but evidences a reality sustaining it. The universe, in all its progressive development, is thus an appearance of the Absolute which is ever the same. Such is the broad distinction between the *vinarta-vāda* and the *pariṇāma-vāda*. It may not be out of place to mention here that there are sects among Indian thinkers too, who would reconcile the latter with the Upanishads, but the Vedānta under discussion, namely, the philosophy as expounded by Śāṅkara, is expressly opposed to it.

Mr. Gough writes: "I continue to regard Īśvara not as God but as Demiurgus. (1) We are expressly told that Īśvara is retracted into Brahma at each dissolution of things, projected at each polingenesia. (2) There moreover coexist with him, from time without beginning, innumerable personal selves or jīvas, similarly protracted

and retracted. (3) Īśwara makes the world out of pre-existing materials, out of *Máyá*; and (4) distributes to the *jīvas* their several lots of pleasure and pain, only subject to the inexorable law of retributive fatality, *adrishta*. (5) Īśwara is expressly declared to be part of the unreal order of things, the first figment of the cosmical illusion. (6) The sage passes beyond all fear of Īśwara, as soon as he gets real knowledge. Such a being is not God, as will be pretty clear to the reader."

We reply, in order, and as briefly as possible. (1) Īśwara is essentially Brahma, therefore what is protracted out of, and retracted into Brahma, at the beginning and end of each cosmic cycle, is *Máyá*, not Īśwara. (2) The personal selves, or *jīvas* do not co-exist with Īśwara in Brahma. It is Īśwara, or Brahma as Creator and Lord, that protracts out of himself the *jīvas* and retracts them again into himself. (3) Īśwara is said to create the world out of *Máyá*, or, in other words, to evolve it out of his power, since to say that the world is evolved out of his absolute self would be grossly derogatory, and involve contradictions far more palpable than what is implied in denying the conceivability of *Máyá*, as either existent or non-existent, as being one with or distinct from Īśwara. It will be evident to the reader that such a *Máyá* can hardly be spoken of as pre-existent materials? (4) *Adrishta* is not adequately rendered by 'retributive fatality.' There is no such thing in the Vedānta as fatality i.e. an agency independent of God. *Adrishta* is convertible with *prārahdha*, prior deed. Īśwara regards prior deeds, or acts of merit and demerit done by creatures in previous births, in dispensing happiness and misery and in disposing of the causes thereof in this world, in the shape of moral dispositions and external circumstances. A cruel and unjust caprice making creatures unhappy, and morally and physically unequal, without any reason whatever, is not regarded as compatible with God-head. (5) Īśwara is never literally represented as being 'part of the unreal order of things,' as he is the Absolute itself seeming to be conditioned as Creator. The unreality or illusiveness attaches to the appearance of the Unconditioned as if it were conditioned by the creative energy—*Máyá*.\* Brahma is compared to unlimited space, and Īśwara to the same unlimited space seeming to be limited by clouds. Now it is this limitation of space which is unreal, and not the space itself which seems limited. Mr. Gough himself says that Īśwara created the world out of *Máyá*. Nay is it not a palpable contradiction to speak of Īśwara, the Creator, as being the first figment of the cosmical illusion—which implies that he is a part of the cosmos, i.e. the world which he has created. The very fact that in Sankara's Commentary on the Vedānta Sūtras, the words Brahma, Paramātmā, Paramēśwara and Īśwara are interchangeably used, shows that there is but a technical difference between Brahma and Īśwara. (6) As a matter of course, a man passes beyond all fear of Īśwara, i.e. of retributive justice, as soon as he gets real knowledge, i.e. knowledge by which he loses his personality and is absorbed into the Deity.

The real fact is that the conception formed by Mr. Gough of Brahma being so low, that of Īśwara cannot but be proportionally unworthy. As the Light of lights itself (ज्योतिषा ज्योतिः) is regarded only as an obscure thought gradually gaining in clearness, Īśwara is naturally viewed as Demiurgus. But the chief source of the misconception seems to be the unreality that is ascribed to everything but Brahma—the Absolute. Moreover in some modern books such as the Panchadaśī, in stern regard to absolute non-duality, Īśwara, by a trope, is said to have been created by *Máyá*, somewhat in the manner that a person is said to be created a lord. The One Unconditioned Beatific Thought, says the Vedantist, only exists. There is neither Creator nor created, neither virtue nor vice, heaven nor hell, I nor thou. Passages of such import are very apt to be misunderstood. It is supposed that the Creator as well

as the present and the future world are held to be unreal, even while I speak and write, and you read and hear. This unreality however is not meant in its ordinary sense so as to refer to our concerns in life. The Supreme Being regarded in his own nature and not putting forth his creative power, is the Absolute and the fact of the Absolute coming into relation, as Creator, of course belongs to the province of the relative (*vyavahāra*) and, judged by the absolute standard, is false. It is never to be forgotten that this unreality is predicated from the supreme stand-point of the Absolute, and has no practical bearing whatever. This unreality *can not* and *ought not* to be acted up to, unless and until a person ceases to be a personality, until all possibility of action and thinking ceases—which brings us back to saying that this tenet has no practical bearing, except that a man may earnestly endeavour to get rid of duality by subjugation of the passions, abstract meditation, and above all, devotion to Īśwara. So Īśwara in the person of Krishna is represented to have taught:—

दैवी शेषा गुणमयी मम माया दुरत्वया ।

मां मेव ये प्रपश्यन्ते मायामेतां तरन्ति ते ॥ भगवद्गीता

"Divine is My *Máyá*, composed of qualities, hard to be surmounted. They only do pass beyond this *Máyá*, who fly to Me for refuge."

If Mr. Gough is bent upon regarding Īśwara or the Lord of all, as essentially distinct from the Absolute, then, however high he may raise his conceptions of a Personal Deity, he should be prepared to abolish the name of 'God' altogether, and universally use the term Demiurgus instead. But here, I see, the metaphysical reason is sure to be lighted up, and by its aid, will be beheld in the Absolute, both the Unconditional and the Conditioned, being and not-being, the one and the many, the immutable and the changeable, the perfect and the imperfect, the creator and the created, and perhaps many other contradictories *all equally true*—held in solution.\* And this is the only alternative. Hold a host of contradictions as truly forming the nature of the Absolute, or assert the Absolute alone to be true, and every thing else as untrue, true only relatively. The Vedantin preferred the latter position and saved his conception of Brahma from being a bundle of contradictions.

यत् स्वर्ज्ञं सर्वशक्तिं ब्रह्म नित्यशुद्धबुद्धमुक्तस्वभावं शरीरादधिकम्भयत  
तदर्थं जगतः त्वद्भूमः ..... अपि च यदा तत्त्वमसीत्येवजातीयं केनभिद्  
निर्देशो नाभिदः शक्तिं बोधितो भवति अपगतं भवति तदा जीवस्य संसारं  
त्वमित्यादि ।

"The omniscient, omnipotent Brahma whose nature is Pure Thought, Eternal and Absolute, who is superior to, and distinct from, the Embodied Soul—Him we declare the Creator of the world...When by the teaching of such texts as "That thou art" &c. the identity of the human and the Divine Soul is realized, off goes the character of the animal Soul by which he is subject to worldly evil, as well as the character of Brahma by which He is Creator."

Sankara's Com. on Brahma Sūtras, Bih. Ml. Edn. Vol. I. p. 472.

Thus, if we consider Mr. Gough's position from the relative point of view, the name Demiurgus applied to Īśwara, in fact, attaches to Brahma, as Creator and is therefore absurd. Considering the application from the absolute point of view, it is still more absurd. For in absolute reality, there is neither the function of the Creator nor the fact of the creation—One Unconditioned Being alone existing. In relative reality, the embodied Souls are distinct from Brahma, because they are subject to ignorance. If Īśwara too were likewise subject to ignorance, he might be regarded as Demiurgus, but ignorance, in animals is the effect of that power by which Brahma manifests the cosmos in itself, as the Creator.

Mr. Gough misunderstands me when he thinks that I 'view Brahma as God, and as God conscious.' These were my words:—"Neither of the epithets 'conscious' and 'unconscious' can properly be applied to Brahma. The latter epithet is, however, liable to a gross misinterpreta-

tion, more especially than the former. It might lead one to suppose that Brahma is something like unthinking matter" and so forth. I view Brahma, as God, not in the sense of a personal deity, but in that of the Supreme Being, or Highest Reality, and I view Iswara as the Personal Brahma, his personality, of course, being understood as true in a relative sense, and not as essential to its absolute character. It was my object to point out that Brahma is not a being, as Mr. Gough expressly said, inferior to personality but superior to it.

I wrote: "The ultimate inconceivability of all things which all the Vedantins, thousands of years ago, and the profound British thinker (Herbert Spencer) so late in the nineteenth century, have illustrated is what is meant by *Máyá*." On this Mr. Gough remarks:—"Has he thus failed to understand his profound thinker? The ultimate inconceivability or in-explicability of things, he should learn in Herbert Spencer's philosophy, attaches not to phenomena but to the reality that underlies phenomena, not to the phenomenal world, but to the Idea, not to *Máyá*, so to speak; but to Brahma.

Now what does Mr. Gough mean by these remarks? Does he mean to say phenomena are ultimately conceivable? It is to be observed that the inconceivability that attaches to phenomena is different from the inconceivability that attaches to the phenomenon. Phenomena can not be conceived as existent *per se*, as independent of something which forms their basis *adhishtana* or, in other words, without postulating an Absolute Being of which they are manifestations. Whilst the Absolute, far from being inconceivable as an independent existence, can not but be conceived as positively existing. Though its nature is superior to definite conception, an 'indefinite consciousness' of its forms, according to Mr. Spencer as well as the Vedantin, the very basis of our intelligence, of science, of philosophy, of Religion. In capability of being known, coupled with positive presentation, is what is meant by the epithet 'self-luminous' (स्वयं प्रकाश) \* as applied to Brahma. Mr. Herbert Spencer shows that Space and Time, matter, motion, force, the mode of its exercise, the law of its variation, the transition of motion to rest and of rest to motion, the beginning and end of consciousness are all inconceivable. He concludes his elaborate argument by remarking that "he (the man of science) realizes with a special vividness the utter incomprehensibility of the simplest fact, considered in itself." His reasonings indeed serve as a complement to those of Sri Harsha contained in his celebrated Vedantic work, the *Khandana-khandakhāḍya* wherein the author shows that all our conceptions of the four varieties of proof viz. Perception, Inference, Comparison and Testimony, of Causation and even the notions we attach to pronouns are untenable. Spencer thus remarks on the ultimate incomprehensibility of phenomena:—"When, again, he (the man of science) turns from the succession of phenomena, external or internal, to their intrinsic nature, he is just as much at fault." It need hardly be pointed out that 'the intrinsic nature of phenomena' is not, any more than their succession, the Absolute which underlies phenomena. It is because "objective and subjective things" are "alike inscrutable in their substance and genesis," and yet are clearly manifested, that an Unknown yet positively presented Reality is postulated as their basis. This inconceivable Reality is not identical, as Mr. Gough supposes, with the inconceivable ultimate natures of matter and motion, which are present to us as relative realities. Such identification would make matter and motion themselves absolutes. Let us hear Mr. Spencer himself: "Matter then in its ultimate nature is as absolutely incomprehensible as Space and Time.† Frame what suppositions we may, we find on tracing out their implications that they leave us nothing but a choice between opposite absurdities." Again: "And however verbally intelligible may be

the proposition that pressure and tension every where co-exist, yet we cannot truly represent to ourselves one ultimate unit of matter as drawing another while resisting it. Nevertheless this last belief we are compelled to entertain. Matter can not be conceived except as manifesting forces of attraction and repulsion." These forces are spoken of "as ultimate units through the instrumentality of which, phenomena are interpreted." Further on we read: "Centres of force attracting and repelling each other in all directions are simply insensible portions of matter having the endowments common to sensible portions of matter—endowments of which we cannot by any mental effort divest them." These remarks are thus concluded:—"After all that has been before shown, and after the hint given above, it needs scarcely be said that these universally co-existent forces of attraction and repulsion must not be taken as realities, but as our symbols of the reality.\* They are the forms under which the workings of the Unknowable are cognizable by us—modes† of the Unconditioned as presented under the conditions of our consciousness" (First Principles, pp. 223-225). Is it possible to read these lines and to assert that ultimate incomprehensibility, in Mr. Spencer's philosophy, does not attach to phenomena? Are not the ultimate units of simultaneously attractive and repulsive forces, into which external phenomena are analysed, spoken of only as inconceivable symbols of reality? Yet Mr. Gough peremptorily teaches me the reverse. I have quoted the above lines the more, because there cannot be a clearer and more convincing elucidation of the Vedantic doctrine of the ultimate inconceivability of the world, either as an entity or as a nonentity.‡ How, asks the Vedantin, does this world which can not be conceived as an entity, seem to be an entity? And he answers: Because there is a Reality underneath, which lends its presentation to the world,—through whose sole presence the world is presented. Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel regard the Absolute as the negation of thought. The Vedantin, quite in accordance with Mr. Spencer's elucidations, overturns their tenet, and holds the conception of Brahma as the position, and that of the world as the negation, of thought; since our notions of the ultimate nature of the latter are found to destroy each other and necessitate the postulating of an unknown Reality. This conflict of notions and their consequent negation, which an analysis of phenomena brings us to, is called by the Vedantin—*ajñāna* or *avidyā* (ignorance or nescience) in contradistinction to true knowledge which is one with the Absolute. We have thus the antithesis of Knowledge and Ignorance, Reality and Unreality, Brahma and *Máyá*. What is science-speaking relatively, is nescience speaking absolutely, true knowledge being knowledge beyond the antithesis of subject and object. The greatest end of the Vedantist lies in the full realization of this Unconditioned Consciousness, identical with Unconditioned bliss in which the conditioned states of pleasure and pain are annihilated.

It will have been clear that, in theory, the Vedantic doctrine of Brahma and *Máyá* have an exact correspondence with Mr. Spencer's doctrine of an Absolute Reality and a relative reality. In practice, however, their systems are as much divergent as any two systems can

\* The italics are ours.

† Mode here exactly corresponds to *vicarta* in Sanskrit.

स्वयं भाति जगच्चेदमशक्यं तन्निरूपणम्।

मायामयं जगत्स्मादक्षस्वप्नपक्षपाततः।

निरूपयिषु नुमारब्धे निखिलैरपि पण्डितैः।

अज्ञानं पुरतस्तेषां भाति कक्षासु कासुचिन् ॥ पञ्चदशी

‡ "This world appears clearly, yet its explication is impossible. Do thou, therefore, without prejudice, view the world as *Máyá*. When the entire body of wise men attempt to explain phenomena, nescience presents itself before them in some quarters or other." *Panchadash*, Chap. 6.

"Regarding Science as a gradually increasing sphere, we may say that every addition to its surface does but bring it into wider contact with surrounding nescience." Spencer's First Principles p. 16.

"England's thinkers are again beginning to see, what they had only temporarily forgotten, that the difficulties of metaphysics lie at the root of all Science; that the difficulties can only be quieted by being resolved, and that until they are resolved, positively whenever possible, but at any rate negatively, we are never assured that any knowledge, even physical, stands on solid foundations." Stuart Mill.

\* अवैश्वर्ये साति अपरोक्षत्वं स्वयंप्रकाशत्वम्।

† These are shown to be inconceivable either as entities or non-entities

be, for this simple reason that the possibility of the human soul verging into the Absolute does not enter into the Creed of Mr. Spencer nor does the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Moreover while the Vedantist devotes his thoughts solely to the Absolute, Mr. Spencer devotes them chiefly to the Relative. While holding with the former the inscrutableness of the connection between the conditioned forms of being and the Unconditioned form of being\* (P. 658), the latter nevertheless differs from the former in declaring that their connection is indissoluble. He says—"Though reality under the forms of our consciousness is but a Conditioned effect of the absolute reality, yet this conditioned effect standing in indissoluble relation with its Unconditioned cause and being equally persistent with it, so long as the conditions persist is to the consciousness supplying those conditions, equally real. The persistent impressions being the persistent results of a persistent cause, are for practical purposes, the same to us as the cause itself and may be habitually dealt with as its equivalents."

Excepting the indissoluble character of the relation between each 'conditioned effect' and 'its unconditioned causes,' even the above remarks, apparently so antagonistic to the doctrine of Mâyâ, can be perfectly reconciled with Sankara's views. For in precisely the same spirit Sankara proves, in opposition to the Baudhas, or absolute idealists the reality of external objects—a procedure which, has been misconstrued into self contradiction in some quarters.

Mr. Gough however makes the unqualified assertion that "any such notion as that of Mâyâ is, of course, absent from his (Spencer's) philosophy." Though the passages I have already quoted clearly contradict such an assertion, I would cite a few more to show that the doctrine of Mâyâ is unmistakeably contained in his philosophy.

"Thus by the persistence of force we really mean the persistence of some power which transcends our knowledge and conception. The manifestations as occurring either in ourselves or outside of us, do not persist, but that which persists is the unknown cause of these manifestations, p. 189 :—"and unless we postulate Absolute Being or being which persists, we cannot construct a theory of external phenomena" p. 190

Here Absolute Being is clearly defined to be persistent being and is contradistinguished from phenomenal being, and the following words throw greater light upon the question—"for persistence is nothing more than continued existence and existence cannot be thought of as other than continued."

Now if phenomenal existence is different from absolute or persistent existence and if existence can not be thought of as other than continued or persistent, it clearly follows that phenomenal existence can not be thought of as existence at all. That which is real in, or rather beneath,† phenomena is the Absolute, and abstracted from the Absolute phenomena can not be thought of as real. This is the clearest possible enunciation of the doctrine of Mâyâ. It needs hardly be said that what in a former passage quoted here is spoken of the persistence of phenomena is evidently meant in a relative sense. Such persistence being "so long as the conditions persist," it exactly corresponds to the *Vyākṛārikā satta* (existence to be dealt with) of the Vedāntin.

Mr. Gough asks "Is it necessary to remind the Baboo that Herbert Spencer is a transcendentalist, that he holds the theory characterised by the Baboo as more grovelling than that of the materialists? On this no other comment is needed than the following words of the philosopher, referring to the schools of Schelling, Fichte and Hegel: "Retaliating on their critics, the English may, and most of them do, reject as absurd the imagined philosophy of the German Schools," p. 129.

Mr. Gough further remarks: To Herbert Spencer the

absolute is *nothing else* than the unshaped material of thought that is shaped afresh in every thought, and its progressive development is traced in his works through the animal series to man, and in man to the super-organic products of the social consciousness.

With reference to the first portion of this remark, I have only to remind the writer of Mr. Spencer's interrogation: "Is it not just possible that there is a mode of being as much transcending Intelligence and will, as these transcend mechanical motion?" Though these words are sufficient to intimate that, according to the author, the Absolute is above development or progressive modification, I quote another passage which expressly bears upon the question.

"On tracing up from its low and vague beginnings the intelligence which becomes so marvellous in the highest beings, we find that under whatever aspect contemplated, it presents a progressive transformation of like nature with the progressive transformation we trace in the universe as a whole, no less than in each of its parts." *Principles of Psychology* I. 627.

It is evident that this 'low and vague beginning of intelligence,' corresponding, as it does, with Mr. Gough's obscure thought which 'only at a certain height rises into the thought of this or that thinker,' is mistaken by him for the Absolute of Mr. Spencer's philosophy. Thus to that great thinker is imputed the absurd tenet that the Absolute is not the same at any two moments, that there is an endless succession of an infinite number of absolutes; that it is the lowest beginning of intelligence; though he expressly declares that it transcends Intelligence and Will!

It may be remarked here that the intelligence which is progressively developed with the nervous system, may readily be identified by the Vedāntin with his *buddhi* which is characterized as modifiable (*parināmī*) and is the germ of the inner world of pronomina, but it is not the Absolute Thought which underlies them and which Mr. Spencer calls the Substance of the Mind, or the Unconditioned Consciousness. Would Mr. Gough say that the Absolute is not modified in its essence? Then call this immutable essence the Absolute. The nature of the Absolute is One which is not divisible into the essential and non-essential. The non-essential element which seems to reside in Brahma is Mâyâ, the undeveloped germ, as it were, of the phenomenal—out of which are progressively developed the conditioned forms of intelligence in the inner, and the conditioned forms of force, in the outer world. The undeveloped germ of the phenomenal is not to be mistaken for the immutable Reality which sustains it, nor is it to be forgotten that this germ can not be conceived either as an entity or a non-entity—a circumstance which is far from being ascribable to the Absolute, to doubt whose existence is to doubt the most certain of all things one's own Persistent Self—the self, mind you, which is apart from the fluxional consciousness. This consists of a succession of cognitions, each of which ceases to exist before the next comes into existence. Who then bears witness to their births and deaths? He who abides amidst these births and deaths, who is variously called the *sākshin* (Witness), *Pratyagātmā* (the presented self), *kaustha-chit* (the Immutable Consciousness). The theory of absolute Idealism involves the absurdity that something can testify to its own annihilation.

The abstract noun 'self-luminousness' and the verbal noun the 'imparting of light to all the cognitions of personal intelligences,' used to define Brahma, were supposed by one to have been due to a misprint or inadvertency, but when Mr. Gough repeats the same phrases, the question naturally arises—Is Brahma a mere abstraction, the mere state or attribute of something, to wit, of something self-luminous, or, stranger still, is it a mere act of illumination? 'These phrases, unfortunately, do not, as is alleged, answer to Vedantic expressions and the latter, rendered into Sanskrit, would hardly convey any meaning to a Vedantic pundit.

On grounds of personal esteem, I regret having had to join issue with a scholar of Mr. Gough's learning and ac-

\* अविद्याया अनिर्वाच्यत्वात् तत्सम्बन्धोपनिर्वाच्यः ।

† मत्स्थानि सर्वभूतानि न चाहं तेष्ववस्थितः । भगवद्गीता

"All things abide in Me and I abide not in them" *Bhagavad Gītā*.

complishments, but I felt that I had a duty to perform to the ancient and sacred philosophy of India in clearing it from misconceptions and misinterpretations which appeared serious not only to myself, but to some of the most learned Pandits of Benares, among whom it would suffice to mention the distinguished Pandit Bala Sastri. Annexed are the Pandit's short answers in brief to questions put to him with reference to Mr. Gough's views.

## श्री

- १ किं ब्रह्मस्वरूपं प्रकाशरूपमुत स्वयंप्रकाशतापदवाच्यम् ।
- २ किं विज्ञानवृत्तीनां प्रकाश नव्यापारो ब्रह्म ।
- ३ किमीश्वरः कल्पांते ब्रह्मणि लीयते ऽवशतया कल्पादौ च तथा विसृज्यते ।
- ४ किं जीवा ईश्वरेण सादृं ब्रह्मणि तिष्ठन्ति समं सृज्यमान-तया विलप्यमानतया चेश्वरजीवानामवस्थासाम्यम् ।
- ५ किमीश्वरो मायिकसृष्टेरेकदेशो मायायाः प्राथमिककार्य-त्वात् । इति प्रश्नानां क्रमेणोत्तराणि ।

१ ब्रह्म स्वयंप्रकाशरूपेति 'तदयं प्रकाश एव स्वयंप्रकाश एकः कूटस्थो निःशो निरंशः प्रत्यगात्मेति २१ पृष्ठे भामत्यां 'यस्तु साक्षात्कारो भाविको नासी कार्यस्तस्य ब्रह्मस्वरूपत्वाद' इति च ११९ पृष्ठे भामत्यां स्पष्टम् । 'स्वयंप्रकाशतैवास्य सत्ता सा च स्वरूपमेव चिदात्मन' इति च १३ पृष्ठे भामत्यां स्पष्टम् । अतश्च प्रकाशरूपमेव ब्रह्मेति व्यवहारदशायां प्रकाशपदवाच्यत्वमेव न प्रकाशतापदवाच्यत्वं तेन तद्वृत्तिधर्मबोधनात् । धर्मस्य ततोऽभेदेऽपि भेदेनैव प्रकाशतापदेन बोधात् । अन्यथा घटपदवाच्यं ब्रह्मेत्यापि पारमार्थिकबुद्ध्या सुवचत्वात् ।

२ अत एव न विज्ञानवृत्तीनां प्रकाशनव्यापारो ब्रह्म । व्यापाराणां चक्षुःसंयोगादीनां जन्यत्वाद् ब्रह्मणश्च नित्यत्वात् । 'यद्यपि च कूटस्थनित्यस्यापरिणामिन औदासीन्यस्य वास्तवं तथाप्यनादानिवेचनीयाविद्यावच्छिन्नस्य व्यापारत्वमवभासत' इति १२४ पृष्ठे भामत्यां व्यापार एव काल्पनिको ब्रह्मण उक्तो न तु व्यापारत्वम् । चैतन्यं चात्ममात्रस्वरूपं तत्प्रतिबिम्बादेव बुद्ध्यादिष्ववभासत इति स्पष्टमेव । स्पष्टं चेदं १२५ पृष्ठे 'एवं बुद्धिसत्त्वस्येत्यादिना भामत्याम् ।

३ अविद्यात्मकोपाधिपरिच्छेदापेक्षमेवेश्वरस्येश्वरत्वं सर्वज्ञत्वं सर्वशक्तित्वं चेति २ अध्याये १ पादे १४ सूत्रे शांकरभाष्ये 'वस्तुतोऽनवच्छिन्नचैतन्यं तत्त्वान्यत्वीर्नवचनोपाव्याकृतव्यचिकीर्षितनामरूपावच्छिन्नं सज्ज्ञानं कार्यं तस्य कर्तेश्वर' इति १२५ पृष्ठे भामत्यां च स्थितमिति ब्रह्मण एवावच्छिन्नस्य परमेश्वरत्वमिति न कदाऽपि तस्य लयः किं तूपाधेरेव प्रलये ।

४ यदा किल २ अ. ३ पा. १७ सूत्रे शांकरभाष्ये 'अस्यात्मा जीवाख्यः स किं व्योमादिवदुत्पद्यते ब्रह्मण आहोस्विद् ब्रह्मवदेव नोत्पद्यत' इति विकल्प्य महता प्रवन्धेन जीवस्याप्युत्पाद्यता दूषिता तदा कथंकारं वक्तव्यमीश्वर उत्पद्यते लीयते चेति । 'परमेश्वरस्वविद्याकल्पिताच्छारीरात्कर्तृभोक्तृविज्ञानाख्यादन्य' इत्येव १ अ. १ पा. १७ सूत्रे शांकरभाष्ये स्पष्टम् । यद्यपि जीवपरमात्मनोः पारमार्थिकमैक्यं तथाऽपि तस्योपहितं रूपं जीवः शुद्धं तु रूपं तस्य साक्षीति १०४ पृष्ठे भामत्यां स्पष्टम् । 'संसारिणां वरतुती ज्ञाननित्यत्वेऽप्यविद्यादयः प्रतिबन्धकारणानि सन्ति न त्वीश्वरस्याविद्यारहितस्येति १३० पृष्ठे भामत्याम् । 'परमेश्वरस्य शरीराद्यभावेऽपि सर्वजगदुपादानत्वमिति ३ अ. १

पा. ३० सूत्रे शांकरभाष्ये स्पष्टम् । एवं चेश्वरजीवयोरजन्यत्वमविलियमानत्वं देहाद्युपहितत्वं जीवस्य मायामात्रोपहितत्वमीश्वरस्य । जगत्सृष्टिं प्रति स्वातंत्र्यमीश्वरस्य न जीवस्येत्यादिकं २ अ. ४ पा. २० सूत्रे शांकरभाष्ये स्पष्टम् । अतश्चानयोरत्यन्तमवस्थावैषम्यम् । उपहितत्वमात्रेण साम्यमस्तु न तावता सर्वांशे साम्यम् । किं शुनि सार्वभौमे च जीवत्वमस्तीत्यनयोः सर्वथासाम्यं कश्चित्प्रेक्षावानुपेक्षेत ।

५ न चेश्वरस्य मायाकार्यत्वं प्राक्प्रदर्शितग्रन्थैरीश्वरस्य नित्यत्वावगमात् । कार्यत्वे च तस्य घटादिवज्जाड्यप्रसंगात् । तस्मात्कार्याविद्यायाः कारणाविद्यायां लयनिमित्तको जीवल्यः कारणाविद्याया ब्रह्मणि लयनिमित्तकं निर्विशेषब्रह्मस्वरूपेणावस्थानमेवेश्वरस्य लयश्च व्यपदिश्यतइति । निरूपयति बाल शास्त्री

## THE INNER GOD.

By Peary Chand Mitter.

The Arya teaching is that God is light and wisdom. The mission of man is to know God as far as we can know. The classes of worshipers are innumerable. The more external man is, the more external God is. As long as we are worshipers of the external God, we are idolaters and creedmongers. The fertility of the mind is called forth, and we have no end of forms, organizations, ritualism and ceremonies, without which we think we have no salvation. Spiritualism, or the development of the soul, brings us before God, the source of spiritual light and wisdom, and revealing to our internal vision; the boundless spiritual world, frees us from mundane thoughts calculated to keep the soul in subjection to the senses. If we realize what soul is, we realize what Theosophy is. There are inspired writings where ideas of Theosophy may be gained, but the infinitude of God cannot be made known to us in words or in evanescent ideas. It must be acquired in the infinite region—the region of soul. The end of spiritualism is Theosophy. Spiritualists and Theosophists should, therefore, be united and bring their thoughts to bear on this great end. As we progress in developing our souls, and bring ourselves nearer and nearer God, our thoughts and acts will be purer, and our lives, domestic, and social, will be in unison with the light within. We should think more of the substance and less of the shadow.

## PERSIAN ZOROASTRIANISM AND RUSSIAN VANDALISM.

By H. P. Blavatsky.

Few persons are capable of appreciating the truly beautiful and esthetic; fewer still of revering those monumental relics of bygone ages, which prove that even in the remotest epochs mankind worshiped a Supreme Power, and people were moved to express their abstract conceptions in works which should defy the ravages of Time. The Vandals,—whether Slavic Wends, or some barbarous nation of Germanic race—came at all events from the North. A recent occurrence is calculated to make us regret that Justinian did not destroy them all; for it appears that there are still in the North worthy scions left of those terrible destroyers of monuments, of arts and sciences, in the persons of certain Russian merchants who have just perpetrated an act of inexcusable vandalism. According to late Russian papers, the Moscow arch-millionaire, Kokoreff, with his Tiflis partner the Armenian Croesus, Mirzoef, is desecrating and apparently about to totally destroy perhaps the oldest relic in the world of Zoroastrianism—the "Attesh-Gag" of Baku.\*

Few foreigners, and perhaps as few Russians, know anything of this venerable sanctuary of the Fire-worshippers around the Caspian Sea. About twenty verstes from

\* Attesh-Kudda also.



the small town of Baku in the valley of Absharon in Russian Georgia, and among the barren, desolated steppes of the shores of Caspia, there stands—alas! rather stood, but a few months ago—a strange structure, something between a mediæval cathedral and a fortified castle. It was built in unknown ages, and by builders as unknown. Over an area of somewhat more than a square mile, a tract known as the “Fiery Field,” upon which the structure stands, if one but digs from two to three inches into the sandy earth, and applies a lighted match, a jet of fire will stream up, as if from a spout.\* The “Guebre Temple” as the building is sometimes termed is carved out of one solid rock. It comprises an enormous square enclosed by crenelated walls, and at the centre of the square, a high tower also rectangular resting upon four gigantic pillars. The latter were pierced vertically down to the bed-rock and the cavities were continued up to the battlements where they opened out into the atmosphere; thus forming continuous tubes through which the inflammable gas stored up in the heart of the mother rock were conducted to the top of the tower. This tower has been for centuries a shrine of the fire-worshippers and bears the symbolical representation of the trident—called *teersoot*. All around the interior face of the external wall, are excavated the cells, about twenty in number, which served as habitations for past generations of Zoroastrian recluses. Under the supervision of a High Mobed, here, in the silence of their isolated cloisters, they studied the Avesta, the Vendidad, the Yaçna—especially the latter, it seems, as the rocky walls of the cells are inscribed with a great number of quotations from the sacred songs. Under the tower-altar, three huge bells were hung. A legend says that they were miraculously produced by a holy traveller, in the 10th century during the Mussulman persecution, to warn the faithful of the approach of the enemy. But a few weeks ago, and the tall tower-altar was yet ablaze with the same flame that local tradition affirms had been kindled thirty centuries ago. At the horizontal orifices in the four hollow pillars burned four perpetual fires, fed uninterruptedly from the inexhaustible subterranean reservoir. From every merlon on the walls, as well as from every embrasure flashed forth a radiant light, like so many tongues of fire; and even the large porch overhanging the main entrance was encircled by a garland of fiery stars, the lambent lights shooting forth from smaller and narrower orifices. It was amid these impressive surroundings, that the Guebre recluses used to send up their daily prayers, meeting under the open tower-altar; every face reverentially turned toward the setting sun, as they united their voices in a parting evening hymn. And as the luminary—the “Eye of Ahura-mazda”—sank lower and lower down the horizon, their voices grew lower and softer, until the chant sounded like a plaintive and subdued murmur... A last flash—and the sun is gone; and, as darkness follows day-light almost suddenly in these regions, the departure of the Deity's symbol was the signal for a general illumination, unrivalled even by the greatest fire-works at regal festivals. The whole field seemed nightly like one blazing prairie.....

Till about 1840, “Attesh-Gag” was the chief rendezvous for all the Fire-worshippers of Persia. Thousands of pilgrims come and went; for no true Guebre could die happy unless he had performed the sacred pilgrimage at least once during his life-time. A traveller—Koch—who visited the cloister about that time, found in it but five Zoroastrians, with their pupils. In 1878, about fourteen months ago, a lady of Tiflis who visited the Attesh-gag, mentioned in a private letter that she found there but one solitary hermit, who emerges from his cell but to meet the rising and salute the departing sun. And now, hardly a year later, we find in the papers that Mr. Kokoref and Co., are busy erecting on the Fiery Field enormous buildings for the refining of petroleum! All the cells but the one occupied by the poor old hermit, half ruined and dirty beyond all expression, are inhabited by the firm's workmen; the altar over which blazed the

sacred flame, is now piled high with rubbish, mortar and mud, and the flame itself turned off in another direction. The bells are now, during the periodical visits of a Russian priest, taken down and suspended in the porch of the superintendent's house; heathen relics being as usual used—though abused—by the religion which supplants the previous worship. And, all looks like the abomination of desolation.....“It is a matter of surprise to me” writes a Baku correspondent in the *St. Petersburg Vedomosti* who was the first to send the unwelcome news, “that the trident, the sacred *teersoot* itself, has not as yet been put to some appropriate use in the new firm's kitchen....! Is it then so absolutely necessary that the millionaire Kokoref should desecrate the Zoroastrian cloister, which occupies such a trifling compound in comparison to the space allotted to his manufactories and stores? And shall such a remarkable relic of antiquity be sacrificed to commercial greediness which can after all neither lose nor gain one single rouble by destroying it?”

It must apparently, since Messrs. Kokoref and Co., have leased the whole field from the Government, and the latter seems to feel quite indifferent over this idiotic and useless Vandalism. It is now more than twenty years since the writer visited for the last time Attesh-Gag. In those days besides a small group of recluses it had the visits of many pilgrims. And since it is more than likely that ten years hence, people will hear no more of it, I may just as well give a few more details of its history. Our Parsee friends will, I am sure, feel an interest in a few legends gathered by me on the spot.

There seems to be indeed a veil drawn over the origin of Attesh-Gag. Historical data are scarce and contradictory. With the exception of some old Armenian Chronicles which mention it incidentally as having existed before Christianity was brought into the country by Saint Nina during the 3rd century,\* there is no other mention of it anywhere else so far as I know.

Tradition informs us,—how far correctly is not for me to decide—that long before Zarathustra, the people, who now are called in contempt, by the Mussulmans and Christians “Guebres,” and, who term themselves “Behedin” (followers of the true faith) recognized Mithra, the Mediator, as their sole and highest God,—who included within

\* Though St. Nina appeared in Georgia in the third, it is not before the fifth century that the idolatrous *Gronzines* were converted to Christianity by the thirteen Syrian Fathers. They came under the leadership of both St. Antony and St. John of Zedadzen,—so called, because he is alleged to have travelled to the Caucasian regions on purpose to fight and conquer the chief idol Zeda! And thus, while,—as incontrovertible proof of the existence of both,—the opulent tresses of the black hair of St. Nina are being preserved to this day as relics, in Zion Cathedral at Tiflis,—the thaumaturgic John has immortalized his name still more. Zeda, who was the Bael of the Trans-Caucasus, had children sacrificed to him, as the legend tells us, on the top of the Zedadzen mount, about 18 versts from Tiflis. It is there that the Saint defied the idol, or rather Satan under the guise of a stone statue—to single combat, and miraculously conquered him; i.e. threw down, and trampled upon the idol. But he did not stop there in the exhibition of his powers. The mountain peak is of an immense height, and being only a barren rock at its top, spring water is no where to be found on its summit. But in commemoration of his triumph, the Saint had a spring appear at the very bottom of the deep, and—as people assert—fathomless well, dug down into the very bowels of the mountain, and the gazing mouth of which was situated near the altar of the god Zeda, just in the centre of his temple. It was into this opening that the limbs of the murdered infants were cast down after the sacrifice. The miraculous spring, however, was, soon dried up, and for many centuries there appeared no water. But, when Christianity was firmly established the water began re-appearing on the 7th day of every May, and continues to do so till the present time. Strange to say, this fact does not pertain to the domain of legend but is one that has provoked an intense curiosity even among men of science such as the eminent geologist Dr. Allich, who resided for years at Tiflis. Thousands upon thousands proceed yearly upon pilgrimage to Zedadzen on the seventh of May; and all witness the “miracle.” From early morning, water is heard bubbling down at the rocky bottom of the well; and, as noon approaches, the parched-up walls of the mouth become moist, and clear cold, sparkling water seems to come out from every porosity of the rock; it rises higher and higher, bubbles, increases, until at last having reached to the very brim, it suddenly stops, and a prolonged shout of triumphant joy bursts from the famished crowd. This cry seems to shake like a sudden discharge of artillery the very depths of the mountain and awaken the echo for miles around. Every one hurries to fill a vessel with the miraculous water. There are necks wrung and heads broken on that day at Zedadzen, but every one who survives carries home a provision of the crystal fluid. Toward evening the water begins decreasing as mysteriously as it had appeared, and at midnight the well is again perfectly dry. Not a drop of water, nor a trace of any spring, could be found by the engineers and geologists bent upon discovering the “trick.” For a whole year, the sanctuary remains deserted and there is not even a janitor to watch the poor shrine. The geologists have declared that the soil of the mountain precludes the possibility of having springs concealed in it. Who will explain the puzzle?

\* A bluish flame is soon to arise there, but this fire does not consume, “and if a person finds himself in the middle of it, he is not sensible of any warmth.” See Kinneir's Persia, page 35.

himself all the good as well as the bad gods. Mithra representing the two natures of Ormazd and Ahriman combined, the people *feared* him, whereas, they would have had no need of fearing, but only of loving and reverencing him as Ahura-Mazda, were Mithra without the Ahriman element in him.

One day as the god, disguised as a shepherd, was wandering about the earth, he came to Baku, then a dreary, deserted sea-shore, and found an old devotee of his quarreling with his wife. Upon this barren spot wood was scarce, and, she would not give up a certain portion of her stock of cooking fuel to be burned upon the altar. So the Ahriman element was aroused in the god and, striking the stingy old woman, he changed her into a gigantic rock. Then, the Ahura Mazda element prevailing, he, to console the bereaved widower, promised that neither he, nor his descendants should ever need fuel any more, for he would provide such a supply as should last till the end of time. So he struck the rock again and then struck the ground for miles around, and the earth and the calcareous soil of the Caspian shores were filled up to the brim with naphtha. To commemorate the happy event, the old devotee assembled all the youths of the neighbourhood and set himself to excavating the rock—which was all that remained of his ex-wife. He cut the battlemented walls, and fashioned the altar and the four pillars, hollowing them all to allow the gases to rise up and escape through the top of the merlons. The god Mithra upon seeing the work ended, sent a lightning flash, which set ablaze the fire upon the altar, and lit up every merlon upon the walls. Then, in order that it should burn the brighter, he called forth the four winds and ordered them to blow the flame in every direction. To this day, Baku is known under its primitive name of “Baadéy-ku-bá,” which means literally the gathering of winds.

The other legend, which is but a continuation of the above, runs thus: For countless ages, the devotees of Mithra worshiped at his shrine, until Zarathustra, descending from heaven in the shape of a “Golden Star,” transformed himself into a man, and began teaching a new doctrine. He sung the praises of the One but Triple god,—the supreme Eternal, the incomprehensible essence “Zervana-Akerene,” which emanating from itself “Primeval Light,” the latter in its turn produced Ahura-Mazda. But this process required that the “Primeval One” should previously absorb in itself all the light from the fiery Mithra, and thus left the poor god despoiled of all his brightness. Losing his right of undivided supremacy, Mithra, in despair, and instigated by his Ahrimanian nature, annihilated himself for the time being, leaving Ahriman alone, to fight out his quarrel with Ormazd, the best way he could. Hence, the prevailing Duality in nature since that time until Mithra returns; for he promised to his faithful devotees to come back some day. Only since then, a series of calamities fell upon the Fire-worshippers. The last of these was the invasion of their country by the Moslems in the 7th century, when these fanatics commenced most cruel persecutions against the Behedin. Driven away, from every quarter, the Guebres found refuge but in the province of Kerman, and in the city of Yezd. Then followed heresies. Many of the Zoroastrians, abandoning the faith of their forefathers, became Moslems; others, in their unquenchable hatred for the new rulers, joined the ferocious Koords and became devil, as well as fire, worshippers. These are the Yezids. The whole religion of these strange sectarians,—with the exception of a few who have more weird rites, which are a secret to all but to themselves—consists in the following. As soon as the morning sun appears, they place their two thumbs crosswise one upon the other, kiss the symbol, and touch with them their brow in reverential silence. Then they salute the sun and turn back into their tents. They believe in the power of the Devil, dread it, and propitiate the “fallen angel” by every means; getting very angry whenever they hear him spoken of disrespectfully by either a Mussulman or a Christian. Murders have been committed by them on account of such irreverent talk, but people have become more prudent of late.

With the exception of the Bombay community of Parsees, Fire-worshippers are, then, to be found but in the two places before mentioned, and scattered around Baku. In Persia some years ago, according to statistics they numbered about 100,000 men; \* I doubt though whether their religion has been preserved as pure as even that of the Gujaráthi Parsees, adulterated as is the latter by the errors and carelessness of generations of uneducated Mobeds. And yet, as is the case of their Bombay brethren, who are considered by all the travellers as well as Anglo-Indians, as the most intelligent, industrious and well-behaved community of the native races, the Fire-worshippers of Kerman and Yezd bear a very high character among the Persians, as well as among the Russians of Baku. Uncouth and crafty some of them have become, owing to long centuries of persecution and spoliation; but the unanimous testimony is in their favour, and they are spoken of as a virtuous, highly moral, and industrious population. “As good as the word of a Guebre” is a common saying among the Koords, who repeat it without being in the least conscious of the self-condemnation contained in it.

I cannot close without expressing my astonishment at the utter ignorance as to their religions which seems to prevail in Russia even among the journalists. One of them speaks of the Guebres, in the article of the *St. Petersburg Vjedomosti* above referred to, as of a sect of Hindu idolaters, in whose prayers the name of Brahma is constantly invoked. To add to the importance of this historical item Alexandre Dumas (Senior) is quoted, as mentioning in his work *Travels in the Caucasus* that during his visit to Attesh-Gag, he found in one of the cells of the Zoroastrian cloister “two Hindu idols”!! Without forgetting the charitable dictum: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, we cannot refrain from reminding the correspondent of our esteemed contemporary of a fact which no reader of the novels of the brilliant French writer ought to be ignorant of; namely, that for the variety and inexhaustible stock of *historical facts*, evolved out of the abysmal depths of his own consciousness, even the immortal Baron Münchhausen was hardly his equal. The sensational narrative of his tiger-hunting in Mingrelia, where, since the days of Noah, there never was a tiger, is yet fresh in the memory of his readers.

### “THE LIGHT OF ASIA”†

AS TOLD IN VERSE BY AN INDIAN BUDDHIST.

A timely work in poetical form, and one whose subject—perfect though the outward clothing be—is sure to provoke discussion and bitter criticisms, has just made its appearance. It is inscribed to “The Sovereign Grand Master and Companions of the Star of India,” and the author, Mr. Edwin Arnold C. S. I., late Principal of the Deccan College at Poona, having passed some years in India, has evidently studied his theme *con amore*. In his Preface he expresses a hope that the present work and his “Indian Song of Songs” will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples.” The hope is well grounded, for if any Western poet has earned the right to grateful remembrance by Asiatic nations and is destined to live in their memory, it is the author of the “Light of Asia.”

The novelty, and, from a Christian standpoint, the distastefulness of the mode of treatment of the subject seems to have already taken one reviewer's breath away. Describing the volume as “gorgeous in yellow and gold” he thinks the book “chiefly valuable as...coming from one

\* Mr. Grattan Geary in his recent highly valuable and interesting work “Through Asiatic Turkey” (London, Sampson Low & Co.) remarks of the Guebres of Yezd “it is said, that there are only 5,000 of them all told.” But as his information was gleaned while travelling rapidly through the country, he was apparently misinformed in this instance. Perhaps, it was meant to convey the idea to him that there were but 5,000 in and about Yezd at the time of his visit. It is the habit of this people to scatter themselves all over the country in the commencement of the summer season in search of work.

† “The Light of Asia: or the Great Renunciation (MahAbhinishkramana). The Life and Teachings of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism. As told in verse by an Indian Buddhist. By Edwin Arnold, M. A., F. R. G. S., C. S. I. Formerly Principal of the Deccan College, Poona, and Fellow of the University of Bombay.” London: Trübner & Co.

who during a long residence in India imbued his mind with Buddhistic philosophy." This, he adds, "is no criticism of a religion supposed to be false, but the sympathetic presentment of a religion so much of which is true as from the mouth of a votary (*sic*). By many, Mr. Arnold's "imaginary Buddhist votary" of the Preface, is identified with the author himself; who now—to quote again his critic—"comes out in his true colours." We are glad of it; it is a rare compliment to pay to any writer of this generation, whose peremptory instincts lead but too many to sail under any colours but their own. For our part, we regard the poem as a really remarkable specimen of literary talent, replete with philosophical thought and religious feeling—just the book, in short, we needed in our period of *Science of Religion*—and the general toppling of ancient gods.

The Miltonic verse of the poem is rich, simple, yet powerful, without any of those metaphysical innuendoes at the expense of clear meaning which the subject might seem to beg, and which is so much favored by some of our modern English poets. There is a singular beauty and a force in the whole narrative, that hardly characterizes other recent poems—Mr. Browning's idyl, the "Pheidippides," for one, which in its uncouth hero—the Arcadian goat-god, offers such a sad contrast to the gentle Hindu Saviour. Jar as it may on Christian ears, the theme chosen by Mr. Arnold is one of the grandest possible. It is as worthy of his pen, as the poet has showed himself worthy of the subject. There is a unity of Oriental colouring in the descriptive portion of the work, a truthfulness of motive evinced in the masterly handling of Buddha's character, which are as precious as unique; inasmuch as they present this character for the first time in the history of Western literature, in the totality of its unadulterated beauty. The moral grandeur of the hero, that Prince of royal blood, who might have been the "Lord of Lords," yet

".....let the rich world slip  
Out of his grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl,"

and the development of his philosophy, the fruit of years of solitary meditation and struggle with the mortal "Self," are exquisitely portrayed. Toward the end the poem culminates in a triumphant cry of all nature; a universal hymn at the sight of the World-liberating soul

".....of the Saviour of the World,  
Lord Buddha—Prince Siddhartha styled on earth,  
In Earth, and Heaven and Hell incomparable,  
All-honoured, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful;  
The Teacher of Nirvāna and the Law."

Whatever the subsequent fate of all the world's religions and their founders, the name of Gautama Buddha, or Sākya Muni,\* can never be forgotten; it must always live in the hearts of millions of votaries. His touching history—that of a daily and hourly self-abnegation during a period of nearly *eighty* years, has found favour with every one who has studied his history. When one searches the world's records for the purest, the highest ideal of a religious reformer, he seeks no further after reading this Buddha's life. In wisdom, zeal, humility, purity of life and thought; in ardor for the good of mankind; in provocation to good deeds, to toleration, charity and gentleness, Buddha excels other men as the Himmālayas excel other peaks in height. Alone among the founders of religions, he had no word of malediction nor even reproach for those who differed with his views. His doctrines are the embodiment of universal love. Not only our philologists—cold anatomists of time-honoured creeds who scientifically dissect the victims of their critical analysis—but even those who are prepossessed against his faith, have ever found but words of praise for Gautama. Nothing can be higher or purer than his social and moral code. "That moral code" says Max Müller, ("Buddhism") † taken by itself is one of the most perfect which the world has ever known." In his work "Le Bouddha et sa Reli-

gion" (p 5) Barthelemy St. Hilaire reaches the climax of reverential praise. He does not "hesitate to say" that "among the founders of religions there is no figure more pure or more touching than that of Buddha. *His life has not a stain upon it.* His constant heroism equals his convictions...He is the perfect model of all the virtues he preaches; his abnegation and charity, his inalterable gentleness, never forsake him for an instant"...And, when his end approaches, it is in the arms of his disciples that he dies, "with the serenity of a sage who practiced good during his whole life, and who is sure to have found—the truth." So true is it, that even the early Roman Catholic saint-makers, with a flippant unconcern for detection by posterity characteristic of the early periods of Christianity, claimed him as one of their converts, and, under the pseudonym of St. Josaphat, registered him in their "Golden Legend" and "Martyrology" as an orthodox, beatified Catholic saint. At this very day, there stands in Palermo, a church dedicated to Buddha under the name of Divo Josaphat. \* It is to the discovery of the Buddhist canon, and the *Sacred Historical Books of Ceylon*—partially translated from the ancient Pāli by the Hon. J. Turnour; and especially to the able translation of "Lalita-Vistara" by the learned Babu Rajendralāl Mitra—that we owe nearly all we know of the true life of this wonderful being, so aptly named by our present author, "The Light of Asia." And now, poetry wreaths his grave with asphodels.

Mr. Arnold, as he tells us himself in the *Preface*, has taken his citations from Spence Hardy's work, and has also modified more than one passage in the received narrative. He has sought, he says, "to depict the life and character, and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India," and reminds his readers that a generation ago "little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during 24 centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence any other form of creed. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama..." whose "sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably" even "upon modern Brahmanism... More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality...cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest and most beneficent...in the history of Thought...No single act or word mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher..." We will now explain some of the sacred legends under review as we proceed to quote them.

Gautama, also called Savārtha-Siddha—abbreviated to Siddhārtha according to the Thibetans by his father, whose wish (ārtha) had been at last fulfilled (siddha)—was born in 624 B. C. at Kapilavastu.† It was on the very spot on which now stands the town of Nagara, near the river Ghoghra, at the foot of the mountains of Nepal, and about a hundred miles north of Benares that he passed his early boyhood, and youth. His birth, like that of all founders, is claimed to have been miraculous. Buddha—the highest Wisdom, which waits "thrice ten thousand years," then lives again, having determined to help the world, descended from on high, and went down—

".....among the Sākya  
Under the southward snows of Himalay  
Where pious people live and a just king.

\* See *Speculum Historiale*, by Vincent de Beauvais, XIII century. Max Müller affirms the story of this transformation of the great founder of Buddhism into one of the numberless Popish Saints. See *Roman Martyrology* p. 348—Colonel Yule tells us (*Contemporary Review* p. 588, July, 1870) that this story of Barlaam and Josaphat was set forth by the command of Pope Gregory XIII. revised by that of Pope Urban VIII. and translated from Latin into English by G. K. of the Society of Jesus.

† The learned Dr. J. Gerson da Cunha, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, Bombay, tells us in a "Memoir of the History of the Tooth-Relic of Ceylon," that Kapila, "of a part of which the father of Buddha was king, and tributary to that of Kosala, was built by the departed sons of Ikshvaku by the permission of the sage Kapila, whence the name." He also gives another version "to the effect that Kapilavastu means *yellow dwelling*, and yellow.....is the distinctive colour of the principality; and hence it may have been adopted as the badge of the Buddhist, who are sometimes spoken of as of the yellow religion."

\* He belonged to the family of the Sākya, who were descendants of Ikshvaku and formed one of the numerous branches of the Solar dynasty; the race which entered India about 2,300 years B. C. "according to the epic poems of India. *Muni* means a saint or ascetic, hence—Sakyamuni."

† Chips from a German Workshop, vol. 1, p. 217.

That night the wife of king Suddhōdana,  
Maya the Queen, asleep beside her Lord,  
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from heaven—  
Splendid, six rayed, in colour rosy-pearl,

Shot through the void and, shining into her,  
Entered her womb upon the night....."

The *Avatar* is born among a thousand wonders. Asita the gray-haired saint, comes,—significantly like old Simon,—to bless the Divine Babe, and exclaims:

O Babe! I worship! Thou art He!

.....Thou art Buddh,  
And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh  
Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,  
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die;  
*Howbeit I have seen Thee.....\**

The child grows; and his future taste for an ascetic life appears clearly in the contemplative mood which he exhibits from his very boyhood. According to the prophecy of Asita, who tells the "sweet Queen" that henceforth she has "grown too sacred for more woe"...the mother dies "on the seventh evening" after the birth of Gautama, a painless death...

"Queen Maya smiling slept, and walked no more,  
Passing content to Trāyastriṃśas—Heaven.  
Where countless Devas worship her and wait  
Attendant on that radiant MOTHERHOOD..."

At eight years of age, the young Gautama conquers in learned disputations all the Gurus and Achāryas. He knows without ever having learned the Scriptures, every sacred script and all the sciences. When he is eighteen, the king, his father, frightened at the prophecy that his only son is to become the destroyer of all the old gods, tries to find a remedy for it in a bride. Indifferent to the hosts of beauties invited to the palace the Prince "to the surprise of all, takes fire at first glance" of a radiant Sākya girl, his own cousin, Yasōdhara, also called "Gopa," the daughter of the king of Koli. Dandapāni; because, as it is ultimately discovered by himself, they knew, and loved each other in a previous incarnation.

".....We were not strangers, as to us  
And all it seemed: in ages long gone by  
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls  
By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,  
Sate unpire, while they reed beneath the fir—  
Like hares....."

.....but who ran the last  
Come first for him, and unto her the boy  
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.  
And in the wood they lived many glad years,  
And in the wood they undivided died.

.....  
Thus I was he and she Yasōdhara;  
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,  
That which hath been must be between us two."

But Gautama has to win his Sākya bride, for, we are told that—".....it was law

With Sākyas, when any asked a maid  
Of noble house, fair and desirable.  
He must make good his skill in martial arts  
Against all suitors who would challenge it."

The Prince conquers them all; and the lovely Indian girl drawing

"The veil of black and gold across her brow.....  
Proud pacing past the youths....."

hangs on his neck the fragrant wreath, and is proclaimed the Prince's bride. "This veil of black and gold" has a symbolic significance, which no one knows at the time; and which he learns himself but long after when enlightenment comes to him. And then, when questioned, he unriddles the mystery. The lesson contained in this narrative of a Prince having every reason to be proud of his birth, is as suggestive as the verse is picturesque. It relates to the metempsychosis—the evolution of modern science!

"And the world-honoured answered....."

"I now remember, myriad rains ago,

What time I roamed Himāla's hanging woods,  
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;  
I, who am Buddh, couched in the Kusa grass

.....  
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,  
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,  
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set  
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,  
Black-broidered like the veil Yasōdhara  
Won for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood  
With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem  
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.  
And I remember, at the end she came  
Snarling past this and that torn forest-lord  
Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws  
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went  
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.....  
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."

And further on, we find again the following lines upon the same question, lines to which neither a Kabalist, Pythagorean, a Shakespeare's Hamlet, nor yet Mr. Darwin could take exception. They describe the mental state of the Prince when, finding nothing stable, nothing real upon earth, and ever pondering upon the dreary problems of life and death, he determines upon sacrificing himself for mankind; none of whom, whether Vishnu, Shiva, Surya or any other god, can ever save from

"The aches of life, the stings of love and loss,  
The fiery fever and the ague-shake  
The slow, dull, sinking into withered age.  
The horrible dark death—and what beyond  
Waits—till the whirling wheel comes up again,  
And new lives bring new sorrows to be borne,  
New generations for the new desires  
Which have their end in the old mockeries?

.....  
... Our Scriptures truly seem to teach,  
That—once, and whereso'er and whence begun—  
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up  
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile and fish,  
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, god,  
To clod and mote again; so are we kin  
To all that is....."

Dreading the consequences of such a train of thought, Suddhōdana builds three luxurious palaces, one within the other, and confines the princely couple in it; when,

"The king commanded that within those walls  
No mention should be made of death or age,  
Sorrow, or pain, or sickness.....  
And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,  
The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed:  
For said the King, "If he shall pass his youth  
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,  
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,  
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,  
May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow  
To that great stature of fair sovereignty  
When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—  
The King of kings and glory of his time."

Wherefore, around that pleasant prison-house—  
Where love was gaoler and delights its bars,  
But far removed from sight—the King bade build  
A massive wall, and in the wall a gate  
With brazen folding-doors, which but to roll  
Back on their hinges asked an hundred arms;  
Also the noise of that prodigious gate  
Opening, was heard full half a yōjana.  
And inside this another gate he made,  
And yet within another—through the three  
Must one pass if he quit that Pleasure-house.  
Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred,  
And over each was set a faithful watch;  
And the King's order said, "Suffer no man  
To pass the gates, though he should be the Prince;  
This on your lives—even though it be my son."

But alas, for human precaution! Gautama's destiny was in the power of the Devas. When the King's vigilance was relaxed, and the Prince permitted to go outside the palaces for a drive,

"'Yea' spake the careful King 'tis time he see!  
But let the criers go about and bid  
My city deck itself, so there he met  
No noisome sight; and let none blind or maimed,  
None that is sick or stricken deep in years,  
No leper, and no feeble folk come forth..."

\* Compare Luke 11. V. 25—30, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.....for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," exclaims old Simeon,

And yet, the first thing that met the eye of Gautama, was:—

"An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,  
Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones;  
Bent was his back with load of many days,

.....  
Wagging with palsy.....One skinny hand  
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs,

.....  
'Alms!' moaned he, 'give, good people! for I die  
'To-morrow or the next day'.....

It was a Deva, who had assumed that form of suffering humanity. Horrified at the sight, the Prince rode back, and gave himself entirely to his sad reflexions. And that night,

"Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,  
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,  
He would start up and cry, 'My world! Oh, world!  
I hear! I know! I come!' And she would ask,  
'What ails my Lord?' with large eyes terror-struck;  
For at such times the pity in his look  
Was awful and his visage like a god's....."

"The voices of the spirits," the "wandering winds," and the Devas ever sung to him, murmuring softly in his ears of the sorrows of mortal life, which is—

"A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."  
Yea! "who shall shut out Fate."

Gautama is again moved to see the world beyond the gates of his palaces, and meets with a poor wretch stricken by a deadly plague; and finally, with a bamboo bier, on which lay stretched—

".....Stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,  
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, agrin,  
Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead,....."

whom the mourners carried, to where a pile was built near a stream, and immediately set—

"The red flame to the corners four, which crept,  
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh  
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,  
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint;  
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank  
Scarlet and grey, with here and there a bone  
White midst the grey—THE TOTAL OF THE MAN...  
Then spake the Prince: 'Is this the end which comes  
To all who live?

'This is the end that comes,  
To all' quoth Channa ;..... the Prince's charioteer.

"..... Oh suffering world,  
..... I would not let one cry  
Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm  
Would make a world and keep it miserable,  
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,  
He his not good, and if not powerful,  
He his not god! ... Channa! lead home again!

It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!".....

During that night, the Princess Yasôdhara, has a fearful dream—

"In slumber I beheld three sights of dread,  
With thought whereof my heart is throbbing yet,".....

She tells her lord she heard a

".....voice of fear  
Crying 'The time is nigh! the time is nigh!  
Therewith the third dream came; for when I sought  
Thy side, sweet Lord! ah, on our bed there lay  
An unpressed pillow and an empty robe--  
Nothing of thee but those ;....."

The time was come indeed. That very night, the Prince is represented as giving up for mankind more than his throne and glory—more than his mortal life, for he sacrifices his very heart's blood, the mother of his unborn babe. The scene of the departure is one of the most masterly of the whole poem. Siddhârtha has quieted his young wife and watches over her, but

".....with the whispers of the gloom  
Come to his ears again that morning song,  
As when the Devas spoke upon the wind!  
And surely gods were round about the place  
Watching our Lord, who watched the shining stars.  
'I will depart,' he spake; 'the hour is come!

.....  
My Chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels  
From victory to victory, till earth  
Wears the red record of my name, I choose

To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,  
Making its dusty bed, its loveliest wastes  
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates:  
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,  
Fed with no meals save what the charitable  
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp  
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.  
This will I do because the woful cry  
Of life and all flesh living cometh up  
Into my ears, and all my soul is full  
Of pity for the sickness of this world;  
Which I will heal, if healing may be found  
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife...

.....  
Oh, summoning stars! I come! Oh, mournful earth!  
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,  
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,  
My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen!  
Harder to put aside than all the rest!  
Yet thee, too, I shall save saving, this earth.....  
My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,  
Whom if I wait to bless my mind will fail.  
Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share  
A little while the anguish of this hour  
That light may break and all flesh learn the Law!.....

.....  
Then to the saddle lightly leaping, he  
Touched the arched crest, and Kantaka sprang forth  
With armed hoofs sparkling on the stones and ring  
Of clamping bit; but none did hear that sound,  
For that the Suddha Devas, gathering near,  
Plucked the red mohra-flowers and strewed them thick  
Under his tread, ..while hands invisible  
Muffled the ringing bit and bridle chains.

But when they reached the gate  
Of tripled brass—which hardly fivescore men  
Served to unbar and open—lo! the doors  
Rolled back all silently, though one might hear,  
In daytime two koss off the thunderous roar  
Of those grim hinges and unwieldy plates,

Also the middle and outer gates  
Unfolded each their monstrous portals thus  
In silence as Siddârtha and his steed  
Drew near; while underneath their shadow lay,  
Silent as dead men, all those chosen guards—  
The lance and sword let fall, the shields unbraced,  
Captains and soldiers—for there came a wind,  
Drowsier than blows o'er Malwa's fields of sleep.  
Before the Prince's path, which, being breathed,  
Lulled every sense aswoon: and so he passed  
Free from the palace."

A sacred legend is interwoven in the poem, which does not belong properly to the life of Gautama Buddha but pertains to the legendary myths of the monastic poetry of Buddhism—the Jâtakas, or the previous transmigrations of the Prince Siddhârtha. It is so touching, and the Indian drought so masterfully described that we quote a few lines from it. A spot is yet shown at Attock, near Benares, where the Prince moved to an inexpressible pity by the hunger of a tigress and her cubs and, having nothing else to give—gave her his own body to devour!...

"Drought withered all the land: the young rice died  
Ere it could hide a quail; in forest glades  
A fierce sun sucked the pools; grasses and herbs  
Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled  
Scattering for sustenance. At such a time,  
Between the hot walls of a nullah, stretched  
On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,  
A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs  
Glared with green flame; her dry tongue lolled a span  
Beyond the grasping jaws and shrivelled jowl;  
Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs,  
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch  
Rotten with rains; and at the poor lean dugs  
Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked,  
Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered nought,  
While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly  
The clamorous twins, yielding her flank to them  
With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,  
Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith  
She hid her famished muzzle to the sand,  
And roared a savage thunder-pearl of woe.  
Seeing which bitter strait, and heeding nought  
"Save the immense compassion of a Buddh,  
Our Lord bethought, "There is no other way  
To help this murderess of the woods but one,  
By sunset these will die, having no meat;  
There is no living heart will pity her,



Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.  
Lo ! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,  
And how can love lose doing of its kind  
Even to the uttermost ?" So saying, Buddh  
Silently laid aside sandals and staff,  
His sacred thread, turban, and cloth, and came  
Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,  
Saying, " Ho ! mother, here is meat for thee !"  
Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,  
Sprang from her cubs, and, hurling to the earth  
That willing victim, had her feast of him  
With all the crooked daggers of her claws  
Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs  
Bathed in his blood : the great cat's burning breath  
Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love. ..."

"Purify the mind ; abstain from vice and practice virtue" is the essence of Buddhism. Gautama preached his first sermon in the Gazell-grove, near Benares. Like all other founders, he is tempted and comes out victorious. The snare of Māra (the deity of sin, love, and death) are un-availing. He comes off a conqueror.

The ten chief Sins came—Mara's mighty ones,  
Angels of evil—Attavāda first,  
The Sin of self, who in the Universe  
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,  
And crying "I" would have the world say "I,"  
And all things perish so if she endure.

.....  
But quoth our Lord, "Thou hast no part with me,  
False Visikitcha, subtlest of man's foes."  
And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,  
Śīlabbat-paramāsa, sorceress.  
Draped fair in many hands as lowly Faith,  
But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers ;  
The keeper of those keys which lock up Hells  
And open Heavens. "Wilt thou dare," she said,  
"Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,  
Unpeople all the temples, shaking down  
That law which feeds the priests and props the realms ?"  
But Buddha answered, "What thou bidd'st me keep  
Is form which passes, but the free Truth stands ;  
Get thee unto thy darkness." Next there drew  
Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,  
Kāma, the King of passions.

But even Kāma-dhātu (the love principle) has no hold upon the holy ascetic. Rested for seven years, by the river Nairanjana, entirely abstracted in meditation under his Bādhi-tree, in the forest of Uruwela, he had already half-raised himself to the true condition of a Buddha. He has long ceased paying attention to the mere form—the Rūpa..... And, though the "Lords of Hell" had descended themselves

"To tempt the Master.

But Buddh heeded not,  
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled,  
for, on this very night.

..... "In the third watch,  
The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,  
A soft air breathing from the sinking moon,  
Our Lord attained *Samma-Sambuddh* ; he saw  
By light which shines beyond our mortal ken  
The line of all his lives in *all the worlds*,  
Far back and farther back and farthest yet,  
Five hundred lives and fifty.....

.....Also Buddha saw  
How new life reaps what the old life did sow...  
.....And in the middle watch  
Our Lord attained *Abhidjñā*—insight vast

.....  
But when the fourth watch came the secret came  
Of sorrow, which with evil mars the law....."

And then follows the magnificent enumeration of all the evils of life, of birth, growth, decay, and selfishness ; of *Avidyā*—or Delusion ; *Sankhāra*—perverse tendencies ; *Nāmanāṛpa* or the local form of the being born, and so on, till *karma* or the sum total of the soul, its deeds, its thoughts..... It was on that night that the Reformed, though alive and yet of this world reached the last Path to Nirvana, which leads to that supreme state of the mind when.....

"The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—  
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,  
Blessed NIRVANA—sinless, stirless rest—

That change which never changes !"

.....Lo the Dawn ?

Sprang with Buddh's Victory...

.....  
So glad the World was—though it wist not why—  
That over desolate wastes went swooning songs  
Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Prets and Bhuts  
Foreseeing Buddh ; and Devas in the air  
Cried "It is finished, finished !" and the priests  
Stood with the wondering people in the streets  
Watching those golden splendours flood the sky  
And saying "There hath happened some mighty thing."  
Also in Ran and Jungle grew that day  
Friendship amongst the creatures ; spotted deer  
Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,  
And cheethas lapped the pool beside the bucks ;  
Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured  
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing ;  
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam  
With deadly fangs in sheath ; the shrike let pass  
The nestling-finch ; the emerald halcyon  
Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,  
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—  
Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick  
Around his perch ; the Spirit of our Lord  
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,  
Even while he mused under that Bōdhi-tree,  
Glorified with the Conquest gained for all  
And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

.....  
"Then he arose—radiant, rejoicing, strong—  
Beneath the Tree, and lifting high his voice  
Spoke this in hearing of all Times and Worlds....."  
Many a house of Life  
Hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought  
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught ;  
Sore was my ceaseless strife !

But now  
Thou Builder of this Tabernacle—Thou !  
I know Thee, never shalt thou build again  
These walls of pain,

.....  
Broken thy house is, and the ridge-pole split !  
Delusion fashioned it !  
Safe pass I thence—Deliverance to obtain.

"It is difficult to be rich and learn the way"...used say the master. But "my law is one of grace for all,...for rich and poor...come to me, and I will raise Arhats above the gods"...Obedient to his call, millions upon millions have followed the Lord expecting their reward through no other mediator than a course of undeviating virtue, an unwavering observance of the path of duty. We must bear in mind that Buddhism from its beginning has changed the moral aspect of not only India but of nearly the whole of Asia ; and that, breaking up its most cruel customs, it became a blessing to the countless millions of the East—of our brothers. It was at the ripe age of three score and ten, that Buddha felt his end approaching. He was then close to Kusinagara (Kasia) near one of the branches of the Ganges called Atchiravati, when feeling tired he seated himself under a canopy of sāl trees. Turning his eyes in the direction of Rāgagriha the capital of Magadha he had murmured prophetically the day before : "This is the last time that I see this city and the throne of diamonds," and, his prophecy became accomplished at the following dawn. His vital strength failed, and—he was no more. He had indeed reached Nirvana.

"The Buddha died, the great Tathāgato,  
Even as man 'mongst men, fulfilling all :  
And how a thousand thousand crores since then  
Have trod the Path which leads whither he went  
Unto NIRVANA where the Silence Lives,"

No need of remarking that Mr. Arnold's views are those of most of the Orientalists of to-day, who have, at last, arrived at the conclusion that Nirvāna—whatever it may mean philologically—philosophically and logically is anything but *annihilation*. The views taken in the poem—says the author—of "Nirvana," "Dharma," "Kharma" and the other chief features of Buddhism, are...the fruits of considerable study, and also of a firm conviction, that a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstraction, or in Nothingness as the issue and crown of Being." The poem, therefore, comes to a

close with the following fervent appeal :—

" Ah ! Blessed Lord ! Oh, High Deliverer !  
 Forgive this feeble script, which doth thee wrong,  
 Measuring with little wit thy lofty Love !  
 Ah ! Lover ! Brother ! Guide ! Lamp of the Law !  
 I take my refuge in Thy name and Thee !  
 I take my refuge in thy Law of Good !  
 I take my refuge in thy Order ! OM !  
 The dew is on the lotus !—Rise great Sun !  
 And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.  
 OM MANI PADME HUM, the sunrise comes !  
 The Dewdrop slips into the shining sea !"

### THE WORKS OF HINDU RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY MENTIONED IN THE BRAHMA YOJNA.

[Written for the THEOSOPHIST, by "P."]

One of the chief objects of the Theosophist being to explore the secret wisdom contained in the religious and philosophical literature of the Hindus, it may not be useless to know definitely what the Hindus consider to be the principal works containing their religion and philosophy; works which, according to traditional belief, are believed to contain "secret wisdom concealed under popular and often repulsive myths," and to embrace the philosophy of much that is now considered as foolish superstition.

Every twice-born Hindu householder or grihastha is required to perform every day Panch Mahāyogñah, that is the five solemn offerings or devotional acts. These are acts of homage: directed 1. to the gods; 2. to all beings; 3. to departed ancestors; 4. to the Rishis or authors of the Veda; and 5. to men (1. *deva-yajna*, 2. *bhat-yajna*, 3. *pitri-yajna*, 4. *brahma-yajna*, 5. *manushyajna*). Of these the fourth or the *brahma-yajna* consists chiefly of the repetition of the Veda and other recognized works,

The original intention appears to have been that every householder should consider it his duty to go over a portion of the Veda and of other works that he had studied from his preceptor during the state of Brahma-cārin, or bachelor student. What is done at present is that after repeating a portion of the particular Veda to which the devotee belongs, the first words of the other Vedas and of other works are repeated by him. These first words, however, indicate what works have been recognized as necessary to be studied in the orthodox system of learning the religion and philosophy of the Hindus. We will take the details of the Brahma-yajna as repeated by a Rig-vedi Brāhman:—

After mentally repeating the sacred syllable *Om*, the three Vyāhritis, and the *Gāyatri*, three times, in a certain manner, the worshiper commences with the Rig-veda Samhita, and repeats the first beginnings of the under mentioned works in the order set forth below:—

- 1 The Rig-veda Samhita.
- 2 The Rig-veda Brāhmana.
- 3 The Rig-veda Upanishads.
- 4 The Yajur-veda.
- 5 The Sāma-veda.
- 6 The Atharva-veda.
- 7 The Āśvalāyana Kalpa Sūtra (Ceremonial directory.)
- 8 The Nirukta (exposition.)
- 9 Pāṇini's Vyākaraṇa (grammar.)
- 10 Śikṣā (phonetic directory.)
- 11 Jyotiṣa (astronomy.)
- 12 Chanda (metre.)
- 13 Nighaṇṭu (synonyms.)
- 14 Indra-gāthā.
- 15 Nārāyaṇī.
- 16 The Valkya Smṛiti Yājña.
- 17 The Māhābhārata.
- 18 Jaimini Sūtra (The Pūrva Mīmāṃsā.)
- 19 The Brahma Sūtra (The Uttar Mīmāṃsā.)

Certain texts of the Rig-veda are repeated at the end, and the Brahma-yajna is concluded by pouring out a libation of water to the spirits of the departed.

The above list shows what the Hindus themselves regard as necessary studies for the right and comprehensive understanding of their religion and philosophy.\* In the present times, a tendency is observable to catch hold of some one portion of the Hindu religious literature, and to

try to make it the sum total of the religion of the Hindus. Some scholars take to the Sāmhitā portion of the Vedas but discard the Brāhmana and Upanishad portions. The Brāhmana portion especially is neglected. It is looked upon as "childish and foolish," though according to orthodox belief it is the only key to the mystical knowledge contained in the Vedas. The author of "Isis Unveiled" brings out this truth very prominently. The Upanishads are better favoured than the Brāhmanas, but even they do not escape the epithets of "puerile" from some quarters. Again; in the efforts made by modern (Western) scholars to interpret the Vedas, there is too much tendency observed to discard old interpretations, which do not accord with modern ideas. The orthodox Hindus protest against this. They think that this is not the way to do justice nor to arrive at truth. There ought to be a comprehensive study in the true humble Spirit of discovering the truth, of all the branches, if Hindu religion and philosophy are to be known in their true light. The THEOSOPHIST, at any rate has this aim, and it is therefore appropriate, at the very commencement of its career to point out the works that in the orthodox system are considered necessary to be known for the right understanding of Hindu religion and philosophy.

### "A GREAT MAN"

We copy from the Calcutta *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, one of the ablest and most influential papers in India, the following brief description of the visit of our revered Pandit Dayānand Saraswati Swami, to Ajmere, as given by Dr. Husband, the Christian medical missionary of the place:—

"Large crowds gathered each evening to listen to the Pandit's exposition of the Vedas; and although the orthodox Hindu was not a little shocked and the Mussulman soon became furious, still all felt they were in the presence of a man of rare intellectual powers—one clear in intellect, subtle in reasoning, and powerful in appeal. His lectures produced a great impression, and the Natives were excited about religious matters in a way I have never seen during my connection with Ajmere; and it became evident that fealty to truth demanded that this supporter of the Vedas and assailant of the Christian system should not be left unanswered. Many young men in our public offices and advanced students in our colleges, adrift from their own religion and not yet safely anchored in another, were enthusiastic over the advent of this new teacher; and we felt a solemn and bounden duty rested on us to show them and others that the Pandit's objections could be satisfactorily answered, and with God's blessing, to lead them to a purer faith and nobler worship."

The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* has good reason for adding: "Pandit Dayānand Saraswati appears to be really a great man,"—even more, perhaps, than it imagines. And, since long experience has so clearly shown that Brahmans require only the average Hindu subtlety of intellect to get the better of the Christian missionary in metaphysical debate, it is bold in Dr. Husband, and his temperament must be of a highly sanguine type, to dream of showing that "the Pandit's objections could be satisfactorily answered." As to convincing an actual follower of the Swami's that the missionaries can "lead them to a purer faith and nobler worship" than is shown in the Vedas as he expounds them, that is simply impossible.

Those who would be convinced of Swami Dayānand's greatness as a scholar and a philosopher should read his *Veda Bhāshya*, an advertisement of which is given elsewhere. The direct and indirect influence of this work in reviving a taste for Vedic study is very marked. This, of itself, entitles its author to the national gratitude; for India will never recover her former splendour until she returns to that pure religion of the Aryas, which equally taught what duties man owes to his neighbour and to himself. The *Veda Bhāshya* should be at least read by every educated Hindu.

### ARYAN TRIGONOMETRY.

By Dinanath Atmaram Dalci, M.A., LL.B.

Western mathematicians call Hipparchus, the Nicæan, the father of trigonometry, although they confessedly know nothing whatever about him beyond what they find in the works of his disciple Ptolemy. But Hipparchus is assigned

\* How many of our European commentators could pass the test of critical proficiency! (Ed.)

to the 2nd century B. C., and we have the best reason in the world for knowing that trigonometry was known to the ancient Hindus, like many another science claimed by ignorant Western writers for Egypt, Greece or Rome. These pretended authorities suggest that Hipparchus "probably employed mechanical contrivances for the construction of solid angles" (Art. *Mathematics* New Am. Cyc. XI, 283); on the presumption that the infant science of trigonometry was then just being evolved in its rudest beginnings. But I shall give the THEOSOPHIST'S readers an ancient Indian trigonometrical rule for finding the sine of an angle that long antedates Hipparchus, and that is superior even to some of the European rules of our days. I have used in certain places the Greek letters *Pi* and *Theta* for angles, agreeably to modern custom. The professional reader will, of course understand that it is not meant that the Hindu mathematicians employed the Greek letters themselves at a period when, as yet, there was no such thing as the Greek alphabet; but only that they were aware of the numerical values represented by these symbols at the present time. The Hindu rule is as follows:—

$$\begin{aligned}\sin \theta &= \theta \left(1 - \frac{\theta^2}{\pi^2}\right) \left(1 - \frac{\theta^2}{4\pi^2}\right) \left(1 - \frac{\theta^2}{9\pi^2}\right) (\&c.) \\ &= \theta - \frac{\theta^3}{1 \cdot 2 \cdot 3} + \frac{\theta^5}{1 \cdot 2 \cdot 3 \cdot 4 \cdot 5} - \frac{\theta^7}{1 \cdot 2 \cdot 3 \cdot 4 \cdot 5 \cdot 6 \cdot 7} + \&c. \\ &= \frac{\pi \cdot x}{180} \left(1 - \frac{x^2}{180^2}\right) \left(1 - \frac{x^2}{4 \cdot 180^2}\right) \left(1 - \frac{x^2}{9 \cdot 180^2}\right) (\&c.) \\ &= x(180-x) \frac{\pi}{180^2} \frac{(180+x)}{180} \left\{ \left(1 - \frac{x^2}{4 \cdot 180^2}\right) \left(1 - \frac{x^2}{9 \cdot 180^2}\right) \right. \\ &\quad \left. \left(1 - \frac{x^2}{16 \cdot 180^2}\right) \right\} (\&c.) \\ &= x(180-x) \left\{ \frac{\pi}{180^2} + \frac{\pi x}{180^3} \right\} \left\{ 1 - \left(\frac{\pi^2}{6} - 1\right) \frac{x^2}{180^2} \right. \\ &\quad \left. + \left(\frac{\pi^4}{120} - \frac{\pi^2}{6} + 1\right) \frac{x^4}{180^4} \right\} (\&c.) \\ &= x(180-x) \left\{ \frac{1}{10100} + \frac{9x}{(101)^2 \times 2000} \right\} \\ &\quad \left\{ 1 - \frac{645}{1000} \frac{x^2}{180^2} + \&c. \right\} \text{ substituting fractional approx-} \\ &\quad \text{imations for the expressions involving } \pi. \\ &= x(180-x) \left\{ \frac{1}{10100} + \frac{x(180-x)}{4 \cdot (101^2 \cdot 100)} + \&c. \right\} \\ &= x(180-x) \left\{ \frac{1}{10100 - x(180-x)} \right\} = \frac{4x}{40100 - x(180-x)} \\ &= \frac{1}{\frac{10100}{x(180-x)} - 4}.\end{aligned}$$

This is an ancient Hindu expression approximating to the sine of an angle in terms of the degrees in numbers of that angle. The expression is to be met with in Hindu works on astronomy; *æ. gratia*: The *Graha-laghava*, not in its original, pure form. Its help is taken in the Hindu expressions for finding the equation of the centre. The above is a regular proof for the satisfaction of professed Mathematicians, and shows that my Hindu ancestors, before the beginning of the Christian Era, were in possession of the supposed recent trigonometrical discoveries of Euler. It is noteworthy that notwithstanding the great utility of this expression in Hindu trigonometry, and astronomy, its author is unknown, or at least its authorship cannot be traced to a particular ancient Hindu at present. This would almost imply a pre-historic antiquity for this branch of the "Divine Science" of Mathematics.

The approximative fractions used in the above proof are true to two decimal places, and consequently the expression is exactly true to two decimal places. It is therefore superior in accuracy to the common expressions  $\sin \theta = \theta - \frac{\theta^3}{6}$ , or  $\sin \theta = \theta - \frac{\theta^3}{6}$  to be met with in European works on Trigonometry, which are barely true to one place of decimals. It will please even a beginner in trigonometry to find the greater accuracy that distinguishes the Hindu expression from its European competitors. To take the simplest examples, viz: the sines of  $90^\circ$ ,  $30^\circ$  and  $45^\circ$ .—

$$\sin 90^\circ = \frac{1}{\frac{10100}{90 \times 90} - 4} = \frac{1}{101} = \frac{324}{323} = 1 \frac{1}{323}$$

$$\sin 30^\circ = \frac{1}{\frac{10100}{30 \times 30} - 4} = \frac{1}{101} = \frac{180}{359} = \frac{1}{2} \text{ nearly}$$

$$\sin 45^\circ = \frac{1}{\frac{10100}{45 \times 45} - 4} = \frac{1}{404} = \frac{972}{1373} = 1 \frac{1}{412} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}} \text{ nearly}$$

The first example shows that the mistake lies one in three hundred and twenty-three; that is, the expression is true to two decimal places, and the second example is open to a similar remark; the third clearly points out that the error lies in the third decimal of the denominator of the resulting fraction. The expression is moreover neat and easily remembered. The expression for the cosecant will become shorter and neater still, thus:

$$\operatorname{Cosec} x = \frac{10100}{x(180-x)} - 4.$$

#### TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

By E. Wimbridge, F. T. S., Graduate of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

That is an old and noble proverb—'Heaven helps those who help themselves.' In one form of expression or another, it has stimulated thousands to great thoughts and great achievements. Ah! if the educated youth of India would but recall and apply it. If they would but cease to look upon hireling service, especially public service, as the *summum bonum*, what might they not do for themselves and their starving countrymen! Why will they not put their shoulders to the wheel, and take a leaf out of the books of the ruling nations of the West? They are educated enough, but not in the right direction. What they need is not great titles, but great familiarity with useful arts, that would give them a good livelihood, respectable position, independence; that would make them employers instead of servants, "Masters of Arts," indeed. If they would but do this each young Hindu, besides winning success in life, would be able to boast that he was helping his country to find again the path which, in the bygone ages, she trod, and which led her to pre-eminence in arts and sciences as well as philosophy. What India has done once, India can do again. She only requires the same kind of men, and proper training for them. It is not the fault of climate, as some native publicists have said, that keeps all this talent inert: the climate is the same as it ever was, and India was once great. The fault is with the men, who are suffering themselves to be denationalized and along with their grand ancestral notions of religion are losing their ancient artistic originality and mechanical skill. This fatal tendency must be stopped. How can it be done?

The first, most potent, agency to help effect this "consummation devoutly to be wished," is technical education. This education is acquired in different countries by various means. In some it is by long apprenticeships to the several arts and industries; in others by the establishment of technological schools or institutes. We favor this latter plan for India, as, owing to the degeneration of the industrial arts in this country, little could be expected from an apprenticeship to the Hindu artizan of to-day, but a perpetuation of his lamentable inefficiency and lack of progressive spirit.

It is curious to note how the traditional conservatism of the Hindu has tenaciously held to many of the superstitious and effete customs of his forefathers, sacrificing the spirit for the letter in religious matters, while in the Arts, Industries, and Literature he has conserved nothing. Is it not high time that all who love their country took these things seriously to heart, and realized that in this nineteenth century such a state of things is a shame and disgrace? Realization in such a case begets resolve, and with the earnest man, to resolve is to act. Let this be the case with our Hindu brother; it shall be our duty and our pleasure to humbly endeavour to point the way.

Rejecting, for reasons above stated the apprenticeship system, we favor the establishment of Technological schools, with or without government support. If

government can be induced to favor the project, well and good; if not, no matter, let the people do it themselves. The credit will then be all their own, and they may at least be free from the danger of having incompetent professors imposed upon them without any right of appeal. It would be well if one such school could be established in every large town throughout India. Surely in every such place can be found one or more wealthy and philanthropic natives—princes, merchants, or zemindars—who would supply sufficient funds to start the enterprise; and once started, it should be nearly if not quite self supporting.

Speaking of the great need of Industrial schools in England, a late writer in the Quarterly Journal of Science reviewing a recent American work,\* says: "Setting on one side the palpable fact that all persons in England who really wished for elementary instruction could have acquired it even before the passing of the Education Act, we cannot see that either our 'Board' or our 'Denominational' schools will greatly increase the industrial or the inventive capabilities of our population. *What we want is a system of training which shall fix the attention of the student upon things rather than upon words.*"

If this is true of England with her numerous Art schools and Mechanics' Institutes, how much more is it the case with India? If (quoting from the work under review) we find the commissioners declaring "all Europe is a generation in advance of us" (America); if America, the country *par excellence* of progress, feels this, is it not indeed time that India was up and doing? Look at the little republic of Switzerland; we find that one of her cantonments (Zurich) possesses a Polytechnicum having about one hundred professors and assistants, and numbering nearly one thousand students. It has an astronomical observatory, a large chemical laboratory, laboratories of research and special investigation, collections of models of engineering constructions, museums of natural history, architecture, &c.; all extensive and rapidly growing. This important establishment is supported by a population of only *three millions of people*, at a yearly cost of £14,000 only. This in some measure explains the reason why, despite great natural disadvantages, such as dear fuel and distance from the sea, Switzerland figured so honorably at the Paris Exhibition. Of course, such an Institution as the one above mentioned does not spring up, mushroom-like, in a day, and it must necessarily be many years (even under the most favorable conditions) before India can hope to possess industrial schools of like value.

If India is ever to be freed from her present humiliation of exporting the raw material and importing it again after manufacture, she must commence by imparting to her youth a systematic knowledge of those industrial arts and sciences the lack of which compels her to purchase in foreign markets goods which should in most cases be manufactured to advantage at home. To persist in the present course, while millions of her people are starving for want of employment, is more than a mistake—it is a crime. It is the more unpardonable when we consider the characteristics of her labouring class, a people of simple habits, docile and obedient, contented with wages that would not suffice for a bare subsistence in the West, and patient in the extreme. Here, surely, one would suppose manufactures of all kinds could be carried on so inexpensively as to defy competition. That such is not the case is, we believe, entirely owing to the lack of technical education; and poorly as most of the Indian work of to-day is executed, it will inevitably be worse ten years hence unless timely steps are taken to introduce a system of education which, in the future, will not only elevate the Hindu artisan to the level of his Western brother, but in some particulars surpass him: a system tending to revive the glories of that ancient time when India held a place in the front rank of Industrial science and art.

And now a word of advice as to the particular kind of training-school we conceive to be the crying want of India to-day. We would not suggest a too ambitious commencement, feeling sure that if the beginning is only made in the right way, it will not be many years before the country possesses Polytechnic Institutions bidding fair to rival the justly celebrated schools of the West. We would desire to see a school where the young Hindus could at least acquire, under competent professors, the arts of design. Such are the drawing of patterns for the calico printer, the carpet weaver, and the manufacturer of shawls, and textile fabrics in general; designing for metal work, wood work, and wood carving; drawing on stone (Lithography); drawing and engraving on wood, and engraving on metal. There should also be classes for chemistry and mechanics.

We may be told that most if not all of the above are already taught in the various art-schools scattered throughout the country. All we can say in reply is that, whatever these schools may profess to teach, the result is a miserable failure. How many ex-pupils can they point to as earning a living by the exercise of professions the knowledge of which was gained within their walls? So far as we are able to judge, very few, even in cases where the school has been in active operation (Heaven save the mark!) for a number of years. This state of things cannot be caused entirely by the inaptitude of the pupils. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that either the system or the professor is at fault. What India needs is a system of instruction which, while directing her attention to whatever is best in modern machinery and implements, shall at the same time, take care to lead her footsteps back over the beaten paths of her own glorious past. We would have especial care taken that she should not be led to imitate the art (excellent as it may be) of the ancient Roman or Greek. Her Arts and Industries should be national and pure, not mongrel and alien.

Since the foregoing remarks were in type the Theosophical Mission have been highly gratified by the visit of a young Hindu artisan named Vishram Jetha, who exhibited to us a small portable high-pressure engine of his own make, driving a plaster-mill, circular-saw, wood-drill, and force-pump. No visitor that has called upon us in India has been more welcome or respected. His natural mechanical genius is of a high order, comparing with that of the most ingenious Western artisans. He has raised himself from the humblest condition in life to the management of the large engine and fitting-shop of a well-known Bombay firm. He is neither a B.A. nor LL.B., nor does he know Sanskrit or English. What education he has, whether theoretical or practical, has been gained at the cost of sleep and comforts, and in spite of every discouragement. His testimonials show that he has made himself a skilled workman in carpentry, (plain and ornamental), wood-carving, gilding, plating, metal-working, and horology. Here is a Hindu who might, with proper patronage, be of great service to his country. When we hear that his talents are appreciated and suitably remunerated by some native prince or capitalist, who shall employ him *at the same wages, and with as much honor as a European of equal capacity*, we will be satisfied that there is still left some real patriotism in India.

#### A WORLD WITHOUT A WOMAN\*.

By R. Bates, F. T. S.

Agès ago, in a time long past and forgotten, whose only records lie hidden in mouldering temples and secret archives, there bloomed, surrounded by inaccessible mountains, a lovely valley. Since then the convulsions that have heaved earth's bosom, have so changed the aspect of the place, that if some of its earlier inhabitants could

\* Report of the New Jersey State Commission appointed to devise a plan for the encouragement of Manufacturers of Ornamental and Textile Fabrics. Trenton: Naar, Day, and Naar, 1878.

\* It should be stated that the author of this story has never read Dr. Johnson's tale of "Rasselas: Prince of Abyssinia," which it distantly resembles in plot. EDITOR.

return, they would fail to recognise their former home. When they lived, in the far-away days of which our history speaks, the valley was at once the loveliest of nests and the most secure of prisons; for the surest foot could not scale the perpendicular mountain side, nor the keenest eye detect any fissure that opened a way to the outer world. And why should they desire the outer world; were they not happy here, the three boys, who with an old man and half a dozen deaf and dumb slaves, were the only dwellers in Rylba? They could not know, poor children, that kingly and parental tyranny had placed them there for life; that they were the guiltless victims of a timid and short-sighted policy, and that their father's example was destined to be followed by the succeeding kings of their native land. Perhaps the tyrant himself hardly realized the cruel wrong he did in dooming the younger sons of his race to a life-long prison. The valley was a fair and smiling abode; the slaves were diligent, and necessarily discreet, since speech was denied them; the tutor of the boys was a good man, and reputed wise, and he too was discreet. The children would not miss a mother's care, or, later on, a wife's caress, since they need never know that the world held a woman. The restricted area of the valley had made it easy to destroy all the larger animals. Nothing would tell them that creatures on a lower plane of being were more blest than they. They would see no fox in her den lick her cubs, no doe lead her fawn forth to pasture. The confidential servants of the king had taken care of that, when they visited the valley to plant the crops and build the huts; when they had fixed on its pivot the great stone in the cave, that could be opened only from the outside, and shut off all egress from Rylba. Yes the boys were happy, they had their sports and games, their canoe for the lake, their bows and arrows; the earth yielded fruit and grain, there was no lack of honey and wine, strange mysterious gifts arrived sometimes, and yet, when the setting sun threw his last beams over their huts, they, lying on the grass, would eagerly question their old friend and guide about the outer world.

Hesod acknowledged there were other valleys and other worlds than theirs, ruled over by the same great being—the Supreme Life he called him—who sent the shower and the sunshine, the fruit and grain to Rylba. He it was who had set apart the grove at the other end of the valley, where the cave was, as a sacred place never to be visited between sunset and dawn, and who rewarded their obedience by the clothes and implements, the unknown fruits and toys they had more than once found, when they went all together to worship at dawn. They could know no world but Rylba, and death when it came to carry their life-spark back to the Supreme, would find them there.

Death! The word had a new significance to them since the infant found one day in the grove, with number four branded on his little arm, had died and been laid under the flowering tree by the lake. Would death come to Hesod, to the slaves, to themselves, and leave none to pluck the fruits of Rylba? Hesod reminded them that if one infant had been sent others might follow, and that, though the birds died, their race never became extinct. "Ah! but," the children answered, "new birds came from the nests among the leaves; and he had told them man made no nest in which to feed and rear his young. Man then was different from the birds?"

"Yes, different," Hesod said, as his gaze fell before the innocent young eyes fixed upon his face. "Endowed with loftier powers, man draws his being direct from the Supreme, from him he comes, to him he will return. The Great Life is man's father and his friend."

"A father!" said one of the boys, "what is that? Was the bird that fed the young one in the nest a father? Were you a father when you tended the little man from the grove? Will the bird return like us to the Supreme? The little brook, as well as the big stream, runs into the lake, and the lake receives them both."

And old Hesod, when their questions went deeper than his philosophy, or when he feared to sow in them the seeds

of some desire or aspiration that Rylba could not satisfy, would bid them sleep that they might be ready for the morrow's toil and pleasure.

The morrow led peacefully on to others, the flowers bloomed and faded, many years glided by them into the misty past. Rylba boasted nearly thirty inhabitants now; for many children, each marked ineffaceably with its number—had been found in the grove. Old Hesod's grave made one of five by the lake side, one of the boys who had come with him to Rylba, slept by his side, and the other two were gray-haired men; but worse things than gray hairs or graves had entered the valley. There had come discontent, evil passions, loss of faith in the supreme Life, disregard of all the minor courtesies and graces of life, and above all an ever-growing sense of something wanting, a longing for some unattainable and ill-defined good. Some stilled this longing by taking care of the younger members of the band, some by ardent friendship, and love for birds and fishes. Others grew stern and morose, hard and selfish; for them were the choicest portions of the fruits of the valley, and of the gifts still occasionally found in the grove. But they murmured loudly whenever another infant greeted their sight, and whispered that it was useless to rear new mouths to feed, since the remaining slaves were growing past their work, and the valley hardly yielded enough food for all its inhabitants. It was fortunate that the older men still remembered that Hesod had inculcated the tenderest kindness to the infants. Already, in spite of the material aid supposed to come direct from him, the simple homage formerly paid to the Great Life was dying out, and if his grove was still respected, it was simply because bold spirits venturing there at night had been terrified by strange sights and sounds.

Things were in this state when two young men, Soron and Lyoro by name, struck up a warm friendship. Lyoro was a zealous disciple of the patriarchs, listening to them at twilight and labouring during the day. Pure in mind and fragile in body, the protection of his stronger and rougher friend had more than once been useful to him, and the contrast the two presented to each other probably formed the chief charm and advantage of their union. Lyoro had grown bolder, Soron more mild and laborious, and he who had dared to violate the sanctity of the grove, knelt before a little field-mouse suckling her young, because she, like the Supreme, gave sustenance to other beings. Still Soron was liable to fits of passion and melancholy, which not all Lyoro's influence could calm, and he avowed the restlessness that possessed him, and his burning desire to see other worlds than Rylba. "How could that be?" said the startled Lyoro, "Had not God himself walled in the valleys with mountains, so that the inhabitants of one could not pass to another? When the Supreme recalled them to himself, they might perhaps from his dwelling place in the stars look down on all the valleys; but even then, how could they look from one star into another since the stars were walled about by the blue sky? Was it not then impious to wish to overstep the bounds set by the Supreme himself?" Soron could not refute his friend's arguments, but they did not change his resolution to visit the sacred grove and make known his desire to the Great Life.

That night Lyoro slept alone in the hut the friends usually occupied together, but at day-break Soron returned, having seen nothing in the grove. Another and another night-watch brought the same result, and then the worshipers at dawn found bales of stuff, and dried fruit and grain; and Lyoro, seeking his absent friend, found a little pool of blood among the grass, and nothing more.

Years passed, and in Lyoro's heart no other replaced Soron. Vainly he called on the Supreme to reunite them. Vainly he sought to penetrate the mystery that shrouded his comrade's fate. The dwellers in Rylba had progressed from bad to worse. Helpless infancy and venerable age excited no compassion in the majority, and Lyoro had drawn upon himself a relentless persecution, because he had dared to harbor in his hut a sickly infant his neigh-



bors had abandoned in the grove, "to show the Supreme they would have none of it." From that time there was no peace for him, his hut had been confiscated, his work was often destroyed, and he could turn to no one for redress; for the weak could not help him, the strong would not, to the Supreme alone could he appeal.

Night after night he watched in the grove, and saw nothing but the stars twinkling through the leaves, heard nothing but the cry of the night-bird. Tired out at last he crept beneath a ledge of rock near the entrance of the cave, and slept soundly and long. Suddenly a light flashed in his face, a voice pronounced his name, and with a beating heart he started up. Before him stood Soron; changed, nobler, illuminated by a something unknown in the old days, but Soron still, unchanged in heart and Lyoro soon understood that. "Did the Supreme send you because I could endure no more, and kept the watches of the night in the grove?" he asked when he had grown calm enough to speak. "No, I come to-night because this is the first time I have had the power to come. A greater and a truer man sits on the throne of our fathers, a man who would make of his kindred the supporters of his dynasty, and not miserable deluded prisoners. That man is my elder brother; I am his friend, even as I am yours, and he has sent me to give to you all that dearest boon to man, Liberty. No longer these mountain walls shall bound your horizon. You shall know the wide earth as it really is. You shall see strange plants, strange animals, and look on fairer faces than you ever dreamed of."

"Perhaps they will not follow you; Moucar still leads, and they have grown fiercer than ever."

"Fierce!" said Soron. "Is it their fault? They never even knew they had a mother."

"A mother! What is that?" asked Lyoro.

"Come to our old haunt by the grotto and I will tell you. My people can remain near the cave."

And now for the first time, Lyoro perceived that the cave was full of men, habited in strange and gorgeous attire, but he had as yet no eyes for them; he only cared to look on Soron, and Soron with Lyoro's eyes on him, spoke of his escape; first, of the hand that struck him down in the grove, then of the pity that had spared him and conveyed him in secret to his brother, the hope and heir of the kingdom then, now its reigning sovereign. He spoke of the great world, of its cities, forests and armies; of treasures to be found in books and art; of huge animals, and fishes far larger than the largest canoe they had ever launched upon their lake. He told Lyoro of the mighty Power that rules the universe, that sends rest after fatigue, consolation to grief, and death after life, as a preparation for the life beyond. And then, that he might understand that the Supreme Life and Light is also the Supreme Love, he spoke of the mother he had found at his brother's house, of her caresses and her affection.

"A Mother!" said Lyoro. "Twice you have used the word and I do not understand it. Is a mother a man?"

No, fathers are men, and they can be cruel, or they would not have shut us up in Rylba. A mother is all pity, all love. From her man draws his life; her face is the first he looks upon, the last he should forget; around her clusters all that is good and merciful, holy and pure. She is the living smile upon earth of the Supreme Love?"

"And when I go with you, you will show me a mother?" asked Lyoro.

"Many of them, and better than all, I can show you your own. We talked of you but yesterday. She is longing for your coming, and she is a noble woman."

"What are women?" said Lyoro.

"The sex from which mothers are drawn. You will find about an equal number of men and women in the world you are going to."

"Why then, if women are good, did they send us from them to Rylba?" "Ah, you have yet to learn that there are unhappy lands where men, taking advantage of woman's feebler frame and greater timidity, have wrested from her her equal rights even in her offspring. Woe to the land that stints her portion of knowledge and honor! That na-

tion's sons must degenerate, for how can those be great who draw their life from a vitiated source, from beings crippled and enfeebled, dwarfed below the stature that God and Nature gave them? The sons of nobler mothers shall rule them; the conqueror's foot shall tread upon the graves of their fathers; their ships shall be swept from the sea; their name from off the face of the earth, for the Most High by his unalterable laws has decreed it so."

"Ours be the task to avert the curse from our country; to respect our mothers and instruct our daughters; to raise woman to the pedestal her very weakness gives her a right to occupy; to honor ourselves in honoring her."

"And has woman none of the faults of man; is she alone perfect?"

"How should she be perfect," answered Soron, "since she is after all but female man?"

"But she is superior to him?"

"No, neither superior nor inferior, but different. Her faults are not as his, neither are her qualities. She cannot boast his courage, nor he her gentleness. She has not his power of diligent application, and he lacks her quick intuition. He leans to the material side of life, she has a deeper feeling for its poetry and aspirations. She relies on his strong arm and strong will, and he turns to her as the tranquil light that illumines his heart and his home. Rivalry between the sexes is worse than useless, for their interests are identical, and nature designed them to form but the two halves of one harmonious whole."

"I will not tell you now, how often human passions mar Nature's fairest work. How in the great world as in Rylba, evil and good are perpetually warring for the mastery; but I do tell you to cling to the love from which you have been too long divorced, and with its help, you will learn to understand the great world and shun its snares."

The day had come by this time, and the band of worshipers approaching the grove, saw the new-comer and stood spell-bound in silent surprise. Had they come before dawn? No, for the sun already glanced above the mountain top and the birds were singing loudly. Still they hesitated till Soron's voice called on them to receive their heritage of knowledge and of liberty. Not into their ears did he pour all that had perplexed Lyoro, but he told them of their mothers, and the children laughed for joy, the haughty Moucar bowed himself to the ground, and down the wrinkled cheeks of the patriarchs the tears crept silently, when they heard that in the great world outside they should find only their mothers' graves.

### THE MAGNETIC CHAIN.

We have read with great interest the first number of a new French journal devoted to the science of Mesmerism, or, as it is called, Animal Magnetism, which has been kindly sent us by that venerable and most illustrious practitioner of that science, the Baron du Potet, of Paris. Its title is *La Chaîne Magnétique* (the Magnetic Chain). After long years of comparative indifference, caused by the encroachments of skeptical science, this fascinating subject is again absorbing a large share of the attention of Western students of Psychology. Mesmerism is the very key to the mystery of man's interior nature; and enables one familiar with its laws to understand not only the phenomena of Western Spiritualism, but also that vast subject—so vast as to embrace every branch of Occultism within itself—of Eastern Magic. The whole object of the Hindu *Yog* is to bring into activity his interior power, to make himself ruler over physical self and over everything else besides. That the developed *Yog* can influence, sometimes control, the operations of vegetable and animal life, proves that the soul within his body has an intimate relationship with the soul of all other things. Mesmerism goes far toward teaching us how to read this occult secret, and Baron Reichenbach's great discovery of *Odyle* or *Od* force, together with Professor Buchanan's *Psychometry*, and the recent advances in electrical and magnetic science complete the demonstration. The THEOSOPHIST will give great attention to all these—Mesmerism, the laws of *Od*,

Psychometry, etc. In this connection we give translated extracts from *La Chaine Magnetique* that will repay perusal. There is a great truth in what Baron du Potet says about the Mesmeric fluid: "It is no utopian theory, but a universal Force, ever the same; which we will irrefutably prove.....A law of nature as positive as electricity yet different from it; as real as night and day. A law of which physicians, notwithstanding all their learning and science, have hitherto been ignorant. Only with a knowledge of magnetism does it become possible to prolong life and heal the sick. Physicians must study it some day or—cease to be regarded as physicians." Though now almost a nonagenarian, the Baron's intellect is as clear and his courageous devotion to his favorite Science as ardent as when, in the year 1826, he appeared before the French Academy of Medicine and experimentally demonstrated the reality of animal magnetism. France, the mother of so many great men of science, has produced few greater than du Potet.

A disciple of the Baron's—a Mr. Saladin of Tarascon-sur-Rhone—reporting to him the results of recent magnetic experiments for the cure of disease, says: "Once, while magnetizing my wife, I made a powerful effort of my will to project the magnetic fluid; when I felt streaming from each of my finger-tips as it were little threads of cool breeze, such as might come from the mouth of an opened air-bag. My wife distinctly felt this singular breeze, and, what is still more strange, the servant girl, when told to interpose her hand between my own hand and my wife's body, and asked what she felt, replied that 'it seemed as though something were blowing from the tips of my fingers.' The peculiar phenomenon here indicated has often been noticed in therapeutic magnetization; it is the vital force, intensely concentrated by the magnetizer's will, pouring out of his system into the patient's. The blowing of a cool breeze over the hands and faces of persons present, is also frequently observed at spiritualistic 'circles.'

### MAGNETISM IN ANCIENT CHINA.

By Dr. Andrew Paladin, Fils, M.D.

All Chinese medicine is based upon the study of the equilibrium of the *yn* and the *yang*; i. e.—to use Baron Reichenbach's language—upon the positive and the negative *od*. The healers of the Celestial Empire consider all remedies as so many conductors, either of the *yn* or the *yang*; and use them with the object of expelling disease from the body and restoring it to health. There is an instance in their medical works of a cure being effected without the employment of any drug whatever, and with no other conductor of human magnetism than a simple tube, without the doctor having either seen or touched the patient. We translate the following from a work written during the Soui dynasty, or at any rate not later than the Thang dynasty. The Soui dynasty reigned from the VIth to the VIIth century of our era; and that of Thang, which succeeded the other in 618, remained in power till the year 907. The event in question occurred, therefore, some ten centuries ago.

A mandarin of high rank had a dearly beloved wife, whom he saw failing in health more and more every day, and rapidly approaching her end, without her being able to indicate or complain of any particular disease. He tried to persuade her to see a physician; but she firmly refused. Upon entering her husband's home she had taken a vow, she said, never to allow any other man to see her, and she was determined to keep her word, even were she to die as the consequence. The mandarin begged, wept, supplicated her, but all in vain. He consulted doctors, but neither of them could give any advice without having some indication, at least, of her disease. One day there came an old scholar, who offered the mandarin to cure his wife without even entering the apartment in which she was confined, provided she consented to hold in her hand one end of a long bamboo, the other end of which would be held by the healer. The husband found the remedy curious, and though he had no faith in the experiment, he yet proposed it to his wife, rather as an amusement than anything else; she willingly

consented. The scholar came with his tube, and passing one end of it through the partition of the room, told her to apply it to her body, moving it in every direction until she felt a sensation of pain in some particular spot. She followed the directions, and as soon as the tube had approached the region of the liver the suffering she experienced made her utter a loud groan of pain. "*Do not let go your hold,*" exclaimed the scholar; "*keep the end applied to the spot, and you will certainly be cured.*" Having subjected her to a violent pain for about one quarter of an hour, he retired and promised the mandarin to return on the next day, at the same hour; and thus came back every day till the sixth, when the cure was completed.\*

This narrative is an admirable instance of magnetic treatment effected with a tube to serve as a conductor to the vital fluid; the application being made for a short time every day, and *at the same hour*. Here the homœopathic aggravation was produced from the first. The inference from this document is that ancient Chinese medicine was well acquainted with the fact, that every man possesses in degree a fluid—part of and depending upon the universal magnetic fluid disseminated throughout all space; as they gave the names *yn*, and *yang* to the two opposite forces (polarities) which are now recognized in the terrestrial fluid, as well as in the nervous fluid of man. They knew besides, that each individual could dispose at will of this fluid, provided he had acquired the necessary knowledge; that they could, by judiciously directing it, make a certain quantity pass into another's body and unite with the particular fluid of this other individual; and that they could, finally, employ it to the exclusion of every other means for the cure of diseases, re-establishing the equilibrium between the opposite modalities of the nervous fluid; in other words, between the positive *od* and the negative *od*, between the *yn* and the *yang*. A still more remarkable thing—they had, then, the secret, little known even in our days among magnetizers, of sending at will either positive fluid or negative fluid into the body of a patient, as his system might need either the one fluid or the other.

(To be continued)

### SPIRITUALISM AT SIMLA.

An esteemed young English lady of Simla interested in Occultism, sends us some interesting narratives of psychological experiences which may safely be copied by our Western contemporaries. Our correspondent is perfectly trustworthy and has a place in the highest social circle. We hope to give from time to time many examples of similar mystical adventure by Europeans in Eastern countries.

Among other papers promised for the THEOSOPHIST is one by a British officer, upon a curious phase of bhûtâ worship among a very primitive Indian tribe; and another upon the same custom, in another locality, by a well-known Native scholar. The value of such articles as these latter is that they afford to the psychologist material for comparison with the current Western mediumistic phenomena. Heretofore, there have been, we may say, very few observations upon East Indian spiritualism of any scientific value. The observers have mainly been incompetent by reason of either bigotry, moral cowardice, or skeptical bias. The exceptions have but proved the rule. Few, indeed, are they who, seeing psychical phenomena, have the moral courage to tell the whole truth about them.

### THE YOUNG LADY'S STORY.

There is a bungalow in Kussowlie called "The Abbey," and one year some friends of mine had taken this house for a season, and I went to stay with them for a short while. My friends told me the house was haunted by the ghost of a lady, who always appeared dressed in a white silk dress. This lady did really live, a great many years ago, and was a very wicked woman, as far as I remember the story. Whe-

\*This narrative was translated from the Chinese by Father Aniot, Missionary in China, a great scholar, and communicated by him to the Field-marshal, Count de Mellet. This case is also mentioned in the Count de Puysegur's volume "On animal magnetism, considered in its relations to the various branches of physics." (Paris—1807, p. 392)

ther she was murdered, or whether she put an end to herself, I cannot say, but she was not buried in consecrated ground, and for this reason, it was said, her spirit cannot rest. Her grave may be seen by anybody, for it is still at Kussowlie. When my friends told me this I laughed, and said I did not believe in ghosts; so they showed me a small room divided from the drawing-room by a door, which they told me was an especial pet of the ghost's; and that after it got dark, they always had to keep it shut, and they dared me to go into that room, at 10 P. M. one night. I said I would; so at 10 P. M. I lighted a candle, and went into the room. It was small, had no cupboards, and only one sofa, and one table in the centre. I looked under the table and under the sofa, then I shut the door, and blowing out my candle, sat down to await the appearance of the ghost. In a little while I heard the rustle of a silk dress, though I could see nothing. I got up, and backed towards the door, and as I backed, I could feel something coming towards me. At last I got to the door and threw it wide open and rushed into the drawing-room, leaving the door wide open to see if the ghost would follow after me. I sat down by the fire, and in a little while, my courage returning, I thought I would go again into the little room; but upon trying the door, *I found it was fast shut, and I could not open it, so I went to bed.* Another evening, a lady friend and I were sitting at a small round table with a lamp, reading; all of a sudden the light was blown out, and we were left in the dark. As soon as lights could be procured, it was found that the globe of the lamp had disappeared, and from that day to this, it has never been found. The ghost walks over the whole house at night, and has been seen in different rooms by different people. Kussowlie is between 30 and 40 miles away from Simla, in the direction of the plains.

I may also tell you of something that came under the observation of my mother, some twenty years ago. An acquaintance of hers, a young Mr. W—, was on a ship which in a terrific gale was wrecked on an island off the coast of Africa. News of the disaster was brought to England by another ship, and it was supposed that every soul on board had been lost. Mr. W—'s relatives went into mourning, but his mother would not, for she was convinced that he had escaped. And as a matter of record she put into writing an account of what she had seen in a dream. The whole scene of the shipwreck had appeared to her as though she were an eye-witness. She had seen her son and another man dashed by the surf upon a rock whence they had managed to crawl up to a place of safety. For two whole days they sat there without food or water, not daring to move for fear of being carried off again by the surges. Finally they were picked up by a foreign vessel and carried to Portugal, whence they were just then taking ship to England. The mother's vision was shortly corroborated to the very letter; and the son, arriving at home, said that if his mother had been present in body she could not have more accurately described the circumstances.

#### A FATHER'S WARNING.

The events I shall now relate occurred in a family of our acquaintance. A Mr. P—had lost by consumption a wife whom he devotedly loved, and, one after another, several children. At last but one daughter remained, and upon her, naturally enough, centered all his affections. She was a delicate girl, and being threatened with the same fate which had so cruelly carried away her mother and sisters, her father took her to live in Italy for change of climate. This girl grew to be about 17 or 18, when the father had to go over to London on business; so he left her with friends, and many and strict were his injunctions to them as to how she was to be looked after, and taken care of. Well, he went, and whilst he was away, a fancy ball was to take place, to which these friends were going, and which of course, the girl also wished to attend. So they all wrote over to the father and begged and entreated she should be allowed to go, promising that they would take great care of her, and see that she did not get a chill. Much against his will, the poor man consented, and she

went to the ball. Some little time after, the father was awakened one night, by the curtains at the foot of his bed being drawn aside, and there, to his astonishment, stood his daughter, in her fancy dress. He could not move, or say anything, but he looked at her attentively. She smiled, closed the curtains, and disappeared. He jumped up in great agitation, put down the date and the hour, and then wrote to Italy, asking after his daughter's health, giving a description of her dress and ornaments. Poor man; the next thing he heard was that the young lady had caught cold, and died the very night she appeared to him in London. The friends said that even had he seen the dress, he could not have described everything more minutely.

#### THE MIDDIE'S STORY.

Since the THEOSOPHIST is collecting authenticated stories of ghosts, I may tell you of a personal adventure of mine when I was a midshipman on board Her Majesty's frigate —. One of the sailors in the larboard watch had been washed overboard in a storm, as he was clinging for life to one of the boats. The affair had been quite forgotten, when a hue and cry was raised that there was a ghost near this boat, and none of the men would go near the place after dark. Several, if not all of the men had seen it. I laughed at the story, however, for I had not a whit of confidence in these nonsensical tales of ghosts. So, some of our mess who pretended to have seen the apparition, dared me to go up to it at night and accost it. I agreed to go, and took my revolver, loaded, with me. When at the appointed hour, I came near the boat, there certainly did seem to be a mist, or shadow which looked like a man, and this shadow turned and looked at me. I did not give it time to look twice before I fired two shots at it. Imagine, if you can, my feelings, when the shadow gently glided under the boat, (which was bottom upwards,) and disappeared. When this thing looked at me, I cannot tell you why, but I felt quite cold, and odd, and if it was not a ghost, it looked very like one. At any rate, I had had enough of shooting at it. My adventure of course greatly deepened the superstitious feeling among the sailors; and so, as the spectre was seen again the next night, they just tossed that boat overboard, and then they were never troubled further.

#### YOGA VIDYA.

By F. T. S. .:

...Look where we will around us, in every direction the sources of pure spiritual life appear to be either altogether stagnant, or else trickling feebly in shrunken and turbid streams. In religion, in politics, in the arts, in philosophy, in poetry even—wherever the grandest issues of Humanity are at stake, man's spiritual attitude towards them, is one either of hopeless fatigue and disgust, or fierce anarchical impatience. And this is the more deplorable, because it is accompanied by a feverish materialistic activity. Yes, this age of ours is materialist; and perhaps the saddest and dreariest thing in the ever-increasing materialism of the age, is the *ghostly squeaking and gibbering of helpless lamentation made over it by the theologians, who crouch about their old dry wells where in no spiritual life is left.* Meanwhile society appears to be everywhere busily organizing animalism. [LORD LYTON—in *Fortnightly Review* for 1871.]

His lordship paints the spiritual darkness of Kali Yuga with realistic fidelity. The reading of this paragraph has suggested the making of an effort to bring back to India, to some extent at least, the ancient light of Aryavarta. With his lordship's sympathetic coöperation, much would be possible. Let us begin with an attempt at explaining what is the almost forgotten science of Yogism.

No man can understand the meaning of Patanjali's Aphorisms of the Yoga Philosophy, who does not perfectly comprehend what the soul and body are and their respective powers. The lucubrations of commentators, for the most part, show that when their author is thinking of the one they fancy he means the other. When he describes how the latent psychical senses and capabilities may be brought out of the bodily prison and given free scope, he appears to them to be using metaphorical terms to express an utopy of physical perceptions and powers. The 'organized animalism' of the 19th century, which Lord Lyton stigmatizes, in the paragraph from the *Fortnightly Review*

above quoted—would have totally obliterated, perhaps, our capacity to grasp the sublime idea of Yoga, were it not for the glimpses that the discoveries of Mesmer and Reichenbach, and the phenomena of mediumship, have afforded of the nature of the Inner World and the Inner Man. With these helps most of what would be obscure is made plain. These give us a definite appreciation of the sure and great results that the *Yogi* ascetic strives for, and obtains by his self-discipline and privations. For this reason, the Theosophical Society insists that its Fellows who would comprehend alike the hidden meaning of ancient philosophies, and the mysteries of our own days, shall first study magnetism, and then enter the 'circle-room' of the spiritualists.

May we not compare the unveiling of the soul's senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch, and the awakening of its will-power, which result from Yog training, with that change which comes to the bodily senses and will, when the child emerges from its fetal home into the outer world? All the physical faculties it will ever exercise were potentially in the babe before birth, but latent. Given scope and exercise, they became developed in proportion to their innate energies—more in some people than in others. How vastly different they are in *posse* and in *esse*! And yet this contrast affords but a very meagre idea of that between the dormant powers of the soul in the man of matter, and the transcendent reach of these same powers in the full-trained *Yogi*. Rather compare the shining star with a yellow taper. The eye of the body can at best see only a few miles, and its ear hear but what is spoken near by; its feet can carry it but ploddingly along the surface of the ground, a step at a time; and its hands grasp nothing that is more than a yard off. If securely locked in a closet, the body is powerless to effect its deliverance, and can neither see, hear, touch, taste, nor smell what is outside its prison wall. But the unbound soul of the *Yogi* is limited by neither time nor space; nor obstructed by obstacles; nor prevented from seeing, hearing, feeling or knowing anything it likes, on the instant; no matter how distant or hidden the thing the *Yogi* would see, feel, hear or know. The soul has potentially, in short, the qualities of omniscience and omnipotence, and the object of Yoga Vidya is to develop them fully.

We have a great desire that the Yoga philosophy should be familiarized to students of psychology. It is particularly important that spiritualists should know of it; for their numbers are so large that they could, by united action, counteract in large degree the 'organized animalism' that Lord Lytton complains of. Give the century a worthy ideal to aspire to, and it would be less animal: teach it what the soul is, and it will worship the body less. As a commencement in this direction, we begin in this number of the THEOSOPHIST, a translation of part of the 15th chapter of the eleventh Skandha of the *Shrimad Bhagavata*. The authorship of this important Sanskrit work is so disputed as by some to be ascribed to Bopadeva, the celebrated grammarian of Bengal, thus giving it an age of only eight centuries, by others to Vyāsa, author of the other Purāṇas, and so making it of archaic origin. But either will do; our object being only to show modern psychologists that the science of soul was better understood, ages ago, in India than it is to-day by ourselves. Sanskrit literature teems with proofs of this fact, and it will be our pleasure to lay the evidence supplied to us by our Indian brothers before the public. Foremost among such writings stands, of course, Patānjali's own philosophical teachings, and these we will come to later on.

The student of Yoga will observe a great difference in *Siddhis* ('Superhuman faculties,' this is rendered; but not correctly, unless we agree that 'human' shall only mean that which pertains to physical man. 'Psychic faculties' would convey the idea much better: man can do nothing *superhuman*.) that are said to be attainable by Yoga. There is one group which exacts a high training of the spiritual powers; and another group which concern the lower and coarser psychic and mental energies. In the *Shrimad Bhagavata*, Krishna says; "He who is engaged in

the performance of *Yoga*, who has subdued his senses, and who has concentrated his mind in me (Krishna), such *Yogis* [all] the *Siddhis* stand ready to serve."

Then Udhava asks: "Oh, Achyuta (Infallible One) since thou art the bestower of [all] the *Siddhis* on the *Yogis*, pray tell me by what *dhāraṇā*\* and how, is a *Siddhi* attained, and how many *Siddhis* there are. Bhagavān replies: "Those who have transcended the *dhāraṇa* and *yoga* say that there are eighteen *Siddhis*, eight of which contemplate me as the chief object of attainment (or are attainable through me), and the [remaining] ten are derivable from the *guṇās*;"—the commentator explains—from the preponderance of *satva guṇā*. These eight superior *Siddhis* are: *Animā*, *Mahimā*, *Laghima* [of the body], *Prāpti* (attainment by the senses), *Prākāśhyama*, *Ishitā*, *Vashitā*, and an eighth which enables one to attain his every wish. "These," said Krishna, "are my *Siddhis*."

(To be continued.)

### FOOD FOR THE STARVING.

Col. Olcott has just received a letter from the Hon. Edward Atkinson, an eminent American political-economist, which contains the important news that a simple method of converting cotton-seed into a nutritive article of food has been discovered. Mr. Atkinson says:

"If you can obtain light naphtha, or gasoline, in India, you may do good to the poor classes by leaching the kernel of cotton-seed with it. It removes all the oil, which can then be separated from the naphtha in a very pure state. Then dry off the kernel with hot steam, and you have a sweet and very nutritious food. I suppose they have hulling-machines in India. The hulls make good paper. I expect to see our crop of cotton-seed worth half as much as the crop of cotton."

Col. Olcott has written for further particulars, as to the process and machinery required, and will communicate Mr. Atkinson's reply to the public through these columns.

### OUR BUDDHIST BROTHERS.

A cable dispatch from Rt. Rev. H. Sumangala, confirmed by subsequent letters from his Secretary, the Rev. W. A. Dhammajoti, informs us that the promised contributions upon the subject of Buddhism are on their way, but will arrive too late for insertion in this issue. The papers comprise articles from the pens of that peerless Buddhist scholar, Sumangala himself; of the brave "Megittuwatte," Champion of the Faith; and of Mr. Dhammajoti whose theme is "The Four Supreme Verities."

It will be observed that the THEOSOPHIST is not likely to abate in interest for lack of good contributions.

✽ If any whose names have been handed in as subscribers do not receive this number of the THEOSOPHIST, they may know that it is because they have not complied with the advertised terms, by remitting the money, nor paid attention to the polite notices that have been sent as reminders. This journal is issued exactly as announced, and no exceptions will be made in individual cases.

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\* *Dhāraṇā*. The intense and perfect concentration of the mind upon one interior object;—accompanied by complete abstraction from things of the external world.

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