

LUCIFER

VOL. V. LONDON, FEBRUARY 15TH, 1890. No. 30.

The Last Song of the Swan.

“ I see before my race an age or so,
And I am sent to show a path among the thorns,
To take them in my flesh.
Well, I shall lay my bones
In some sharp crevice of the broken way ;
Men shall in better times stand where I fell,
And singing, journey on in perfect bands
Where I had trod alone. . . .”

THEODORE PARKER.

Whence the poetical but very fantastic notion—even in a myth—about swans singing their own funeral dirges? There is a Northern legend to that effect, but it is not older than the middle ages. Most of us have studied ornithology ; and in our own days of youth we have made ample acquaintance with swans of every description. In those trustful years of everlasting sunlight, there existed a mysterious attraction between our mischievous hand and the snowy feathers of the stubby tail of that graceful but harsh-voiced King of aquatic birds. The hand that offered treacherously biscuits, while the other pulled out a feather or two, was often punished ; but so were the ears. Few noises can compare in cacophony with the cry of that bird—whether it be the “whistling” (*Cignus Americanus*) or the “trumpeter” swan. Swans snort, rattle, screech and hiss, but certainly they do not sing, especially when smarting under the indignity of an unjust assault upon their tails. But listen to the legend. “When feeling life departing, the swan lifts high its head, and breaking into a long, melodious chant—a heart-rending song of death—the noble bird sends heavenward a melodious protest, a plaint that moves to tears man and beast, and thrills through the hearts of those who hear it.”

Just so, “those who hear it.” But who ever heard that song sung by a swan? We do not hesitate to proclaim the acceptance of such a statement, even as a poetical license, one of the numerous paradoxes of our incongruous age and human mind. We have no serious objection

to offer—owing to personal feelings—to Fénelon, the Archbishop and orator, being dubbed the “Swan of Cambrai,” but we protest against the same dubious compliment being applied to Shakespeare. Ben Jonson was ill-advised to call the greatest genius England can boast of—the “sweet swan of Avon ;” and as to Homer being nicknamed “the Swan of Meander”—this is simply a posthumous libel, which LUCIFER can never disapprove of and expose in sufficiently strong terms.

Let us apply the fictitious idea rather to things than to men, by remembering that the swan—a symbol of the Supreme Brahm and one of the *avatars* of the amorous Jupiter—was also a symbolical type of cycles ; at any rate of the tail-end of every important cycle in human history. An emblem as strange, the reader may think, and one as difficult to account for. Yet it has its *raison d'être*. It was probably suggested by the swan loving to swim in circles, bending its long and graceful neck into a ring, and it was not a bad typical designation, after all. At any rate the older idea was more graphic and to the point, and certainly more logical, than the later one which endowed the swan's throat with musical modulations and made of him a sweet songster, and a seer to boot.

The last song of the present “Cyclic Swan” bodes us an evil omen. Some hear it screeching like an owl, and croaking like Edgar Poe's raven. The combination of the figures 8 and 9, spoken of in last month's editorial, has borne its fruits already. Hardly had we spoken of the dread the Cæsars and World-Potentates of old had for number 8, which postulates the *equality of all men*, and of its fatal combination with number 9—which represents the earth *under an evil principle*—when that principle began making sad havoc among the poor Potentates and the Upper Ten—their subjects. The Influenza has shown of late a weird and mysterious predilection for Royalty. One by one it has levelled its members through death to an absolute equality with their grooms and kitchen-maids. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Its first victim was the Empress Dowager of Germany ; then the ex-Empress of Brazil, the Duke d'Aosta, Prince William of Hesse Philippstal, the Duke of Montpensier, the Prince of Swarzburg Rudolstadt, and the wife of the Duke of Cambridge ; besides a number of Generals, Ambassadors, Statesmen, and their mothers-in-law. Where, when, at what victim shalt thou stop thy scythe, O “innocent” and “harmless” Influenza ?

Each of these royal and semi-royal Swans has sung his last song, and gone “to that bourne” whence *every* “traveller returns,”—the aphoristical verse to the contrary, notwithstanding. Yea, they will now solve the great mystery for themselves, and Theosophy and its teaching will get more adherents and believers among royalty in “heaven,” than it does among the said caste on earth.

Apropos of Influenza—miscalled the “Russian,” but which seems to be rather the scape-goat, while it lasts, for the sins of omission and commission of the medical faculty and its fashionable physicians—what is it? Medical authorities have now and then ventured a few words sounding very learned, but telling us very little about its true nature. They seem to have picked up now and then a clue of pathological thread pointing rather vaguely, if at all, to its being due to bacteriological causes; but they are as far off a solution of the mystery as ever. The practical lessons resulting from so many and varied cases have been many, but the deductions therefrom do not seem to have been numerous or satisfactory.

What is in reality that unknown monster, which seems to travel with the rapidity of some sensational news started with the object of dishonouring a fellow creature; which is almost ubiquitous; and which shows such strange discrimination in the selection of its victims? Why does it attack the rich and the powerful far more in proportion than it does the poor and the insignificant? Is it indeed only “an agile microbe” as Dr. Symes Thomson would make us think? And is it quite true that the *influential* Bacillus (no pun meant) has just been apprehended at Vienna by Drs. Jolles and Weichselbaum—or is it but a snare and a delusion like so many other things? Who knoweth? Still the face of our unwelcome guest—the so-called “Russian Influenza” is veiled to this day, though its body *is* heavy to many, especially to the old and the weak, and almost invariably fatal to invalids. A great medical authority on epidemics, Dr. Zedekauer, has just asserted that that disease has ever been the precursor of cholera—at St. Petersburg, at any rate. This is, to say the least, a very strange statement. That which is now called “influenza,” was known before as the *grippe*, and the latter was known in Europe as an epidemic, centuries before the cholera made its first appearance in so-called civilized lands. The biography and history of Influenza, *alias* “grippe,” may prove interesting to some readers. This is what we gather from authoritative sources.

290

The earliest visit of it, as recorded by medical science, was to Malta in 1510. In 1577 the young influenza grew into a terrible epidemic, which travelled from Asia to Europe to disappear in America. In 1580 a new epidemic of *grippe* visited Europe, Asia and America, killing *the old people, the weak and the invalids*. At Madrid the mortality was enormous, and in Rome alone 9,000 persons died of it. In 1590 the influenza appeared in Germany; thence passed, in 1593, into France and Italy. In 1658-1663 it visited Italy only; in 1669, Holland; in 1675, Germany and England; and in 1691, Germany and Hungary. In 1729 all Europe suffered most terribly from the “innocent” visitor. In London alone 908 men died from it the first week; upwards of 60,000 persons suffering from it, and 30 per cent. dying from catarrh or influ-

enza at Vienna. In 1732 and 1733, a new epidemic of the *grippe* appeared in Europe, Asia and America. It was almost as universal in the years 1737 and 1743, when London lost by death from it, during one week, over 1,000 men. In 1762, it raged in the British army in Germany. In 1775 an almost countless number of cattle and domestic animals were killed by it. In 1782, 40,000 persons were taken ill *on one day*, at St. Petersburg. In 1830, the influenza made a successful journey round the world—that only time—as *the first pioneer* of cholera. It returned again from 1833 to 1837. In the year 1847, it killed more men in London than the cholera itself had done. It assumed an epidemic character once more in France, in 1858.

We learn from the St. Petersburg *Novoyé Vremya* that Dr. Hirsh shows from 1510 to 1850 over 300 great epidemics of *grippe* or *influenza*, both general and local, severe and weak. According to the above-given data, therefore, the influenza having been this year very weak at St. Petersburg, can hardly be called "Russian." That which is known of its characteristics shows it, on the contrary, as of a most impartially cosmopolitan nature. The extraordinary rapidity with which it acts, secured for it in Vienna the name of *Blitz catarrhe*. It has nothing in common with the ordinary *grippe*, so easily caught in cold and damp weather; and it seems to produce no special disease that could be localized, but only to act most fatally on the nervous system and especially on the lungs. Most of the deaths from influenza occur in consequence of lung-paralysis.

All this is very significant. A disease which is epidemic, yet not contagious; which acts everywhere, in clean as in unclean places, in sanitary as well as in unsanitary localities, hence needing very evidently no centres of contagion to start from; an epidemic which spreads at once like an air-current, embracing whole countries and parts of the world; striking at the same time the mariner, in the midst of the ocean, and the royal scion in his palace; the starving wretch of the world's White-chapels, sunk in and soaked through with filth, and the aristocrat in his high mountain *sanitarium*, like Davos in *Engadin*,* where no lack of sanitary arrangements can be taken to task for it—such a disease can bear no comparison with epidemics of the ordinary, common type, *e.g.*, such as the cholera. Nor can it be regarded as caused by parasites or microscopical microbes of one or the other kind. To prove the fallacy of this idea in her case, the dear old influenza attacked most savagely Pasteur, the "microbe-killer," himself, and his host of assistants. Does it not seem, therefore, as if the causes that produced influenza were rather cosmical than bacterial; and that they ought to be searched for rather in those abnormal changes in our atmosphere that have well

* "Colonel the Hon. George Napier will be prevented from attending the funeral of his father, Lord Napier of Magdala, by a severe attack of influenza at Davos, Switzerland."—*The Morning Post* of January 21, 1890.

nigh thrown into confusion and shuffled seasons all over the globe for the last few years—than in anything else? P!

It is not asserted for the first time now that all such mysterious epidemics as the present influenza are due to an abnormal exuberance of ozone in the air. Several physicians and chemists of note have so far agreed with the occultists, as to admit that the tasteless, colourless and inodorous gas known as oxygen—"the life supporter" of all that lives and breathes—does get at times into family difficulties with its colleagues and brothers, when it tries to get over their heads in volume and weight and becomes heavier than is its wont. In short—oxygen becomes ozone. That would account probably for the preliminary symptoms of influenza. Descending, and spreading on earth with an extraordinary rapidity, oxygen would, of course, produce a still greater combustion: hence the terrible heat in the patient's body and the paralysis of rather weak lungs. What says Science with respect to ozone: "It is the exuberance of the latter under the powerful stimulus of electricity in the air, that produces in nervous people that unaccountable feeling of fear and depression which they so often experience before a storm." Again: "the quantity of ozone in the atmosphere varies with the meteorological condition *under laws so far unknown to science.*" A certain amount of ozone is necessary, they wisely say, for breathing purposes, and the circulation of the blood. On the other hand "too much of ozone irritates the respiratory organs, and an excess of more than 1% of it in the air kills him who breathes it." This is proceeding on rather occult lines. "The real ozone is the Elixir of Life," says *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I. p. 144, 2nd foot-note. Let the reader compare the above with what he will find stated in the same work about oxygen viewed from the hermetic and occult standpoint (*Vide* pp. 113 and 114, Vol. II.) and he may comprehend the better what some Theosophists think of the present influenza.

It thus follows that the mystically inclined correspondent who wrote in *Novoyé Vremya* (No. 4931, Nov. 19th, old style, 1889) giving sound advice on the subject of the influenza, then just appeared—knew what he was talking about. Summarizing the idea, he stated as follows:—

. . . . "It becomes thus evident that the real causes of this simultaneous spread of the epidemic all over the Empire under the most varied meteorological conditions and climatic changes—are to be sought elsewhere than in the unsatisfactory hygienical and sanitary conditions . . . The search for the causes which generated the disease and caused it to spread is not incumbent upon the physicians alone, but *would be the right duty of meteorologists, astronomers, physicists, and naturalists in general*, separated officially and substantially from medical men."

This raised a professional storm. The modest suggestion was tabooed and derided; and once more an Asiatic country—China, this time—was sacrificed as a scapegoat to the sin of FOHAT and his too active

progeny. When royalty and the rulers of this sublunary sphere have been sufficiently decimated by influenza and other kindred and unknown evils, perhaps the turn of the Didymi of Science may come. This will be only a just punishment for their despising the "occult" sciences, and sacrificing truth to personal prejudices.

Meanwhile, the last death song of the cyclic Swan has commenced; only few are they who heed it, as the majority has ears merely not to hear, and eyes—to remain blind. Those who do, however, find the cyclic song sad, very sad, and far from melodious. They assert that besides influenza and other evils, half of the civilized world's population is threatened with violent death, this time thanks to the conceit of the men of *exact* Science, and the all grasping selfishness of speculation. This is what the new craze of "electric lighting" promises every large city before the dying cycle becomes a corpse. These are facts, and not any "crazy speculations of *ignorant* Theosophists." Of late Reuter sends almost daily such agreeable warnings as this on electric wires in general, and electric wires in America—especially:

Another fatal accident, arising from the system of overhead electric lighting wires, is reported to-day from Newburgh, New York State. It appears that a horse while being driven along touched an iron awning-post with his nose, and fell down as if dead. A man, who rushed to assist in raising the animal, touched the horse's head-stall and immediately dropped dead, and another man who attempted to lift the first, received a terrible shock. The cause of the accident seems to have been that an electric wire had become slack and was lying upon an iron rod extending from the awning-post to a building, and that the full force of the current was passing down the post into the ground. The insulating material of the wire had become thoroughly saturated with rain. (*Morning Post*, Jan. 21.)

This is a cheerful prospect, and looks indeed as if it were one of the "last songs of the Swan" of *practical* civilization. But, there *is* balm in Gilead—even at this eleventh hour of our jaw-breaking and truth-kicking century. Fearless clergymen summon up courage and dare to express publicly their actual feelings, with thorough contempt for "the utter humbug of the cheap 'religious talk' which obtains in the present day."* They are daily mustering new forces; and hitherto rabidly conservative daily papers fear not to allow their correspondents, when occasion requires, to fly into the venerable faces of *Cant*, and Mrs. Grundy. It is true that the subject which brought out the wholesome though unwelcome truth, in the *Morning Post*, was worthy of such an exception. A correspondent, Mr. W. M. Hardinge, speaking of Sister Rose Gertrude, who has just sailed for the Leper Island of Molokai suggests that—"a portrait of this young lady should somehow be added to one of our national galleries" and adds:—

"Mr. Edward Clifford would surely be the fitting artist. I, for one, would willingly contribute to the permanent recording, by some adequate painter, of whatever manner of face it may be that shines so saintly a soul. Such a subject—too rare, alas, in England—should be more fruitful than precept." †

* Revd. Hugh B. Chapman, Vicar St. Luke's, Camberwell, in *Morning Post*, January 21st.

† *Loc cit.*

Amen. Of precepts and tall talk in fashionable churches people have more than they bargain for ; but of really practical Christ-like work in daily life—except when it leads to the laudation and mention of names of the would-be philanthropists in public papers—we see *nil*. Moreover, such a subject as the voluntary Calvary chosen by Sister Rose Gertrude is “too rare” indeed, anywhere, without speaking of England. The young heroine, like her noble predecessor, Father Damien,* is a true Theosophist in daily life and practice—the latter the greatest ideal of every genuine follower of the Wisdom-religion. Before such work, of practical Theosophy, religion and dogma, theological and scholastic differences, nay even esoteric knowledge itself are but secondary accessories, accidental details. All these must give precedence to and disappear before Altruism (real Buddha and Christ-like altruism, of course, not the theoretical twaddle of Positivists) as the flickering tongues of gas light in street lamps pale and vanish before the rising sun. Sister Rose Gertrude is not only a great and saintly heroine, but also a spiritual mystery, an EGO not to be fathomed on merely intellectual or even psychic lines. Very true, we hear of whole nunneries having volunteered for the same work at Molokai, and we readily believe it, though this statement is made more for the glorification of Rome than for Christ and His work. But, even if true, the offer is no parallel. We have known nuns who were ready to walk across a prairie on fire to escape convent life. One of them confessed in an agony of despair that death was sweet and even the prospect of *physical tortures* in hell was preferable to life in a convent and its *moral* tortures. To such, the prospect of buying a few years of freedom and fresh air at the price of dying from leprosy is hardly a sacrifice but a choice of the lesser of two evils. But the case of Sister Rose Gertrude is quite different. She gave up a life of personal freedom, a quiet home and loving family, all that is dear and near to a young girl, to perform unostentatiously a work of the greatest heroism, a most ungrateful task, by which she cannot even save from death and suffering her fellow men, but only soothe and alleviate their moral and physical tortures. She sought no notoriety and shrank from the admiration or even the help of the public. She simply did the bidding of *her* MASTER—to the very letter. She prepared to go unknown and unrewarded in this life to an almost certain death, preceded by years of incessant physical torture from the most loathsome of all diseases. And she did it, not as the Scribes and Pharisees who perform their prescribed duties in the open streets and public Synagogues, but verily as the Master had commanded: alone, in the secluded closet of her inner life and face to face only with “her Father in secret,” trying to conceal the grandest and noblest of all human acts, as another tries to hide a crime.

* *Vide* “Key to Theosophy,” p. 239, what Theosophists think of Father Damien.

Therefore, we are right in saying that—in this our century at all events—Sister Rose Gertrude is, as was Father Damien before her—a *spiritual mystery*. She is the rare manifestation of a “Higher Ego,” free from the trammels of all the elements of its Lower one; influenced by these elements only so far as the errors of her terrestrial sense-perceptions—with regard to religious form—seem to bear a true witness to that which is still human in her Personality—namely, her reasoning powers. Thence the ceaseless and untiring self-sacrifice of such natures to what appears *religious* duty, but which in sober truth is the very essence and *esse* of the dormant Individuality—“divine compassion,” which is “no attribute” but verily “the law of laws, eternal Harmony, Alaya’s SELF.”* It is this compassion, crystallized in our very being, that whispers night and day to such as Father Damien and Sister Rose Gertrude—“Can there be bliss when there are men who suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the others cry?” Yet, “Personality”—having been blinded by training and religious education to the real presence and nature of the HIGHER SELF—recognizes not its voice, but confusing it in its helpless ignorance with the external and extraneous Form, which it was taught to regard as a divine Reality—it sends heavenward and outside instead of addressing them inwardly, thoughts and prayers, the realization of which is in its SELF. It says in the beautiful words of Dante Rossetti, but with a higher application:

. “For lo! thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be
To serve and honour thee;
And so I do; and my delight is full,
Accepted by the servant of thy rule.”

How came this blindness to take such deep root in human nature? Eastern philosophy answers us by pronouncing two deeply significant words among so many others misunderstood by our present generation—*Maya* and *Avidya*, or “Illusion” and that which is rather the opposite of, or the absence of knowledge, in the sense of esoteric science, and not “ignorance” as generally translated.

To the majority of our casual critics the whole of the aforesaid will appear, no doubt, as certain of Mrs. Partington’s learned words and speeches. Those who believe that they have every mystery of nature at their fingers’ ends, as well as those who maintain that official science alone is entitled to solve for Humanity the problems which are hidden far away in the complex constitution of man—will never understand us. And, unable to realize our true meaning, they may, raising themselves on the pattens of modern negation, endeavour, as they always have, to push away with their scientific mops the waters of the great ocean of occult knowledge. But the waves of *Gupta Vidya* have not reached these shores to form no better than a slop and puddle, and serious

* See “Voice of the Silence,” pp. 69 and 71.

contest with them will prove as unequal as Dame Partington's struggle with the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Well, it matters little anyhow, since thousands of Theosophists will easily understand us. After all, the earth-bound watch-dog, chained to matter by prejudice and preconception, may bark and howl at the bird taking its flight beyond the heavy terrestrial fog—but it can never stop its soaring, nor can our inner perceptions be prevented by our official and limited five senses from searching for, discovering, and often solving, problems hidden far beyond the reach of the latter—hence, beyond also the powers of discrimination of those who deny a sixth and seventh sense in man.

The earnest Occultist and Theosophist, however, sees and recognizes psychic and spiritual mysteries and profound secrets of nature in every flying particle of dust, as much as in the giant manifestations of human nature. For him there exist proofs of the existence of a universal Spirit-Soul everywhere, and the tiny nest of the colibri offers as many problems as Brahmá's golden egg. Yea, he recognises all this, and bowing with profound reverence before the mystery of his own inner shrine, he repeats with Victor Hugo :

“ Le nid que l'oiseau bâtit
Si petit
Est une chose profonde.
L'œuf, oté de la forêt
Manquerait
A l'équilibre du monde.”



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

UT cibum puer à matre non accipit nisi quem ipsâ monstrante percussit (*Vide* Jo Boemus Aubanus de moribus gentium—Baleares) l. 3, c. 26.

Oh, thou stern mother of a sturdy race
Of noble warriors of undaunted brow!
Regarding thee through the long ages now
An older mother's image we can trace,
Watching her sons with stern relentless face,
Calmer and even more severe than thou ;
Bidding her children in obedience bow—
The only penalty death's dark disgrace !

Yet can we doubt, oh mother, that thy love
Deep hidden in thy bosom warmly glows?
And Faith would teach us that in heaven above
A secret tide of rich affection flows
As deep, beyond gross matter's veiling glove,
For Nature's struggling children as for those?

C. E. B.

[The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for any opinions, whether religious, philosophical or social, expressed in signed articles.]

Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

PART III. — (Continued.)

THE ENNEAD. 9.

THE Ennead is the first square of an odd number, it was said to be like the Ocean flowing around the other numbers within the Decad ; no further elementary number is possible, hence it is like the Horizon because all the numbers are bounded by it. We find that it was called Prometheus, and "Freedom from Strife," and "Vulcan," because the ascent of numbers is as far as 9, just as the ascent of things decomposed by fire is as far as the sphere of Fire (the summit of the air), and Juno because the Sphere of the air, is arranged according to the novenary system, and "sister and wife to Jupiter" from its conjunction with the Monad. And "Telesphorus" or "Bringing to an end" because the human offspring is carried 9 lunar months by the parent. And *teleios* or perfect for the same reason, and also called "Perfect" because it is generated from the Triad, which is called "Perfect."

Attention is called to its being an emblem of Matter which ever varying is never destroyed ; so the number 9 when multiplied by any number always reproduces itself, thus :—9 times 2 are 18 and 8 plus 1 are nine : and so on as below :

$9 \times 3 = 27 ; 2 + 7 = 9$	$9 \times 12 = 108 ; 1 + 8 + 0 = 9$
$9 \times 4 = 36 ; 3 + 6 = 9$	$9 \times 13 = 117 ; 7 + 1 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 5 = 45 ; 4 + 5 = 9$	$9 \times 14 = 126 ; 6 + 2 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 6 = 54 ; 5 + 4 = 9$	$9 \times 15 = 135 ; 5 + 3 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 7 = 63 ; 6 + 3 = 9$	$9 \times 16 = 144 ; 4 + 4 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 8 = 72 ; 7 + 2 = 9$	$9 \times 17 = 153 ; 3 + 5 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 9 = 81 ; 8 + 1 = 9$	$9 \times 18 = 162 ; 2 + 6 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 10 = 90 ; 9 + 0 = 9$	$9 \times 19 = 171 ; 1 + 7 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 11 = 99 ;$	$9 \times 20 = 180 ; 8 + 1 + 0 = 9.$

In John Heydon's Holy Guide 1662, we find that he asserts the number 9 to have other curious properties :—"If writ or engraved on Silver, or Sardis, and carried with one, the wearer becomes invisible, as Caleron, the Brother-in-law of Alexander, did, and by this means lay with his Brother's concubines as often as he did himself. Nine also obtaineth the love of Women. And the 9th hour our Saviour breathed his last ; on the 9th day the ancients buried their dead ; after 9 years Numa received his laws from Jove ; note the 9 Cubits stature of Og king of Basan, who is a type of the Devil, and there are 9 orders of Devils in Sheol (what we call Hell). It prevails against Plagues and

Fevers; it causes Long life and Health, and by it Plato so ordered events that hedied at the age of nine times 9."

There are Nine orders of Angels, says Gregory A. D. 381., in Homily 34. Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels.

From a Christian point of view the numbers represent:—

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|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. Unity of the Godhead | 2. the hypostatic union of Christ. |
| 3. Trinity. | 4. Evangelists. |
| 5. Wounds of Jesus. | 6. is the number of sin. |
| 7. Gifts of the spirit. Rev. 1. 12. and Jesus 7 times spoke on the cross. | 8. Beatitudes. |
| 9. Orders of Angels. | 10. Commandments. |
| 11. Apostles beside Judas. | |
| 12. Original Apostolic College. | |
| 13. College completed by St. Paul. | |

The Nine Muses of ancient Greece were called daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne (Memory), and were Calliope, poetry; Clio, history; Melpomene, tragedy; Euterpe, music; Erato, love, inspiration and pantomime; Terpsichore, dancing; Urania, astronomy; Thalia, comedy; and Polyhymnia, eloquence.

The Novensiles are the nine Sabine Gods: viz.—Hercules, Romulus, Æsculapius, Bacchus, Æneas, Vesta, Santa, Fortuna and Fides. The Sabines became merged with the Romans about 266 B.C.

The Nine gods of the Etruscans were Juno, Minerva, Tinia, Vulcan, Mars, Saturn, Hercules, Summanus, and Veditus; the Etruscans also became united with the Romans.

Note in Macaulay's poem of "Horatius" "Lars Porsena of Clusium by the *nine* gods, he swore," in 506 B.C. Lars Porsena, led the Etruscans; they were then most powerful: from the Etruscans the Romans took much of their law, custom, and superstition.

It is by nines that Eastern presents are given, when they would extend their magnificence to the greatest degree, as mentioned in Compte de Caylus' Oriental Tales, 1743.

Barrett's Magus notes also 9 precious stones, 9 orders of devils, 9 choirs of angels—he copies from John Heydon.

Note in this connection the Nundinals, the Romans marked the days by letters into parcels of 8 days, and on every 9th day the people left their pursuits and went to the towns to market; these nundinals are a type of our Dominical letters, a set of seven marking out the 8th days. They also held a purification ceremony on Male infants on the 9th day of Life, hence the presiding goddess of this rite was called Nundina.

There is a Masonic order of "Nine Elected Knights," in which 9 roses, 9 lights and 9 knocks are used.

The Mahometans have 99 names of the deity. Some Jews have taught that God had 9 times descended to earth; 1st in Eden, 2nd at the

confusion of tongues, 3rd at the destruction of Sodom, 4th to Moses at Horeb, and 5th at Sinai, 6th to Balaam; 7th to Elisha; 8th in the Tabernacle; and 9th in the Temple at Jerusalem; and that his 10th coming as the Messiah would be final.

The ancients had a fear of the number Nine and its multiples, especially 81; they thought them of evil presage, indicating change and fragility.

Nine choirs of Angels, 9 orders of Devils, at the 9th hour the Saviour died.

Nine is also "earth under evil influences."

John Heydon "Holy Guide," and Ragon in his *Maçonnerie Occulte* thus associate numbers with the Planets.

Sun 1 and 4	Venus 6
Moon 2 and 7	Saturn 8
Jupiter 3	Mars 9
Mercury 5	

and the Zodiacal Constellations thus :—

1 Leo	2 Aquarius	3 Capricornus	4 Sagittarius
5 Cancer	6 Taurus	7 Aries	8 Lilia
9 Scorpio	10 Virgo	11 Pisces	12 Gemini.

THE DECAD, 10.

The Decad, number ten, or PANTELEIA which meant "All complete" or "fully accomplished," is the grand summit of numbers, which once reached can not be passed; to increase the sum we must retrograde to the Monad.

The Pythagoreans were entranced with its virtues and called it, Deity, Heaven, Eternity and the Sun.

Ten being the recipient or receptacle of all numbers was called Decad, from *dechomai*=to receive, and hence Heaven, which was ordained to receive all men.

Like the Deity it is a Circle, with visible centre, but its circumference too vast for sight.

It is the sum of the units of the number four as previously mentioned, a holy and Deistic number, thus $4+3+2+1$ are 10, and thus ten gains splendour from its parentage.

Also spoken of as "Eternity," which is infinite life, because it contains every number in itself, and number is infinite.

It is also called Kosmos, that is the "Universe." Proclus says: The decad is mundane also, it is the world which receives the images of all the divine numbers, which are supernaturally imparted to it.

It is called "the fountain of eternal nature," because if we take the half, five as the middle number, and add together the next above and the next

below, viz., 6 and 4 we make 10 and the next two in a similar manner 7 and 3 are 10; and so on 8 and 2 and 9 and 1 give the same result.

All nations reckon by the Decimal scale of notation, to which they were no doubt led from the convenience of counting the ten digits of the hands.

It is also spoken of as *Kleidoukos*, that is, "having custody of others," the magazine of the other numbers, because other numbers are branches from it: also called Fate, which comprises all sorts of events: Age, Power; Atlas, because it supports the 10 spheres of Heaven; Phanes; Memory; Urania; and "The first Square, because it consists of the first four numbers."

Two old conceits were that the Tenth Wave of the Sea is always larger than others; and that Birds laid the 10th egg of a larger size than the others.

The word Ten was used by the Hebrews, instead of "a large number," so that care must be exercised in translating this, and thus Nehemiah interprets "ten generations" of Deuteronomy, 23, v. 3, to mean "for ever." Nehemiah, 13, 1.

The Kabbalists called 5, 6 and 10 circular numbers, because when squared, the result shews the same number in the figure thus:

5 times 5 are 25	and	5 times 25 are 125
6 times 6 are 36		6 times 36 are 216
10 times 10 are 100		10 times 100 are 1,000.

An old periphrasis mentioned by Shakespeare is, "I'd set my Ten Commandments in your face," meaning her finger nails, for scratching. See 2 Henry VI. 1. 3.

The Mahometans say that ten animals are admitted to Paradise.

1. Kratim, the dog of the Seven Sleepers.
2. Ass of Balaam.
3. Ant of Solomon.
4. Whale of Jonah.
5. The Calf offered to Jehovah by Abraham instead of Isaac (not Ram).
6. The Ox of Moses.
7. The Camel of the prophet Salech.
8. The Cuckoo of Belkis.
9. The Ram of Ismael.
10. Al Borek, the animal which conveyed Mahomet to heaven.

"We find 10 generations from Adam to Noah, 10 from Shem to Abraham; and 10 spiritual graces of Christianity, Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, prudence, meekness, and temperance," says Dr. G. Oliver; although where he gets 10 generations from Adam to Noah, I know not.

Under 10 also falls the mention of the Pythagorean Triangle, Tetractys consisting of an equilateral triangle enclosing ten YODS: thus the upper is the Monad, the second line the Duad, the third the Triad, and the 4th the Quarternary or Tetrad: representing the four forms of point, line, superficies and solid. A similar form is given by Hebrew Kabbalists, to form 72 the deity number by placing in a triangle four Yods, three Hehs, two Vaus and onc Heh final, being the letters IHVH of the Tetragrammaton.



Note that ten is used as a sign of fellowship, love, peace, and Union, in the masonic third token, the union of two five points of Fellowship.

In the Bible we notice 10 Commandments, 10 instruments to which Jewish Psalms were sung, 10 strings in the Psalter, and that the Holy Ghost descended ten days after the Ascension.

Tucer, Rabanus, and Raymond Lully associate the numbers 8 to air, 5 to Fire, 6 to Earth and 12 to Water.

Apuleius states that among the Egyptians it was customary to fast 10 days, before sacrificing.

The Ten Sephiroth form the essence of the Hebrew dogmatic Kabbalah, a subject which is too vast and complex to be entered up in this volume on numerals. A mere glance at the Sephirotic emanations of the absolute Deity from the mathematical point of view is all that can be attempted; the Kabbalah Unveiled of my Rosicrucian Frater, S. L. Macgregor Mathers, viii° should be studied.

From the Absolute Passive Negativity, AIN proceeds AIN SOPH the Limitless, and then AIN SOPH AUR Boundless Light which concentrates in the first manifestation of the Sephiroth, which is the Crown, KTR, Kether: from Kether proceeds CHKMH, Chochmah, Wisdom, an active masculine potency, and BINH, Binah, Understanding, as passive feminine power.

These three form the Supernal Triad. The fourth and fifth are CHSD, Chesed, Mercy, active and male, and GBVRH, Geburah, Strength, passive and female.

The sixth sephira is the notable TPART, Tiphereth, Beauty, the central sun, the logos, the Manifested Son: this completes a second triangle, the reflection of the former.

Number seven is NTzCH, Netzach, Victory, active, and the eighth is HVD, Hod, Splendour, passive; the ninth is YSVD, Yesod, the Foundation, completing the third trinity, or triangle.

MLKT, Malkuth, the Tenth Sephira, completes the emanations, she is the Bride of Microprosopus, the Son, the Sun, logos, she is the inferior Mother, Queen, and the Manifested Universe. The whole Ten are viewed as reigning over Four Worlds or Planes of Existence; there are the Worlds of Aziluth, Briah, Yetzirah, and Assiah. Malkuth on the plane of Assiah alone is the visible tangible universe.

These ten Sephiroth are the prototypes of everything spiritual, and also of every part of creation: they are traced in the angelic host and in our universe, three superior, and seven succedent exist in all things; the lower seven are obvious to the uninitiated, but in some manifestations the supernal triad is veiled to the profane.

Some occultists phrase it thus—three are subjective and unattainable to *man*, seven are objective and comprehensible; thus, seven archangels are commonly named, and we have known only of seven great planets of our system.

But in some cases even the whole of seven are unknown; we acknowledge but five senses in man, but there are two more awaiting comprehension.

These Ten Sephiroth are not only viewed as triads from above below, but are also imaged in three columns entitled the Pillars of Severity, and Mercy, with the median of Benignity or Mildness.

But this scheme is not for this treatise, nor can the Sephirotic alliance with the Planetary symbols, the angelic host, the divine names, and the Book of Thoth, or Tarot be here described; these subjects present a gold mine of wisdom all concealed and undreamt-of by the outer world, but amply explained and illustrated in the secret rituals and dogmas of the mystic order now partly known to the world as the "Hermetic Students of the G. D." being the old Kabbalistic "Chabraith zereh aur bokher," from whose parent stem the Rosicrucian Fraternities also arose.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B., F.T.S.



CHRISTIANIZING THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

"LIEUTENANT WOOD of the United States Navy, says: 'It is not extravagant to say that the work of the missionaries in China and Corea has been absolutely without any result, except to hold them up to the ridicule of the natives. It has before been stated, and I concur in the belief, that there is not a Chinese convert to Christianity of sound mind to-day within the entire extent of China.' And this after all the vast sums of money expended, and large number of brave lives sacrificed to 'carry the gospel to the heathen.' It seems that the bible has never been translated into the pure Chinese of Confucius, but into a sort of lingo that bears about the same relation to Chinese that pigeon English does to pure English. Our missionaries to China are looked upon with pitying contempt by the better classes of Chinese, and by the common people with contempt without the element of pity—about the same as the people of this country (America) regard the Salvation Army, only considerably more so. It is no light task to convince an intelligent Chinaman that the Christian's bible is any improvement on the moral teachings of Confucius."—(*Golden Gate.*)

A Sakia.

SOME years ago business took me to Central America, and in the course of my wanderings there I had occasion to go to Cape Gracias, a small native settlement at the mouth of the Segovia River; the population of the village was about three or four hundred, of a mixed race of Indian and Negro blood, the latter predominating; many superstitions and customs of the African tribes existed amongst these people. Their principal occupation is fishing; this, and the cultivation of a few scanty patches of Indian corn and beans, being their means of subsistence.

No vessels now visit this place, excepting, perhaps, a small coasting craft occasionally. There was once a fine harbour, and the place was the headquarters of the buccaneers in these seas two centuries ago, but the harbour is now filled up with sand, and there is no trade.

Two Europeans lived here, from whom I received much information and many favours. As I was likely to be detained here some weeks I soon began to find time hang heavy on my hands, and mosquitoes and sand-flies made life so lively that even a cowboy would have failed to express his feeling in appropriate terms. Under these circumstances I was delighted when Mr. A. proposed that I should accompany him on an expedition up the River. He was about to pay a visit to a tribe with whom he had done a little trade, living in a range of mountains on the northern coast, known as the Congrehoy Mountains, which, although they are not more than 60 or 70 miles in length, rise to an elevation of 10,000 feet. Mr. A. had never been amongst these people, and had only on two occasions seen any of them, when they had come down the Segovia in canoes and had bought some goods from him. They had invited him to pay them a visit, giving him some directions as to how to find them, and upon the strength of this we started.

We had one canoe, or *pit-pan* as the natives call it, manned by six stout fellows, and with a small supply of necessaries we started from Cape Gracias at daylight. The men handled their paddles well, but the current of the river was strong, and our progress slow. About 10 a.m. we landed and had breakfast; the heat from this time till 4 or 5 p.m. is oppressive, the sun being then too high to throw any shade on the river.

We enjoyed a hearty meal of stewed iguano—for which one is likely to have a better appetite if the animal is not seen before being cooked—and at about 4 p.m. we resumed our places in the canoe, and pushed on up the river; not stopping again except for half-an-hour's rest till 10 p.m. We then camped for the night, setting a watch and keeping a large fire burning as a protection against the jaguars, of which there are

plenty in these forests. The banks of the river here began to be precipitous, the country being well wooded, with patches of savannah covered with long grass and bushes at intervals. The following day we continued our journey in the same order as before, but shortly after starting in the afternoon we were obliged to land and tow the canoe up a rapid, at a point where the river rushes through a vast gorge in the mountains; the fall in the river bed is not great, but the width of the passage being only about one third of that of the river above, the rush of water is very strong. The cliffs rise sheer from the water on both sides to a height of about 300 feet and the path by means of which we towed the canoe appeared to be the work of hands long since crumbled to dust. It required our united strength to tow the empty canoe about a mile and a half, and we were nearly three hours in making that distance. Having passed through the gorge we camped for the night, tired out. The river above the gorge was broader and shallower than below, with a slower current. The scenery became every moment more picturesque, for here the profuse vegetation of the tropics strove to cover the wild ruggedness of the huge broken masses of rocks, scattered in the wildest confusion by some bygone earthquake.

Out of every crack and rent grew lianas and creeping plants of great variety and luxuriance, which covered the rocks and trailed in the water, forming a scene of wild beauty. Another day's paddling brought us, early in the evening, to the mouth of a small river flowing into the Segovia, from the north. Up this we turned and in two hours' time arrived at what seemed to be the source. This place was a deep basin, nearly in the form of a horseshoe, surrounded on three sides by sloping masses of rocks overgrown with tropical plants and trees; a small stream tumbled down the rocks on one side and plunged into the pool over a ledge about 20 feet high.

Here we camped in the usual way, and slept soundly. Next morning, after a plunge in the pool and a light breakfast, Mr. A. and I started alone, as the Poyas had warned him not to bring any natives with him.

Following the directions Mr. A. had received, we found a path leading towards the mountains and followed it all day, halting for rest and refreshment for two hours; the path led upwards but not very steeply, nor was travelling difficult; we crossed several streams during the day, and as we saw no signs of the Poyas at dusk, we concluded to camp for the night. We chose a flat piece of ground under an overhanging rock, and having collected a good supply of wood, which was plentiful, we slept alternately without being disturbed. In the morning we again followed the path, and at about 9 a.m. we met six men; they had come from their settlement to meet us, we having been seen by one of their hunting parties the day before; a man had been sent at once to the settlement with the news, while the hunters had kept us in

sight since, which was very kind of them, but not sociable, since we were not aware of their proximity. These men were about as tall as the average European, of very fine physique, with black hair and eyes, and of an olive complexion; they were clothed with a kind of cloak of jaguar skin, worn over the shoulders, trousers of cotton, reaching to the knees and tied round the waist with a kind of scarf, made of the fibre of some plant unknown to us, and dyed in various colours; they wore sandals of hide on their feet, tied with strings of plaited leather and coloured. They were armed with bows about four feet long and very strong; the arrows were short but beautifully made and tipped with copper; they carried spears also, with copper heads and bamboo shafts about seven feet long; besides these, four of them were armed with the *Pocuña*, or blow gun. They spoke to us in Spanish, which only two of them understood indifferently well. They said they had orders from the "old men" to conduct us to the village; they asked us no questions and spoke in a grave and dignified manner. After stopping for some dinner and a rest, during which both parties were surprised to find that the use of tobacco was equally well known to each, we pushed on and reached the village about 5.30 p.m.; a messenger had been sent on ahead while we rested, and so we found the whole population turned out to receive us.

The village consisted of one continuous row of houses, built against the foot of a cliff some 700 feet high, with a small open plain in front, through which ran a stream, while opposite rose a huge mountain peak. As we came out upon the plain we were met by a body of men of venerable appearance; there were about 20 in number and some of them seemed to be extremely old. As we approached they bowed to us, at the same time drawing the left hand gently across the lips, evidently their mode of salutation. One of them then bade us welcome in a few words of bad Spanish, which we soon found was a language few of them understood at all. Their own language is soft and sonorous, and spoken with great rapidity. They conducted us to a house at the extreme end of the village, one which was evidently quite new, and was to be our quarters during our stay; one of the young men who first met us was appointed as interpreter for us, the rest then took leave; we were informed we should be expected to dine with them shortly, so we took advantage of the interval to improve our personal appearance as much as our limited means would allow.

While waiting for dinner, I may as well give some account of our surroundings. The house was built entirely of bamboo, strongly and very neatly put together; it was very deep from back to front, probably 60 feet, and about 20 feet wide, and contained several rooms of various sizes which all opened into a passage, running through the house along one side; there were no doors, only grass mats hanging over the openings; these were quite soft and dyed in various colours and patterns: ham-

mocks were suspended in one large room ; the rest of the furniture consisted of stools made of bamboo, a table in one room, which was a fixture, various vessels of glazed earthenware, some yellow, some black, chiefly for cooking, and two large jars full of water. Having taken in the details of the house, we began to study our neighbours' manners and customs. In front of the whole row of houses extends a verandah some 20 feet wide, and here are to be seen nearly all the female population of the village, for all the cooking is done in the open air, and all other domestic work also. These ladies do not make a very elaborate toilette; their costume consists of a cotton garment without sleeves which extends to the knee; and in the evenings, which are often chilly, they throw over them a large piece of their native cloth, which is dyed in various bright colours, and which they wear with considerable grace. They all take great pride in their hair, which is fine and black; they plait it in a peculiar manner and fasten the plaits with two combs made of shell and many of them curiously wrought. Some of the girls wore necklaces of what looked to us like small nuggets of gold. They regarded us with much curiosity, but at a respectful distance, nor were we able to make any closer acquaintance with them during our stay. We remained with these people six days, and very pleasant days they were, spent mostly in hunting and in exploring the country; during these expeditions we came upon many scenes of great beauty and grandeur and in two instances on ruins of towers. The evenings were mostly spent in chatting with the "old men" and smoking, the whole population being generally asleep by 8.30 p.m.; during these conversations we were often puzzled by hearing allusions to "The Sakia" and at last we enquired of one of the "old men" what the Sakia was; he seemed rather troubled by this question, and at last said he would consult the rest of the council as to whether he could tell us or not.

Nothing more was said on the subject, but the following night about 9 o'clock, the "old man" came to our house and said that if we wished to know more about the Sakia we must go with him at once. In a few minutes we were ready and set off with our guide in a direction in which we had not hitherto been.

He told us the Sakia was a wise woman who knew everything and could do everything, and they always consulted her on affairs of importance. We followed our guide in silence over many crooked but not difficult paths, the moon being nearly full; at last, after some two hours' tramp, we began to see that we were amongst the ruins of a city of larger dimensions than either of those we had seen before: then we saw the light of a fire, which appeared to be in the mouth of a cave, but upon a closer inspection was found to be in what was once the entrance of a temple or some such building. The space enclosed by the massive stone walls was about 30 feet square; the fire was in the centre of the floor, which was nearly covered with skins. As we approached

the arched entrance, we were startled by a fierce growl from within, and the figure of a large jaguar rose up from beside the fire; he crouched for a spring and we prepared to shoot, but the "old man" stepped in front and called in a low tone to someone within; a word in reply caused the jaguar to resume his sleep by the fire, and the strange inhabitant of this strange habitation stood before us. We had expected from our guide's description to see some withered old crone; what was our astonishment to behold a young woman of perhaps 20 years, tall and graceful, with a proud and dignified air. She was clothed in a garment made of the skin of the black jaguar, leaving the arms bare and descending to the knees; her black hair was loose and fell in heavy masses over her shoulders; she wore bracelets or bangles of gold upon both wrists and ankles, but we had no opportunity of examining them closely. Our visit seemed displeasing to her; she spoke to our guide with great animation for a few moments and appeared to cause the old man great uneasiness, and then disappeared in the hut. Our friend took us a few steps off, and then told us he was afraid we should have to go away, as the Sakia was angry with him for allowing us to see her; however we waited a few minutes, when we heard her begin to sing in a low, soft voice. After some moments the old man advanced to the door and spoke a few words; she then came out with a small wand in her hand and gave some brief direction to our guide; he at once began to collect wood for making a fire, and when he had a small pile he lighted it with a brand from the fire inside. While this was being done, the girl stood gazing, lost in thought, but when the fire had burned well up, she walked to a clump of bushes a few yards from the fire and poked amongst them with her wand, when a snake about 4 feet long crawled out and with a spiteful hiss reared himself for a spring. We recognized the snake at once as the Tamagassa, whose bite is always fatal within half-an-hour.

We were horrified to see the girl face this reptile and both of us were about to fire, when, with an imperious gesture, she stopped us, and holding out her right hand the snake sprang and hung from her wrist. She quietly advanced to the fire and shook the snake off into it, and, making no attempt to escape, the reptile was burned to ashes. We looked at the girl's wrist and saw the two marks of the snake's teeth, which had now turned blue, but without inflammation; she walked quietly back to the hut and sat down beside the fire, silent for awhile; then she began a conversation with our guide, which lasted nearly half-an-hour. After this, she rose and went out, we following, and she led us to what must once have been the terrace of this ancient temple. Some 40 yards from her hut the ground sloped down steeply, and was clear of trees or bushes; only here and there were scattered huge fragments of stone, the ruins of some large building. Upon the edge of this terrace she stopped, and waving her arms, she began to sing in a

low voice a chant ; her voice was singularly sweet and pleasant to hear. The song gradually increased in power till it rang out clear and distinct in the still night air. We were so intent upon watching our beautiful prima donna that we observed not the effect of her song ; our guide soon drew our attention to a number of dark forms, moving stealthily and rapidly towards us between the fragments of stone in front. We easily saw in the moonlight that these were jaguars, both yellow and black, probably about 20 or 30 in number. When within about 15 yards they all stopped as though they had reached some barrier they were unable to pass ; there they crouched, snarling and growling with rage and fury. Suddenly the song changed to a soft, sweet tone ; the effect upon the jaguars was curiously prompt ; their howlings ceased, and they lay on the ground, still, and with an evident sense of enjoyment. The Sakia continued this for some minutes and then suddenly ceased. The jaguars at once rose to their feet, but she spoke a few words in a quick, sharp tone, when they all turned and trotted off to the bush whence they came. The Sakia walked slowly back to the temple, and throwing herself on a pile of furs appeared much exhausted by her efforts. Our guide spoke a few words to her and then signed to us to leave. We returned to the village by the way we had come, reaching it just before daylight. When parting with us at our door, the old man said : "When you asked me what the Sakia was I did not tell you of these things which you have seen, for you would not have believed them ; now you have seen and know that these things are." We left the village the following day and returned to the spot at which we had left the canoe, being accompanied nearly all the way by a party of young men. We found the canoe and men there all right, and returned by the river much more quickly than we had come, having spent a very pleasant and interesting ten days.

WAIKNA.

 THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

LIKE a flash of light the through express
Flies over the silvery line,

Bearing its burden of human souls—
On, on through the gay sunshine.

There, at the throttle-bar, brown and grim,
His deep eyes looking ahead,
The engineer, in his oily clothes,
Stands firm and free from dread.

The track is his own, all must give way,
Yes ! See at the town, on there !

The morning freight on the siding waits ;
All is right ; no call for care.

Ah, God ! an open switch ! One move
And his bar is quickly reversed ;

Then the air-brakes drag. Jump, jump ! or death
On your soul will do his worst.

The engine lurches upon the switch ;
Just ahead there stands the freight.

He can save his train if he keeps his post ;
For himself ? Ah well, ask Fate !

A frightful crash ; the passengers saved,
With their faces white and dread ;
But under his engine, crushed and torn,
The brave engineer lies dead.

Think, as you fly 'mid the sunshine bright,
Or through the storm and rain,

B day and night, o'er plain and gorge,
Of the engineer of the train,

Think of the thousand of souls he holds
In his grasp, without a fear ;

Think of the strain upon nerve and on brain,
And pray for the engineer.

The Old House in the Canongate.

(Continued).

III.—THE WRITER REVISITS THE OLD HOUSE.

MR. DALRYMPLE paused, and rising from his chair, said, "I fear I must have wearied you, and you must think it strange that I should thus disclose the deepest and most sacred history of my life to a complete stranger—a history which has never passed my lips before. The cause is simple; you are, whether you know it or not, a natural sensitive, gifted with abnormal powers, and you are the first individual for many years who has penetrated into that old house. Hence you are exposed to dangers you have not the least idea of, and to me, the duty of warning you is as clear as it would be to lead a blind man whom I might find ignorantly straying into a nest of robbers and cut-throats, or wandering on the brink of hideous precipices. The duty is made still plainer by the fact that the house is mine, and therefore I am morally as responsible for the evil caused by it as though I kept a man-eating tiger. True, it was by no will of mine you were admitted, still you have been there, the influence has seized you to some extent, and I must protect you if I can, and I can do so only by telling you my own story, painful and gruesome as it is. I see, however, that my time is up for the present. Will you pardon me now, and come again to-morrow, if you are not over-wearied with an old man's tale, which no doubt sounds to you much like the wanderings of a superstitious dreamer lapsing into dotage.

I hastened to assure him that, on the contrary, I had listened with the utmost interest, and longed to hear the end of a tale more wonderful than anything I had ever read. Meantime I begged that I might be allowed to visit the old house once more.

"Yes!" he said, "there can be no objection now you have been once, only beware; keep your will active and your senses about you; there are many influences and they are evil. Allow them no foothold, yield not for an instant; the house is accursed, and the dwellers therein will be restless so long as one stone remains on another."

He bowed and was gone, and I slowly walked out into the bright sunshine, with a strange eerie feeling of having been in some other existence and of some great change having come over one. It was past midday, and I made my way as quickly as possible to the old house, determined to lose no chance of exploring it while it yet stood, and before the workmen had begun to despoil and ruin the old-world

flavour of it. The temporary excitement of the previous day seemed to have departed, only the ordinary High Street loafers were prowling about, the old house stood grim and secretive as ever, looking as though a whole world of secret wickedness were hidden behind its dull heavy walls. Strange, I thought, as I looked at it, that Mr. Dalrymple's experience should so curiously tally with my own, or rather that the influence, which evidently had dominated all his life, should have been felt by me, a total stranger, and felt at once on entering the house for the first time. Strange, too, that as he half indicated, his experience should be in a way the repetition of that of his grandfather; the whole thing seemed weird whatever way you turned it, and though at that time I always wanted, if possible, a material explanation, and strove hard to find one in this case, the complicated chain of coincidences appeared almost greater than the mind could grasp; yet I could not lay my finger on any one point in the story and say it was supernatural; everything might be explained by coincidence, nightmare or hallucination, allowing of course some latitude for imposture. It was the extraordinary hanging together of it all that made it seem the most improbable of all possible theories to attempt a materialistic interpretation.

With these thoughts in my head I knocked at the door; once more it was cautiously opened by old Peter, who looked cautiously out, and seeing who it was took down the heavy door-chain which he had kept up meanwhile and admitted me.

"Eh, sirs," he said, "but ye're sune back. Hae ye seen Mr. Dalrymple?"

I replied that I had and he had given me permission to come to the house as often as I pleased.

"Weel, weel," said the old man, "it's the first time I ever heard o' the master doing the like o' that; however I suppose it's all right, but tak' ye heed, young sir! ye cam' unco near seeing some o' them that walks here the last time ye were through the hoose, and min' ye though yon puir leddy, that folk say is Mrs. Dalrymple, is harmless enugh, there's other's that's aboot as wicked as old Clottie himsel'; no' that I've ever seen them, they never interfered wi' me, and I dinna heed them, but I ken far awa' doon among the foundations somewhere, there's that that a man shouldna name."

"Nonsense, Peter," I said, "down among the foundations I expect there are some beastly rotten drains, that ought to be dug out and disinfected as soon as possible."

The old man shook his head and muttered low:

"Aye! aye! Youth thinks it knows everything."

"Now Peter," I said, "I want to explore a bit, by Mr. Dalrymple's leave, and I won't trouble you; it's just this little room beside the hall, and what you call the Auld Laird's room that I particularly want to look at."

"Gude save us!" said Peter, "the verra twa places that ye'd better let alone. Weel! weel! Wilful youth maun hae its way; but see ye, if anything flegs ye, just ye cry on to me. I'll no be very far awa'."

So saying he gravely and solemnly withdrew to the back premises, and I walked eagerly towards the little room with the strang ecclesiastical mouldings; as I did so a strange scent came floating towards me, at first the musty smell common to all old houses, a smell of dust and decaying wood, yet withal faintly aromatic; the aromatic quality increased as I laid my hand on the carven door; it was a subtle, sleepy, sensuous perfume, suggesting luxurious vice, immorality in trappings of purple and fine linen. I opened the door; the light was dim, a fragment of what once had been a rose-coloured silk curtain hung over part of the window, the lower part had been boarded, a tiny bit of stained glass filled one space of the curious tracery. I suppose the dust and dirt and decay were as conspicuous here as in other parts of the house, but in the dim light they were not so visible; in fact the miscellaneous litter and rubbish of the room assumed strange, quaint and beautiful shapes. Still that curious perfume, which reminded me somewhat of patchouli and of musk, but was not gross as these are, but rather the inner soul of the scent as it were. Something moved on the wall—I started—it was only an enormous spider; the room felt hot, probably from the fact that the afternoon sun now just caught one angle, shining full on two of its outside walls, and one ray penetrating through a broken pane shot clear across the room, making a strange track of light on the floating dust and motes, and gleaming full on a strange-shaped brass implement, the like whereof I had never seen before, engraved with curious figures, and something like Hebrew letters within a double circle. I sank into a tattered arm-chair to try and take in the curious scene. Old Peter had carefully kept me out of this room on my previous visit. As I did so a fresh cloud of dust rose from the ancient cushions and circled round my head, gleaming in the sun and vanishing in the shade like living things, and all charged strongly with that strange clinging perfume. My eye fell on a torn scrap of writing close to my hand. I picked it up and tried to gather its contents; it was in a woman's hand and seemed to contain passionate pleadings by the writer, to some person of whom she stood in great awe, not to drive her to the commission of a crime.

"Is it not enough," so ran one passage, "that you have forced me again and again to go through the same horrible scenes—must I in yet another body expiate the old sin? Let me expiate it and go. I cannot and will not do that horrible thing again. The centuries that sap your forces have given me a new birth and increased strength."

Here the writer broke off into some incoherent phrases of Spanish, and as I was trying to master these I felt my hands tingle as though from an electric battery. The shock seemed to run right up both arms,

nearly paralysing them, and at the same moment a sensation like a cool delicate hand grasping my right wrist, and a distinct attempt to pull the paper from its grasp. I had almost lapsed into a state of dream, but this experience roused all my energies. I remembered Mr. Dalrymple's injunction, to allow no foothold to the influences, and with a great effort I shook off the sleepy feeling and got to my feet. I suppose I must have been half dreaming, and perhaps my arms resting on the elbows of the chair had got cramped, but when I got up I felt just as though I were waking from a troubled dream, with a half remembrance of having seen troops of beautiful ladies dancing in gaily decorated halls. Still there was the paper in my hand, and I carried it off with me. Sooth to say, I was afraid to stay in that queer little room any longer. As I passed out through the hall, my eyes fell on the picture said to be like Signor Hernandez; a ray of brilliant light from the now low westering sun fell upon it, and it gleamed with a strange distinctness, every line seeming to be thrown into strong relief, and at the same moment came across me the memory that in my dream in the little room that face had bent over me, while the beautiful ladies were dancing behind, those cruel sneering eyes had dominated my will, but how? or why? for I had never seen the original and until this moment his features had never appeared plainly to me. A dreamy feeling was coming over me which I did not like at all. I drew several deep breaths to try and banish it, but, instead of the renewed vigour I expected and looked for, I experienced a very curious sensation, as though with such breath the old house became more and more part of me—or I of it—I could not clearly tell which it was; my consciousness seemed, as it were, to pervade every hole and corner of it, till I thought I could see every room, every passage, at once, and feel and touch them all; those who have ever experienced the feeling will know what I mean; those who have not will never realize it from any amount of description; this, however would not do; it was plainly morbid and unhealthy, moreover I felt like falling asleep or into a trance; instinctively I doubled my fists and struck out several times as though boxing; anyone who had seen me would have thought me a lunatic, but it had the desired effect, I became calm and reasonable and wide awake again, and went upstairs to pursue my investigations. It was the room off the first landing that I naturally went to first, the Auld Laird's room as they called it, all just the same as when I was there before, and the same subtle aroma which even more instantly than yesterday suggested Spain to me; but in the rusty old mirror all was dim, no Spanish demoiselle now reclined there, or in the room.

I recalled Mr. Dalrymple's story, and resolved to open the little door which was in the corner beyond the bed, on the other side from the one by which I had entered, the looking-glass being in the opposite corner diagonally. Never in my life had I felt such repugnance to anything as I now did even to go near that door. I would have given almost any-

thing to turn and flee out of the house altogether, only pride kept me from doing so. Something horrible was there I felt; an exhalation as it were exuded from it and while it made my flesh quiver, and stirred the roots of my hair, yet it drew me with a certain ghastly fascination; I obeyed, and bracing myself as though for a supreme effort in a race, I went to the door and opened it. I was surprised, and if you will a little disappointed, to see nothing—a little landing, an old wooden stairway going down to the kitchens or offices probably, a few shelves with some worthless tattered books—novels of fifty years ago and the like—a little window looking on a sort of back green, such as was not quite unknown in Edinburgh at the time I write of, the whole papered in a dull sombre brown; but as I stood looking down a strange feeling of sinking or floating away came over me, a feeling that my body was too light, such as I once felt when under the influence of opium, and then I became vaguely aware of a figure descending the steps. I did not see it with mortal eyes but just became aware of it, as sometimes one becomes aware that a person has entered the room, though one's back is to the door. Immediately all my senses became vividly alive, and my attention was fixed with a concentration, which had in it something of horror and apprehension, on the descending figure, and the impression of it became more and more clear, till I seemed quite certain that it was myself who was going down into the unknown depths. This strange duality I had felt before in dreams, when I sometimes seemed to stand apart and look at my body with curious pitying eyes, but never when broad awake before; at the same time I felt icy cold, and as though all my vitality were being drained from me, the palms of my hands grew clammy, and I felt my hair growing moist. Still that figure, that was myself, descended the stairs, and still my consciousness followed it, though to the eye the lower part of the stair was invisible. At the foot of the stair was a large flat stone, part of the stone paving of the offices, and this seemed to the eye of my waking dream to grow transparent, as though its scarred and stained surface were but slightly tinted glass. It was a curious effect, which dreamers may perhaps recognize, but few others—at the top of the stair just inside the door from the Auld Laird's room stood I, myself, that is to the ordinary eye of the world, and I suppose any friend who had been there would have said that beyond all question I was there in as full material presence as I had walked down the High Street an hour ago; but far down below, and at that moment passing through the flagstone, as though it had been but a magic-lantern image thrown on smoke, was this phantasm of myself, my Doppelganger as I suppose the Germans would call it, and to my own consciousness what seemed I myself was conscious of both, of the material body leaning helpless in semi-trance condition against the door, with wide-open staring eyes, a body which, though I saw and knew every portion of it, I was utterly powerless for the moment to affect or control, and that strange phantasm which was my

body too, descending those dreary depths, drawn by I know not what horrible fascination, and with a growing terror, which seemed to react on the material body, whose cheek blanched, and a terrified cry seemed strangled in its throat. It was a horrible nightmare, intensified by the broad waking consciousness, but such as I am persuaded we sometimes go through in sleep, when we wake exhausted and terrified, yet mercifully oblivious of what we have been through. Vainly I strove to regain control of my body, to move, to cry out. Vainly I tried to recall that strange projected phantasm which seemed to have sucked out my vital force—my will was paralysed, only perception was enormously more acute and the horrid dream, if dream it were, went on.

J. W. BRODIE INNES.

(To be continued.)



About the Ego and the Unmanifested Being.

SECTION I.

THE CASE FOR METEMPSYCHOSIS, by Edw. Douglas Fawcett, (LUCIFER, Nos. of October and November), is an instructive, suggestive and learnedly-written treatise, which I have read with much interest and profit. There are, however, two important points to which I beg to demur, taking my stand upon Theosophical teachings, and inferences I have drawn therefrom. These last are possibly wrong, nor do I presume to offer them for more than they may be worth, which is not for me to judge. In the first place, is there such a thing as an "animal Ego," and is the human Ego a progress thereupon? In the SECRET DOCTRINE it is shown that the two monads, the *higher* and the *lower*, proceed from *opposite* points of the circle of evolution (vid. Vol. I. pp. 177, 178, Vol. II. pp. 45, 103, 421, 422). Seeing that Theosophical terminology is still somewhat backward, and in order to a clearer understanding between writer and reader, I shall, in this article, apply the word *soul* exclusively to man—and entities higher than man—as that which is *the vehicle of the Ego*; and *monad*, to that which, in the lower entities, is *the vehicle of consciousness* variously graduated. (Consciousness, in its wider sense, does not necessarily imply egoity.)

Now, the human soul proper is a resultant of the *fall* from a "higher" (albeit imperfect, or *inexperienced*) sphere of existence; whilst its *lower element* signifies a *rise* of the *monad* (the *animal monad*, as the latter means a rise for the *vegetable monad*, and this a rise for the *mineral monad*). I am considering the phenomenon in its *initial* stage or aspect. That lower *spurious* element, or *animal* psychic essence, is what is cast off, in Kama Loka, by the human soul, so far as it can be cast off. Ergo, the sphere of Kama Loka is the *nec plus ultra* of the monad, as it finally manifests itself in the human soul.

And this is quite logical, in that it is on a corresponding plane that the monad *began* its career, *i.e.*, what is usually termed the "astral" sphere, the world of prototypes. In this said world the last comer was the human prototype Human only by the grace of *form*; the respective entity could claim to be no higher category than the *sub-human*, the uppermost principle of which was the *monad*. So that there were four principal grades of the monad, originally, as there still are in the astral planes, *viz.*, mineral, vegetable, animal and *sub-human* (not human proper). It was by the union of *gravitating* "souls" with the "monads" of the *sub-humans* (and therefore with monads on the *rising* scale) that *human* entities first appeared—this is what the SECRET DOCTRINE denominates "perfected" or "finished" men (in contradistinction to the "mindless" men, or sub-humans), and simply owing to the *Ego's* advent. Hence, how can there be such a thing as an "animal Ego"? But of this anon.

Leaving, now, the initial aspect, for that of *continuity*, the "animal psychic element" in man (being the analogue of the monad in lower creatures and things) is that which comes by *heredity*, proceeding from the corresponding psychic essence of the parents (just as the monad, in animals and plants, is transmitted from parent to offspring—for, like the flame or light, a monad gives off its power to countless existences without that power diminishing one iota). Whereas the "soul" comes direct from its long rest in Devachan, and takes possession of the foetus by precipitating itself *into that lower element or animal psychic essence*.

Nothing of the kind occurs in the other kingdoms. This psychic essence (of the kingdoms), in its different types, is of course bound to *progress*, but not in an *individual* sense; its individuality only affects the *group* of essence manifesting under a given type. Doubtless, when life leaves a single plant or animal it is because the monad has withdrawn; for "life" is nothing else but the *sum* of the monad's occult *activities*, and not an element *per se*. What becomes of the monad which thus withdraws? It goes to a *higher* astral level than that from which it issued when it manifested on the physical plane; but it *does not return to earth* during the same round or cycle.* This requires some explanation.

The astral planes are the "reservoir" of the monadic types constituting four great divisions (embracing many sub-divisions), *viz.*, mineral, vegetable, animal and sub-human. The bases, as it were, of this reservoir are the original centres from which the physical prototypes issued. The *progress* of the monad implies *retrocession* of form (otherwise called the "law of retardation"). That is to say a group of monadic essence "progresses" by manifesting under a *type* of life corresponding to that abandoned by a group *in advance* of it, whilst the said type, developed by it on earth and abandoned when it withdraws, accrues to the group which *follows* it, and so forth (this will be made clearer just beyond). So that a *type* which has completed its physical evolution, is always *falling back*, serving at each break for an *inferior* monadic group (it is the *astral* power, or dynamic centre, of that type which "falls back," not objectively, but subjectively speaking).

The monad's progress is through successive stages *within* the Kingdom before it passes to those of another, etc. This progress being tantamount to *physical* evolution, it follows that the withdrawing monads go, for their temporary rest,

* The monad that withdraws leaves, or has left, its power in the *seed*.

to a *higher* astral plane than the one they belonged to at their departure from that sphere; and as they have no individuality, the in-flowing monads form one with the essence-group constituting that higher level. This signifies a *centre of consciousness*—a final course of the *dynamic* centre above mentioned—and the *power* of a *new* dynamic centre.* Each *astral* centre corresponds either to a *physical* group *in being*, or to such a group *of the future*. Now, it is not by that *new* centre that the physical species or variety from which it issued can be *influenced*. For, be it remembered, as Theosophy teaches, there is constant action and reaction between the physical and astral worlds. Besides the complex general aspect, there is a special one between an astral centre or subcentre and the corresponding species or its subdivisions. This special action from the astral plane—which may be something analogous to what is called “over-shadowing”—is, and cannot be otherwise than, *collective* as identified in a monadic group or centre. Well, this influence, as stated, cannot proceed from the *new* centre (since the latter constitutes an advanced mode of the law), and can only come from the *old* centre, *i.e.* that forming part of the “reservoir,” as I have expressed it.

Now—the case being thus briefly stated—it is quite conceivable that when a *species* on earth (plant or animal) is *dying out*, this results from the fact that that collective influence *has ceased*. For the latter will cease *before* complete extinction of the species. This calls for consideration under two heads. *Firstly*, if a monad can communicate its essence indefinitely without losing power, it is no doubt due to that *maintained* influence from the original centre. Therefore, when the latter ceases to act, the corresponding monads manifesting on earth will no longer be able to transmit their power without loss to themselves; whence a gradual subsidence on the field of manifestation. *Secondly*, as that centre depends as much on the earth monads as the latter do upon it,† a time must come when the latter’s progress is such that correspondence loses ground. That is to say, the astral centre (which does not progress, but merely subsists) is no longer in tone with the requirements of the *type* developed on earth. Therefore, on the one hand, the latter loses the benefit of that *staying* influence—and its extinction becomes a mere question of time (does not decline always follow upon culmination?)

Whilst, on the other hand, the astral centre has been left behind, as it were, the energy expended being in process of accumulation at that *new* centre,

* The escape of monadic essence identifies the *periphery* in regard to matter, and constitutes a centre of “consciousness” which is the power of a new centre of “force.” This, the dynamic centre (the *laya* of the SECRET DOCTRINE), develops matter, and is periphery in regard to consciousness, being the power of a new conscious centre. The “new” centre, of either category, may be a *material* or an *etheral* progress, according to the aspect contemplated. The whole process of evolution is an inverted manifestation of such centres, at one time developing distance, at another approximating. At the extremes only one is manifested. The inorganic state is a *centre of force*. Primeval superorganic existence was a *centre of consciousness*.

† But little light has been thrown on the subject of *elementals*, but that little intimates that elementals are a sort of parasites; and that a given elemental group will relapse into inactivity (in regard to its counterpart), except at the expense of that counterpart, its earth-correspondence. Giving and receiving are reciprocal; but in what the *difference* consists is the question. . . . The word “elemental” seems sometimes rather loosely used. As far as I can make out, the *real* elementals are those connected with the *inorganic* states. The others are of a more advanced category, and I prefer calling them “monadic types,” the highest order of which are the *sub-humans* the rest being astral counterparts of the *vegetable* and *animal* kingdoms.

as transmitted by the intervening physical type. It, the old centre, does not dwindle, however, or lose its energy; its inactivity only regards its ex-objective. Its energy is now concentrated on a *lower* group of monadic essence, whereby the type of which it is the power (and whose earth-career is over or closing) is in *retardation* (since it is objectivizing an inferior group), whilst the essence it formerly objectivized has *progressed* (the new centre).

What alone perishes—and for ever—are consummated effects, the intervening value, *i.e.* the physical species, in as far as this means *type* (a certain *form*, a certain *mode* of life, and a certain bye-law of *cohesion* the *three* lower occult activities, being properties of the *body*.)*

In view of what precedes, I suggest that the “vague conception” *exhaustion of prolific force* is nearer the truth, for explaining sterilisation, than *withdrawal of the animal Egos previously “informing” that force* (paragraph 205). There is no *rebirth* for the monad; no monadic essence returns to the physical plane under the *same type* wherewith it departed; and with regard to the lower kingdoms there can be no “informing” power having the character of an *Ego*.

As to racial sterilisation in man, there seems no doubt it arises from the dearth of Egos in respect of a given race, family, or individual couple. That is, as Mr. Fawcett tersely puts it: “no birth-seeking Ego, no birth,” and this is quite thinkable, in that, as the Ego’s cyclic level rises, the Ego-affinities will become more and more estranged from those of inferior, worn-out races, and such Egos will only seek incarnation in races of higher standard, etc. But this shows that the inferior or hereditary psychic essence (commonly called the “animal soul”) can have nothing or very little to do in the matter. It will merely constitute the dominant law of the foetus—*i.e.*, the *animal* or physical heat—up to the Ego’s advent, whereupon the foetus falls at once under the higher law—that of the *soul*, which is no doubt the power that determines the *sex*, and consequently the definitive mould of the person. Embryology has established that up to a certain period the embryo shows no difference of sex, and it is presumable that incarnation takes place immediately prior to such manifestation. Falling under the new law means that the animal life of the embryo becomes essentially dependent on the soul, to the extent that a withdrawal of the latter (whether the withdrawal be pre-natal or post-natal) is followed by death.†

* Observe the difference: in the case of mankind, *consummated effects* are *our*, not *three*; the fourth activity does not outlive Kama Loka. In other words, the “soul” depends on its *fifth* activity, the monad on its *fourth*.

† I may add that my idea of the process is, to state it briefly, as follows. The *psychic essence* of the embryo being of a panchi-kritan nature, whilst the *vehicle* of the Devachanic soul is of a tanmatric nature, the latter, at incarnation, is involved by the former, in consequence of a certain revival or manifestation of the latent tanmatric integrants of the embryo’s panchikritas (for each of the five grosser elements—panchikritas—is an atomic integer whose quintuple value is tanmatric). That is to say, the basic value of the *highest* panchikrita, “akās” (numerically the 5th), which basic value is the 5th tanmatra (also present, at various degrees, in the other four embryonic panchikritas), becomes the attractive influence exerted on the soul’s *lowest* tanmatra (numerically the 1st, which is the factor of cohesion, in whatever degree). Then, at precipitation—by means of the inverted correspondences of those two subtle elements—the panchikritan tanmatras and those of the soul assimilate or unite, each of the five with its similar, whereupon the tanmatric “body” or form—the soul’s *vehicle*—falls into latency, the vehicle now becoming panchikritan. But as the soul-tanmatras identify a higher plane (the *fifth*) than the embryo’s panchikritan tanmatras (whose genetic plane is the *fourth*), it is the higher law that prevails; and henceforth the embryo and its panchikritas are subject to that law, for energy in its ultimate is *tanmatric*.

This leads to the question, Is it possible that when an embryo has developed to a certain stage, no Ego should be forthcoming, or, in other words, that among the Egos seeking birth, there should be none with the affinity subjecting it to that particular attraction? It seems to me the answer must be in the *negative*. Otherwise we should have to admit the possibility of birth being given by a human being to a creature *without an Ego*, to a non-descript (!); or else suppose that such cases are met by the accidents classed as premature birth, etc. But it is hardly worth while to entertain such suppositions, nor would they advance the point chiefly under consideration—racial sterility. I quite agree with Mr. Fawcett when he says (page 201), that consciousness is the contribution of the Ego *overshadowing* a nascent organism. What I contend for is that the “overshadowing” Ego is not the analogue in man of what he calls an “animal Ego.” This I have sufficiently dwelt upon. As to the “overshadowing,” it may be suggested that as the Ego, when passing from Kama Loka (where it leaves the lower element) into Devachan, conveys an adhering vestige (*vasoma*, or aroma) of that element—being that precisely which impels it to rebirth—it is the sympathy between that vestige and the *lower* psychic element of a human couple that brings about the overshadowing, as the term goes. Consequently, it is inferable that, in the absence of any such sympathy or mutual affinity or overshadowing, in respect of a given couple, or of a given race, the said lower psychic essence *ceases to manifest itself*—that is to say, not only “no embryo can mature into a perfectly organized infant,” but *there will be no embryo whatever*.

 II.

“In the unity of Nirvana Spirit attains to complete self-realisation through the perfected Egos now restored to It. Perchance the drama of Evolution has this end as its justification, and tends in consequence, as M. Renan has suggested, to the perfection of Deity. Hegel’s profoundly significant teaching, to the effect that the Absolute is ‘*essentially result*’ cannot in this connection be too strongly insisted upon. Finality, however, in speculations such as these is beside the question” (Page 209).

This is quite admissible in the light of Pantheism; nay, I think it is the logical conclusion to which it leads. The question is whether Pantheism—as the word is commonly understood—is in agreement with the best teachings of Theosophy. In view of some texts, it is; in that of others, it is not, I mean as I understand them, while perhaps I have misunderstood them. Without going deeply into the subject, I may observe that the Great Breath which “never ceases” (SEC. DOCTRINE, Vol. I. p. 55, vid. et. pp. 14, 573), and is above or behind all manifested causes, is not presented in the light of a *constitutive* principle. No class of phenomena can be traced farther than the Logos (Iswara, etc.). If the Great Breath *never ceases*, even when the Universe has reverted to its germ-state, it stands to reason that the eternally Unmanifested Cause can have nought in common with that which proceeds from the germ.

The inferences which, I think, are to be drawn from the above, and other texts, are what may be summarized as follows. Eternity and time can never be

assimilated. Time is a mere correlative of all that springs from, and reverts to, germ ; it belongs to *Maya*. The Great Breath, the Never-manifested, the Changeless, Consciousness-one are equipollent terms, whose attribute is Eternity, and which may be rendered by the expression GOD-ONE. Nothing that is subject to Time can ever merge in the Eternal ; there is an abyss, so to speak, between one and the other, an impassable gulf. This does not imply that God is extra cosmic. God is not *at* the centre of any *thing*, but is *the centre* of every possible "centre ;" yet, while no centre is immutable—save the real centre—and every centre will yield a deeper one, the *real* centre, how far soever the depth were carried, is never yielded, can never be reached—it may be compared to the case of asymptotical lines. There can be no contact between Eternity and what belongs to Time.

Therefore *phenomenal consciousness* has not the essence of CONSCIOUSNESS-ONE ; it is only an *effect* of the latter. The *power* of phenomenal consciousness is in the indestructible germ. The Great Breath or Consciousness-one does not act *directly* on the germ—if it did there would never more be "germ," for, as the *power* of germ is *illimitable*, the resultant phenomena would be *eternal*—that is to say, the Unmanifested would have communicated its *essence* (eternal *actuality*). But as the latter is never communicated, there must be something—which *we* would call a medium—intervening between eternal action and what is *latent*, but which nevertheless is not a medium—for a medium must partake of the essence of either term. And this intervening something must be *limited*, else the effect would stand for ever ; and then adieu to phenomena whose essence is *change*.

. . . Now, that which *ever* and *only* is affected *directly* by the ceaseless act of the Eternal one, is FORCE in its *three* primeval modes. Force partakes neither of the essence of the One, nor of the essence of the Germ ; but on one hand, governs the potencies of the latter, and on the other *falls* and *rises* (so to speak) according as equilibration of its three modes is receded from or approached—but however far it may recede from, or however near it may approach to, the plane of that action, it will never participate in its essence—and indeed such expressions (*distance* and *nearness*) are false, being only apparent, or due to the aspect forcibly taken by us. The effect of said action on the germ *through* Force, is *phenomenal consciousness** and *motion*. This, because of the disequilibration of its three modes ; and although the latter, as consciousness, is prior to motion in its *cause*, it is not so according to *time*, and the two phenomena are *simultaneous*. In other words, the First Principle (Force)—sometimes called the Seventh—is manifested at the same time as the Second Principle (the *first* power of the germ)—sometimes called the Sixth Principle—whereby the two are for ever *inseparable* throughout the cosmic cycle. Strictly speaking the intervention in question is not identified in Force, as such ; but (1stly) in the fact that a *perfect* equilibrium between the modes of Force is never attainable ; and (2ndly), as stated, in that Force is *limited* by its modes. Were a perfect equilibrium effected the postulate that Force is *increate* and *indestructible*—as much so as germ is—would have to be abandoned. The indestructibility of Force resides in the fact that the action of the Unmanifested is *ceaseless*, and that Force being limited by its

* Which primordially is *conditioned* omniscience—*i.e.*, limited by the powers or scope of the cycle.

primordial moods,* and no one mode being able to preponderate without a *medium*—whence there will always be *two* against *one*, alternately—no perfect or *absolute* equilibrium is verified (the so-called “perfect” equilibrium is only *relatively* so). Which means that one of the modes, at least, must at all times answer to the influence, or respond to the action, of the Great Breath, covertly when not manifestly—aye, even when *pralaya* culminates. It is by its *illimitable* action that the Unmanifested is the true preserver of the *limited* factor. Indestructibility of the *germ* has its proximate cause in the indestructibility of Force. Although *things* are finite, the *powers* of the germ—measured by the interminable series of cycles—are *infinite*; but *entelecheia* must be *limited*, an act which has passed from the potential is subject to limitation; and the immediate alterant cause is Force.

To go thoroughly into the subject would exceed the measure of an article, but if what has been submitted have any value, is it reasonable to suppose that a phenomenal plane or centre (including all that is realizable in man) can ever assimilate with the plane or centre of eternity? How can the human soul, nay, the very highest angel soul or mayavic god, ever be conceived to merge in the bosom of God-One? How imagine that anything should “tend to the perfection of Deity”? † or that “the Absolute is *essentially result*”?! Aristotle, I opine, was ahead of Hegel and others, when advancing that essential energy belongs to God as his best and everlasting life (or, as commented on by Themistius, that nothing in God is *acquired*, quoted in Bohn’s ed.) and that the Deity is eternal and most excellent in nature (*Metaphys.* xi. 7, § 6), therefore *perfect*. If perfect, how in the name of Logic can Deity be perfectible? . . .

III.

I submit that the reason why most systems of *exoteric* Philosophy run into Pantheism, when pushed to their logical conclusions—whether they belong to the Western or the Oriental school of thought—is because the argument rests on *Cosmic unity*. Whence the consequences: the Cause of causes is a *principle*, that which to some degree communicates its essence, or answers to the sum total of possibilities, in short, that which is *constitutive*, and not merely regulative. Among the Easterns the Night of Brahma is the period when *all* is dissolved, or on the way to dissolution; and the Day of Brahma, when *all* is in activity, or on the way to action.

It has been said the UNMANIFESTED BEING should not be meddled with. If so, we might as well accept the dogma of the Catholic Church—“believe and hold your tongue”! which makes it the most logical of all *churches*. I take it

* *Harmony* in motion, *Inertia* in motion, and *Activity* in motion—not to be mistaken for unmanifested “action”—three in one and one in three. Or two *positives* and a *neuter*, through which the dominion of one passes to the other, the latter meanwhile acting as the *negative*—a mere *aspect*, for the negative, as such, is non-extant; till the “neuter” as *radically* untrue as the negative—becomes in its turn a positive, namely the phase of attraction called *gravitation*—for it is only *one* phase of a *triple* fact, that is, *latent will*; the other two modes of attraction being *manifested will*, one now prevailing in *organic* states, whilst the third, as a dominant, is the compatibility of *super-organic* states. With the latter objection we concur heartily.—[ED.]

† If, instead of Deity, *Gods* (plural) had been written, I would say *hear, hear!* (*Author.*)

that unless we strive to form a *sufficient* concept of the Great Unmanifested, it is *Metaphysics* that had better be left alone altogether. To attain to a sufficient concept of the Unmanifested, we should, I think, commence by the proposition: the "Day" and "Night" (of Brahma) only affect phenomena, and in nowise God-One. That is, during the Day *individualities* and their correlations are in divers states of activity, actuality or manifestation, or advancing thereto; and during the Night in divers states of rest, potency or germ, or progressing thereto. Whereas, on the other hand, there is neither Day nor Night for God-One, which is always *action*, as never being in a potential state. But then we should give up the notion that any period is *absolute*. Otherwise stated, *unity* is an exclusive attribute of the Unmanifested Being, and its action; whilst every period, however incommensurate, is only *relative*. Hence the Universe, in its aspect of *totality*, must not be considered as subject to *the same mode* of the Law in respect of Time and Space. The totality is a composite of universes; a universe is a composite of solar systems; a solar system is a composite of worlds and so forth. A cosmic period would thus be referable only to a *single* universe, having its Day and Night, its *mahamanvantara* and *mahapralaya*, etc. Consequently, there is *no period whatever* in which *all* is reduced to germ, and none where equilibrium is absolute. Albeit Time and Space (to say nothing of Matter, etc.) will cease as regards the *part* (meaning the process of a *change* in the *mode* of the Law, or the opening of a *new* period), Time and Space are always manifest in regard to the *totality*. Yet Time and Space are neither absolute nor eternal; they have a beginning and an end relatively to a single Universe; whilst as mere symbols of *change*, they are not assimilable from Universe to Universe (*i.e.*, one universe cannot objectivise another). A universe, *in posse*, will coincide with another or others *in esse*. Taking ours (all systems objectivisable by man, if he possessed the instrumental means) as the measure of comparison, there are universes which must be in advance, as there must be others less progressed.* The *mahapralaya*, or "universal" dissolution of a universe, begins at that point of time when no new solar system is in evolution, that is, when all the archetypal potencies of that universe are come into manifestation, or have been actualized.

* This seems to me a logical conclusion, especially since the appearance of that luminous work, THE SECRET DOCTRINE. By a careful reading of the same it will be seen that matters have been wonderfully simplified on more than one point, and that what at first was incomprehensible—because apparently illogical—has been made clear if not evident. Now, taking a sectional view, this new light shows that a *planetary chain* (space and matter), a *manvantara* (time and motion), and determined *human wave* (a given value of phenomenal consciousness, as I might express it) form three correlates of a certain line of evolution in its objectivity and subjectivity. The chain is a link in a sequence of chains, and that particular human wave will accompany the vicissitudes of the chains constituting the said line. This is but *one* of our solar system. Venus belongs to *another*, and will (comparatively speaking) soon cease to be a world, says the Master; whilst the Moon *was* the world of *our* line before the Earth took its place. Now, what does this tell us, if not that the *manifesting* world of one chain does not coincide as to Time, etc., with that of another; or in other words, that while some worlds are *in posse*, others are *in esse*, and that manifestation overlaps? Apply this to the universal scale, and it follows that there must *always* be a universe *in esse*, if not more than one, and that no *mahapralaya* is *absolute*. It shows likewise that the DIVINITY (ex-humanity) of our Universe will not only never merge in that of another, but also that it will never objectivise ALL that is *in esse*; and that it is as much bound by necessity to its own chain of universes, as the *adscripti* were to their soil. How childish then to hope to be lapped in the lap of the Eternal? How idle to talk of "immortality" otherwise than such as afforded by successive series of varied life—manifestation with their *respective* Nirvanas or Paranirvanas; that is to say, as anything save DURATION in *change*!!

Now, as all is subject to the law of the Spiral (which is a *necessity* having its cause in the three modes of Force, but would require a long digression to explain), while every sub-period is the analogue of another, no two are ever alike—this, from the very outset, which is *germ*, to the final close, which again is *germ*. Consequently, the germ never constitutes a reversion to the same condition *precisely*, as that which conditioned it at the outset; the progress attained to is degree, and is only measurable by *Maya*—it is the resultant of “experiences” This, likewise, would demand too much space to be sifted, and I merely wish to point out that it is the *powers* of the germ—and not Deity—which are “essentially *result*,” and which are *perfectible* (not in Reality, but under the law of *Maya*, which I have translated “Phenomenal Consciousness”).

To conclude. Space is not illimitable. Changes are illimitable. The chain of universes, and the series identifying each universe, are illimitable; but the phenomena (space, time, matter, etc., referable thereto) are *limited*. The *illimitedness* of such limitations is the only reality of phenomena, I mean, the only thing relating thereto which *does not change*. Withal it is not Reality, but its effect always *subsistent*. The Changeless (Reality, or the Unmanifested cause) and the Changeable are ever in presence. Spaces and periods are the objectivity of eternal subjectivity.

Phenomenal Consciousness is like a line that never meets another. If here, in the nether spheres, we are able to conceive that there must be such Another, rather such a “Beyond,” shall we not say that Consciousness, on soaring to its highest point (in *Maya*), must realize the fact *better* than we can, albeit TRUTH can never be realized? Truth is as near our plane as it is to that height, for it is omnipresent—*Maya* is that which ever stands away from Truth. The difference, then, is this, namely, here we vaguely perceive the *necessity* of that Beyond; there, at the apogee of Consciousness, *knowledge* exists of such necessity; and it is believable such knowledge includes the *certainty* that the Beyond is *unattainable*. Speculation at one end, Certitude at the other. Why? Because, in proportion as mayavic Consciousness enlarges its horizon, the laws of *Maya* or Nature become more and more familiar to it, so that Consciousness ends by mastering all the laws, and every secret referable *to its cycle* (i.e. to its universe, its time, its space, its circle of phenomena, etc.). That knowledge, at the culmination of a great cosmic cycle,* to whatever time, etc. it belong, is the key to the arcanum, and discloses two supreme items: rstly, that the Beyond (which Consciousness *knows* to exist, but cannot fathom, nor objectivize) is for ever *closed* to it; 2ndly, that it has reached the *nec plus ultra* of *its* time, but likewise that the *nec plus ultra* is nowhere for it in relation to *all* times. (This refers to Humanity as a whole; but the *individual* may realize that knowledge long before the cycle ends, only. . . . very few *do*.)

There is nothing pessimistic in this. In order to rise to that *certitude* man must merge in the bosom of mayavic (or subject) Divinity. We men aspire to eternity; in our blind idiotcy nothing less will satisfy us. Divinity—ex-humanity—is resigned. . . 'tis not the word, *rejoices*; for it is at the pinnacle of Wisdom. It knows that to realize Eternity is not within the Law. It does not aspire to contradict; its happiness is to *know* that *it knows* such to be the Law Ultimate

* That is, the so-called “unity,” or Cosmic Soul, pre-existing and post-existing (the extreme aspects), manifesting its true character, the *multiple* in abeyance

truth must for ever remain sealed up and impenetrable to it. . . Such is PARANIRVANA, not of the schools, but logically interpreted.*

The end of a cosmic cycle must differ from its advent. Conditioned omniscience is not of the same nature at one juncture as at the other. At the opening, the manifestation first in order is *Resistance*; at its close, all is *Obedience*. That former phase means Happiness in Ignorance (want of "experiences," still in contingency); the Peace of Innocence, followed by the Fall. The final phase is equivalent to Happiness in Knowledge and Wisdom; it is Redemption, and HARMONY in its loftiest aspect. The exit from Nirvana or Paranirvana signifies the gradual unfolding of the germ, or re-manifestation of *individualities*. Entrance into that, or those states, is tantamount to the process by which individualities revert to germ. When this is accomplished, nothing of a Universe remains *manifest* save a grand centre of Phenomenal Consciousness. But that does not prevent other Universes being in existence; albeit Consciousness-one, the Eternal, can alone objectivize them.

V. DE F.

* Paranirvana, no less than Nirvana, belongs to Time, a Mahamanvantara at the longest. Is it not rather inconsistent in those who, on one hand, represent Nirvana or Paranirvana (the ultimate aim of Soul, or the Ego) to be an "eternal" state; and on the other hand, have it that the great cosmic cycle (*mahamanvantara*) is only one in a sequence without beginning and without end? This involves periodic *entrance* into, and *exit* from, Nirvana. Nothing that changes can ever be *eternal*. *Everything* that changes must performe belong to Time, or rather to *times*.

[This is just what one of the greatest of India's mystic sons, the late Pundit and Swami, Dayanand Saresvati taught, and just what occult philosophy teaches. ED.]



"KUNDALINI."

"TAKE our two Serpents, which are to be found everywhere on the face of the Earth; they are a living male and a living female (understand in relation to the spirit always without all corporeal allusion); tie them in a *love knot* and shut them up in the *Arabian Curaha*. This is the *first* labour; but the *next* is more difficult. Thou must incamp against them with the *fire of nature*, and be sure thou dost bring thy *line* round about, *circle* them in and *stop* all *avenues* that they find no *relief*. Continue this *siege patiently* and they turn into an ugly venomous, black *toad*, which will be transformed into a horrible devouring *dragon*, creeping and weltering in the bottom of her *cave* without *wings*. Touch her not by any means, continues the Adept, not so much as with thy hands, for there is not upon earth such a vehement transcendant poison. As thou hast begun, so proceed, and this dragon will turn into a *swan*, but more white than the hovering virgin *snow* when it is not yet *sullied* with the *earth*. Henceforth, I will allow thee to *fortify* thy *fire*, till the *Phoenix* appears. It is a *red bird* of a most deep *colour* with a *shining fiery hue*. Feed this *bird* with the *fire* of his *father* and the *ether* of his *mother*; for the first is *meat*, the second is *drink*, and without this last he attains not to his *full glory*.

"Be sure to understand this *secret*; for *fire* feeds not *well* unless it be *first fed*. It is of itself *dry* and *choleric*, but a *proper moisture* tempers it, gives it a *heavenly complexion* and brings it to the *desired exaltation*. Feed thy *bird* thus as I have told thee and he will *move* in his *nest*, and *rise* like a *star* of the *firmament*. Do this and thou hast placed *nature* in the *horizon of Eternity*. Thou hast performed that command of the Cabalist, '*Unite the end to the beginning as the flame is united to the coal; for the Lord is superlatively one and admits of no second.*' (Liber Jezirah, Cap. 1.) Consider what it is you seek — you seek an indissoluble, miraculous, transmuting uniting union; but such a *tie* cannot be without the *first unity*. For to create and to transmute *essentially* and naturally without *violence* is the first proper office of the *first power*, the *first wisdom*, and the *first love*. Without this *love* the *elements* will never be *married*, they will never *inward* and *essentially unite*, which is the *end* and *perfection* of Magic."

Vaughan's "Lumen de Lumine," p. 62 et seq.

The Numerical Basis of the Solar System.

“The whole of the reasoning upon which the determination of the Solar System in space rests, is based upon the entire exclusion of any *law*, either derived from observation or assumed in theory, affecting the amount and direction of the real motions both of the sun and stars. It supposes an absolute non-recognition in those motions of any general directive cause, such as, for example, a common circulation of all about a common centre. Any such limitations introduced into the conditions of the problem of the solar motion would alter *in toto* both its nature and the form of its solution.”

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

THE above statement, coming from such a source, must be accepted as formulating the no-system upon which existing Astronomy is founded. For while various theories and hypotheses have been constructed, both before and since the time of Sir John Herschel, designed to account for certain specific phenomena of the so-called Science of Astronomy, the general accomplishment has been purely empirical and without comprehensive result. To such an extent is this the case, that existing Astronomers differ widely in their statements of the simplest facts regarding the elements of the planets, while the phenomena relied upon to demonstrate these facts, or any of them—such as the transits of Venus, for instance—have proved misleading, and have only served to display the inexact results to be obtained from the use of instruments in such cases. With regard to the calculation of eclipses, and of the orbital paths and periodic returns of comets and of meteoric showers, these are purely mathematical problems, and, however complicated, are not abstruse nor even difficult to the competent mathematician. It seems extraordinary, however, that perceiving the inter-relation that is measurably demonstrated by such calculations, Astronomers should not have devoted themselves to seeking out the law, or laws, which, it would appear, must control and direct the manifest agreement of planetary movements. Meanwhile, whatever laws have been accidentally discovered which affected these movements have been found susceptible of numerical expression. Such, for instance, are Kepler's three laws governing the orbital motion of the planets, his law of the diminution of light in proportion to the inverse square of the distance, and his law that “the attractive force of the sun decreases as his light” (a statement which should have long since drawn attention to the subject under consideration by the present writer); such is Newton's law of the attraction of gravitation; such is Bode's law of the proportioned distances between the planets; and such, finally, is the more recently discovered law of sun-spot periodicity. When to these we add Kepler's discovery of the dependence of the curvature of the path of the planets upon the attraction of the sun, and the proportional relation of the mutual attraction of bodies to their respective masses—it is

surprising that the harmony between these various laws should not have invited Astronomers to the discovery of the source of all of them. It is the misfortune of science that the least adventure into its domain on the part of persons who are not devoted to it professionally, is too often viewed by the scientific class as an intrusion, and the result of the labours of such persons is not even esteemed to be worthy of examination. This is peculiarly the case in the instance of professional astronomers in our own time; and the difficulty of overcoming such a prejudice has doubtless frequently deterred from the public expression and demonstration of their views many students who have been led by enthusiasm and natural bent, perhaps combined with incidental discovery, to most valuable and important researches.

One great and growing disadvantage under which modern astronomy labours is the entire surrender of the science into the hands of those who depend upon the telescope for all they know. And how very little is it generally understood that for the great immutable *laws* of astronomy the world is indebted—not to finite and unreliable instruments, but to the human intellect, and to that reasoning which has been conducted within the seclusion of the closet, and with utter disregard for material agencies. All the great discoveries of the Chaldean, Egyptian and Greek Astronomers, and of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Newton, Kepler, Bode and Arago, were made without the use of instruments: not including those of Galileo made by means of the telescope—which he himself invented—and which were not great, in the sense in which the word is here used.

To define as the science of Astronomy the mere art of establishing measurements through the application of mathematical instruments, and the discovery of stars, comets or asteroids by means of the telescope, is to err in the primary conception of its meaning. The Greek roots of the word—"astron"—constellation, star; "nomos," law or rule, sufficiently denote this. And any attempt at the *discovery* of laws and rules, by means of instruments, must ever be faulty: at best, these can only be used for their practical demonstration. Yet the accepted figures in which are recorded the angular velocities of the planets, have been obtained by such doubtful means as the comparison of recorded observations through the telescope—in every instance except the Earth. As might naturally be supposed, the results thus gained through the observations of different telescopic observers vary widely from each other: so much so, indeed, that Sir John Herschel, in referring to the accepted theory of the angular velocity of the planet Venus, derived from observation of the movement of the spots discerned upon that planet by means of the telescope, stated his want of confidence in such demonstration, and broadly asserted that he did not believe any astronomer knew the angular velocity of Venus.

"The best informed astronomers of the present day look with suspicion on nearly all these observations, being disposed to sustain the view of Herschel (which was against the theory). . . . The balance of probabilities is largely in favour of the view that the rotation of Venus on its axis has never been seen or determined by any of the astronomers who have made the planet an object of study."
(*"Newcomb's Popular Astronomy"*. Harper's Edition, 1878, p. 292.)

The observations concerning the rotation of the other planets are no more trustworthy than those regarding Venus, yet the figures of one and all are given in all the astronomies.

At the annual meeting for 1883 of the National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Hastings read a paper in which he had recorded his belief that the accepted theories regarding the sun's atmosphere would have to be abandoned, and that, in fact, the whole question of the solar elements' constitution and action must be reopened. In these two cited instances of accepted authority disputing accepted theory, we have some indication of the grave discrepancies which exist among astronomers themselves, concerning simple yet vitally important elements of the structure and motions of the solar system. In recounting certain of the figures expressing others of these elements, we shall presently have occasion to exhibit the wide diversity existing among astronomers concerning these also. It would certainly appear, then, that the part of modesty and not that of prejudiced and dogmatic negation of every attempt—even on the part of laymen—to elucidate astronomical phenomena and solve astronomical problems, would most become those astronomers who cannot agree with each other, and whose theories are hardly constructed before they are overthrown. The dominion of Law in all departments of Nature has been enunciated in modern times by such recognized authorities as Oersted, Grove, Henry Thomas Buckle, the Author of "The Vestiges of Creation," Herbert Spencer, Darwin, W. Stanley Jevons, Walter Bagehot, Henry Drummond and the Duke of Argyll—each having reached the same conclusion through widely different research.

The laws discovered and formulated by the earlier astronomers are conceded by those persons of our own day who assume that denomination as expressing their own profession. But concerning discoveries or recorded facts which tend to show the existence of still other laws bearing upon astronomy, these individuals sternly set their faces against them, belittling and ridiculing them as "Coincidences," than which no other word in the language, unless it be its congener, "accident," is so utterly misleading and so generally misused.

The earliest recorded investigations in Astronomy were solicitously concealed from the vulgar mind by being hidden in mystical utterance, the most of which is still inexplicable. Much of this knowledge is to be found set down in the works of Plato and Aristotle, in the Oracles of Zoroaster, the Orphic Hymns, and in the Mythologies of India, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Scandinavia, Mexico and South America. Now it is an extraordinary thing that while the perfectly lucid philosophy which was enunciated by the ancient teachers has been accepted and become the foundation of modern systems—that knowledge which they considered so important as to hide it with the closest caution in enigmatical writing, is deemed to be without sufficient value to demand or reward study and analysis. And the bearing of such writings upon the matter under present discussion is this: that the ancient and mystical writers exhibit in their work a profound recognition and knowledge of the "Reign of Law" in the domain of the stars and the planets, while they invariably though often only inferentially, manifest a conception that such Law is susceptible of numerical expression.

It is to demonstrate in some feeble degree the accuracy of this judgment, and to illustrate by possibly novel instances the practicability of reaching scientific conclusions by pure reason and analogy, and to apply this to the *real* science of Astronomy, that the present effort is made.

A series of investigations, begun in the winter of 1882-3 and continued at

intervals ever since, led the writer step by step to certain novel discoveries in the mathematics of Astronomy, and the further he advanced the more he became satisfied that he was on the road to the development of certain laws upon which the movements of the planetary bodies depended, and which had not previously been made known. The purpose of the present paper is the setting forth of the nature of these laws, and the evidences that tend to demonstrate their existence.

To begin with the question of the rotation periods of the planets, it is to be observed that the authorities differ as to these, and, to refer to Herschel's opinion, already mentioned, there is no positive certainty as to the exactness of any of the assertions regarding them, from the fact that they have been reached by telescopic observation and combination of results. Such observation, made through human eyes, by means of the telescope, the vision penetrating through one atmosphere and sometimes two, of varying conditions of density, could hardly be defined as certainly accurate. When it is considered, also, that they are made from the surface of a revolving sphere, moving in its orbit at the rate of 1,637,673 miles per day, and having reference to other objects, some of which have a still greater velocity—to contend that any conclusions thus reached unless they agree with each other, are mathematically accurate, is, to say the least, largely arrogant. And as to this, it is to be observed that five recognized authorities, in giving the angular velocities of the planets, differ in twenty instances in the six planets given. Thus Mercury is given in three different sets of figures, Venus in five, the Earth in two, Mars four, Jupiter three and Saturn three. "When doctors disagree, who shall decide?"

These differences are, as to a twenty-four hour period for the four inner planets: between 23h. 16m. 19s. in the case of Venus, and 24h. 37m. 23s. in that of Mars. And, as to the four outer planets, between 9h. 30m. in the case of Uranus, and 10h. 29m. 17s. in that of Saturn, including also several varieties of statement, the period of Neptune not being given. No astronomer has yet formulated any cause for the difference between the periods of the inner and outer planets, amounting to an average of 2.29 times. It is respectfully submitted that if a new law can be established with regard to the motions of these planets on the basis of a twenty-four hour and a ten hour period, respectively, there is nothing in the varying statements on the subject which have been vanished by the authorities, that should militate against the acceptance of that law.

It is well known by mathematicians that there are certain numbers, whose powers are exceptional and frequently inexplicable. An instance of this nature is offered in the fact that if the diameter of a planet be multiplied by $.13=08$ it will give the angular velocity (rotation speed). Now $.13=08$ is $1/24$ of Π (Pi), the ratio of the diameter to the circumference of a circle. This fact alone, in its application to the planets, fully justifies the assumption of a twenty-four hour period.

It is a fact that the angular velocity of every planet bears a direct relation to its diameter. So far is this the case, that by simple proportion it can be proven in the instance of every planet: thus, 1st. Law: *The axial velocities (angular) of the planets are—as their diameters.*

EXAMPLE I.

	Diameter. miles.	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Mars	4363	570.8
Mercury	3058	400.28.
<i>Proportion</i> : 3,058 : 4,363 :: 400.28 : 571.		
Sum :	400.28	
	43.63	
	<hr/>	
	1200 84	
	2406 8	
	120084	
	<hr/>	
	160112	
		3058)174642164(571.0
		15290
		<hr/>
		21742
		21406
		<hr/>
		3361
		3058
		<hr/>
		3036

EXAMPLE II.

	Diameter miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Earth	7926	—
Venus	7510	982.5
<i>Proportion</i> : 7510 : 7926 :: 982.5 : 1036.9		
And 1036.9 is the axial velocity of the Earth.		

This process can be conducted with certainty with regard to the four inner planets, or any of them, and the same is true concerning the four outer planets : Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

EXAMPLE III.

	Diameter. miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Jupiter	84.846	—
Saturn	70.136	21.041
<i>Proportion</i> : 70.136 : 84.846 :: 21.041 : 25.454.		
And 25.454 miles per hour is the axial velocity of Jupiter.		

And now, in order to test finally the accuracy of this law, we will apply it to the planet Neptune, whose axial velocity has not been discovered or announced by the astronomers. And first comparing with the planet Jupiter, we have :—

EXAMPLE IV.

	Diameter. miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Jupiter	84.846	25.454
Neptune	37.276	Unknown.
<i>Proportion</i> : 84.846 : 37.276 :: 25.454 : 11.1828		

EXAMPLE V.

	Diameter miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Saturn	70.136	21.041
Neptune	37.276	Unknown.
<i>Proportion</i> : 70.136 : 37.276 :: 21.041 : 11.182		

EXAMPLE VI.

	Diameter miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Uranus	33.246	9.973.8
Neptune	37.276	Unknown.

Proportion : 33.246 : 37.276 :: 9.973.8 : 11.182

It will hardly be asserted that this proportion would hold exactly in the case of the relation between Neptune and the three other outer planets, if the law were not correctly defined and applied : it may therefore be stated that here is demonstrated the discovery of the angular velocity of the planet Neptune, never before known. Now, it will be undoubtedly alleged by the astronomers that—given twenty-four and ten hour periods, respectively, the velocity must necessarily be in proportion to the diameter, but that these not being the admitted periods, exactly, the law is therefore fallacious.

Concerning the value of the professed exactness of the periods, as given by the authorities, sufficient has been said ; but assuming the stated periods to be correct—what force can be named, sufficient, and of a suitable nature, to move the planets on their axes and in their orbits, a force necessarily acting upon the superficial diameters of the planets? Certainly it could not be gravity (which acts on the mass) nor any other attractive force with which we are acquainted. The only force which can act only on half a sphere at a time—is *Light*. It is held, therefore, in this paper, and as a part of the theory involved that the force is *Light*, and evidences will now be given to prove this by demonstrating the law in its power over the orbital motions of the planets.

Rule I. Multiply the sq. root of the semi-diameter of the orbit of any planet by its orbital velocity, divide the product by the orbital velocity of any other planet, the quotient will be the sq. root of the semi-diameter of the orbit of the second planet :—

EXAMPLE I.

	Sq. root, semi-diam. of orbit	Orbital veloc., miles per hour.
Earth—	9505.5	68.218
Mars—	11790.	55.000

Sum :	11,790	
	55000	
	<hr/>	
	58950000	
	58950	
	<hr/>	
	68,218)648450000(9505.5	
	613962	
	<hr/>	
	344880	
	<hr/>	
	371090	
	<hr/>	
	379000	
	<hr/>	
	341090	
	<hr/>	
	3791000	

EXAMPLE II.

	Sq. root semi.-diam. of orbit.	Orbital velocity, miles per hour.
Mars,	11790	55,000
Jupiter.	21616.46	30,000
Sum :	21616.4	
	30000	
	11790)648493800.00(5500.3	
	58950	
	58993	
	58950	
	43800	

Here the exactness of the result is quite wonderful considering the material supplied by the astronomers. We are handicapped by discrepancies in the figures to be found in the authorities. It is a fact that, concerning all the elements of the planets, no two authorities agree. But even an approximation in result, under such circumstances, is sufficient to establish the rule applied, and it is needless to multiply examples.

It has thus been shown that as there is an inter-relation among the planets as to their rotation, there is also an inter-relation in regard to their revolution in their respective orbits. And this inter-relation is shown in a most remarkable manner in the following fact, which is offered as a numerical law of astronomy.

Rule II. If the orbital velocity of a planet be multiplied by the square root of the semi-diameter of the planet's orbit, the result will be, in the case of every planet, the same sum in millions, differing below from discrepancies between authorities.

PLANETS.	SQ. ROOT OF SEMI.-DIAM. OF ORBIT.		ORBITAL VELOCITY.		
Mercury	5949.4	X	109000	=	648,484,600
Venus	8076.69	X	80292	=	648,446,199
Earth	9505.5	X	68218	=	648,450,000
Mars	11790.	X	55000	=	648,450,000
Jupiter	21616.46	X	30000	=	648,493,800
Saturn	29477.	X	22000	=	648,494,000
Uranus	41570.128	X	15600	=	648,543,996
Neptune	51062.52	X	12700	=	648,494,004
					Average 648,482,074

Regarding this peculiar fact, it may be observed that it has been heretofore established and will be found set down in the authorities, that, "If the squares of the periodic times of the planets be divided by the cubes of their mean distances, the quotient is the same for all the planets."

The "periodic times" of the planets are in days of 24 hours each, and the "orbital velocity" of a planet is dependent on its rotation, whose velocity, as is here shown, bears a direct relation to its diameter, which again can only be acted upon—exclusively—by the power Light, considered as a positive force.

Here is offered a departure from the regular order for the purpose of presenting a table which is one of the results of the original figuring in mathematical Astronomy in this paper, and which may give a hint of a novel theory concerning the Sun.

PLANETS.	DIAMETER.	DIAMETER OF THE SUN.	AXIAL VELOCITY.		
Mercury	3059	: 852900	:: 400	:	111526
Venus	7510	: 852900	:: 982	:	111524
Earth	7926	: 852900	:: 1037	:	111463
Mars	4363	: 852900	:: 571	:	111921
Jupiter	84846	: 852900	:: 25540	:	256736 ÷ 2'29 111675
Saturn	70136	: 852900	:: 21041	:	255874 ÷ 2'29 111735
Uranus	33246	: 852900	:: 9973	:	255852 ÷ 2'29 111201
Neptune	37276	: 852900	:: 11182'8	:	255870 ÷ 2'29 111733

This table, it will be observed, carries into the relation of the planets to the Sun, the same rule of proportion which has been applied to the planets in their relation to each other. The natural sequence would be that the final factor in the sum is the rotary velocity of the Sun which probably makes one revolution in 24 hours. In the case of the four outer planets, the relation is preserved by bringing them, through division by 2'29, to a 24 hour period. Incidentally, it will be noticed that the planet Neptune, with the angular velocity which is herein ascribed to it, and which has been heretofore unknown, is no exception to the rule. It is respectfully submitted in this connection, that the peculiar spiral motion which has been observed in the Sun spots—their regular change of position to equatorial and polar places—may be dependent upon the Sun's rotary motion, combined with its obliquity to its own ecliptic. Here the writer may as well state, parenthetically, that he has never, since he applied intelligence to the question, believed that the Sun is a hot body, or that the speculations of Mr. Proctor and others as to the number of millions of tons of coal, or the number of meteors it would require to furnish the altogether imaginary heat of the Sun, were worthy a place in print—even to astound the budding minds of children withal. At last, men like Hastings, Young, and some others, are growing sceptical of these Mumbo-Jumbo tales, and are reducing chromosphere and photosphere to their proper gaseous nature. It is far more than probable—if one wants to speculate—that the inner body of the Sun is a vast globe of water, in fact, a gigantic lens.

[It is to be observed that the alleged angular velocity of the Sun, multiplied by 24 hours, will give the average circumference of the Sun, as contained in the Astronomies.]

To conclude, and still more clearly *demonstrate* that the cause of the motions of the Planets is *Light*, the writer offers the following Law :

2nd Law.—The orbital velocity of the Planets is inversely as the square root of the semi-diameter of their orbits. Now it will be remembered that “the intensity of light diminishes inversely as the square of the distance.” Clearly, then, if the preceding statement be correct, the cause of the orbital motion must be *Light*.

VENUS AND MERCURY.

1st Demonstration.—Square root of semi-diameter
of orbit of Venus
8076·69.

Square root of semi-diameter
of orbit of Mercury
5949·4.

Inverse Proportion.—Orbital velocity miles per
hour of Mercury
109000.

Orbital velocity miles per
hour of Venus.
80292.

5949·4
10 9000

53544 6000
59494

8076·69)648484 600000(80290
646135 2

2349 400
1615 338

734 0620
726 9021

7 15990

MARS AND THE EARTH.

2nd Demonstration.—Square root of semi-diameter
of orbit of Mars
11790·8.

Square root of semi-diameter
of orbit of the Earth
9505·5.

Inverse Proportion. Orb. vel. miles per
hour of the Earth.
68218 :

Orb. vel. miles
per hour of Mars.
55000

9505·5
68218

76044 0
95055
190110
760440
570330

11790·8)648446199·00(55000
589540

589061
589540

URANUS AND SATURN.

3rd Demonstration. Sq. r. of semi-diam.
of orbit of Uranus.
41570 :

Sq. r. of semi-diam.
of orbit of Saturn.
29477 ::

Inverse Proportion. Orb. vel. miles per
hour of Saturn.
22000 :

Orb. vel. miles per
hour of Uranus.
15600

29477
22000

58944000
58954

41570)648494000(15600
41570

232794
207850

249440
249420

20

If no more has been done in the present effort, the writer may, at least, have succeeded in showing that more can be accomplished at the desk in the matter of establishing natural laws in Astronomy than by means of the telescope: except possibly, in some instances, such as the appearance of comets, meteoric showers, and eclipses, in the way of verification. And as these phenomena are purely periodical, it is merely a matter of time and computation to predict them. Not one of all the great laws of Astronomy, we repeat, has ever been discovered through the use of the telescope.

It is to be hoped that some one better qualified than the writer will be induced to pursue investigation in the directions herein only roughly outlined, hampered as it has been by existing conditions of data.

FRANK H. NORTON.

THE PLACE OF MIRACLES.

“ON a certain day, Rabbi Eliezer Ben Orkanaz replied to the questions proposed to him, concerning his teaching; but his arguments being found to be inferior to his pretensions the doctors present refused to admit his conclusions. Then Rabbi Eliezer said, ‘My doctrine is true, and this Karoub!tree, which is near us, shall demonstrate the infallibility of my teaching.’ Immediately the Karoub tree, obeying the voice of Eliezer, arose out of the ground and planted itself a hundred cubits farther off. But the Rabbis shook their heads, and answered, ‘The Karoub tree proves nothing.’ ‘What,’ cried Eliezer, ‘you resist so great a miracle? Then let this rivulet flow backwards, and attest the truth of my doctrine.’ Immediately the rivulet, obeying the command of Eliezer, flowed backwards towards its source. But again the Rabbis shook their heads and said, ‘The rivulet proves nothing. We must understand before we can believe.’ ‘Will you believe me,’ said Rabbi Eliezer, ‘if the walls of this house wherein we sit should fall down?’ And the walls, obeying him, began to fall, until Rabbi Joshua exclaimed, ‘By what right do the walls interfere in our debates?’ Then the walls stopped in their fall out of respect to Rabbi Joshua, but remained leaning out of respect for Rabbi Eliezer, and remain leaning until this day. But Eliezer, mad with rage, cried out: ‘Then in order to confound you, and since you compel me to it, let a voice from Heaven be heard!’ And immediately the Bath-Kol or Voice from Heaven was heard at a great height in the air, and it said, ‘What are all the opinions of the Rabbis compared to the opinion of Rabbi Eliezer? When he has spoken his opinion ought to prevail.’ Hereupon Rabbi Joshua rose and said, ‘It is written, “The law is not in Heaven; it is in your mouth and in your heart.” It is in your reason; for again it is written, “I have left you free to choose between life and death, and good and evil.” And it is in your conscience, for “If ye love the Lord, and obey His voice within you, you will find happiness and truth.” Wherefore then does Rabbi Eliezer bring in a Karoub tree, a rivulet, a wall, and a voice to settle questions of doctrine. And what is the only conclusion that can be drawn from such miracles, but that they who have expounded the laws of nature have not wholly understood them, and that we must now admit that in certain cases a tree can unroot itself, a rivulet flow backwards, walls obey instructions, and voices sound in the air? But what connection is there between these observations and the teaching of Rabbi Eliezer? No doubt these miracles were very extraordinary and they have filled us with astonishment; but to amaze is not to argue, and it is argument, not phenomena, that we require. When therefore, Rabbi Eliezer shall have proved to us that Karoub trees, rivulets, walls, and unknown voices afford us, by unusual manifestations, reasonings equal in value and weight to that reason which God has placed within us to guide our judgment, then alone will we make use of such testimonies and estimate them as Eliezer requires.’”

“THE TALMUD.”

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONSILIUM.*

THERE was another delay of two hours at the next station, where Pancho had to wait for the regular train. He made use of the time to telegraph to the owner of the Image, requesting him to have the dissection postponed. The answer came that the Image was still alive, but that the dissection could not be postponed; as to do so would cause considerable inconvenience to the medical gentlemen, whose time was very precious, and some of whom were coming from considerable distances to assist at the dissection. Cursing the benighted ignorance of the medical fraternity, Pancho resumed his voyage. He travelled all night. Early in the morning he arrived at Krakau, where he took the stage for B——, the place where Mr. Snivelinsky, the owner of the Image, resided. The sun in his glory had already risen above the horizon when Pancho arrived at the place of his destination. It was the day appointed for the dissection of the Image, and Pancho congratulated himself that he was not too late. He hurried to the house of the judge and found him in the back yard feeding his favourite hogs. The judge was dressed in a flowery morning gown and night-cap, and smoking a pipe of enormous dimensions. A joyful smile was upon his countenance as he watched his pets devouring their gruel; for Snivelinsky was a lover of hogs. There were large and small swine, and especially one great porker of whom the judge was especially fond, and who received the largest share of his caresses.

“Just look at him,” he said, after Pancho had introduced himself and stated his business. “What a fine fellow he is! I envy his appetite and his happiness. He has no cares and no troubles. We call him ‘Philosopher’ because he is not at all particular about what he eats. Nevertheless, he always gets the best of everything. We all love him and treat him as if he were one of our own family. We feed him on the best of slops because we know that he will not be ungrateful; for next Christmas he will furnish us with just as fine sausages as his father did last year. His father was just as fine a fellow as he, and he bore a striking resemblance to him. He made us enough pickled pork to last us all winter.” Here the judge smacked his lips, as in anticipation of the good things he expected from the gratitude of his porker.

After he had finished his eulogies on the porker, Pancho took the liberty of asking about the condition of the Talking Image.

A frown appeared upon the noble brow of the judge. “It is all an infernal humbug,” he said. “I took the Image into my house, expecting that it would be a prophethess and of some service to me. At least I expected that it would

* This chapter is abbreviated and the last left out for want of space. The reader will find them in full in book form, which is forthcoming.—[ED.]

answer questions in a dignified, polite, and ladylike manner; but I am sorry to say the prophetess has turned into a termagant. But I am going to make an end of all this. To-day it shall be handed over to the medical executioners, and we shall see what kind of devils are inside of it."

Thereupon Pancho attempted to explain to Mr. Snivelinsky the constitution of the Image, and that it was merely a living echo for people's innermost thoughts rendering their own states of feeling in uttered language, in about the same sense as one might translate the language of music into speech. He told the judge some of his own experience with the statue, to prove to him that the Image would sometimes echo the thoughts of a person, of which the latter himself was unconscious, but which nevertheless existed in the deepest recesses of his mind.

"We shall soon see about that," said the judge. "The doctors will be here in a few minutes, and they will make short work of its constitution."

"I am sorry," answered Pancho, "that the doctors will have to be disappointed, because the Image is the legal property of The Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, and cannot be destroyed without their consent."

"What kind of a concern is this Society for the Distribution of Wisdom?" asked the judge.

"It is one of the queerest concerns I ever saw," replied Pancho. "It consists of people who are seeking after something they do not know, and in the existence of which they do not believe."

"What kind of wisdom do they distribute?" inquired Snivelinsky.

Pancho shrugged his shoulders. "Their wisdom," he said, "appears to me as much like the wisdom of other people, as the egg of a fowl is like the egg of a chicken. They believe one theory to-day, and another to-morrow."

"What do they teach?"

"They pretend to teach nothing," said Pancho. "Nevertheless each of its representative members teaches whatever he pleases or what he may imagine to be true,* and they do that in a very boisterous manner; hurling epithets against every one who dares to disbelieve or contradict their opinions."†

"Oh!" exclaimed the judge, "is it there that the statue acquired its bad habits? But what are the principles of that Society?"

"The most admirable ones—on paper," answered Pancho. "In theory they proclaim universal love and fraternity; but in their practice they fight with each other like cats and dogs."

"What are their objects?"

"Judging from my own observation, their objects are to desecrate and vulgarize the ideal; to drag spiritual truth before the judgment-seat of the fool, and to sacrifice everything for the vain glorification of self."

Snivelinsky seemed to pay little attention to this explanation. His mind was fully absorbed in the contemplation of the appetite of his porker. After a while he said—

"What seems to me most remarkable is, that ever since I left Italy, the statue has been continually increasing in weight. I carried it with me in a box, and on every station where it was weighed, it weighed much more."

* Just as "Pancho," one of such "representative members" does.—[Ed.]

† In this *untheosophical* work, no one helps them more zealously than "Pancho".—[Ed.]

"This may be explained," answered Pancho, "by the difference in the mental atmospheres of the countries through which you were travelling. The more gross and material the thoughts of a people, the more they will find expressions in gross and material forms."

After breakfast Pancho and the judge went upstairs into a garret, where the Talking Image was already laid out upon a table, preparatory to being dissected. It was evidently of a denser and more material substance than when Pancho had seen it at Urur. Upon its forehead rested a scowl; otherwise its features were perfectly tranquil, as if it did not care about being vivisected, or knew nothing about the terrible fate that awaited it.

For a while Pancho stood still, regarding the Image and thinking of the doctors who were soon to arrive to make an end to its constitution, when he heard a rumbling noise, and then a voice as if coming from the interior of the Image spoke and said—

"A single doctor like a sculler plies;
The patient lingers and at last he dies.
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him with swiftness to the Stygian shores."

"Do you hear it?" exclaimed the judge. "It reviles and denounces everything and everybody. No profession, no age, no sex, no social condition or religion is safe from its vilifications. It denounces everything, even denunciation itself."

"These verses," answered Pancho, "are not its own composition. I remember having read them somewhere many years ago. It seems that they were stored up in some corner of my memory and have now been reflected upon the Image."

"After all," said the judge, "these verses contain some truth. There is no doubt that the doctors have killed my younger brother, and that he would be alive to-day if he had never followed their advice. If it interests you, I will tell you how it happened."

Pancho consented, and the judge began as follows:—

"My brother was a strong and healthy man like myself, and of a very robust constitution. He was never afraid of anything and there was nothing that did him any harm. He feared neither heat nor cold, neither sunshine nor rain, nor draughts of air; nor was he ever afraid that anybody would poison him, or that the cook would boil or stew something that he could not digest. But one unfortunate day—cursed be its memory!—my poor brother made the acquaintance of a doctor. It was a doctor of Hygienics, one of those that give no medicine, and are not generally supposed to belong to a dangerous class. However, soon after my brother had made that unfortunate acquaintance, he began to be somewhat careful about his diet and food and the state of the weather, and lots of other nonsensical things. Formerly he could have lived, according to the best of my knowledge, on pebble stones and ground glass; but now he began to criticise his grub and found always fault with the cook. There was one thing after another he had to quit, because the doctor said it might not agree with his stomach or that it might be adulterated and what not. He could not eat any more meat, because he had a list of about fifty of the most terrible diseases

that come from eating meat. He could drink no more beer or wine, nor coffee nor tea, and when he tried chocolate, the doctor frightened him away even from that, by telling him about verdigris and cinnabar, with which it might be adulterated."

"Surely he could have eaten bread?" said Pancho.

"Anything made out of flour," replied the judge, "was out of the question; because flour is adulterated with gypsum, alum, jalap, blue vitriol, quartz, chalk, white lead, clay, sand, borax and other poisons of a deadly kind."

"Vegetables?" suggested Pancho.

"How could he have lived on vegetables?" cried the judge. "To say nothing about their being covered with verdigris and pickled with sulphuric acid, one half of the doctors he consulted told him that it was unnatural and unhealthy to eat cooked vegetables; while the other half told him that there could be nothing more pernicious to one's health than to eat them raw? Moreover my brother did not like vegetables without salt or pepper, or a speck of vinegar; and the doctor said that salt and vinegar were the worst kitchen poisons that were ever invented. As to pepper, he would not hear of it; because he said that it was nearly as bad as tobacco."

"How about milk?" asked Pancho.

"Milk!" sobbed the judge, overcome by emotions awakened by the memory of his brother. "Would you have my poor brother poisoned with chalk-water and rotten calfs' brains?"

"Butter?" exclaimed Pancho.

"Oleo-margarine," sighed Mr. Snivelinsky.

"Sugar?"

"Sand, ground glass, white lead," groaned the judge.

"But he must have had something to eat."

"I tell you there was nothing for him that was not adulterated or might have been so. Moreover he began to be afraid of everything, and not without reason; for everything did him harm. He took to living on fruits; but he was always afraid that they would give him the colic; and sure enough they did give him the colic. So he had to quit even that."

"And what became of him?" asked Pancho.

"He died out of fear that he could not live any longer, and the doctor said that if he had only begun to diet himself sooner, he might have become all right."

Overcome by these sad recollections the judge wiped his nose with his handkerchief.

"His was a lingering death," he continued. "For a long time he was sick; actually starving to death. He suffered much; but at last we took pity on him and called in another doctor in consultation, and he gave him something to quiet him. It quieted him so much that we had to bury him three days afterwards."

"Comfort yourself," said Pancho. "In less than three hundred years from now, the medical profession as a whole will have discovered that man is a product of will and thought, and that there can be no other rational system of medicine for good or evil, than by acting upon his will and imagination. There is no other physician than *Faith*. Your brother ought to have dismissed

his doctor and made a voyage, so as to get a change of surroundings and to divert his mind from his gloomy thoughts."

"Made a voyage!" ironically exclaimed the judge. "How could he have avoided stopping at hotels?"

"But why should he not have stopped at hotels?" asked Pancho surprised.

"It seems," answered the judge, "that you are not up to the latest discoveries in medicine. You do not seem to know that a person may catch consumption by staying in a room which has once been inhabited by a consumptive person. Have you never heard of bacillæ and microbes? Where will you go to escape them?"

A rap at the door interrupted the conversation; a servant entered, handing to the judge a card, upon which was printed—

DR. C. A. LOMEL,
Professor of Medicine.

"Death approaches," said the judge.

"The other gentlemen are waiting below," said the servant.

"Fear not," said the judge to Pancho. "No harm shall befall the Image. For once it spoke the truth and the verses have saved its life. Remain until I return. If they are not willing to go, I shall use my authority."

So saying the judge shook his fist and descended the stairs, where he found the medical practitioners already waiting. They were very much displeased when they heard that the legal owner of the Image had been found and that the statue could not be dissected. Dr. Lomel especially was very much incensed. He had brought with him a large boxful of knives, saws, chisels, gags, syringes, and other anatomical instruments.

"What does this new nonsense mean?" he exclaimed frantically. "It seems that Herr von Snivelinsky is determined to continue in the sleight-of-hand business and does not wish his tricks to be exposed."

"A nice kind of a business we have done this morning," sarcastically said another. "We have lost our valuable time and our travelling expenses."

"I shall remunerate you for your trouble," answered the judge; "but the statue cannot be dissected without the consent of the owner. Moreover it is a living thing and cannot bear vivisection."

At this declaration there rose a general murmur among the doctors.

"Living or not living," they said, "if there is something remarkable about it, it ought to be sacrificed to science."

"It reflects the thoughts of other people," said the judge.

This statement was received with uproarious laughter and cries of "Nonsense!"

"You are sick without knowing it, and should go through a regular course of treatment," said one of the doctors, addressing the judge.

"Thoughts, my friend," said another, tapping Mr. Snivelinsky condescendingly upon the shoulder, "are four dimensional dynamides and cannot be reflected."

"I move," said a third, "that a committee be appointed for a *de lunatico inquirendo*."

"I move," retorted Mr. Snivelinsky, "that you make yourselves scarce at your earliest convenience, and if you do not understand this plain language, I shall use an *argumentum ad hominem*. The Image does not require your services. It has had a distemper; but this morning a stranger has arrived and brought a remedy, and it is now decidedly better."

"What! Who is that fellow," roared out Dr. Lomel, "who dares to practise medicine in this country? Has he any certificates to entitle him to cure people? You, Mr. Snivelinsky, are a judge. You ought to see that the laws of this country are not infringed upon without punishment, and the health of the community endangered by a foreign quack."

"Such a recovery," said another doctor, "is entirely illegitimate, irrational, and contrary to the interests of science."

"I wish we had come sooner," groaned one of his colleagues.

"When will the dissection begin?" asked another who was hard of hearing, and who had not understood the conversation.

"There will be no dissection, sir," shouted Dr. Calomel into his ear. "The patient has recovered."

"Oh!" exclaimed the hard-hearing doctor. "Such a thing has never happened to me in my life."

It was with great difficulty that the doctors were made to retire. Snivelinsky settled their bills, and as he did not have enough cash in the house, they took away hams and pickled pork, an old clock, a coat, and a family Bible—not however, without the consent of the judge, who was glad to get rid of them at any cost. As they left, they cast wistful glances up to the garret which contained the Talking Image.

During this time Pancho remained alone with the Image, thinking of the medical superstitions of our days and how impossible it is to eradicate them at once. He saw that there is no *vacuum* in nature, neither in the physical world nor in the world of mind, and that ideas are indestructible and cannot be rooted out, but must be displaced by other ideas. He knew that the vaunted medical agnosticism of our times is not much better than the destructive science of the past, but that it would serve as a stepping-stone to a better and more rational system—one that would cure the will and the mind, instead of that false system which merely seeks to suppress the external manifestation of internal causes.

He was disturbed in his meditations by a voice coming from the Image, which said,

"Cursed be everyone who does not blow in our horn! There are several kinds of wisdom; one that comes from the East and another that comes from the West, but that which comes from the East is the best, and must be accepted."

"Ungrateful wretch!" exclaimed Pancho. "Is this your gratitude for my saving your life, that you now again try to put poison into my ear? There is only one wisdom, because there is only one truth; and it comes neither from the East nor from the West, but from the attainment of self-knowledge."

While Pancho was speaking, the rosy light which he had once perceived at the shrine at Urur, appeared again in the room, and a golden flame floated about the head of the Image. A struggle between light and darkness seemed to take place within the body of the statue, but the light became victorious, for the flame became absorbed by the body of the Image, and a great change took place in the latter. The previously lifeless eyes became lit up by the light of intelligence, a smile played around its lips, the Image began to breathe and rose from the table.

"*There is only one truth,*" it said solemnly, "and this is the magic word which, as you have pronounced it, has broken the spell that kept me enchained in matter. Listen, O mortal! You have in vain attempted to find perfection in this world of illusion. You have had occasion to fully convince yourself that there is not a single department in our present civilization in which you will not find the vilest deception and frauds, gross ignorance and wilful imposture. Science and religion, medicine and philosophy, politics and trade, love and marriage, and everything that you may name, not excepting The Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, is full of humbug and ignorance. Even a humbug itself is a lie, because it is not all humbug, but contains a spark of truth. Crime is a lie, because it is the result of ignorance, and therefore not thoroughly criminal. Do you not know the reason why God has created the world?"

"Surely," answered Pancho, "He did it for no other purpose than to have it carried off by the devil!"

"Lo!" said the image, "I will tell you where you can find the key to the understanding of the mystery; but the understanding I cannot give. The universal panacea, the cure of all evils of body and soul, is MERCURY, the symbol of wisdom. It must be distilled in the water of thought, and purified by the fire of Divine Love, and it will then cure ignorance, the mother of all ills that afflict mankind. It is the true Elixir of Life; but it is only accessible to the favourites of God; to those that have been well circumcised and cut entirely loose from all the bondage of matter. Think not that you can find anything without blemish in a world where evil is as omnipresent as good. There is no good without evil, neither can you destroy evil without at the same time destroying the good contained therein. Therefore it is said that we must let the wheat and the tares grow together until the day of the harvest."

"And will not the tares destroy the wheat if they are permitted to grow?" asked Pancho.

"Have you so little faith in the superior power of good," said the Image, "that you cannot see that it is greater than evil? Does not the most delicious fruit grow upon the richest manure? There is a higher love than the attraction of the senses; there is a higher knowledge than that of the reasoning intellect. Divine Wisdom is higher than human philosophy, and the justice of the Supreme more powerful than man-made law."

"How can we make mankind realize the sublimity of Divine Truth?" inquired Pancho.

The answer was:

"No man can teach another the truth if the truth does not manifest itself in and through him. Do not follow those that in a loud voice claim to be able to show you the truth, but seek for the truth itself. You cannot expose the

truth, but you can expose ignorance. Let the truth be hidden from the eyes of the fool, but put the fool upon a pedestal, so that others may recognize in him their own folly."

"What about the Mysterious Brotherhood?" asked Pancho.

He received no answer. Before his eyes a great transformation took place. Brighter and brighter shone the light in the interior of the Image and the statue grew more and more ethereal and transparent. It was as if the whole substance of its body had become changed into a cloud of living light, through which the objects in other parts of the room could be seen. The whole form was in a state of harmonious vibration, trembling and swaying to and fro like a gossamer cloud in the morning breeze. At last even the cloud-like appearance was gone; there was nothing of a material character left; the Image had become all soul—a streak of supernatural glory—which slowly faded away.

The story of the Talking Image is finished. What would be the use of continuing it? What does it matter what became of Pancho? He has served us as a dummy, to hang upon him the events of our story. Now we shall need him no longer. There is nothing immortal but God.

But for the gratification of the curious, who wish to know still more, we will say that the body of Conchita was buried, while her spirit went to the Kingdom of joy, and soon after her death, Pancho received a letter from Mr. Malaban, which contained the following:

"There is nothing higher than truth!—Everybody is well except Madame Corneille. The Hierophant has returned after a successful hunt for the subterranean hole through which he went and visited Kakodumbola, the city of the Adepts. After him went Mr. Green, who has now been initiated by Krashibashi and become an Adept. Mrs. Honeycomb has run away with a black magician. I hope that you are still loyal to Urur and faithful to Captain Bumpkins. Many strange things have happened here recently. What will interest you most is, that the Talking Image was found one day in its old place in the shrine; but where it has been so long, and how it happened to return—this we are not permitted to tell.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D., F.T.S.

THE END.



LUCIFER FUND.

SUMS RECEIVED THIS MONTH.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Norderling	0	5	0
A Chicago Theosophist	1	0	0
Mrs. Gordon	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Knowles	0	10	0
Lost Philida	0	16	6
	4	11	6
Previously Acknowledged	£373	0	9
Total	£377	12	3

Ecclesiastical Christianity.

II.

IN the thirteenth century two mendicant friars, St. Dominic and St. Francis, who denounced the general wealth and corruption of the monastic societies, founded two new orders, and while the latter laid the foundation-stone of the Reformation, the former instituted that tribunal which more than all other ecclesiastical institutions has outraged the very name of Christianity, and become a byword for all ages,—called the “Holy Inquisition.” In 1208, Pope Innocent III. firmly established it for the suppression of heresy, and the story of human agony and human brutality which followed is one which no pen can ever attempt to record. The spirit of which it was the culmination, had, however, as it has been shown, manifested itself centuries before, and without further preface we may turn, beginning with the earlier ones, to some of the victims of the “Christian Church.”

In the year 385 of the Christian era, the Bishops Ursatius and Ithacus, put to death some Priscillianists for “heresy.”

In 414 Hypatia was brutally murdered by the monks of Cyril, at Alexandria, for teaching secular philosophy, and the very flesh torn from her bones. The era of mental slavery, the foundations of which had been laid by the Fathers, had begun.

In 782, at the bidding of Pope Stephen III., Charlemagne beheaded in one day between four and five thousand persons at Verden, for refusing to be baptised, and Pope Leo. III. crowned him emperor of the West under the title of “the most pious Augustus, crowned by God.” Shortly afterwards Charlemagne burnt some persons at the request of the pope, for preferring the Ambrosian to the Gregorian chant.

In 1007, several persons were burnt alive at Orleans for heresy.

In 1134, Peter de Brueys was burnt in Languedoc for denying “infant baptism,” and “transubstantiation.”

In 1155, Arnaldo de Brescia was strangled for uttering the “heretical and damnable doctrine” that ecclesiastics ought to subsist on voluntary alms.

In 1160, the Waldenses, a body of reformers headed by Peter Waldo, who strenuously opposed the papal pretensions, underwent a cruel persecution, during which numbers were burnt alive. From first to last some three thousand of the Waldenses perished in France, including children of tender years.

In 1209, the Albigenses, another body of reformers who had long adhered to a less corrupted form of Christianity, were massacred for heresy in Béziers. At the lowest computation 30,000 persons were murdered, and at Lavaur 400 persons were burnt at one time. One Protestant earl in Provence was suffocated, and his wife, daughter, and sister burnt in one fire; another was hanged with eighty other persons. The province of Languedoc was wasted. Pope

Innocent III. bestowed indulgences on all who undertook the crusade, and these unhappy people suffered during a period of sixty years, their descendants, the Huguenots, inheriting their legacy of martyrdom together with their Protestant faith.

In the thirteenth century the conflict between theology and freedom deepened, and assumed a more definite form. In 1215, it was decreed in council that all rulers should swear to exterminate those branded as heretics by the church, and the pope claimed universal spiritual authority. Auricular confession was formally instituted, and in 1208, or a year or two afterwards, the tribunal of the "Holy Inquisition" was established, and "Saint" Dominic appointed Inquisitor General.

In England, during William the Conqueror's reign, the nobles and bishops united to tax and torture the people, and the whole country was laid waste by robbery and oppression. Magna Charta was subsequently denounced by Pope Innocent III. The Jews, in the reign of Richard I., John, and Henry III., were butchered, tortured and robbed, and in 1290, they were expelled from England and their property confiscated.

Louis IX., styled "saint," for his zeal in persecution, permitted a monk to establish a tribunal for the suppression of heretics, through the agency of which many were put to death. One hundred and eighty-three "heretics" and their pastor were burnt together in a pen before the archbishop at Rheims, and in 1249, eighty heretics were burnt at Agens, in the presence of Raymond of Toulouse.

In 1222 a synod at Oxford caused a heretic to be burnt.

In 1267, Roger Bacon was imprisoned for fourteen years, and accused of "being in league with the devil," for his scientific researches.

In 1300, Sargarelli, the founder of a peculiar sect resembling the modern Shakers, was burnt at Parma.

In 1302, Dante's *Monarchy* was burnt, and himself sentenced to the same fate. He was compelled to live in exile, and the pope excommunicated him after his death.

In 1327, Cecco d'Ascoli was burnt alive for asserting the existence of the Antipodes, and Orcagna represented him in a painting in the flames of hell! A bull of Pope Alexander VI. had proclaimed that the earth was flat, and the theory of the Antipodes was accounted a wicked and damnable doctrine.

In 1348, numbers of Jews were killed in Europe, accused of being the cause of a fatal epidemic, and others were mercilessly hunted from land to land.

In 1390, the Catholics of Seville massacred 4,000 Jews, through the influence of Hernando Martinez, a priest, who personally directed it. They had been universally condemned to slavery. In the reign of Isabella they were finally banished, after enduring terrible sufferings.

In 1393, 150 Vaudois in the Val Louise were burnt by the Inquisition at the instance of Borelli; and in the same century eighty at Embrun.

In England, the Lollards, disciples of Wycliffe, underwent cruel imprisonment and tortures. In 1401, William Sawtre was burnt; in 1410, William Thorpe, by the archbishop; in 1414, thirty more were hanged and burnt; and in 1417, Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham) was roasted alive in a horrible manner for "heresy." Wycliffe, himself, was called "the devil's instrument," for his

translation of the Scriptures ; and the Council of Constance, in 1415, ordered his corpse to be disinterred, and his remains were finally thrown into a river.

In 1416, John Huss, also a follower of Wycliffe, was basely betrayed and burnt at Constance, notwithstanding a safe-conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, because it was "unlawful to keep faith with a heretic." He refused to recant, saying, "I appeal to Christ," and passed away in prayer.

Jerome of Prague shared the same fate, also, at the same place.

In 1431, John Zisca, general of the Hussites, who avenged the murder of Huss, persecuted the sect of the Beghards, some of whom were put to the sword, and the remainder burnt.

In 1431, the inspired defender of her country against a cruel invasion, Jeanne d'Arc, was burnt alive at Rouen, at the instance of the bishop of Beauvais, her own countryman, for, "heresy and sorcery," by the Inquisition, and people and priests alike assembled together to see the show. Not one of those for whom she fought had the courage to protest against this barbarous murder of a girl only nineteen years of age, and the unfortunate Jeanne, like many another martyr, died, calling upon that Christ whose holy name has been more outraged by priests than by any other class of human beings.*

In 1488 the whole of the inhabitants of Val Louise were suffocated in a cavern by the papal legate. Some three thousand of the Vaudois perished.

In 1498, Jerome Savonarola was hanged for sedition and "heresy" at Florence, and his body burnt. His adherents were burnt alive.

In Spain, during the eighteen years of Torquemada's ministry, the Inquisition punished upwards of 105,000 persons at the lowest estimate, of whom no less than 8,800 were burnt alive ; torture was inflicted in secluded vaults, and on mere suspicion, and the accused were without defence. In Andalusia alone, in one year, it put to death 2,000 Jews, besides 17,000 who underwent some form of punishment less horrible than the stake. The total number of victims burnt is estimated by Llorente at the incredible number of 40,000 ! Even supposing the statement as to the actual number exaggerated, it amounts to nothing as regards a mitigation of the facts. A large number of Jews were burnt alive at once to do honour to the marriage of a count in the Plaza of Pamplona, and the human bonfire, which illumined the whole place, must indeed have literally realised the orthodox idea of a hell. Thousands of "heretics" were sent to the galleys, and the property of the sufferers was universally confiscated, and their families left destitute. The church grew rich through her pious crusade. In this country, indeed, she was supreme, and miracles at this period, in particular, were of constant occurrence. The spirit of Antichrist has never been without its "lying wonders," "Christian" as well as pagan, and priestcraft has never lacked the delusions which have kept it alive. These cruelties, these frightful spectacles of human beings roasted alive for the crime of thinking for themselves, or adhering to the faith of their fathers, were perpetrated with every circumstance of cold-blooded barbarity that could inflict agony on the victims and their families, and terrify or harden the hearts of the

* Attempts have recently been made to discredit the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc, probably for the credit of both Church and State in France, but the evidence is too strong. During the reaction which followed only a few years after her death, France would have eagerly seized on any substantial proof that she was guiltless of one of the darkest crimes which stains her history.

spectators. The *autos-da-fé* of heretic-burning would take place at a royal marriage, with the king and queen sitting on a platform; the condemned were dressed in a hideous costume, with high paste-board caps, on which devils were painted and representations of future torture; music accompanied the cavalcade, and mass was celebrated in the presence of the assembled crowd. The chief inquisitor was wont to complete the scene of crime and blasphemy by bearing with him the gospels containing the life of Christ!

When it is remembered that these inquisitors were almost all men of otherwise moral and devout life, and that the crimes they committed were perpetrated in the supposed interests of religion, a belief which absolutely made Francis I. kneel down while "heretics" were burning, and publicly ask the blessing of heaven on himself and the nation, it should act as a world-wide warning for all time against the idea which even now exists like a upas-tree in the churches and chapels of all countries and denominations, that truth is upheld by pious bigotry, and that mental slavery is acceptable to God.

Spain cast her dark shadow over Europe. In 1568 a sentence of the "Holy Office" condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics—some three millions of men, women, and children! Fifty thousand of them were put to death by Charles V., and nearly half as many again during the reign of his son. And to pass on to a later date, in 1611 the Moors were expelled from Spain to the number of about one million persons. Upwards of 100,000 suffered death at the instance of the archbishop of Valencia, who bade the government root them out "as David had rooted out the Philistines, and Saul the Amalekites." Industry, no less than science, well-nigh perished in Spain, and the waste places caused by wholesale depopulation became the strongholds of Banditti who have never been exterminated. At least 170,000 Jews were expelled during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Reformation was entirely suppressed, and the country overwhelmed with monasteries and convents, thousands of which were established during the reign of Charles V.

In France, in 1525, Jean Leclerc was burnt alive for preaching the gospel at Metz, and Jacques Pavent and Louis de Berquin at Paris. The tongue of the latter was pierced in order that he should not speak in his last hour.

In 1534, twenty men and one woman were burnt alive at Paris for having printed or sold the books of Luther, and for "heresy."

In 1539, a number of persons who ate meat on Fridays also suffered at the stake.

In 1545, a massacre of the Vaudois of Provence took place, accompanied by inhuman cruelties. Towns and villages were burnt, and with them numbers of the unfortunate Huguenots. The fair land of France was desolated with the blackened ruins of Protestant homes.

In 1556, Jean Escalle and Pierre de Lavour also perished at Toulouse, and many others.

In 1560, Palissy was seized for "heresy," and would have been condemned to the stake but for his skill in pottery, which gained for him a titled and influential protector. He was, however, again arrested, and imprisoned in the Bastille, where he died.

In 1563, the massacre of Vassy took place, by the Duke of Guise, in which sixty persons were killed, out of some hundreds of Protestants who were

engaged in service in a large barn. The clergy compared the duke to Moses, who exterminated "all who had bowed the knee to the golden calf!" Protestant churches were destroyed, and the Huguenots were murdered also at Paris, Senlis, Amiens, Meaux, Tours, and many other places.

In 1572, the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, during which a large number of Protestants were murdered in Paris, as well as many in the provinces.* For this, Pope Gregory XIII. is said to have ordered public rejoicings and thanksgivings, and the celebration of "high mass."

In Great Britain similar deeds of blood had been committed.

In 1528, Patrick Hamilton was burnt in Scotland for adhering to the "filthy Lutheran heresy."

In 1532, Thomas Bilney, the friend of Latimer, was burnt for becoming a Protestant.

In 1534, in Scotland, near Leith, the bishops burnt two Scotch gentlemen for "heresy."

In 1535, in England, fourteen persons of the reformed faith were burnt for rejecting the doctrine of transubstantiation, and several clergymen who adhered to Rome, including Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and also Sir Thomas Moore, executed, for refusing the oath of supremacy.

In 1536, William Tyndale was strangled and his body burnt for translating the Scriptures.

In 1538, John Lambert was burnt at Smithfield, and several others shortly afterwards.

In 1546, the heroic Anne Askew perished for embracing the reformed religion. Bonner sentenced her to the rack; every limb in her body was dislocated, and she was finally burnt alive, firmly refusing to "recant," with four others, at Smithfield.

In the same year George Wishart was also executed at St. Andrews, at the instance of Cardinal Beatoun, who beheld his martyrdom from the castle-wall which became the scene of his own murder.

In 1550, Joan Bocher was burnt, and in 1551 Van Paris, at the instigation of Cranmer, for entertaining "heterodox" ideas concerning Christ.

In England in little more than three years during the reign of Mary, some 284 persons perished at the stake, including women and even children, and the bishops Bonner, Gardiner, and others personally conducted the persecution. Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, Rogers and Cranmer were among those burnt for denying the papal supremacy and transubstantiation. They died with words of heroism on their lips. Public thanksgivings were rendered for the restoration of Catholicism, and Mary was styled "Defender of the Faith."

What that "faith" was may be gathered from the statement of Cardinal Cajetan in his controversy with Luther, that "one drop of Christ's blood being sufficient to redeem the whole human race, the remaining quantity that was shed in the garden and upon the cross, was left as a legacy to the church, to be a treasure from whence indulgences were to be drawn and administered by the

* Reference is made to a fast held in memory of this massacre in an old register of the Huguenot refugees in the church of "God's House" at Southampton. It is there stated that twelve or thirteen thousand were killed in one night, "the 24th of August last." Various numbers have been stated, and I therefore refrain from quoting any.

Roman pontiffs." Is it, however, so far below the "salvation of blood" still taught by Protestant religious materialists? The gospel of death has been preached instead of the gospel of life, and has ever produced its own fruits.

The spirit of persecution and bigotry had survived the Reformation, however. The fatal union of Church and State still lived on.

In 1575, two Anabaptists were burnt in the reign of Elizabeth, and in her reign also 200 Roman Catholics were executed. The clergy called upon her to put to death the "false prophets and sorcerers."

In England and Scotland alone, it has been estimated that more than two millions of human beings were imprisoned, hanged, burnt, drowned, beheaded, and tortured for their religious opinions, in the course of little more than two hundred years, and in the latter part of the seventeenth century no less than 3,192 persons were executed for so-called "witchcraft."

In Charles II.'s reign, Sharpe, archbishop of St. Andrew's, the inventor of the instrument of torture called "the Boot," filled the prisons with men and women who were tortured, transported and hunted from their homes for "heresy." It was death to preach in the fields, and a company of brutal soldiers commanded by Turner, inflicted the most horrible sufferings upon the unfortunate Protestants. They were beaten, wounded, stripped, scorched before fires; the women were insulted; and king, bishops, and clergy united together to effect their purpose. The clergy presented James with a list of 300 of the aristocracy, who were accused as "heretics," with a view to accomplish their execution. And James II., at the instigation of Barillon, had the book written by the Huguenot pastor, Claude, which contained an account of the Protestant sufferings in France, burnt before the Royal Exchange.

On the continent the story of ecclesiastical crime was carried on. In 1600 Giordano Bruno was burnt alive by the Inquisition, at Rome, after a cruel imprisonment of several years. His offence was a belief in the Copernican theory, which he taught, and sympathy with the reformed doctrines. He believed, also, in the infinity of the universe, and the existence of the Divine Essence in all things. He met his cruel death with miraculous firmness, and turned away his head from the crucifix, which had indeed become a symbol of crime resembling that which had sacrificed the Man of Sorrows centuries before.

S. E. G., F.T.S.

(To be continued.)



"Learn that if to thee the meaning
Of all other eyes be shewn,
Fewer eyes can ever front thee
That are skilled to read thine own
And that if thy love's deep current
Many another's far outflows
Then thy heart must take for ever
Less than it bestows."

E. B. BROWNING.

Metaphor.

PART I

THERE is perhaps something almost revolting to some scientific minds in the idea of treating analytically such a subject as Metaphor. It seems such a shifting, unsubstantial affair. It cannot be strapped down to a dissecting table like a live rabbit. It has absolutely no specific gravity. It is imponderable, immeasurable. A simile, when apt, is of course recognised as a power in argument and a flower of rhetoric, but to suggest that that power and beauty are due to a really fixed and definite unity between the metaphysical and the physical, capable of being actually investigated, would be considered grossly unscientific. In fact, to use the common phrase, analogies must never be pushed to extremes.

Now it has generally been a sort of permeating axiom of the papers which I have written, that while metaphysics are of themselves lost labour, physics are also of themselves somewhat barren, while a union of the two is illuminative and full of high value. The subject of metaphor affords an especially good groundwork for illustrating this principle.

The ancients, as is well known, did not at all share the modern scientific distrust for metaphor among the early Orientals; with them it actually took the place of argument. It was their very mode of thought, possibly the very origin of language.* All the old mythologies bear distinct traces of having descended, so to speak, from parables of deep-meaning solar myths, the doctrine of four elements, the histories of the Indian, Persian and Egyptian divinities, the conflict of Ormuzd and Ahriman, possibly even the legend of the wooden horse of Troy, show a mystical sense which proves them to be accretions upon allegorical teaching, whose original import gradually faded beneath a thickening veil of materialism. In fact the more the philosophy of the *ancients* is studied, the more evident it becomes that the thoughts of the *very* ancients were continuous metaphor. But who were these very ancients? Alas! they were far behind modern civilization. They did not even have buttons to their coats. They were totally destitute of waistcoats, flannel socks, lace boots and many other modern advantages. They cut their food up with pieces of flint, and it is even asserted that they fed on herbs and roots, and never in their lives tasted a beef-steak or a mutton-chop. They were what are called savages, without microscopes, without scalpels, without steam-engines—a terribly degraded set of people. Possibly they were something like those tribes discovered by Columbus, of whom he wrote to their Spanish Majesties, apologising for the fact that they had very little gold, that they were quite unacquainted with the creeds of the Catholic Church, and moreover were stark naked, while he pleaded in extenuation of these crimes that they did, nevertheless, love their neighbours as themselves, that their discourse was very sweet and gentle, and their manners decorous and praiseworthy. “Mine”

* “Examine language,” says Carlyle; “what, if you except some few primitive elements (as natural sound), what is it all but metaphors, recognised as such or no longer recognised; still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and colourless?”

and "thine" had no place with them. They dealt truly with one another without books and without judges. The men were content with one wife each. They took him for an evil and mischievous man who found pleasure in doing hurt to another; they were overflowing with hospitality and kindness, and while they delighted not in superfluities, yet they made provision for the increase of such roots as afforded them their bread, contented with such simple diet whereby health is preserved and disease avoided. So says Columbus; and such were some of the people that are known as savages, such are some of the characteristics which distinguish the savage from the civilised man. Possibly their minds were in some degree in a more healthy and perceptive state. Perhaps their non-scientist modes of thought had their advantages in point of clear-sightedness and even in adherence to the essence of truth.

At any rate it is fortunate that there are now a few men whose stature is sufficient to enable them to stretch the hand of fellowship between these nomadic individuals of the past, and the scientific leaders of the present day of their line of thought I am now going to speak. I will say nothing of these people who dolefully indulge in glorifying the ancients as against the moderns, and very little about those who glorify the moderns and despise the ancients. Both these classes of critics are equally vulgar. Those who desire to advance in thought will rather unite the two ends of the line of history, forming a circle typical of the whole of progress.

I will not occupy time by describing in detail the special features of the many members of the large family of Metaphor. We all know well enough the characteristics which distinguish Parable, Allegory, Type, Antitype, Myth, Analogy, Fable, Representation, Emblem, and so forth. Nor yet will I weary the reader with examples of all these. My object is not to set forth a lot of facts culled from cyclopædias, but to point out a mode of thought attainable by making the wisdom of the ancients complementary to the sciences of the moderns.

We will therefore regard, by way of illustration, the peculiarities of *simile*. In a simile usually one phenomenon is substituted for another and described so as to suggest the other, and at the same time to bring it vividly before the consciousness. Thus the action of a steam engine or the combustion of a fire are phenomena which may be described to illustrate the phenomena of physiology and vitality. The latter are in themselves unfamiliar and hard to delineate; the former are familiar and comparatively easy of description. Intuition grasps the resemblance, and so the unknown becomes the known in a pleasant and facile manner. But how comes it about that these singular and often detailed resemblances between various phenomena exist? To get at this problem let us take another instance of simile. The light of the sun is an obvious simile, expressive of the diffusion of truth. So obvious, so expressive, that our ideas of light are absolutely inseparable from our notions of truth. Except as expressed by the simile of light we can have no conception of what truth means. The attributes of light enter into all our notions of truth; clearness, perceptiveness, brilliancy, lucidity, and so on are terms applicable equally to the one or to the other. Now there is an essential difference between the simile of the steam engine and the body, and the simile of light and truth. It is this. In the one case one physical phenomenon illustrates another; in the other case one physical

phenomenon illustrates something metaphysical. The body and the engine are both of them material. Light and truth are not. One is, namely, light; the other is not, namely, truth. The realisation of this difference proves important. We shall find this: that when both halves of the simile are material it is very easy to push the analogy too far; but when the physical and metaphysical are united by simile it very often happens that we actually cannot press the resemblance too far. The instance we have taken—light and truth—is one of this sort. As far as I know all the phenomena known about light have their counterparts as to truth. What observation teaches us about the one, intuition proclaims to be applicable to the other. It is not, indeed, an easy task to trace the unity in all its details, as it involves tracing out the counterparts of the material things used experimentally in investigating the properties of light—though the general resemblance is even on the face of things patent in a consideration of reflection, refraction, colour, interference, diffraction and other phenomena. I will give just one striking illustration, because it is particularly easy to perceive. Rays of light streaming into a dark chamber seem to be visible. They are not. You have only to place a white-hot poker in them to see that the glowing iron is enshrouded in darkness. Why is this? It is because the hot poker consumes all the motes and dust particles around it. The rays are mere invisible vibrations of the ether. It is only the illuminated motes that we see. Their minuteness makes it seem that we see the rays. Does not this illustrate forcibly the equal impossibility of seeing truth? We are apt to think that we see truth, and consequently that our opinions must needs be absolutely correct, just as a prisoner in his dungeon may think he sees the light streaming through his grating window. The fact is that no one is in mental observation of absolute truth: however much it seems so, it is only the impinging of its pulsations on our thought motes that becomes obvious to the mind, and perhaps when people get overheated in argument, and lose all perception of even what gleams they had, then passion is doing very much the same destructive work to their thoughts as the white-hot poker did to the motes in the experiment. This is but one instance, showing how detailed is the coincidence of correlation, and how the laws governing truth are manifested by those governing light. And does it not in some degree establish my preliminary contention that a concurrent study of physics and metaphysics makes physical science more in touch with human nature, and generally more productive, while it renders the metaphysical tangible and substantial?

But we are only now on the very threshold of our subject. I have said that, as in the case of light and truth, very often we find that similes between the physical and metaphysical can be satisfactorily pressed *ad extremum*, implying that sometimes they cannot. So it is, and how shall we deal with that difficulty? Perhaps it will prove the key to the whole problem. By the whole problem I mean the mystery of the coincidence that such more or less detailed resemblances should exist. For it is a mystery, although, as with many mysteries, we get so used to it that we overlook the mysteriousness. Milton offers a solution:

“What if Earth
Be but the shadow of heaven . . .
. . . each to the other like?”

To put it prosaically—what if the metaphysical underlies the whole of the physical, coinciding with it as the hand with a glove? If we accept this hypothesis the completeness of our similes is no longer the difficulty, but the incompleteness of some of them. Sometimes the analogy seems as if it cannot be pressed to extremes. Is not the reason of this, if we still accept the hypothesis, very obvious? The incompleteness is due to the fact that we have found, not the true counterpart, but its brother. If there is a metaphysical origin to all physical phenomena, it must needs be that two will frequently share a common origin, like two leaves or branches springing from a common root—each having apparently a partial, but not complete oneness with the root, and each having a partial, but not complete resemblance to each other. The similar phenomena of the body and the steam engine, for instance, may be each the manifestation in the physical world of one and the same vast metaphysical truth, just as in coincidences the resemblance between some of the solar phenomena on the one hand and the career of Napoleon, or the life history of Samson on the other, may be due to the possible fact that each was the manifestation, microcosmic, or macrocosmic, of metaphysical laws.

But, however neatly all this fits in with our hypothesis as postulated by Milton, are we not basing all on what is pure assumption? We must justify this procedure. It is not enough to point out that we are in good company in so doing. We can, of course, easily do that. We can quote from Milton, from Keats, from Wordsworth, from Coleridge, from all the reflective poets for support. We can find a tremendous array of philosophers on our side, from Swedenborg, with his complete and systematic Correspondences, down to Carlyle, or even Drummond, with his Natural Law in the Spiritual World. We can go back to Plato, to Pythagoras, to Hermes Trismegistus, and all the other mystics for confirmation; but the fact remains that if a million people believe a thing, it neither makes it true nor false. What right, then, have we to found anything on an assumption?

Daring as the reply may seem, I will undertake to show that it always has been, and always must be, the first step in any discovery to assume. Take whatever branch of study you will, and this will be found to hold good. There is absolutely no proof whatever of the existence of the subtle medium called ether. It cannot in any way be made manifest to any of our senses. But by assuming it as a working hypothesis the phenomena of light and heat and electricity become to some degree explicable. There is no demonstration of atoms, but the atomic theory is accepted because it squares in with the known facts of chemical action. In mathematics we constantly assume. Let $x = y$, and then we test the hypothesis by results. We prove sums by seeing whether on the assumption that they are right they work out, and George Macdonald goes so far as to say that the very existence of the Deity is unprovable, but is the great Hypothesis which we must assume, and which is demonstrable by the mathematical method—seeing how it works out. The real proof of everything is like the proof of the pudding—*viz.*, in the eating. Treated in this way, an assumption is not an unscientific proceeding, but a necessary beginning in every science.

The assumption, then, that there is a complete correspondence between the metaphysical and the physical can be fairly made if we demonstrate it by

observing whether it squares with observation, and whether it explains what otherwise is mysterious. Each one can answer this for himself. I believe that it does both of these things, and that it is a key which fits the lock of the barrier between the inner and outer worlds. It unites the faith of the materialist and of the spiritualist. It shows that the physical being the manifestation of the metaphysical, they are one without separateness, and co-exist as one, and ought not to be put asunder by man. Thus Metaphor hinges upon a study of deep interest and importance, and shows us how replete is science with human interest, and how it has within its body an actually living soul.

PART II.

It is very generally acknowledged that in all probability language originated in Metaphor. Locke is credited with being the first to establish this idea thoroughly, and his ideas have been accepted and developed by Max Müller and other leading philologists. The increasing influence which we find that Metaphor sways, as we take up older and older literature, is one great external evidence of the truth of the theory. But there is stronger evidence. All our conceptions of matter itself are, though we little suspect it, metaphorical. This requires some explanation. We are only able to know about the physical objects around us what their properties are—no, we do not even know those absolutely. We say that a billiard ball is round, white, smooth, and hard, and setting aside these qualities of roundness, smoothness, hardness, whiteness, we have no conception of what the billiard ball is in itself. But, after all, what are these qualities? They are mere effects in our brain, which we connect with the billiard ball simply by a sort of intuition. We touch a needle and it pricks us, causing a sensation of pain. We look at a billiard ball, and it causes a sensation of whiteness. We touch it, causing a sensation of smoothness, hardness, and roundness. These sensations are only attributes of the billiard ball in the same way that painfulness is an attribute of the needle. This puts it very strikingly. Think how little claim the painfulness has to be considered an attribute of the needle, and remember it is only in the same way that the roundness is a property of the ball. In each case they are sensations in our brain. Intuition and the association of continual experience leads us to associate the qualities with the billiard ball. It is, in fact, a form of metaphor—we transfer the metaphysical sensation to the physical object, and so, by association, we regard it as a property of the ball. So that apart from external evidence of a historical character, our own experience leads us to see that the origin of language and even all thought must be Metaphor. We learn it from the very nature of brain action, and its relation to phenomena. Bishop Berkeley, following this line of thought, actually came to the conclusion that there was no matter, and although Byron facetiously remarks “It was no matter what the Bishop said,” yet we cannot help seeing that from Berkeley’s standpoint there is no actual proof of the existence of matter. All that we *know* is that certain effects take place in our minds, and we associate them with assumed external phenomena. Of course, we believe that Bishop Berkeley was wrong, but in so believing we are bound to accept the principle I have already enunciated, that assumption must precede knowledge. His standpoint

was that we must assume nothing—not even that these sensations in our mind indicate corresponding properties in matter, and if we are not to assume anything, he was right. There are plenty of people who do not believe there is anything beside matter in the universe because we have no proof—because we must assume. Bishop Berkeley started on the same principle, and came to the conclusion there was no matter. Surely his philosophy gives a good answer to theirs, for both are equally logical and start from the same premise. Such is the dead wall of absolute nothingness towards which materialism must tend, and therefore again it is that I say that metaphysics or physics are in themselves fruitless studies. They should go hand in hand. What we want is clearer perception of the depths of Metaphor, fuller realization that the material is the manifestation of the immaterial, and, being only a manifestation, in itself actually the less substantial of the two. And, realising this, we need also deeper intuition and perception to trace out the metaphorical meanings of natural phenomena, their applicability to human nature, their oneness with our consciousness. In Metaphor, then, we have a very comprehensive reconciliation and harmonising of a good many partial views, linking the past with the present, the seen with the unseeable, the finite with the infinite, the best things of materialism with the best things of metaphysics, making one solid arch out of two leaning towers; linking the beauty of poetry with the stern facts of prose, banding together religion and science, bringing dead matter in touch with living consciousness, and making a reconciliation or at-one-ment between the human and divine.

But, to look at the subject as practically as possible, can this be done? Can we take a text-book of chemistry and treat it throughout as metaphor, tracing the metaphysical equivalent of every physical law and experiment? I believe a few can, but probably most cannot. Yet all can to a certain extent. Heredity is a great power to contend with, and undoubtedly it has been against most of us these many generations. Therefore it is all the more important that the intuitional faculty, so long neglected, should be forfeited and encouraged before it lapses into rudimentariness. It is very little use to merely crowd the mind with what others have done. In this respect symbolic teaching differs in its method from scientific study. In the mere storing of facts, or manifestations, of course we can profit directly by the labours of others, but in ascertaining the meanings, the things manifested, the case is very different. For example, I know someone, by no means unscientific, who finds the works of Darwin a kind of poem full of inner meaning. To communicate that inner meaning in words might be, to some extent, possible, but that would not be to communicate the faculty of perceiving the inner meaning from its manifestations. Dr. Anna Kingsford, Jacob Boehme, and more than all, Swedenborg, have published a great wealth of Correspondences; but to cram these into our minds would not be to see them with our perception. It would possibly hinder that. Those results indicate the method, but the work must be done by ourselves in order to be ours. Such is the prime difference in the mode of operation of the perceptive faculty and the scientific faculty.

It is remarkable what power and facility in expressing one's ideas are gained by cultivating these perceptive powers of the mind; hundreds of men whose minds are crammed with scientific facts lack the power of expression because

they are not versed in Metaphor, and their thoughts are not clarified by its constant influence ; while on the other hand, our greatest writers owe much of the magic of their literary power to their constant appreciation of the principle that facts are but manifestations, a principle which widens the whole field of thought and enables the thinker to grasp an unwieldy branching subject by its very tap root. The full truth of this can only appeal to experience for confirmation and a very good court of appeal is experience.

And now to sum up. I have tried to show that not only is all language originally metaphorical, but that all Nature is a phenomenal manifestation of the unphenomenal, and consequently that all around us is symbol and metaphor. There is one further point to consider. I know very well what some people would say to all this. They would say that the physical sciences can jog along very comfortably without any symbolical treatment. They would say, " We find it a very delightful thing to investigate the wonderful laws of Nature for their own sakes, and we find them in themselves quite a large enough subject without embarrassing our minds with possible symbolical meanings." In short, if they did not deny that all Nature is metaphorically representative, they would urge that to pursue the metaphor is superfluous and unnecessary. There are such people, and truly they are fearfully and wonderfully made, but still they do exist, and we must take the world as we find it. I have been on an excursion with a scientific body and found several of these people present. One, in particular, I remember, who would pick up a shell and rush off in a frenzied manner to the head conchologist. " What's the name of this ? What's the name of this ? " *Buccinum undatum* he would be told, and his mind immediately sank into perfect peace until he found another shell, when a similar process was repeated. I suppose, that to people of this class, it must seem superfluous, and even absurd, to talk of science and of Nature as metaphorical. But at the same time, there are plenty of other people, also fearfully and wonderfully made, with thinking brains and active wills, who have a positive distaste for science, simply because they think of it only as a dry inquiry into the Latin names of shells and fossils. Is it not somewhat remarkable that there are so many people who seem to have no more faculty for science than for flying ? We ought never to forget the existence of these people. Those who meet together interested in scientific subjects sometimes wonder that they are so few, while they know there are plenty of people outside their meeting room who have very well-convoluted brains, but who somehow are unable to take any interest in scientific pursuits. It is surely somewhat of a reflection upon science that it appeals to so few. I have questioned men upon this point, men who take a great interest in politics and other branches of the *quic quid agunt homines* ; I have found that they complain of a want of human interest, as they call it, in science. This is because of its severance from the metaphysical. If the mission of science were fulfilled it would not appeal to so few. If it were lifted up it would draw all men unto it, and the reconciliation that is needed is just the thing that I have been pointing out, a recognition of the great principle that science is Metaphor, that Nature is a manifestation of the supernatural. I do not for a moment ignore the immense value of the abours of the materialist school of scientists. One cannot help smiling at their self-satisfied frame of mind, but at the same time their patient grinding out of facts

is undoubtedly affording valuable material for others who see in their work what they themselves do not see. They are faithful copyists of Nature, who do not appreciate the full beauty of their own productions, but who render every detail with such scrupulous fidelity that it becomes intensely valuable to others. They are labourers who till the soil, while others enjoy the benefit of the harvest. They plant the tree of which others eat the fruit. Yet while we are accordingly grateful to them, I think that he is more to be envied who combines the two, who is not neglectful of the drudge work of science, the observation and classification of forms and facts and laws, and at the same time recognising that the forms and facts and laws are but manifestations, intuitionally deduces the essence manifested, rooted in his very consciousness and experience.

CHARLES E. BENHAM.



THE PROPAGANDA OF THEOSOPHY.

It is time that the richer of our British Theosophists should begin to discharge their duty to the movement for which they express sympathy, by aiding in its propaganda. Many of the members of the T.S. do nothing towards spreading the doctrines of Theosophy, giving neither time nor money to Theosophical work. There are two objects which members of the British Section should now help, as the discharge of a plain Theosophical duty. (1.) A Lecture Fund, out of which should be paid the hire of halls and the expenses of printing and posting bills, for lectures on Theosophy: there are competent speakers, willing to give their services without fee or reward; but they cannot, in addition to this, pay the expenses connected with the lecture, amounting to from £3 to £5. Such expenses should be borne by a fund established for the purpose. Contributions to this fund, marked "Theosophical Lecture Fund," may be sent to Herbert Burrows, F.T.S., 283, Victoria Park Road, London, N.E.

(2.) It is impossible, without paying an exorbitant rent, to obtain in London a house to serve as headquarters, large enough to accommodate the band of workers who carry on the organised work of the T.S. in the British Islands, under the immediate direction of H. P. B.; a house, further, which contains a room large enough for the weekly meetings of the "Blavatsky Lodge," meetings crowded ever more and more by enquirers and learners. This headquarters in London, the heart of the British Section, ought to be established at once. The only way to do this, without a crushing yearly expenditure, is to choose a house in a garden where there would be room to build, and then add to it a large room for meetings and, over this, rooms for the accommodation of the staff. The ordinary rent of the house will be covered by the rents paid by those of the staff who are able to thus contribute to the support of the headquarters; but the cost of building and of maintaining the secretaries ought to fall on the Section at large. Contributions to this fund, marked "Theosophical Building Fund," may be sent to Annie Besant, 19, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

We print this notice in *Lucifer* because it forms the most convenient medium for reaching the members of the Theosophical Society in Great Britain and Ireland; but the appeal is directed to them, *and not to our American brethren* who have already aided so well in the support of *Lucifer*.

Theosophical Activities.

THEOSOPHICAL LECTURES IN AMERICA.

WE learn with great pleasure that the lectures of Mr. Bertram Keightley in America have been listened to with the greatest interest, and have everywhere given an additional impetus to Theosophical work. It may interest our readers if we briefly mention some of his latest addresses.

At Grand Island, Nebraska, on December 16, the Masonic Hall was crammed with an attentive and interested audience, although five other public entertainments were in progress. The lecture was the general subject of conversation on the following day.

On December 29, Mr. Keightley delivered two lectures, one at San Francisco and the other at Oakland, and a second lecture at San Francisco on December 29. The lectures were listened to by appreciative and intelligent audiences.

In every town the lecturer passed through on his way to the Pacific coast, where he has to visit the several branches of the T.S. now promising to become very numerous, he spoke to appreciative audiences of not only Theosophists, but outsiders interested in our movement.

This is very gratifying indeed. Our cause needs eloquent speakers, and in this case the eloquence is helped by a self-devotion and earnestness as valuable as they are rare. Every success, health, and good Karmic reward, are the heartfelt good wishes sent by his British Brothers and fellow-members to Bertram Keightley across the wide waters of the Atlantic.

The *Annual Report* for 1889, of the "Swedish Branch" of the Theosophical Society, was delivered by the council on January 12th, 1890. After noticing the insufficiency of Christianity on the one side, and materialistic science on the other, the report proceeds:—

"It is very natural that the Theosophical teachings on the one side, overthrowing so many religious fictions, and on the other maintaining that there is a higher and more perfect method of obtaining knowledge than that known to the materialistic sciences, must excite resistance and animosity among the followers of the prevailing creeds and sects, as among the materialists—scientists. But here, as elsewhere, there was a soil ready to receive and ripen the Theosophical seed, namely, those minds who, discontented with the religious ideas of the time, aspired to a higher and clearer knowledge on the origin and destiny of man.

"To these Theosophy came as a comforter with its principle: 'There is no religion higher than truth;' with its sublime history of evolution; with its evangel 'God is no being exterior to man, but the divine spark within himself, which leads him through all the vicissitudes of evolution, from unconsciousness to divine consciousness,' and with its clear ethics: 'Live for your fellow-creatures and do your duty towards them as much as you can, and last to-

wards yourself, for you are *solidaire* with mankind, and egoism is a criminal delusion which injures others without benefitting yourself. In raising yourself you raise humanity, falling into egoism and unrighteousness you will prevent its progress.' Some persons, living in Stockholm and very much interested in Theosophy, assembled in order to discuss the constitution of a Theosophical branch in Sweden, and thus the Swedish branch of the T.S. was founded on February 10th, 1889.

"Seventeen members entered the society. Rules were accepted and officers elected on February 28th. At the meeting of March 10, it was decided to begin with literary activity for the spreading of knowledge about Theosophy by the publication of cheap pamphlets. During the year 10 pamphlets have been published containing 20 articles on different Theosophical topics, especially translations from English and German publications, but we have also issued a few original articles. A beginning is also made in publishing some more important Theosophical works translated into Swedish, such as Dr. Hartmann's 'Magic, white and black;' Madame Blavatsky's 'Key to Theosophy,' is also under translation. For this branch of the society's activity 600Kr. have been subscribed.

"A Theosophical lending library has also been founded partly by purchase and partly by donations from foreign and native Theosophists, where members for a moderate price can get books.

"Stockholm's Reading Room,' is also furnished with Theosophical literature, as the 'Secret Doctrine' (given by Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore); the 'Key to Theosophy' (by the Countess Wachtmeister), *Lucifer*, and others.

"At the meetings we have had lectures and discussions on Theosophical subjects. The society is constantly increasing. The number of the members was at the close of the year 71: 46 in Stockholm, 24 in the country and 1 abroad. These numbers must not, however, be considered as a complete expression of the interest with which Theosophy is regarded in Sweden. Under the rules of the society, a considerable number of guests, non-Theosophists, have attended its meetings. . . .

"Although 400 copies of our pamphlets have been distributed to the different newspapers, they have tried to kill Theosophy by dead silence. Yet some articles in defence of Theosophy have appeared in 'Göteborgs Handels and Sjöfartstidning.' Some attacks have also been published. One from the side of the church was answered by the president in the eighth number of our pamphlet series. Though Theosophy has been ignored by some and attacked by others, its literature has forced its way, and has become widely known."

G. ZANDER, president.
A. F. AKERBERG, secretary.
EMIL ZANDER, treasurer.

V. PFEIFF, vice-president.

AMÉLIE CEDERSCHIÖLD, corr. secretary.

On January 14th, Herbert Burrows, F.T.S., lectured on Theosophy before the Croydon Socratic Society, and led his hearers, step by step, from accepted axioms of science into the depths of Theosophy. After sketching the objects of the Theosophical Society, he pointed out, touching the third of these, that

Western science failed to accomplish the latter object in some very essential particulars, and that principally because its investigations were conducted on imperfect lines, while Theosophy, working upon an entirely different line, not only disagreed with the conclusions of the Western scientists, but could find a passage beyond the dead wall which blocked the path of all our scientists at a certain point, and beyond which wall no single Western investigator had yet been able to penetrate. What was the reason of this? Possibly because Western scientists started on too limited a basis. Personally he had long ago been led to the conclusion—from the study of Huxley's lecture on protoplasm—that the vital forces of nature were the unseen forces, and from Professor Huxley's own showing the material physical senses of the body proved rather a barrier than an assistance to the study of the powers of nature.

If this were so, it naturally led up to the conclusion that if our senses were only refined and acute enough it would be possible to perceive and understand the unseen forces of nature. On the other hand, the scientists of the West, every one of them, however profound their investigations, were met at one point in their inquiries by a barrier which they found it impossible to pass, in a very large class of phenomena which they found to be absolutely inexplicable by their modern science.

Mr. Burrows then showed how inexplicable were many natural effects from the materialist standpoint. For instance, by means of a definite arrangement of a violin, a tuning fork, a strong light, and a sort of disc suspended after the style of a magic lantern sheet, it was found that a note of music produces distinct and unmistakeable colours, which vary with different notes. Another instrument, the pendulagraph, demonstrates that a musical note possesses force. The apparatus is constructed upon vibrating principles, and is fitted with a universal-jointed pen. Upon a certain note being struck certain spiral curves are recorded by the pen. Strike another note, and a different class of spirals is produced; strike the first note again, and spirals are produced similar to those registered on the first occasion. Now, why are these spirals? That is what Theosophy alone can tell, and the man who has this knowledge can learn to control the forces of nature! The materialist failed to surmount the wall that stopped him, and why? Partly because he failed to recognise that there was no rigid line of demarcation between the spiritual and the material part of man. Judging by the state of clairvoyance, when the physical material senses of man were in a certain sense paralysed, the intelligent, spiritual, mental faculties of man were sharpened. Man dwelt in two worlds, the outward visible world, and the inward and invisible. The latter could only come into play when the other was deadened, or, in other words, purified and refined of a great deal of its material grossness. Taking another line, he showed that the Theosophist and the Western scientist, by widely differing methods, agreed, step by step, that under the whole of nature lay some widely diffused basic force, but that while the Western could only tell the relation between things—as in the molecular theory—the Theosophist could explain the essence of the things themselves, or rather, could get behind the relation of the things and explain why they were so related. This method, followed to its natural conclusion, must lead up to the explanation of the spiritual nature of man, and thus Theosophy was seen to comprehend the great truths that underlie all the great religions of the world.

From this point, Mr. Burrows took his hearers into the definite teachings of Theosophy, explaining the septenary nature of man, and the psychic powers latent in each human being, and concluding with a sketch of the cyclic evolution of the race. A lively and interesting discussion followed. The above is taken from the *Croydon Advertiser*, which gives a two column report.

Annie Besant has lectured on Theosophy during the month at Hatcham, Brixton, Leicester and Birmingham; the questions and discussions following the lectures show how much public attention has been aroused.

On January 21st, a lecture on Theosophy, from an antagonistic standpoint, was delivered in Morley Hall, Hackney, by Mr. Edwards, a coloured lecturer of the Christian Evidence Society, who is well-known in the East End of London. He showed the barest possible acquaintance with the subject, and endeavoured to make up for his lack of knowledge by treating it in a humorous way. At the close of the lecture discussion was invited, and Herbert Burrows, in the ten minutes allowed him, put very clearly to the large audience the leading points of Theosophy. His speech was heartily cheered, as was also his announcement that he would himself lecture in the hall on the subject before long. Mr. Campbell, F.T.S. did good service by distributing some hundreds of Theosophical pamphlets and leaflets, and this is an example which might well be followed by other Theosophists in various parts of the country.

Working men, especially in the Radical clubs, are beginning to show an interest in Theosophy, and it is now not an uncommon thing to see a lecture on the subject announced in their Sunday lecture lists.

The following pleasant greeting reaches us from Bombay:

“A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, to all, and to the T.S.

“To Madame H. P. Blavatsky, Secretary-Founder of the T.S.

“MOST RESPECTED MADAME AND BELOVED SISTER,—

“With heartfelt pleasure, the general secretary of the Bombay Section of the T.S. has to perform the duty of communicating to you the following ‘vote of Confidence and thanks to the Founders,’ proposed by Br. Tookaram Tatia, seconded by Br. P. R. Mesta, and carried by acclamation with three cheers for the Founders, at the General Conference of Theosophists of the Indian Section of the Society, held in Bombay, at the Hall of the Elphinstone High School, on 29th December, 1889, at 8 P.M.:

““That this Conference of the Fellows of all the Indian Sections of the Theosophical Society regards with unfeigned indignation the malicious attempts lately made to injure the Theosophical Society by cowardly attacks upon Madame Blavatsky, who, as well as her equally devoted colleague, Col. Olcott, has freely given her whole energies for the last fifteen years to the establishment of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood and the revival of Eastern philosophy and religions.

““This Conference further wishes to convey to both the Founders of the Society the assurance of its most cordial and grateful recognition of the great

services they have rendered to India, and are now rendering to the world at large.'

"With hearty love for the cause of Brotherhood, and for all who work in it, and for it, and through it.

"I remain,

"Yours fraternally,

"JHONGHIE KHORSHEDJI DAJR."

This greeting is especially welcome from our Indian Brothers, as a reply to the many attacks made upon us in India, and to the attempts to sow discord in the Brotherhood.

The following is the formal resolution passed at the late meeting of the Council of the British Section of the Theosophical Society:

Resolved: "That Colonel H. S. Olcott be appointed the delegate of the Section to the General Convention to be held at Adyar in May next, and that he is cordially requested to convey to the Convention the hearty and fraternal greetings of the British Section to their fellow Theosophists of the world, with the hope that by the united Theosophical efforts of the East and West the ensuing year may see a larger development of that spiritual brotherhood for which it is the duty of all to strive."

(Signed)

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

ANNIE BESANT
CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER
WILLIAM KINGSLAND
ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY
HERBERT BURROWS
F. L. GARDNER

"Blavatsky
Lodge"

Representatives.

G. R. S. MEAD (Dublin Lodge)
LAURA M. COOPER (Edinburgh
Lodge)
ALICE LEIGHTON CLEATHER
(Liverpool Lodge)
SYDNEY EDGE (Cambridge Lodge)
W. R. OLD, Secretary, British
Section)

MUDDLED MEDDLERS.

In the *Supplement* to the *Theosophist* of January 1890 (p. lxxv) its subscribers will read with amusement, and Theosophists with pain and disgust a personal—very untheosophical and undignified—attack made by one officer of the T.S. on another officer of the same. It is headed "Muddled Rule-Makers," and its editorial (?) remarks are directed against a good Theosophist and a personal friend, who has all our gratitude and esteem for the unselfish work done by him for the good of the cause. His crime in the sight of the acting editor consists, it appears, in his having failed to express himself in the "Constitution and Bye-Laws" of the "Blavatsky Branch" of the Theosophical Society at Washington (U.S.A.) according to the personal hobby of the writer at Adyar.

Now, if the terms used by our Washington Brother, such as "*International Theosophical Society*," "*Chief President*" and "*Chief Corresponding Secretary*" are not absolutely correct and official, then, and at any rate—

(1.) It is no business of the "acting" editor of the *Theosophist* to take a President and officers of a Branch Society to task for it—least of all in a public magazine. The President-Founder would alone have such a right; and when (or *if*) using it, he would certainly have the requisite tact and delicacy not to *snub* a respected member and a good Brother Theosophist—publicly.

(2.) Such harsh expressions as "foolishness" "tomfoolery" and "absurdities" when used in our chief theosophical magazine and coming from the Headquarters of the T.S.—especially if applied to a Brother-Member—are not only objectionable on account of their offensive character, but detrimental and dangerous to the T.S. They lower the magazine to the level of a scurrilous Methodist *Weekly* and give the right to our opponents to add to the scoffing epithet of "Mutual Admiration Society" given to our Body, that of "Mutual Detraction and Vilification Brotherhood." *On lave son linge sale en famille*—is a wise advice.

Such sentences as—"We ask . . . the meaning of this 'tomfoolery,' and "We call upon Mr. W. Q. Judge" . . . etc., may sound very grandiloquent, but the real point is, has any "We," apart from the President, the right to "ask," or "call upon" any officer of the T.S. publicly and in such a tone? I, for one, and in the name of the Theosophists of the British Section of the T.S. protest against and deny the "We" any such privilege.

Since the offensive remarks have been made in one theosophical periodical, I feel it my bounden duty to protest against them as publicly in another theosophical magazine. It is, I say, my bounden (and very painful) duty, and for the following reasons:

(a.) I am the founder and was the editor of the *Theosophist* for several years—Colonel Olcott having consented to act in my place only *pro tem*.

(b.) Together with my beloved colleague and co-worker, H. S. Olcott, we are to this day the sole proprietors of that magazine, and therefore *must* feel responsible for all that appears in it.

(c.) I have a voice and many other rights in the management of the T.S. and its magazine, which even its present irrepressible acting editor would hardly take upon himself to question or deny.

In view of this, and the foregoing, I feel it my first duty to offer public apologies and sincere regrets to our esteemed Brother, the President of the Washington "Blavatsky Theosophical Society"—for this unjust and unbrotherly attack upon himself, in which apologies Col. H. S. Olcott would be certain to join were he still in London.

Personally, moreover, I ask him to overlook the rude criticism of the acting editor of our Journal, as the extremely debilitating climate of India, with its Madras heat and scorching sun may, very likely, have had something to do with it, thus entitling the writer to our pity.

Fortunately the President will, by this time, have reached Adyar, and he will, I am sure, put an end at once to these mischievous and undignified attacks on Brother Theosophists by his acting editor.

Brighton (England), Feb. 1890.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

It is with unfeigned regret and sympathy for the family and surviving relatives that we read the following announcement in the *Theosophist* of the death of one to whom Eastern Theosophical literature—and the Adyar Oriental Library owe so much. The loss is heavy for our Headquarters.

DEATH OF PANDIT N. BASHYA CHARYA.

It is with great sorrow that we have to announce the death of Pandit N. Bashya Charya, Pandit of the Adyar Oriental Library, at 11.30 p.m. on the 22nd ultimo, at his brother's house in Rayapuram, Madras. For many years our lamented Pandit had suffered from diabetes, a disease which seems to be as common among the Brahmins as consumption is in the West. Two years ago he suffered from an acute attack thereof, while living at Adyar, but recovered on removal to a distance from the Adyar river, on the banks of which the Headquarters is situated. This time, unfortunately, neither the entreaties of his friends nor the advice of his doctors could induce him, until it was too late, to go away from the library in which he loved so much to spend his days when in good health. The immediate cause of death was blood poisoning from carbuncle in the hand, and although the Pandit had suffered greatly for nearly two months from neuralgia in the head, which nothing seemed able to relieve, neither he himself nor his friends, nor even his medical advisers, thought the case so dangerous until the appearance of blood poisoning, which quickly brought on a fatal termination.

The death of Pandit N. Bashya Charya is an irreparable loss to the Theosophical Society in general and to the Oriental Library in particular. Where can there be found another man combining his rare qualities and qualification? Acknowledged to be one of the most learned Sanscritists in India; wonderfully well read in all the Sanscrit literature, sacred and other; an excellent English scholar; an orator equally at home in four languages; a man of singularly courageous disposition; an enlightened reformer; and, above all, an ardent Theosophist and devoted Fellow of the Theosophical Society, who gave up a lucrative profession—he was a lawyer in good practice—to gratuitously devote himself to the work of the Society.

That there is here in India but one universal expression of sorrow at the death of our respected Pandit need hardly be told, and it may safely be said that the same feeling will be general in the Society everywhere when the fact that he is now no more with us is known and realized.

—*Theosophist.*

“Going to and Fro in the Earth.”

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING?

THE *Daily Telegraph*, rejoicing over the vastness of London, gives the following *menu* for a year :

“In a year London folks swallow down 500,000 oxen, 2,000,000 sheep, 200,000 calves, 300,000 swine, 8,000,000 head of fowls, 500,000,000 pounds of fish, 500,000,000 oysters, 200,000,000 lobsters—is that enough to figure on? If not, there are some million tons of canned provisions, no end of fruit and vegetables, and 50,000,000 bushels of wheat. But how they wash all the food down you might feel glad to know. It takes 200,000,000 quarts of beer. But more than this, they drink 10,000,000 quarts of rum, and 50,000,000 quarts of wine—the wine, the rum, the beer, 260,000,000 quarts.”

Such a mass of food, presented to the imagination as a huge mountain, through which London steadily eats its way, is quite appalling. And when one remembers how many hundreds of thousands of the population never have “a square meal,” the gorging of the remainder becomes revolting. And there is a very serious side to this normal over-eating. If the stomach be overloaded the brain suffers. Strong intellectual work is not done by the alderman, waxing fatter and fatter on over-elaborated dinners, but by the man who lives on well-nigh ascetic fare, eating to keep the body in sound health as an efficient instrument of the mind.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in his clever novel, “Three Men in a Boat,” has the following significant paragraphs on the influence of the stomach on the brain. Theosophists, by reading between the lines, may learn a useful lesson :

“How good one feels when one is full—how satisfied with ourselves and with the world! People who have tried it tell me that a clear conscience makes you very happy and contented; but a full stomach does the business quite as well, and is cheaper, and more easily obtained. One feels so forgiving and generous after a substantial and well-digested meal—so noble minded, so kindly hearted.

“It is very strange, this domination of our intellect by our digestive organs. We cannot work, we cannot think, unless our stomach wills so. It dictates to our emotions, our passions. After eggs and bacon it says, ‘Work!’ After breakfast and porter, it says, ‘Sleep!’ After a cup of tea (two spoonfuls for each cup, and don’t let it stand more than three minutes) it says to the brain, ‘Now rise and show your strength. Be eloquent, and deep, and tender; see, with a clear eye, into Nature and into life; spread your white wings of quivering thought, and soar, a god-like spirit, over the whirling world beneath you, up through long lanes of flaming stars to the gates of eternity!’

“After hot muffins, it says, ‘Be dull and soulless, like a beast of the field—a brainless animal, with listless eye, unlit by any ray of fancy, or of hope, or fear, or love, or life?’ And after brandy, taken in sufficient quantity, it says, ‘Now come, fool, grin and tumble, that your fellow men may laugh—drivel in folly, and splutter in senseless sounds, and show what a helpless misery is poor man,

whose wit and will are drowned, like kittens, side by side, in half an inch of alcohol.'

"We are but the veriest, sorriest slaves of our stomach. Reach not after morality and righteousness, my friends; watch vigilantly your stomach, and diet it with care and judgment. Then virtue and contentment will come and reign within your heart, unsought by any effort of your own; and you will be a good citizen, a loving husband, and a tender father—a noble, pious man." . . .

Is it the "brain" or the "stomach" that inspired a Kentucky Yankee to write the curious letter just received by Mme. Blavatsky? A theosophist would hardly ascribe it to *Manas* but would assign it an undeniably *Kamic* origin. Here it is, style, spelling, and request—*verbatim*.

"DEAR MADAME.—We read to-day with great interest, a description of yourself and wonderful age in the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*. At present I being young but, have the desire too remain longer on this earth than our allotted number 3 score years and 10—I therefore take the privilege of writing too you and asking, whether you really are, five hundred years old, and what is your receipt for so long a life:

Hoping that the rheumatism has now left you, and that you will not regard this note too insignificant too answer, I am, truly yours, etc."

[Signature withheld through theosophical considerations.]

The "Adversary" takes "the privilege" of informing the Kentucky very ambitious young petitioner that Mme. Blavatsky does not regard the note "too insignificant too answer." On the contrary, it is quite important enough to be assigned a *niche* in LUCIFER. With regard to the "receipt" for living "five hundred years old," the writer is advised to turn for information to the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, which may perhaps part with its secret for a consideration.

A LOGICAL REASONING.

Commenting on the revival in England of the slanders against Mme. Blavatsky, the London correspondent of the *Hindu* very aptly says:

"Many people are disgusted with this whole subject, and ask: 'Why take any notice of this revival to state slander? Why not let the dog return to its vomit if that noble animal likes it? It seems from the above that the Rev. George Patterson, however, has not got rid of all his bile, and we are to be treated to further revelations, which it is to be hoped will be a little more artistic than the last, since the reverend gentleman has had several years to *edit* them.

"What an extraordinary muddle the reasoning faculties of these parsons must be in! What do they expect to gain by these accusations against Madame Blavatsky? Suppose for a moment that they had succeeded in proving every one of their points to the satisfaction of all the world, where would they stand even then? Their arguments run thus:—'Madame Blavatsky pretended to burn a cigarette and to make it appear again, whereas it was really a second cigarette that she palmed off on those present. THEREFORE Reincarnation is not a truth, and all the philosophers and sages who believed it are fools, and the great systems of religion and philosophy which teach it are lies.' 'Madame Blavatsky wrote messages purporting to come from the Masters and sent them to

her chelas. THEREFORE, the doctrine of Karma is false, those who teach it are deceivers, and the dogmas of a personal God and of endless punishment in his all-benificent hell are proved to be certainly facts, Jesus is the second person of the "God-head," and all that the missionaries say is true.'

"Let them go on spinning their lying gossip; it leaves *Theosophy* absolutely untouched, as far at least as those who are capable of understanding what that word means are concerned.

"The queerest thing is that these padris never seem to suspect that they have fallen into a trap. While they have been exercising all their intellect and generosity in trying to make out Madame Blavatsky a 'charlatan,' she has been quietly writing book after book, and pouring out a succession of articles in her several Magazines, all of which not only disproves absolutely and completely the ridiculous assumption that she is a 'charlatan,' but is noiselessly but irresistibly undermining the 'rock' upon which the padris stand in fancied security. Now, if these padris instead of spending their energy in a vain attempt to make Madame Blavatsky personally despised and disliked, had used their splendid intellects in opposing the spread of theosophical ideas, would it not have been much better for themselves?

"Perhaps so. Perhaps not; for they are in the awkward position that they cannot open their mouths about Theosophy without advertising it, and thus doing it a service; for theosophy only wants to be known; it asks nothing more, and cares very little whether the clergy talk sense or nonsense about it, so long as they only talk."

Here is a fresh item of scientific news. Another "calculating boy" has appeared. We read in the *Globe* of January 3rd that:

"Kentucky boasts a negro prodigy in a calculating farm labourer, thirty-four years of age. Sam Summers, as he is called, can neither read nor write, and does not know one figure from another. He does not look particularly intelligent, but nevertheless he answers very difficult questions in arithmetic with great promptitude. Here are some of the tests he has been able to withstand. Multiply 597,312 by 13%. How much gold can be bought for 719 dols. in greenbacks if gold is worth 1'65 dol. ? If a grain of wheat produces seven grains, and these are sown every second year, each yielding the same increase, how many bushels will be produced in twelve years, there being 1,000 grains to the pint?

What does materialism say? Shade of Carpenter appear and confabulate with Ludwig Büchner! Vain appeal, for we want something more than "labels" now-a-days. Perhaps after all reincarnation is not so "unthinkable."

We cordially agree with the following views of the *National Reformer* and wish that more of our contemporaries were as dauntless in the cause of truth.

"There is one point in which the Indian Congress stands out superior to all other political congresses that one hears of, from Parliament downwards—it admits women as delegates. In this it sets an example to the nations that boast of a higher civilisation, but whose views of women have been degraded by Christianity. Buddhist women, it is well known, enjoy an absolute equality with men, being admissible even to that last citadel of male privilege—the priestly office. Hindu women, under the Institutes of Manu, also enjoyed a free and dignified position, but since the Mahomedan invasion of India, they have been degraded by the zenana system and have been shut out of all healthy life, made the mere appanage of man. I trust that the appearance of women delegates is a sign that the awakening of India is not to be confined to her sons.

"The *Christian Commonwealth* has an ill-tempered article, abusing 'scepticism, agnosticism, atheism, ignorance, sorcery, slavery, polygamy, fetichism, Islamism, Theosophism, and devilry in all

its phantasmagoria.' It wants to know what sort of a place the world would have been without Christianity:

"What kind of a brutal people would be coming up from the slums, and what sort of nice humanity would be coming down to meet them from gilded club rooms where earls and baronets gamble and drink?"

"Well, but my dear *Christian Commonwealth*, the brutality of the slums, the prostitution, the awful nameless cruelties, the murders, the drunkenness, are all here, outgrowths of your Christian community, and at the other end you have your Cleveland Street horror and your 'society' divorces. In the name of outraged Humanity, what worse than these could you have under any creed or no creed? The *Christian Commonwealth* goes on:

"From our infancy, our first weakness, Jesus of Bethlehem is with us. Mahomedanism and Buddhism alike fail to begin with human nature in sympathy of the right point—the point of lowest weakness. Mercy for women and children is a secret of one religion. Fine ladies who have such contempt for Christ are not above enjoying all the homage and honours which, outside of a Christian community, would be an impossible attainment for their sex. They owe everything to the Emancipator of womanhood and acknowledge nothing."

"'Mercy for women and children'!! Why, there is no country in which wife-beating and child-torture are as common as in Christian England. Among Buddhists they are absolutely unknown. And as to 'the impossible attainment' for women, let the editor of the *C.C.* go to Ceylon, and study the Singhalese women. The 'Emancipator of Womanhood' is a title due to Buddha rather than to Christ. Principal Donaldson used to think as does the editor of the *C.C.*, but study of the facts has made him confess his error. The gentle creed which forbids the slaying of any living thing, and which built hospitals for sick brutes as well as sick men (long before the birth of Christ), never sees its votaries stained with the cruelties which come daily before the police-courts of this Christian land."

JARVEYAN THEOSOPHY.

(After Colonel Olcott's Lecture.)

A FUNNY skit at the audiences that assemble to hear our President lecture on Theosophy. That's about the size of the average Britisher who hears for the first time anything of the old Esoteric doctrines. The Dublin "Punch," *The Jarvey*, has the following:

"We've all been there before,
Many a time."

—Hymn of the Esoteric Buddhist.

"Have we been in this world before?" said the "Office Lyre," as he took his seat in the Ancient Concert Rooms, and prepared to take notes of Colonel Olcott's lecture.

"I have been before this world for some time," sighed the Poet Flanagan, "and have failed to make much of a mark as yet."

"Never mind, old man; perhaps in some prehistoric state your sonnets were sung by the stately Saurians, and your comic verses may have sent the cave man forth to slaughter his enemies with renewed relish."

"It's a curious thing," remarked Flanagan, "that when reading some of Shakespeare's finest passages, I feel as if that is exactly how I would have expressed myself. Is it possible, think you, that I can be a re-embodiment of the Bard of Avon?"

"Your style has changed somewhat since you brought out 'Hamlet,' but I've no doubt you are the same man."

Further conversation was prevented by the entrance of Colonel Olcott.

The Colonel (a short and patriarchal looking gentleman in spectacles and a long white beard) in the course of a two hours' address said: "The inner spirit of man was something apart from his body, and that in Eastern countries there was a fixed belief that during sleep a man's spirit might wander to distant realms. They held it was a most dangerous thing to wake a man suddenly, for if his spirit had not returned the man would probably die."

"That's a splendid doctrine," whispered the Office Lyre to Flanagan; "I wish my landlady believed in it; she wouldn't jerk the bolster from under my slumbering form on Sunday morning."

The lecturer stated his belief that we had all lived various times on this or some other world, and would probably have to appear again several times before our astral or star bodies were perfected.

"This law is essentially the same as that found among the players of pool," remarked the Poet Flanagan to his companion; "you must lose all your lives before you are allowed to 'star.'"

Here a young man who had been listening intently to the discourse, turned to the Office Lyre and said: "When is he going to talk about cycology?"

"About what?" twanged the Lyre.

"About cycles. A fellow told me the Colopel knew more about cycology than any man living. 'Cycology means a knowledge of cycles, doesn't it?" enquired the young man anxiously.

"My friend, replied the Lyre, "you are no theosophist; you have been developing your body at the expense of your mind. The world is not yet ripe for these doctrines. Come with us to that sub-astral Nirvana, otherwise known as the 'Brotherhood of the Bodega,' and we will study the evolution of the oyster and the embodiment of various spirits."

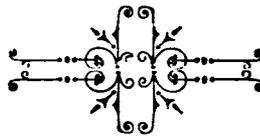
That night it is said that an oriental "adept" appeared to the Poet Flanagan in his astral shape, and, transporting him to the Himalayan mountains, offered to teach him the laws of occultism at the lowest possible figure.

When he awoke, he found himself reposing close to the giddy heights of the Stephen's Green mountain range, and his guide had disappeared.

As a proof that occult forces had been at work, the poet produced the following lines, which he declares were dictated to him by his astral guide:

I may have been a porpoise, and you a tall Zulu;
He may have been a bloater and she a kangaroo;
We may have been each other in this theosophic lore;
We're here to claim in Karma's name
We've all been here before.

Chorus—We've all been here before,
Many a time;
We've all been here before,
Many a time.
We don't see how
We can prove it now,
Although the idea's sublime;
Still we've all been here before,
Many a time.



THEOSOPHICAL LENDING LIBRARIES.

Mr. F. Chapman has formed a Theosophical Lending Library for the White-chapel district in Mile End Road, E.

We have now such libraries at 7, Duke Street, Strand; Sheffield; Penrith; Merthyr Tydvil; Newcastle; Edinburgh. Theosophists who can enlarge these libraries by gifts of money or of books, should write to the Countess Wachtmeister, 7, Duke Street, Strand, London, W.C., and she will tell them where their help will be most useful.

Reviews.

BALZAC IN ENGLISH.

PEAU DE CHAGRIN, LOUIS LAMBERT AND SERAPHITA.*

HONORÉ DE BALZAC was born out of due time; he came in the dark half of the century. Therefore was he little understood by his contemporary critics, and flippant Paris refused him his just laurels.

Even in the present day, little is known by the English-speaking public of the masterpiece of the French writer. Those of his works which they have read are the least important, and disclose the generally unpalatable fact that Balzac was no *dilettante* talemonger, but a man with a purpose. If we turn to any of the many bourgeois "encyclopædias" we find but scanty notice taken of him, even as a writer, and none at all as a philosopher; in fact some of these "royal roads to learning," entirely omit any mention of his three greatest works. *The Magic Skin, Louis Lambert, and Seraphita* are the trilogy which crown his great effort, *La Comédie Humaine*.

It is therefore with the liveliest pleasure that we take up these three handsome volumes, and this not only because it is a striking sign that the times have changed, and changed marvellously, in that the public are making some reparation to a great genius by creating a demand for his masterpieces, but also because the novels are most excellently done into English, and retain, as such as translations can, the charm of the originals. But this is not all; for us, as Theosophists, there is something far more important: Mr. George Frederic Parsons, one of the earliest and most appreciated members of the T. S., in his lengthy introduction, has written an excellent treatise on the philosophy of Balzac from the occult standpoint; and although for the intelligent student of that great body of literature on occult subjects which is increasing with such extraordinary rapidity nowadays, there are no new facts, still in the exposition and application it is excellent, and, wedded to Balzac's great masterpieces, will win an entrance where alone it would have been unceremoniously hustled off the premises.

These introductions cover a wide survey of psychological literature and will supply one who pays his first visit to the magic hills of occult lore with an excellent bird's-eye view of the whole subject.

Balzac, like many other great writers, was not without some portion of the "psychic power latent in man." Unconsciously no doubt, but still actually, he had regained his great birthright and by intellectual *Kriya Sakti* produced "mind-born sons." As Mr. Parsons says, in speaking of the—

"Unparalleled vitality and reality of Balzac's creations, the creation of these *esdola*, however wonderful, is as nothing to the psychical feat of maintaining them in existence. Both Thackeray and Dickens asserted that they were often absolutely surprised by the sayings and doings of their creations."

* Translated by KATHERINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY, with an Introduction by GEORGE FREDERIC PARSONS. ROBERTS BROS. Boston, 1889.

Who knows but that the fact that : " Balzac was as well acquainted with the metaphysics of Hindustan as with those of Europe," may account in some measure for the wonderful charm that this mystic philosopher and true student of man exercises on theosophic minds ?

" Know thyself," cried the voice of the mysteries. And the little poet of Twickenham, catching some echo of its world-reverberation, wrote : " The proper study of mankind is *man*." So thought Balzac, and in the *Comédie Humaine* he strove to study his kind with the result that they either ignorantly misunderstood him, or were forced to keep grim silence in self-defence, and probably we should still do so if we did not, with the Trojan hero," boast ourselves to be greater than our fathers." How daring and desperate was this attempt we learn from Madame Surville, his sister, who wrote in her memoir :

" In ' Louis Lambert,' my brother, in order to obtain a hearing for certain ideas which were not yet accepted by the world, believed it necessary to put them forward under the safeguard of (simulated) insanity."

Mr. Parsons sees in *The Magic Skin* something more than a mere novel ; he sees in it an allegory.

" The Eastern talisman is the undisciplined lust of worldly success which shortens life literally and directly by exhausting the nervous energy. The Countess Fedora, the woman without a heart . . . is symbolical of Society, which lives for itself and its own pleasures and luxuries ; which is polished, cold, indifferent, yet desirous of obtaining gratuitously the best of all the lives attracted by its glitter and ostentation ; which allures by its air of distinction, its parade of wealth, its affectation of exclusiveness, its versatility and surface show of intellect and wit ; and which is, like the beautiful and fascinating Russian, absolutely void of heart, and scarcely capable of feigning sensibility enough to make a decorous appearance."

Society, queen of the heartless, come into court !

" Raphael is designed to illustrate Balzac's theory of the baleful social effect of excess. He exhibits from the first an absorbed Egoism which puts him morally almost on a level with the Society he learns to hate and despise. . . . The possessor of the magic skin must be a self-indulgent, egoistic person. Pauline is a foil, both exoterically and esoterically, to the heartless, cold-blooded Fedora.

* * * * *
 She is a foil also to the selfishness of Raphael. She is a beautiful ideal, and may further be regarded as symbolizing the superior purity and elevation of true womanly love. That is to say of sacrifice."

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Parsons that the dramas of Balzac's great trilogy are allegories, and thus meet the objections of a critic, who says of Balzac that his :

" Most ambitious types of piety and purity in woman," appear to have been described " from pure *imagination*, with the result that his creations of this class are cold, unapproachable, abnormal, bloodless beings, where goodness does not impress us as meritorious, because they are essentially incapable of wrong-doing."

No doubt they are all *intuitional* types, representing generally the supremacy of *Buddhi-Manas* over *Kama-Manas*. In " Seraphita " we have the highest of these, almost a girl-Buddha, who has conquered the hosts of Mâra and gained some portion of the robe of Dharma.

In " Louis Lambert " we have an example of the Intuitive dominating the Intellectual : as Mr. Parsons says :

" The biographer who visits Louis . . . does not feel altogether certain that his friend is truly insane. He even asks himself whether the condition of chronic ecstasy in which the patient seems withdrawn may not be the consequence of an illumination so much higher than that vouchsafed mankind at large as to transcend expression—to separate the recipient from intellectual contact with his fellows by revealing to his inner sense untranslatable things."

We must not, therefore, take Louis Lambert as an example to be too zealously emulated. He fell short of the perfect type by excess. The grand old Greek adage *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, nothing too much, is an immortal truth, and Aristotle was never on surer ground than when he enunciated the doctrine of τὸ μέσον, or the Mean, the corner stone of his philosophy. The truly wise ever strike the balance between Intellect and Intuition; excess in either direction destroys the harmony of perfection.

Balzac, moreover, was no slavish admirer of scientific "authority," the first-born of priestcraft. In this connection Mr. Parsons very aptly remarks :

"It is well to recall a fact usually overlooked, namely, that when objections are raised against what are called unverifiable assumptions, such objections apply not only to the intuitional methods of research, but to many of the fundamental concepts of physical science. In fact we should have no coherent cosmology were the use of the scientific imagination excluded. Every theory of the universe advanced by science demands the acceptance of postulates which are in most instances figments of the imagination, and some of which go counter to the primal laws of scientific research, in positing conditions wholly foreign to experience. The habit of accepting whatever comes to us with the endorsement of Science causes men to think they comprehend such statements, whereas, in truth, no story of a miracle can possibly be harder to grasp by the reason alone."

When we find that Balzac had eagerly devoured such works as he could obtain on Indian philosophy and psychology; that he was a great admirer of Boehme, Saint, Martin and Swedenborg, and that he was also familiar with such writers as Lully, Agrippa, Paracelsus, Reuchlin, Mesmer, Porphyry, Plotinus and the Neoplatonists, Hermes Trismegistus and the books of the Kabbala, we shall be little astonished at his disagreement with the scientific dogmas of his day, or to find Mr. Parsons telling us that :

"We shall see, when we examine Balzac's speculations, the curiously close relation between the latest conclusions of modern science and the central concepts of a philosophy which has much in common with these archaic and mystical views, the study of which commends itself more and more to a generation educated to resent and suspect dogmatism wherever encountered, and equally disinclined to accept imposed authority, the credentials of which are not beyond doubt."

As an example of the daring flights of Balzac's genius, the following aphorism from one of his categories is especially to be remarked: "Facts are nothing; they do not exist; there subsists nothing but ideas." Such has ever been the cry of blind mortals when they gain their vision or have it given them artificially. Sir Humphrey Davy, after having been under the influence of nitrous oxide, is reported to have sprung from his chair exclaiming: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, nothing exists but Ideas."

If, then, "*Facts* really do not exist," what, we may ask, will be the market price per ton of scientific libraries?

The major part of the introduction to *Louis Lambert* is taken up with a consideration of the categories of Balzac's philosophy. It is not too much to say, that no student of this philosophy should be without Mr. Parsons' introduction, for he is always interesting and successful in producing the impression on the reader, that perhaps after all there is *something* in it. Undoubtedly there is much to commend itself in the views which were condensed by the great French writer into his terse and rigid sentences. But did Honoré de Balzac aim at presenting a complete system of thought? Were his intuitive flights always reliable?

Perhaps it may be said that he died before rounding out the edifice, with

some plans indeed before him and with some of the stones cut, perhaps even with some of the courses laid; but the Work was never completed and even the unity of the edifice imperfectly conceived.

The story of *Seraphita* deals with the highest phase of the mysticism of Swedenborg. As it stands, however, it is somewhat unnatural. The beautiful *Seraphita*, a maiden of some seventeen summers, is endowed with all the virtues and *siddhis* of an Eastern Arhat; probably this was done to champion a cause which Balzac had ever at heart—the restoration of woman to her proper dignity.

Taken as a narration of fact, the story is somewhat improbable. Taken as an allegory or soul-drama, it is most beautiful. Mr. Parsons leans to the latter view and writes a very lucid exposition of the meaning of the characters.

Most probably, *Seraphita* was considered by Balzac as his masterpiece. In the introduction we find the following quotation from a letter of his to the Duchesse de Castries: "The toil upon this work has been crushing and terrible. I have passed, and must still pass days and nights upon it. I compose, decompose and recompose it." If the advice of Horace in his *Ars Poetica* is to be taken, Balzac did well in this. Horace, however, never dealt with works of really high inspiration, but confined his advice to what we now classify under the somewhat threadbare label of "literature." We may therefore fairly conclude that Balzac aimed at the portrayal of an ideal which ever escaped full expression, and that laborious art is of secondary importance in a work of real genius.

In connection with the tardy recognition of woman's proper place in human evolution, Mr. Parsons very appositely remarks:

"Woman practised the long forgotten virtue (Unselfish Love), while suffering in silence the tyranny to which her constitutional weakness condemned her. From the beginning she has been the chief conservator of this indispensable aid to the higher life. If she has not succeeded in manifesting so strikingly as advanced men the serviceableness of Altruism to material progress, it is because the repression from which she suffered through so protracted a period stunted her intellectual growth and thus rendered her deficient in the capacity to apply practically what she cultivated almost instinctively."

This, unfortunately, is only too true. Generally speaking, woman is more spiritual or intuitive, man more material or intellectual. Let men therefore cultivate their intuition and women their intellect, and we shall some day have matters not too intolerable, for as things stand, the case is indeed desperate.

Students of the Eastern system however, will scarcely agree entirely with Mr. Parsons when he says:

"It is one of the central merits of Christianity that it did much to recover for Woman the position too long denied her in the psychical scheme. Buddha indeed went far beyond his Asiatic predecessors in this direction. He admitted women to all the spiritual gains open to men, with one exception. No woman could become a Buddha, according to him, though any man might elevate himself to Arhatship. Christianity raised woman to the highest celestial dignities."

Quite so; but it denied her any place in the priesthood, and its earliest authorities placed many indignities upon her. "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law." (i. Cor. xiv. 84). Moreover Protestant Christianity expels the Virgin Mary and the women-saints from the *highest* celestial dignities. Gautama, on the contrary, admitted women

to Arhatship, and some of the most renowned of the Buddhist missionaries were women. As well as men they can become *Buddhas*, for the term means generally "the enlightened," one who has reached a certain state of spiritual development. There have been and there are women initiates. No doubt they are few compared to men, but that is owing to the long ages of repression to which their sex has been subjected.

But surely the equality of the sexes is in the nature of things. Man, originally the divine hermaphrodite, was androgynous previous to the separation of the sexes. Following therefore the cycle of evolution and the ascending arc of the curve, the sexes will gradually tend to an entire equality, and so the sexual attraction will cease and give place to something nobler, holier and more god-like.

Further on the consideration that :

"To this theory of spiritual evolution taught by Swedenborg the doctrine of metempsychosis, or as it is more commonly termed at present, the doctrine of re-incarnation, is necessary,"

gives Mr. Parsons an opportunity of writing a clear and interesting account of this fundamental postulate of all sound philosophy.

Very just also is his view of Swedenborg as an "authority."

"It must be admitted," he says, "by all candid students of the Seer, that his supposed revelations are often clogged and overlaid with the most palpable anthropomorphism; that he derives his notions of celestial phenomena and existences from his personal environment with a curious childish simplicity at times; that he exhibits in many ways his inadequacy as the vehicle of supra-mundane communications; and his inability, partly through physical, partly through intellectual conditions, to transmit with fidelity or even to observe with accuracy that which was presented to his internal vision."

How true is this of all untrained seers! *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is true on all planes, and psychic senses are even more delusive than physical. Yet as Mr. Parsons says :

"It is not that the various Seers are hallucinated, or that they invent; it is that the divergence in their reports represents the insuperable influence of their material elements upon their spiritual perception. This may be tested by harmonies as well as by discords indeed. The student of such subjects knows that remarkable resemblances in outline occur frequently among the mystical writings of widely separated races and ages. These resemblances cannot, in many instances, be accounted for on the theory of simple borrowing, for the proof is frequently attainable that borrowing would have been impossible."

Perhaps also our amateur seer would do well to remember that :

"He may easily drift into a Fool's Paradise wherein illusions of every kind cheat his undisciplined senses, and he may return to material existence qualified to do much more harm than good by disseminating views which perhaps his personal character invests with a factitious value."

How repeatedly have facts paid their tribute to the wisdom of the aphorism of the *Voice of the Silence*, which says: "The name of Hall the Second is the Hall of Learning. In it thy soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled." Had this been always understood how many Angelic and other Revelations would have been spared a long-suffering world. Nature never makes leaps, but somehow or other a psychic imagines himself privileged to reach the seventh heaven at a bound.

Speaking of the final ordeal before the apotheosis of Seraphita, Mr. Parsons writes :

"In this great ordeal Seraphita finds no help in her sinlessness, because her spiritual development has brought with it not only increase of sensitiveness, but an expansion of the perceptive faculties which enables her to comprehend to the fullest extent the attractions and delights of the materia

opportunities and enjoyments she is required to renounce. The sacrifice demanded of her, moreover, embraces the slaying of Self. It is not only earthly desires that she must surrender, but all desires; for the yearning for the Divine, pure as it may seem, is capable of perversion into a disguised form of selfishness. She cannot cease to aspire, for all her nature is attuned heavenward; but she must be prepared for any event, even for the disappointment of her dearest hopes."

Balzac's philosophical trilogy ends with a dramatic scene called "The Assumption." Seraphita wings her flight to heaven and is received within its portals. For some readers, perhaps, the setting is too Swedenborgian; still, if they be lovers of Balzac, they will agree with Mr. Parsons that:

"Notwithstanding the unavoidable employment of some conventional forms, the elevation, nobility, solemnity and beauty of the whole picture render it a literary masterpiece, scarcely equalled and not surpassed by the most glowing conceptions of the great mystical poets."

Much of the philosophy of Balzac is really excellent, and where he fails or is obscure the learned and lucid introduction of the present edition will prove an excellent "Guide to the Perplexed" and convince us that we have at last a critic who has understood the great French novelist.

Briefly, the work is well done: translation, introduction, printing and binding are a meet offering to the Man who dwelt for a brief half-century in the personality named Honoré de Balzac.

THE INDIAN RELIGIONS,

OR RESULTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS BUDDHISM.*

THE *Indian Religions* are somewhat of a misnomer for the latest work from the pen of Mr. Hargrave Jennings. We learn little from his volume of what the Hindus have to say for themselves and a good deal of the reasonings of the author towards some of the fundamentals of Aryan philosophy.

Mr. Jennings justly remarks that "Buddhism . . . underlies all the religious beliefs of the vast East." This is true of original Buddhism, or rather Bodhism or Gupta Vidya, the Gnosis of the Orient.

We are informed that the Brahmins do not eat flesh because of their belief in transmigration, and that the Castes "deem milk the purest of food, *because* they think it partakes of some of the properties of the nectar of their gods, and *because* they esteem the cow itself almost like a divinity." But surely this explains nothing! As well ask us to believe that Gautama actually died of a too hearty meal of boar's flesh.

This is the superstition of religion, the literal interpretation of symbols and scriptures. Surely the thinking public, to whom Mr. Jennings addresses his book, deserves some better treatment. Nowadays, when so many believe that superstition and myths have a rational explanation and that such sublime philosophers as the ancient Aryans did not suddenly descend to the level of the *cretin* in their ceremonies, such *because*s can only be greeted with a smile. Explanations which satisfy the child do not content the man; an orthodox catechism is no key to the mysteries.

The greater portion of the volume deals largely with the metaphysical. 'Thirty-nine years of metaphysics are exhibited in the conclusions of this book,'

* By HARGRAVE JENNINGS: London, GEORGE REDWAY, 1890.

the author tells us at the close. It would therefore be supposed that we should have a purely philosophical treatment of the subject. The author of "The Rosicrucians," however, is fond of warming up to his task, and with the aid of the denunciatory second person, breaks into many passages of Teufelsdröchian diction, from which we may quote the following as a type.

"Why, thou wretched disbeliever!—atheist—if that term of the beasts shall be pleasing to thee and gratify thy intense and yet thy meanest pride!—the circuits of the round world must be stored, thick beyond count, with the shapes, or shows, or souls of escaped life—evolved out of its organisms ! What if thou—with thy miserable optics—cannot see these realms of escaped vitality?"

On the whole the volume is interesting, especially when Mr. Hargrave Jennings^s treats of some of the old customs, and traces them back through centuries. But how the old mythologies, ceremonies, customs and mysteries have been made the obedient servants of the most contradictory theories; and what a fertile field of adventure have they proved for literary knight-errants!

It would take too long to carp about details, but we certainly do wonder how the permutation *Trimour Tree (sic)* for Trimurti was arrived at.

While saying that there is much in the volume for which Mr. Jennings is to be commended, let us briefly see what are the conclusions of a writer who gives us the result of a thirty-nine years' study of metaphysics, and a criticism of Indian philosophy.

"We might gather that there was and is no alternative for man—but Revelation or despair. Nature can, at the utmost, do little for us. It can tell us very little. This the highest of philosophers have ever felt (including some of the Alchemists). And, hence, they have tried to get *behind nature*:—and to get so behind it as to read the future of the past. In reading rightly—that is, out of their own nature—they have all miserably failed. And ever shall they so fail. *One only* reached the ultimate secrets of this sublime and mysterious scheme of things. *One only—living was permitted to pass behind the tremendous veil of creation.* And why? Because he came from the excellent Glory (which is, perhaps, only another name for that "unparticled matter," that sublime Reality of Existence which is within all things; as well as because he confirmed his power by privilege of virtue. *He alone*, even in the days of his flesh, with unveiled face looked upon the Glory of God."

"But . . . shall we not end with the solemn words of the *only Book* which has given us *authentic and commanding tidings* from those unknown worlds? Seeing, therefore, that all these things shall be dissolved, what should ye not make yourselves as heirs of this kingdom? This heaven into which all—in the final glory—shall be absorbed." *

This is surely a very strange mixture, Here we have an orthodox theologian standing under the bright lamp of Eastern philosophy, and cutting a somewhat comical figure. Had he rested in the darkness of his theology no one would have noticed his raiment, but stepping into the light he shows himself clad in a suit of motley.

THREE SEVENS.†

THE *Three Sevens* is an interesting little volume of occult fiction. It is a speculation on Initiation, a romance that reminds one of Bulwer Lytton's works and Christian's *Histoire de la Magie*. No doubt many are curious to know the life of the schools of Initiation, and what are the trials of the Neophyte, but those who know are few and must "keep silence." The *Three Sevens*, however, is full of interest and contains much food for thought; it

* The Italics are the Reviewer's.

† By the PHELONS: THE HERMETIC PUBLISHING Co. CHICAGO, ILL. 1889, price \$1.50.

will certainly do useful work among those who can only be got at by mind-picture books and is worth the perusal of serious students.

FACING THE SPHINX.*

IN *Facing the Sphinx*, we have a book of some 200 pages, treating of such subjects as Continents, Races, Symbology, Numbers, etc. It contains long references to the *Secret Doctrine*; *Isis Unveiled* and other works with which students of the subjects treated of in these volumes are familiar. In brief, it is a handy compilation. As the author says: "We have followed in the footsteps of learned scholars who have preceded us in the same useful field, and we present the result of their researches in the most comprehensible way allowed by such a deep subject." The work is on the whole a fair and clever summary of certain portions of our philosophy.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In our next number, which commences Volume VI., we shall publish the first of a series of papers by U. L. Desai, F.T.S., entitled "Hardwar, or, the Mysteries of the Himalayas." They will deal with the personal experiences of the writer among the Himalayan Yogis, and with the Vedantin philosophy held by them.

A series of papers under the heading of "Theosophical Gleanings," by "Two Students of the E.S.," will be commenced in our March issue. They are intended for those who are really studying Theosophy, to throw light for beginners on some portions of our philosophy.

We shall also, in an early number, insert the first of some "Selections from the Gnostic Gospel, the Pistis Sophia," translated by G. R. S. Mead, and annotated by H. P. B.

It is found absolutely necessary to raise, in future, the subscription price of LUCIFER, by the addition of postage. At the present time, subscribers obtain it for 15s. a year, post free, and as 2s. 6d. of this goes for postage, they pay for it only 1s. 0½d. per copy, a reduction greater than is made on any other magazine. For the future, the annual subscription will be 17s. 6d., but all subscribers now on the books will be supplied at the old rate until the expiry of their subscriptions.

* By MARIE L. FARRINGTON. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal., 1889.